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ST. NICHOLAS

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

VOLUME XLIV

PART I.—NOVEMBER, 1916, TO APRIL, 1917

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

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ST. NICHOLAS

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for 1917

IN the whole history of ST. NICHOLAS, which for forty-three years has been acclaimed the one best magazine for young folk, not only in America but the world over, there seldom has been offered as fine a program of good things for a single volume as the list of features for 1917.

The leading serial of the year will be a fascinating story for girls (and for everybody) entitled

UNDERSTOOD BETSY

By Dorothy Canfield

Author of "Hillsboro People," "The Bent Twig," "A Montessori Mother," etc.

The magazine and its great constituency of eager-minded young folk are to be congratulated upon having secured her first long story for girls from this gifted writer, whose most recent books have won a chorus of ardent appreciation from readers and critics all over the land. *The New York Evening Post* said of "The Bent Twig" that its characters were "living, breathing persons"; *The New York Tribune*, that "It is American to the core, and demands a second reading"; *The Boston Herald* pronounced it "a story of rare artistry."

All these words of praise might as fitly be applied to "Understood Betsy," which is a unique and remarkably real story of American family life. From it, as from all Dorothy Canfield's writings, both young folk and grown-ups may learn many things, besides constantly enjoying the humor, the keen and skilful character-drawing, and the absorbing incidents of the narrative itself. It will run through almost, if not quite, the entire twelve numbers of the new volume, beginning with this (November) issue. ¶Another year-long serial, intended primarily for boys but of interest to the general reader, is

LETTERS

From a Grateful Mother

"Please let me say that I wish you could overhear, if for only one month, the remarks in our household during the days preceding the 1st—'In ten days St. Nick 'll be here' (ineffable gloat!) and so on progressively till The Day—'It 's come! It 's come!' To a friend—'Have you read "The Sapphire Signet"? You have n't?'—commiseration inexpressible! And this is only one home and two young people out of the multitude of your debtors—though we are three, really, for I enjoy it, I think, as much as they.

"How can we parents thank you for upholding the true, sound ideal in ST. NICHOLAS and giving us something our children love and that we can unhesitatingly provide for them? It is like a rock in a weary land in these kaleidoscopic days."

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"I shall be particularly gratified to see one of my pictures in ST. NICHOLAS, as it is the first magazine I ever read, and I suppose I owe to it more and greater pleasure than to any other publication in the world."

(See next page

(St. Nicholas for 1917—Continued)

UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS

By Joseph B. Ames

Author of "The Treasure of the Canyon," "The Courage of a Coward," etc.

This fine story sets forth in a strong and vivid light the actual life of the great Boy-Scout organization, and the effects upon its members of the discipline and useful knowledge which it supplies. The military drill is of very minor importance in comparison with the steadfast habits of self-control which are emphasized and inculcated, and the value of this training in turning out a body of well-equipped, high-minded citizens who will be a great force in the American life of the future. From the opening scene in which the young hero, through his quick wit and special Boy-Scout knowledge, rescues a little lad from death by a broken electric wire, to the final instalment in which the whole local organization saves many lives at a time of sudden emergency, the story is a record of praiseworthy effort, of thrilling adventure, that will delight every boy-reader of the magazine.

It was written, moreover, under the special auspices of the American Boy Scout Organization, and is officially endorsed by the leaders of the movement as an accurate and comprehensive presentation of its purposes and methods.

A third serial which will bring joy to all girl-readers of the magazine will be a new "mystery-story"

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

Author of "The Boarded-up House" and "The Sapphire Signet"

No contributions to the magazine in recent years have been more popular than the two stories named above, and the young readers' interest in their mysterious happenings grew with every chapter. Into this third narrative Mrs. Seaman has woven an even more perplexing and fascinating mystery which will keep the interest of her big audience on edge from first to last.

Of single articles and short stories there will be literally no end, for the generous limit of pages assigned to them can hardly contain them all. The following are some of the good offerings of this class:

Betty's Best Christmas

By Alice Hegan Rice

A two-part story in which the beloved author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch," "Lovey Mary," and other world-famous stories, will add to the joy of young readers a beautifully told, dramatic episode of Kentucky life at the time of the Civil War.

The Origin of a Proverb

By Ralph Henry Barbour

Wherein one of the most popular writers for boys will give a delicious piece of clever fooling, quite unlike any of his previous contributions to ST. NICHOLAS but filled to the brim with irresistible humor and keen characterization.

The Great Upheaval

By Albert Bigelow Paine

An intensely interesting story relating the experiences of Mr. Paine while sojourning in Switzerland when the Great War began. Rich in amusing and exciting incidents.

Motoring Through the Golden Age

It will be good news to all readers, old and young, to learn Mr. Paine is expected to contribute to ST. NICHOLAS during 1917, under the above title, several articles of European travel and adventure, illustrated with many unique pictures and photographs.

(See next page →

(*St. Nicholas for 1917—Continued*)

The Christmas number of ST. NICHOLAS will contain

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It is but half the mission of ST. NICHOLAS, however, to interest, amuse and entertain its readers. It is as careful every year to provide contributions that will renew their highest ideals, and enlarge in every way their vision of the meaning and value of life, and incite them to noble endeavor. To this end the magazine has laid before them, each year, numerous biographical sketches recounting the achievements of the world's great men and women, as in Miss Ariadne Gilbert's notable series "More than Conquerors." During the coming twelve months there will be an inspiring set of papers, written with the true literary touch and in a spirit of illuminating appreciation by Miss Mary R. Parkman, of Washington. They will be divided into a double series:

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"The Laird of Skyland" (John Muir).
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"A Pioneer of the Open" (Dr. Edward L. Trudeau).

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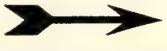
"The Heart of Hull House" (Jane Addams).
"Our Lady of the Red Cross" (Clara Barton).
"The Princess of Wellesley" (Alice Freeman Palmer).
"A Maiden Crusader" (Frances E. Willard).

The above are already in hand for early numbers of the magazine and will be followed by many others—"brief, crisp narratives, which may be read or told in about twenty minutes, presenting vividly the struggle for achievement and the triumph in service, along various lines, of heroes and heroines who have fought their fight in the patient modern way. Each narrative is not merely a chronicle of facts and events, but a vital, clearly visualized human story that is not only absolutely authentic and interesting in itself, but also significant in its relation to some important phase of modern effort and the life of to-day."

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(See next page 

(St. Nicholas for 1917—Continued)

ST. NICHOLAS DEPARTMENTS

Nature and Science

On the practical side, ST. NICHOLAS in every number, by special articles of information and through its "Nature and Science" department, keeps its readers abreast of the times in the fields of invention and industrial achievement, while to these features will be added, in 1917, a set of pages devoted to mechanics for boys, and lessons in every-day handicraft of many kinds.

The Watch Tower

"The Watch Tower," a department of current history, conducted by S. E. Forman, author of "Advanced Civics," "American History," etc., keeps the young readers of the magazine informed concerning the most important events that are happening in all parts of the globe. The young folk thus have the great advantage, under the guidance and explanation of an experienced educator, of beholding history in the making; and the department has met with a very warm and popular appreciation from teachers and schools in all parts of the country.

St. Nicholas League

This department, with its monthly competitions in prose-writing, verse, photography, drawing, and puzzles, provides a fine incentive to youthful endeavor and is really a great school made up of voluntary members, who write numberless letters of gratitude for the inspiration and benefit it has brought them, and for the beautiful badges won in these friendly contests with other girls and boys in every English-speaking country.

Books and Reading

"Books and Reading," conducted by Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne, is also an invaluable aid to its young readers, by acquainting them "with the best that has been thought and said in the world" and leading them into a love of good literature. As for the imaginative element, the magazine abounds with fanciful tales illustrated appropriately by the best artists, and in rhymes, jingles, and pictures that satisfy the natural love, in old and young, of jollity, good cheer, and wholesome fun.

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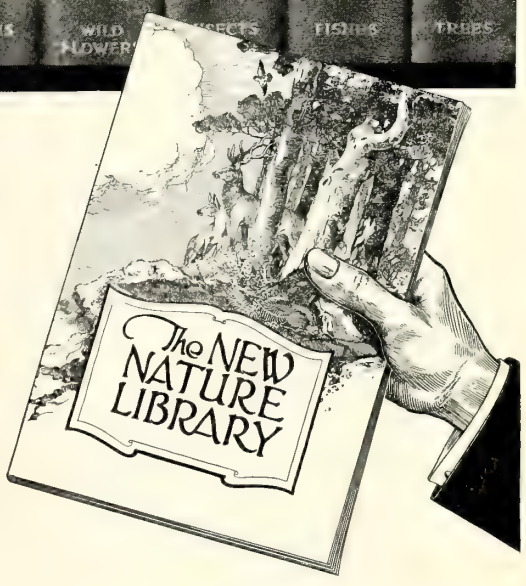
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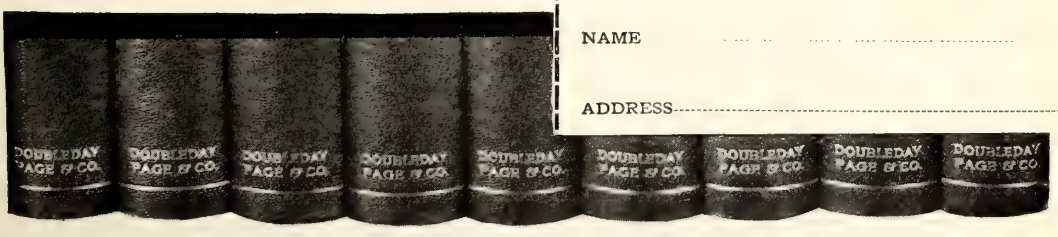
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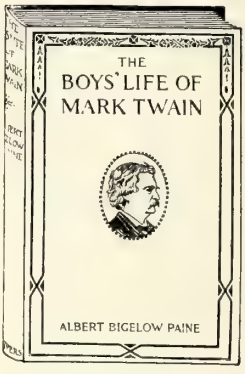
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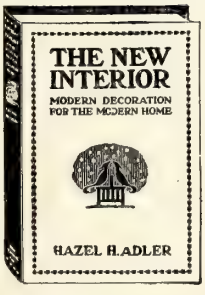
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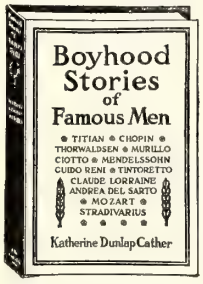
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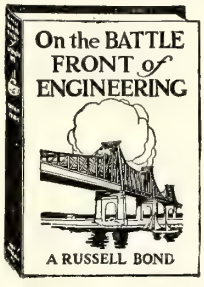
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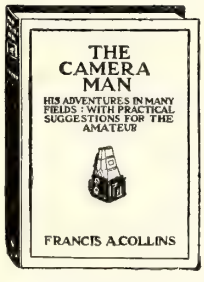


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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLIV NOVEMBER, 1916 No. 1

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UNDERSTOOD BETSY

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "Hillsboro People," "The Bent Twig," etc.

CHAPTER I

AUNT HARRIET HAS A COUGH

WHEN this story begins, Elizabeth Ann, who is the heroine of it, was a little girl of nine who lived with her Great-aunt Harriet in a medium-sized city in a medium-sized State in the middle of this country; and that 's all you need to know about the place, for it 's not the important thing in the story; and anyhow you know all about it, because it was probably very much like the place you live in yourself.

Elizabeth Ann's Great-aunt Harriet was a widow who was not very rich or very poor, and she had one daughter, Frances, who gave piano lessons to little girls. They kept a "girl" whose name was Grace and who had asthma dreadfully and was n't very much of a "girl" at all, being nearer fifty than forty. Aunt Harriet, who was very tender-hearted, kept her chiefly because she could n't get any other place on account of her coughing so you could hear her all over the house.

So now you know the names of all the household. And this is how they looked: Aunt Harriet was very small and thin and old; Grace was very small and thin and middle-aged; Aunt Frances (for Elizabeth Ann called her "Aunt," although she was really, of course, a first-cousin-once-removed) was small and thin, and, if the light was n't too strong, might be called young; and Elizabeth Ann was very small and thin and little. And yet they all had plenty to eat. I wonder what was the matter with them?

It certainly was not because they were not good, for no womenkind in all the world had kinder hearts than they. You have heard how Aunt Harriet kept Grace (in spite of the fact that she was a very depressing person) on account of her asthma; and when Elizabeth Ann's father and mother both died when she was a baby, although there were many other cousins and uncles and aunts in the family, these two women fairly rushed upon the little baby orphan, taking her home, and surrounding her henceforth with the most loving devotion.

They had said to themselves that it was their manifest duty to save the dear little thing from the other relatives, who had no idea about how to bring up a sensitive, impressionable child, and they were sure, from the way Elizabeth Ann looked at six months, that she was going to be a sensitive, impressionable child. It is possible also that they were a little bored with their empty life in their rather forlorn little brick house in the medium-sized city, and that they welcomed the occupation and new interests which a child would bring in.

But they thought that they chiefly desired to save dear Edward's child from the other kin, especially from the Putney cousins, who had written down from their Vermont farm that they would be glad to take the little girl into their family. But "*Anything* but the Putneys!" said Aunt Harriet, a great many times. They were related only by marriage to her, and she had her own opinion of them as a stiff-necked, cold-hearted, undemonstrative, and hard set of New Englanders. "I boarded near them one summer when you were a baby, Frances, and I shall never forget the way they were treating some children visiting there! Oh, no, I don't mean they abused

them or beat them—but such lack of sympathy, such perfect indifference to the sacred sensitiveness of child-life, such a starving of the child-heart— No, I shall never forget it! They had chores to do—as though they had been hired men!"

Aunt Harriet never meant to say any of this when Elizabeth Ann could hear, but the little girl's ears were as sharp as little girls' ears always are, and long before she was nine she knew all about the opinion Aunt Harriet had of the Putneys. She did not know, to be sure, what "chores" were, but she took it confidently from Aunt Harriet's voice that they were something very, very dreadful.

There was certainly neither coldness nor hardness in the way Aunt Harriet and Aunt Frances treated Elizabeth Ann. They had really given themselves up to the new responsibility, especially Aunt Frances, who was very conscientious about everything. As soon as the baby came there to live, Aunt Frances stopped reading novels and magazines, and re-read one book after another which told her how to bring up children. And she joined a mothers' club, which met once a week. And she took a correspondence course in mothercraft from a school in Chicago which teaches that business by mail. So you can see that by the time Elizabeth Ann was nine years old, Aunt Frances must have known all that anybody can know about how to bring up children. And Elizabeth Ann got the benefit of it all.

She and her Aunt Frances were simply inseparable. Aunt Frances shared in all Elizabeth Ann's doings and even in all her thoughts. She was especially anxious to share all the little girl's thoughts, because she felt that the trouble with most children is that they are not understood, and she was determined that she would thoroughly understand Elizabeth Ann down to the bottom of her little mind. Aunt Frances (down in the bottom of her own mind) thought that her mother had never *really* understood her, and she meant to do better by Elizabeth Ann. She also loved the little girl with all her heart, and longed, above everything in the world, to protect her from all harm and to keep her happy and strong and well.

And yet Elizabeth Ann was neither very strong nor well. And as to her being happy, you can judge for yourself when you have read all this story. She was very small for her age, with a rather pale face and big dark eyes, which had in them a frightened, wistful expression that went to Aunt Frances's tender heart and made her ache to take care of Elizabeth Ann better and better.

Aunt Frances was afraid of a great many things herself, and she knew how to sympathize with timidity. She was always quick to reassure the little girl with all her might and main whenever there was anything to fear. When they were out walking (Aunt Frances took her out for a walk up one block and down another every single day, no matter how tired the music lessons had made her), the aunt's eyes were always on the alert to avoid anything which might frighten Elizabeth Ann. If a big dog trotted by, Aunt Frances always said hastily, "There, there, dear! That 's a *nice* doggie, I 'm sure. I don't believe he ever bites little girls. *Mercy*, Elizabeth Ann! don't go near him! Here, darling, just get on the other side of Aunt Frances if he scares you so" (by that time Elizabeth Ann was always pretty well scared), "and perhaps we 'd better just turn this corner and walk in the other direction." If, by any chance, the dog went in that direction too, Aunt Frances became a prodigy of valiant protection, putting the shivering little girl behind her, threatening the animal with her umbrella, and saying in a trembling voice, "Go away, sir! Go *away!*"

Or if it thundered and lightened, Aunt Frances always dropped everything she might be doing and held Elizabeth Ann tightly in her arms until it was all over. And at night,—Elizabeth Ann did not sleep very well,—when the little girl woke up screaming with a bad dream, it was always dear Aunt Frances who came to her bedside, a warm wrapper over her nightgown so that she need not hurry back to her own room, a candle lighting up her tired, kind face. She always took the little girl into her thin arms and held her close against her breast. "*Tell* Aunt Frances all about your naughty dream, darling," she would murmur, "so 's to get it off your mind!"

She had read in her books that you can tell a great deal about children's inner life by analyzing their dreams, and besides, if she did not urge Elizabeth Ann to tell it, she was afraid the sensitive, nervous little thing would "lie awake and brood over it." This was the phrase she always used the next day to her mother when Aunt Harriet exclaimed about her paleness and the dark rings under her eyes. So she listened patiently while the little girl told her all about the fearful dreams she had, the great dogs with huge red mouths that ran after her, the Indians who scalped her, her school-house on fire so that she had to jump from a third story window and was all broken to bits—once in a while Elizabeth Ann got so interested in all this that she went on and made up more awful things even than she had dreamed, and told long stories, which showed her to be a child of great imagination. But all these

dreams and continuations of dreams Aunt Frances wrote down the first thing the next morning, and, with frequent references to a thick book full of hard words, she tried her best to puzzle out from them exactly what kind of little girl Elizabeth Ann really was.

There was one dream, however, that even conscientious Aunt Frances never tried to analyze, because it was too sad. Elizabeth Ann dreamed sometimes that she was dead and lay in a little white coffin with white roses over her. Oh, that made Aunt Frances cry, and so did Elizabeth Ann. It was very touching. Then, after a long, long time of talk and tears and sobs and hugs, the little girl would begin to get drowsy, and Aunt Frances would rock her to sleep in her arms, and lay her down ever so quietly, and slip away to try to get a little nap herself before it was time to get up.

At a quarter of nine every weekday morning Aunt Frances dropped whatever else she was doing, took Elizabeth Ann's little, thin, white hand protectingly in hers, and led her through the busy streets to the big brick school-building where the little girl had always gone to school. It was four stories high, and when all the classes were in session, there were six hundred children under that one roof. You can imagine, perhaps, the noise there was on the playground just before school! Elizabeth Ann shrank from it with all her soul, and clung more tightly than ever to Aunt Frances's hand as she was led along through the crowded, shrieking masses of children. Oh, how glad she was that she had Aunt Frances there to take care of her, though, as a matter of fact, nobody noticed the little thin girl at all, and her very own classmates would hardly have known whether she came to school or not. Aunt Frances took her safely through the ordeal of the playground, then up the long, broad stairs, and pigeonholed her carefully in her own school-room. She was in the third grade—3A, you understand, which is almost the fourth.

Then at noon Aunt Frances was waiting there, a patient, never-failing figure, to walk home with her little charge; and in the afternoon the same thing happened over again. On the way to and from school they talked about what had happened in the class. Aunt Frances believed in sympathizing with a child's life, so she always asked about every little thing, and remembered to inquire about the continuation of every episode, and sympathized with all her heart over the failure in mental arithmetic, and triumphed over



"ELIZABETH ANN STOOD UP BEFORE THE DOCTOR."

Elizabeth Ann's beating the Schmidt girl in spelling, and was indignant over the teacher's having pets. Sometimes in telling over some very dreadful failure or disappointment Elizabeth Ann would get so wrought up that she would cry. This always brought the ready tears to Aunt Frances's kind eyes, and with many soothing words and nervous, tremulous caresses she tried to make life easier for poor little Elizabeth Ann. The days when they had cried they could neither of them eat much luncheon.

After school and on Saturdays there was al-

ways the daily walk, and there were lessons, all kinds of lessons—piano lessons of course, and nature-study lessons out of an excellent book Aunt Frances had bought, and painting lessons, and sewing lessons, and even a little French, although Aunt Frances was not very sure about her own pronunciation. She wanted to give the little girl every possible advantage, you see. They were really inseparable. Elizabeth Ann once said to some ladies calling on her aunts that whenever anything happened in school, the first thing she thought of was what Aunt Frances would think of it.

"Why is that?" they asked, looking at Aunt Frances, who was blushing with pleasure.

"Oh, she is so interested in my school work! And she *understands* me!" said Elizabeth Ann, repeating the phrases she had heard so often.

Aunt Frances's eyes filled with happy tears. She called Elizabeth Ann to her and kissed her and gave her as big a hug as her thin arms could manage. Elizabeth Ann was growing tall very fast. One of the visiting ladies said that before long she would be as big as her aunty, and a troublesome young lady. Aunt Frances said, "I have had her from the time she was a little baby, and there has scarcely been an hour she has been out of my sight. I 'll always have her confidence. You 'll always tell Aunt Frances *everything*, won't you, darling?" Elizabeth Ann resolved to do this always, even if, as now, she often had to invent things to tell.

Aunt Frances went on, to the callers: "But I do wish she were n't so thin and pale and nervous. I suppose it is the exciting modern life that is so bad for children. I try to see that she has plenty of fresh air. I go out with her for a walk every single day. But we have taken all the walks around here so often that we 're rather tired of them. It 's often hard to know how to get her out enough. I think I 'll have to get the doctor to come and see her and perhaps give her a tonic." To Elizabeth Ann she added, hastily, "Now don't go getting notions in your head, darling. Aunt Frances does n't think there 's anything *very* much the matter with you. You 'll be all right again soon if you just take the doctor's medicine nicely. Aunt Frances will take care of her precious little girl. *She* 'll make the bad sickness go away."

Elizabeth Ann, who had not known before that she was sick, had a picture of herself lying in the little white coffin, all covered over with white—In a few minutes Aunt Frances was obliged to excuse herself from her callers and devote herself entirely to taking care of Elizabeth Ann.

So one day, after this had happened several times, Aunt Frances really did send for the doctor, who came briskly in, just as Elizabeth Ann had always seen him, with his little square black bag smelling of leather, his sharp eyes, and the air of bored impatience which he always wore in that house. Elizabeth Ann was terribly afraid to see him, for she felt in her bones he would say she had galloping consumption and would die before the leaves cast a shadow. This was a phrase she had picked up from Grace, whose conversation, perhaps on account of her asthma, was full of references to early graves and quick declines.

And yet—did you ever hear of such a case before?—although Elizabeth Ann when she first stood up before the doctor had been quaking with fear lest he discover some deadly disease in her, she was very much hurt indeed when, after thumping her and looking at her lower eyelid inside out, and listening to her breathing, he pushed her away with a little jerk and said: "There 's nothing in the world the matter with that child. She 's as sound as a nut! What she needs is—" he looked for a moment at Aunt Frances's thin, anxious face, with the eyebrows drawn together in a knot of conscientiousness, and then he looked at Aunt Harriet's thin, anxious face, with the eyebrows drawn up that very same way, and then he glanced at Grace's thin, anxious face peering from the door waiting for his verdict: and then he drew a long breath, shut his lips and his little black case very tightly, and did not go on to say what it was that Elizabeth Ann needed.

Of course Aunt Frances did n't let him off as easily as that, you may be sure. She fluttered around him as he tried to go, and she said all sorts of fluttery things to him, like, "But, Doctor, she has n't gained a pound in three months—and her sleep—and her appetite—and her nerves—"

The doctor said back to her, as he put on his hat, all the things doctors always say under such conditions: "More beefsteak—plenty of fresh air—more sleep—*she* 'll be all right—" But his voice did not sound as though he thought what he was saying amounted to much. Nor did Elizabeth Ann. She had hoped for some spectacular red pills to be taken every half-hour, like those Grace's doctor gave her whenever she felt low in her mind.

And just then something happened which changed Elizabeth Ann's life forever and ever. It was a very small thing, too. Aunt Harriet coughed. Elizabeth Ann did not think it at all a bad-sounding cough in comparison with Grace's hollow whoop; Aunt Harriet had been coughing like that ever since the cold weather set in, for three or four months now, and nobody had

thought anything of it, because they were all so much occupied in taking care of the sensitive, nervous little girl who needed so much care.

And yet, at the sound of that little discreet cough behind Aunt Harriet's hand, the doctor whirled around and fixed his sharp eyes on her, with all the bored, impatient look gone, the first time Elizabeth Ann had ever seen him look interested.

"What 's that? What 's that?" he said, going over quickly to Aunt Harriet. He snatched out of his little bag a shiny thing with two rubber tubes attached, and he put the ends of the tubes in his ears and the shiny thing up against Aunt Harriet, who was saying, "It 's nothing, Doctor —a little teasing cough I 've had this winter. And I meant to tell you, too, but I forgot it, that that sore spot on my lungs does n't go away as it ought to."

The doctor motioned her very impolitely to stop talking, and listened very hard through his little tubes. Then he turned around and looked at Aunt Frances as though he were angry at her. He said, "Take the child away and then come back here yourself."

And that was almost all that Elizabeth Ann ever knew of the forces which swept her away from the life which had always gone on, revolving about her small person, exactly the same ever since she could remember.

You have heard so much about tears in the account of Elizabeth Ann's life so far that I won't tell you much about the few days which followed, as the family talked over and hurriedly prepared to obey the doctor's verdict, which was that Aunt Harriet was very, very sick and must go away at once to a warm climate, and Aunt Frances must go, too, but not Elizabeth Ann, for Aunt Frances would need to give all her time to taking care of Aunt Harriet. And anyhow the doctor did n't think it best, either for Aunt Harriet or for Elizabeth Ann, to have them in the same house.

Grace could n't go of course, but to everybody's surprise she said she did n't mind, because she had a bachelor brother, who kept a grocery store, who had been wanting her for years to go and keep house for him. She said she had stayed on just out of conscientiousness, because she knew Aunt Harriet could n't get along without her! And if you notice, that 's the way things often happen to very, very conscientious people.

Elizabeth Ann, however, had no grocer brother. She had, it is true, a great many relatives, and of course it was settled she should go to some of them till Aunt Frances could take her back. For the time being, just now, while everything was so distracted and confused, she was to go to stay with the Lathrop cousins, who lived in the same city, although it was very evident that the Lathrops were not perfectly crazy with delight over the prospect.

Still, something had to be done at once, and Aunt Frances was so frantic with the packing up, and the moving men coming to take the furniture to storage, and her anxiety over her mother—she had switched to Aunt Harriet, you see, all the conscientiousness she had lavished on Elizabeth Ann—that nothing much could be extracted from her about Elizabeth Ann.

"Just keep her for the present, Molly!" she said to Cousin Molly Lathrop. "I 'll do something soon. I 'll write you. I 'll make another arrangement; but just *now*—"

Her voice was quavering on the edge of tears, and Cousin Molly Lathrop, who hated scenes, said hastily, "Yes, oh, yes, of course! For the present." And went away, thinking that she did n't see why she should have *all* the disagreeable things to do. When she had her husband's tyrannical old mother to take care of, was n't that enough, without adding to the household such a nervous, spoiled, morbid young one as Elizabeth Ann!

Elizabeth Ann did not of course for a moment dream that Cousin Molly was thinking any such things about her, but she could not help seeing that Cousin Molly was not any too enthusiastic about taking her in; and she was already feeling terribly forlorn about the sudden, unexpected change in Aunt Frances, who had been *so* wrapped up in her and now was just as much wrapped up in Aunt Harriet. Do you know, I am sorry for Elizabeth Ann, and, what 's more, I have been ever since this story began.

Well, since I promised you that I was not going to tell about more tears, I won't say a single word about the day when the two aunts went away on the train, for there is nothing much but tears to tell about, except perhaps an absent look in Aunt Frances's eyes, which hurt the little girl's feelings dreadfully.

And then Cousin Molly took the hand of the sobbing little girl and led her back to the Lathrop house. But if you think you are now going to hear about the Lathrops, you are quite mistaken, for just at this moment old Mrs. Lathrop took a hand in the matter. She was Cousin Molly's husband's mother, and, of course, no relation at all to Elizabeth Ann, and so was less enthusiastic than anybody else. All that Elizabeth Ann ever saw of this old lady, who now turned the current of her life again, was her head, sticking out of a second-story window; and that 's all that you

need to know about her, either. It was a very much agitated old head, and it bobbed and shook with the intensity with which the imperative old voice called upon Cousin Molly and Elizabeth Ann to stop right there where they were on the front walk.

"The doctor says that what 's the matter with Bridget is scarlet fever, and we 've all got to be quarantined. There 's no earthly sense bringing that child in to be sick and have it, and be nursed, and make the quarantine twice as long!"

"But, Mother!" called Cousin Molly, "I can't leave the child in the middle of the street!"

Elizabeth Ann was actually glad to hear her say that, because she was feeling so awfully unwanted, which is, if you think of it, not a very cheerful feeling for a little girl who has been the hub round which a whole household was revolving.

"You don't *have* to!" shouted old Mrs. Lathrop out of her second-story window. Although she did not add "You gump!" aloud, you could feel she was meaning just that. "You don't have to! You can just send her to the Putney cousins. All nonsense about her not going there in the first place. They invited her the minute they heard of Harriet's being so bad. They 're the natural ones to take her in. Abigail is her mother's own aunt, and Ann is her own first-cousin-once-removed—just as close as Harriet and Frances are, and *much* closer than you! And on a farm and all—just the place for her!"

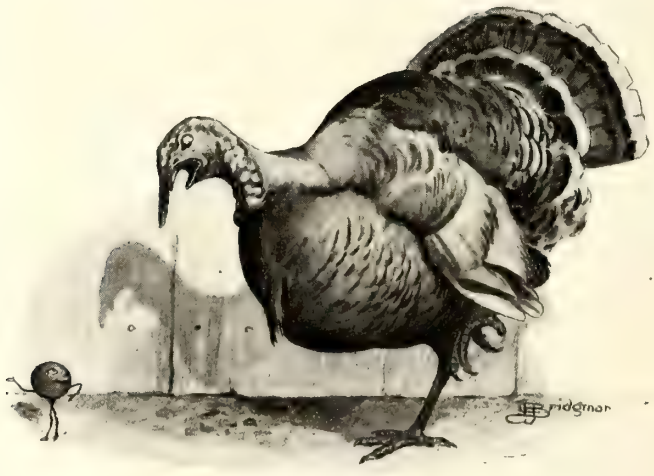
"But how under the sun, Mother!" shouted Cousin Molly back, "can I *get* her to the Putneys? You can't send a child of nine a thousand miles without—"

Old Mrs. Lathrop looked again as though she were saying "You gump!" and said aloud, "Why, there 's James, going to New York on business in a few days anyhow. He can just go now, and take her along, and put her on the right train at Albany. If he wires from here, they 'll meet her in Hillsboro."

And that was just what happened. Perhaps you may have guessed by this time that when old Mrs. Lathrop issued orders, they were usually obeyed. As to who the Bridget was who had the scarlet fever, I know no more than you. I take it, from the name, she was the cook. Unless, indeed, old Mrs. Lathrop made her up for the occasion, which I think she would have been quite capable of doing, don't you?

At any rate, with no more ifs or ands, Elizabeth Ann's satchel was packed, and Cousin James Lathrop's satchel was packed, and the two set off together, the big portly, middle-aged man quite as much afraid of his mother as Elizabeth Ann was. But he was going to New York, and it is conceivable that he thought once or twice on the trip that there were good times in New York as well as business engagements, whereas poor Elizabeth Ann was being sent straight to the one place in the world where were no good times at all. Aunt Harriet had said so, ever so many times. Poor Elizabeth Ann!

(To be continued.)



CRANBERRY SAUCE.

The Cranberry: "Shall I escort you to dinner as usual on Thanksgiving?"



Photograph by Peter A. Juley.

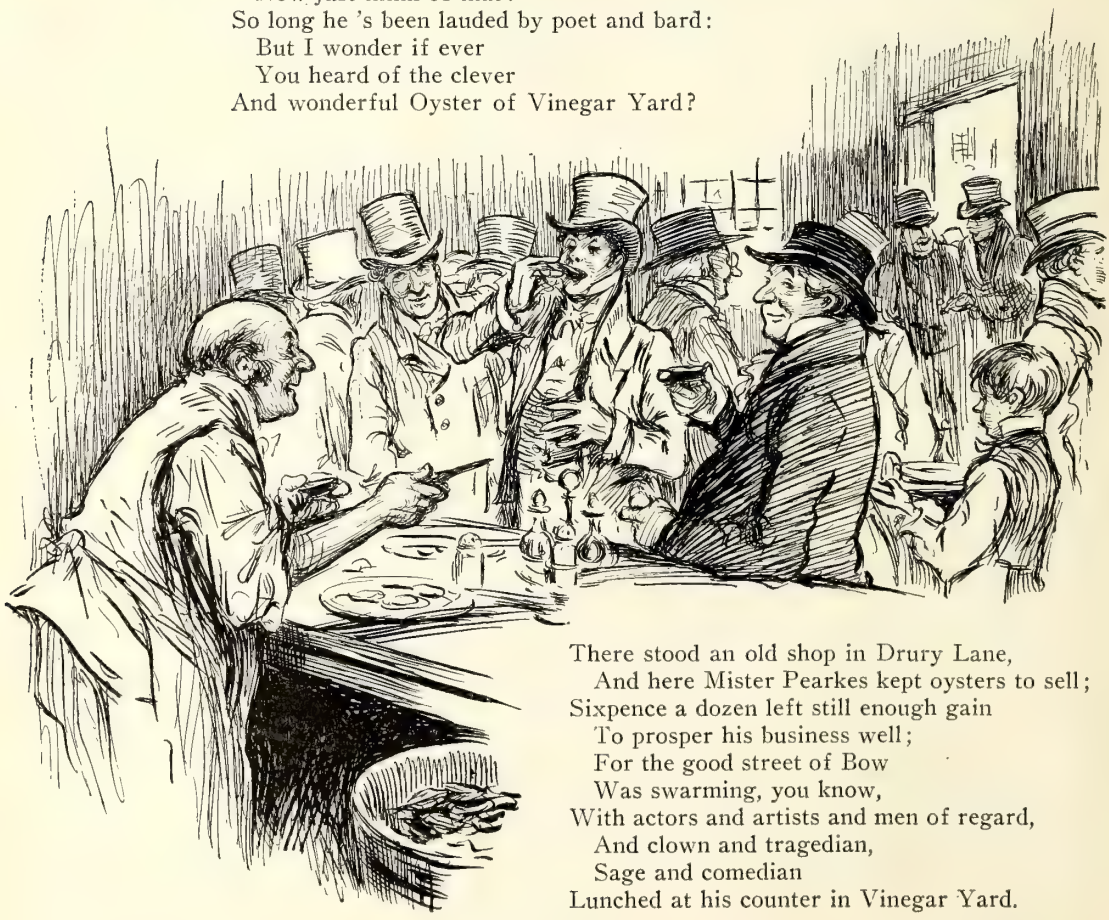
PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH FOR THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE. BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.

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The Whistling OYSTER of Vinegar Yard

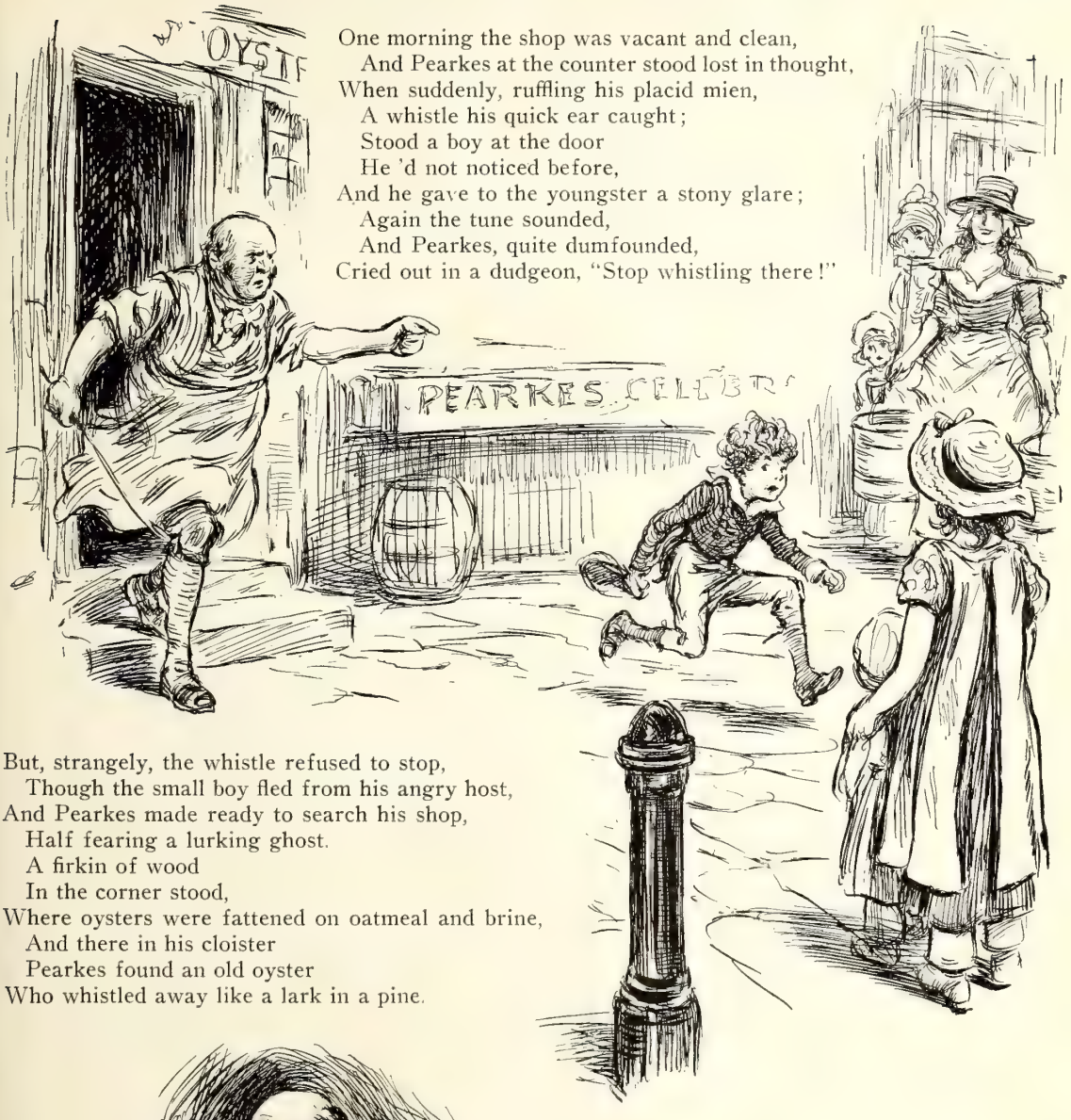
by Florence Boyce Davis

YOU all have read stories of London Town,
And the men and manners of long ago:
Cadman, the flier; Grimaldi, the clown;
And Brummell, the elegant beau;
And Dick with his cat,—
Now just think of that!—
So long he 's been lauded by poet and bard:
But I wonder if ever
You heard of the clever
And wonderful Oyster of Vinegar Yard?



There stood an old shop in Drury Lane,
And here Mister Pearkes kept oysters to sell;
Sixpence a dozen left still enough gain
To prosper his business well;
For the good street of Bow
Was swarming, you know,
With actors and artists and men of regard,
And clown and tragedian,
Sage and comedian
Lunched at his counter in Vinegar Yard.

One morning the shop was vacant and clean,
And Pearkes at the counter stood lost in thought,
When suddenly, ruffling his placid mien,
A whistle his quick ear caught;
Stood a boy at the door
He 'd not noticed before,
And he gave to the youngster a stony glare;
Again the tune sounded,
And Pearkes, quite dumfounded,
Cried out in a dudgeon, "Stop whistling there!"



But, strangely, the whistle refused to stop,
Though the small boy fled from his angry host,
And Pearkes made ready to search his shop,
Half fearing a lurking ghost.
A firkin of wood
In the corner stood,
Where oysters were fattened on oatmeal and brine,
And there in his cloister
Pearkes found an old oyster
Who whistled away like a lark in a pine.



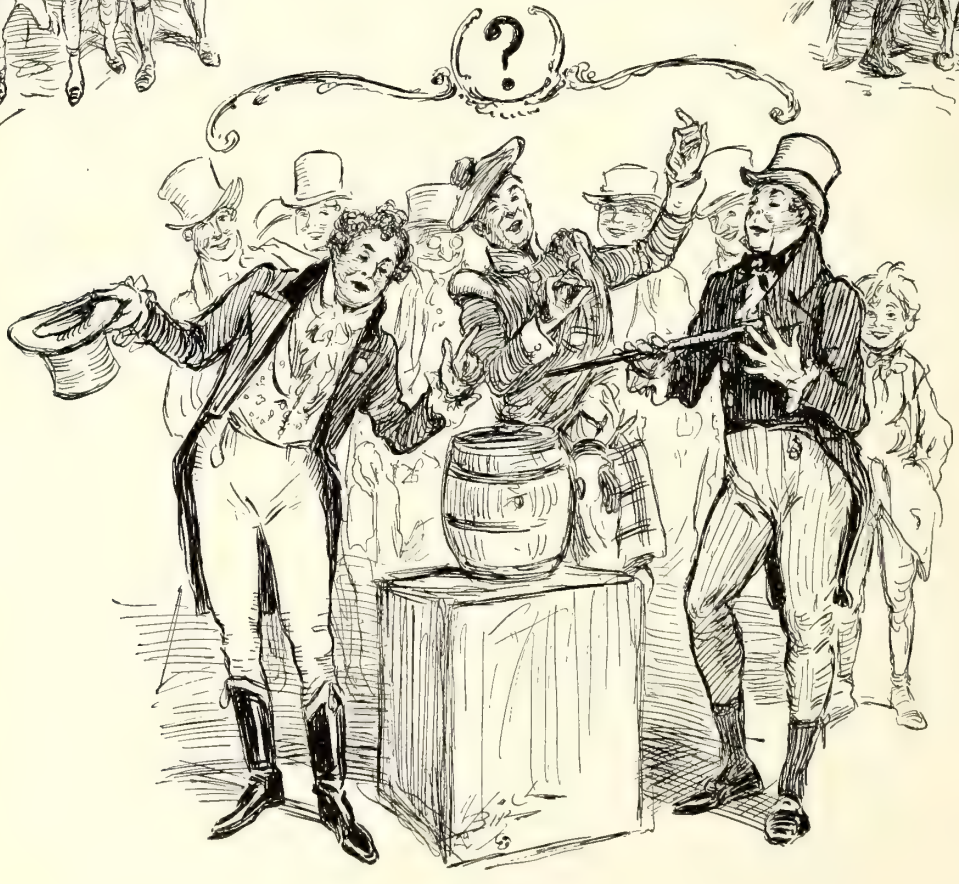
The news went fast over London Town,
As news like that would be bound to go,
And curious crowds surged up and down
The well-known street of Bow;
The great and the small,
Both short men and tall,
So motley a gathering seldom you 'd find;
There were church-steeple fliers,
And London street criers,
And lads with their Irish coats buttoned behind.



In the midst of laughter and gay hubbub
Some one questioned, "What air does he sing?"
An Englishman, bending his ear to the tub,
Cried out, "God Save the King!"
A Scot in his plaid
Vowed the music he made
Was "Bonnie Dundee," without false note or flaw;
"Tut, tut!" chided Paddy,
"You 're dhreaming, me laddie,
That tune he is phistling is 'Erin go braugh.'"

Now all this happened so long ago—
In eighteen-forty or thereabout—
The fate of the oyster I fail to know,
Though he died, I have no doubt;
But he linked his name
On the roll of fame
With jester and actor and ancient bard,
And though but an oyster,
Remote in a cloister,
He whistled his way out of Vinegar Yard.





BILLY'S LUCKY DAY

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD

"Hello, Billy, going fishing?" called Uncle Jim, coming out of the back door and looking over at the grass-plot on which Billy was kneeling.

Billy shook his head. "No, Uncle Jim, what 's the use?" he asked rather sulkily; "I never have any luck fishing."

"Too bad," answered Uncle Jim, briefly. "What is it, then? Making a garden?"

Billy sat back on his feet. "Garden? I should say not. I never have any luck with a garden, either. My things never come up; and if they do, they dry all up—or else somebody's chickens get 'em. Nope. I 'm hunting for a four-leaf clover. That 's what I need—a four-leaf clover, so that my luck 'll change. George Smith found one last week, and since then he 's been having the dandiest luck you ever saw."

He rose to his knees again and began hunting harder than ever, while Uncle Jim seated himself on the porch steps, with one eye on the paper in his hand and the other on Billy. Ten minutes passed, fifteen, twenty—Billy rose disgustedly and walked over to the steps.

"And now look at that, Uncle Jim!" he said, sitting down on the steps with a thump. "Ever since breakfast I 've been out hunting all over the place for clovers, and I 'm not even lucky enough to find one of those. There 's no use trying to do *anything* if you don't have luck. I 'm just going to give right up. So!"

Uncle Jim looked sympathetic, but he smiled too. "I 've sometimes thought that people who have what you call 'luck' don't succeed as well in the long run as those that just stick right to it no matter how unlucky they seem. But you think there 's a lot in this clover-leaf business, do you, Billy?"

"Oh, yes!" agreed Billy, eagerly. "I 'm sure of it. Why, George Smith—well, he did n't have any luck at all till he found his. Oh, yes, Uncle Jim, luck means everything!"

Uncle Jim nodded, but there was a funny little look in his eyes. "Sounds interesting," he said; "maybe I 'll take a look for one later. In the meantime, what about getting out the tool-chest and putting that little boat together for Susy?"

"W-e-ell," hesitated Billy, "I suppose we *might*. But I tried it yesterday afternoon, and I had awfully bad luck with it; the parts would n't gee at all, someway, so I just gave it up. Still, if you can help me—"

"I can," smiled Uncle Jim. "And failing in luck, we 'll try a little perseverance. You run along out to the shed and get the stuff. We 'll work right here in the shade."

When Billy returned some minutes later, Uncle Jim was kneeling on the grass in a corner by the steps. As he saw Billy he rose, slipped something into his pocket with his right hand, and waved the left in Billy's direction.

"Guess you did n't look everywhere for your four-leaf," he called gaily. "Here 's what I just picked, and perhaps there will be others there. They usually grow in clusters, I believe."

Before the words were fully spoken, Billy had dropped his burden and rushed madly to Uncle Jim's side. "Just the one place where I did n't look!" he cried. "Where did you find yours, Uncle Jim? In that little tiny patch? Then I don't believe— Oh yes, there are! Here 's one! And here 's another! Gee whiz! my luck has turned, has n't it? Wish it was n't such a little patch! That 's all there are, I guess. Anyway, I found two to your one, did n't I? Hip hurray! But say—what have you put yours out of sight for? I want mine where I can watch it!"

"Just putting it into my memorandum-book to press for a while. That luck 's got to last me a long time, and I can't risk it in a buttonhole. Look here. I 've got an extra book. Don't you want me to stow yours away in it? Then you can carry it in your coat pocket."

"Sure I do, if that 's the way to keep the luck," answered Billy, happily. "When they dry, we can paste 'em in, can't we? Well, now for the boat. I 'll bet it 'll just fall together, with three four-leafs on the job!"

It did n't—quite; but it certainly did go better with Uncle Jim and Billy both hard at work, and Billy whistling cheerfully and stopping every once in a while to pat the pocket that held his memorandum-book of luck.

"And now," said Uncle Jim, as the little craft returned proudly from her maiden trip, "what would you like to do next?"

"Think we could manage some more fishing?" suggested Billy. "This is my lucky day, you know. It 's cloudy, so that 'll help, and Tom Brant always keeps some worms on hand. The fish can't resist our four-leafs, I 'm sure."

But evidently it takes some time for news to travel in the fish world, for Billy and Uncle Jim had sat for three quarters of an hour before they had even a nibble. Another quarter-hour passed.

"Only four nibbles so far, old man," suggested Uncle Jim, as he looked at his watch. "And we 've been here an hour. I 'm surprised you are n't starting for the house. You don't usually stick it out like this, you know."

"Oh, but you see this time I 'm going to have luck!" answered Billy. "It 's just a question of sticking till it comes, that 's all. Just you wait a little longer, Uncle Jim— Oh, gee whiz! what 's that? A bite! A big fish! Oh look! wait till I pull him in! What did I tell you? There! Quick now, hand me the worms. I 'll bet I get another before you do. No, there 's one on yours! Don't you see, Uncle Jim, that 's all you 've got to do when you know you 've got the luck? Hang on till it comes!"

Uncle Jim smiled again in that quiet, knowing way of his, but Billy, interested in his fishing, never noticed—never noticed anything, in fact, till the repeated ringing of the lunch-bell called them home with six fishes in their basket.

"It 's the four-leafs, Uncle Jim!" he cried proudly. "Shall we go again this afternoon?"

But after lunch Uncle Jim had an engagement to go motoring with some people at the hotel.

"But you have your two four-leafs, Billy," he said, with a smile. "So you 're all right. Try them on something else this afternoon, and see how they work. I want to know whether it will pay me to go into the four-leaf-clover industry."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Billy.

But Uncle Jim shook his head. "I can't tell now," he said, "but maybe I will later. You keep a full list of the afternoon's doings for me."

It was almost dinner-time when he returned; a proud and excited Billy was waiting for him.

"Well, how goes it?" called Uncle Jim; and Billy, jumping up, yelled, "Fine and dandy!" so that any one could have heard it across the lake.

"All sorts of little things," he explained in a lower tone, "and two big things—both of 'em lucky as anything. The first was money. Just after you left a man came along with some berries, and he said he was in an awful hurry to get rid of his stuff, and if I 'd go along with him and help, he 'd give me five cents for each basket I sold, and I sold *fourteen!* Can you beat it?"

"Why, I thought you hated to sell things," laughed Uncle Jim.

"I do usually. I hate so to have 'em come to the door and say no. But this time I knew I was bound to sell 'em sooner or later, so I just stuck tight to the clover-book and I made seventy cents! How 's that for little four-leaf clover?"

"Fine!" agreed Uncle Jim, heartily. "What else? Spent all the money, I suppose?"

"Nope. Not yet," grinned Billy. "Had n't time for anything but a soda for me and Tom Brant. Then the other fellows came along, and we went down and had a game of tennis. I never played such a good game. I just knew I could hit things, and I did—pretty nearly every time. Say, but I 'm glad you had me press that clover, Uncle Jim! George Smith lost his and his luck slumped right down. He could n't hit a thing!"

"Billy," said Uncle Jim, slowly, "get out your memorandum-book, will you? I want to show you something." Wonderingly Billy obeyed.

"Now," said Uncle Jim, as he opened the little book, "watch what I 'm doing—very carefully." Turning the little clover over, he gave a dexterous pull, and in a minute there appeared before Billy's astonished eyes five clover-leaves, two in one hand and three in the other.

"But, Uncle Jim!" he protested; "what are you doing to my four-leaf clover?"

"Just the same thing that I 'm doing to mine, Billy," said Uncle Jim, quietly, as he took out his own book and performed the same little trick. "They were only fake four-leaf clovers, all of them. You talked so much this morning about luck that I wanted to try you out. So while you were gone to the shed I pasted an extra leaf on to each of these three. See, it 's easy enough. I pulled off two leaves from another, spread on a little photo-paste on one of them, and stuck it underneath one of the three leaves. They looked real, did n't they? And I got you to put it away in your book before they got a chance to fall apart from too much handling.

"And things have turned out just as I expected. You thought you had a lucky clover, and you acted up to it; and so you 've had a very lucky day. You thought you were going to be lucky fishing—so you stuck to it till the luck came. You thought the boat would go together all right, and we worked hard at it, and it did. And the same way with the berry-selling and the tennis. And that 's the clover-leaf industry I spoke of. You can make your own four-leaf clovers, Billy Boy, with a little library paste, and you can make your own luck just in the same way—by sticking right to it. Believing you will and sticking to it. There 's one in your book that I have n't pulled apart. Let 's take my paste now and fasten it in, and, supposing while we 're about it we mark the leaves:



And it 's heaps better to make your luck than to find it, Billy, for that kind of luck you can't lose."

HER UNCLE

By BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST



He would be old, of course, with white, or at least iron-gray, hair and a benevolent expression. He might use a cane, but Mirabel did not think so. He would hardly be as old as that. And he would ask questions about her father, and shake his head, and say something about "When we were boys." Only, being her father's brother, he might do none of these things; her father had never, within the span of Mirabel's memory, spoken of brother or sister or mother. He would, however, certainly bring her a box of candy. Mirabel made a little grimace at the stupid, shiny, hotel table, and tried another chair. It proved quite as puffy as its neighbor. Most hotel parlor chairs were too puffy, thought Mirabel.

She gave up the search for comfort and concentrated her mind on her uncle. Hotels were an old story to Mirabel, and the uncle was new Until the lawyers told her last week, she had not even known that she had an uncle. Shrewdly she suspected that her father had known little more. That he had never returned within hailing distance of the family he had long ago run away from was amply demonstrated by his will. Had he not appointed as the sole guardian of his only daughter "the oldest of my brothers who shall be living at my decease"?

She wondered why her father had run away. The fact that he had so run was another of the discoveries Mirabel had made since his death. In his lifetime he had been singularly uncommunicative. The girl had supposed this was because he had nothing to say. Certainly he had said little to his daughter, or to anybody else for that matter. Mirabel could remember days on days at the ranch when he had never, in her hearing, opened his lips. His letters to her at boarding-school had been little more than typewritten wrappings of checks. It gave the girl an odd feeling to realize how completely in the dark she had been regarding the simple structural facts she should have known.

Had been? She was in the dark now. The lawyers' statements had served only to reveal the blackness of that darkness. They gave her all the light they had, and that was scanty. Inquiry by post had disclosed the fact that Mr. Horatio Burton was survived by one brother, Graham Burton, two intermediate brothers having died within the past ten years. A note, hastily penned, from Graham Burton, accepting the responsibilities of guardianship, informed the lawyers that he had arranged to have his ward live with his sister, Mrs. Fernley, until she became of age. He would

meet her in Boston and take her to her new home, if, as the lawyers suggested, they could provide her with a traveling companion to that city. And the lawyers, pressed with business and happy to be rid of the intimate concerns of a girl, promptly provided Mirabel with a ticket to Boston and a berth above that of a sister of one of them, and considered a queer matter happily settled.

So Mirabel, who had crossed half the continent more than once quite alone, had found herself crossing it again under the chaperonage of a pretty, fidgety woman, who soon learned to let the girl look out for both of them. That was why she was now waiting alone in the parlor of a strange hotel for an uncle whom she had never seen. Mirabel and her chaperon had made an unexpected connection at Albany and arrived early in Boston, proceeding at once to the hotel named in Graham Burton's letter as the place where he would seek his niece in case the two failed of meeting at the station. There Mirabel had persuaded Mrs. Bates to leave her and take one of the frequently passing trolleys to her suburban home.

"If you really don't mind waiting," murmured the lady, only too eager to be off. "You are such an experienced traveler for a girl of your age, and I can surprise John, if I hurry. Your uncle will surely come for you—of course there 's no danger. If I thought— Oh, there 's my car! It 's been a pleasure to have you— Good-by! Don't fail to let me know—"

What she was to let her know Mirabel never discovered. But she found out that hours are unprecedentedly slow in passing when you wait for a perfectly strange uncle. Mirabel rather hated the thought of the uncle. She would much rather have had things go on as they were, though she was not able to feel any very poignant personal sorrow in the death of her father. She had never known him well enough for that. Grief seemed a liberty to take with one who had held himself so aloof in his life. Whether he had always been silent and stern, the girl did not know; she had no recollection of her mother. She folded the black serge of her lap into little plaits, and wondered what her mother had been like,—the shake-up in her life had set her wondering about many things,—and from that turned again to imaginary portraiture of her father's brother.

People came and went in the room while Mirabel waited. She watched them shake hands and chat and go out together, or wander away to secluded corners to talk. There were pleasant elderly ladies and pretty young ladies and children, even a young man who seemed to be looking for some one he did not find, but no elderly gentleman. The hands of the slender gilt clock on the mantel pushed a good half-hour beyond the time when he should have come, and still Mirabel waited. What else could she do? Something had delayed him probably. There was no use worrying. Father had hated people who fidgeted. Her uncle would walk in when he got ready. Perhaps he was not a prompt person. Her father had been the soul of punctuality.

The nervous young man dodged in again from the corridor. He certainly was bothered by something. Such a tall, big, splendid-looking one, too, with a look the least bit as though she had seen him before. Mirabel puzzled her brain over the evasive recollection.

A lady and a little girl in black entered quickly, and the young man's face lightened. He met them, hat in hand, so near Mirabel's chair that she could not help hearing his salutation.

"Mrs. Bates? And Mirabel Burton? I am—"

But the lady only eyed him coldly and swept on.

Mirabel rose quickly.

"I am Mirabel Burton," she said, halting at his elbow. "I did n't know you were looking for me. Did my—"

The young man wheeled sharply, and for the first time Mirabel saw his full face. Then she remembered where it was she had seen his face before. The words she had been about to speak caught on her lips.

"Oh," she cried impetuously, her cheeks glowing, "I know you now! You have lived on my wall at home for half a year."

"I have, have I?" He had her hands now and was shaking them eagerly, though the bewilderment of his discovery of her still lingered in his eyes. "How 's that?"

"A piece of a Boston paper, just a torn page that I found beside the railroad track. There was your picture in football clothes and an account of a game you won, torn off in the middle, but you had kicked two goals when it stopped. I always wanted to know how many you kicked in the whole game. I subscribed to that paper for six months, but it never had another thing about you."

He threw up his head and laughed delightedly. "Come over here where we can talk. I 've got to catch onto you before I dare take you out."

"Perhaps I did n't know how to find it," she submitted as she followed him. "All the picture said under it was Captain 'Red.' Captain Red—*what?*"

"Burton," he supplied, smiling.

Mirabel's whole face glowed. "Oh!" she cried



"'MRS. BATES? AND MIRABEL BURTON? I AM—'"

softly. "Oh!" Notions of an uncle had never included such a cousin as this. How jolly of him, how unspeakably jolly, to send his son to meet her. She hoped the old dear was n't sick. She must ask, presently, when she got time. She leaned forward quickly from the chair in which Burton had placed her.

"How many did you?"

"How many did I what?"

"How many goals did you kick in that game?"

"Four," apologetically.

She clapped her hands silently. "I wish I 'd been there!"

"I wish you had. But there 's another fall coming. You 'll be there then."

"Will you, too?"

"I certainly shall. Now explain yourself. You 've explained me. It 's your turn. What do you mean by being grown up?"

"Why should n't I be grown up?"

"No reason in the world except that I thought I was meeting a kid. Something about ten was what I expected."

It was Mirabel's turn to laugh. "I was ten long ago."

"So I see."

"Honestly, did n't you know anything about me?"

"What I did n't—don't—know would fill a library."

"Then we 're even."

"As far as that goes, I have n't any proof now that you 're Mirabel Burton. You say you are, that 's all I know."

Mirabel's eyes danced. "Maybe I 'm a wicked impostor. Maybe my name is Elizabeth Green."

"Very likely. I can't disprove anything you say."

They laughed together, youth and happiness mounting in their veins.

"Look here," he pulled out his watch, "do you want to go straight out to Milton?"

"Is that where Mrs. Fernley lives? I 'm in no hurry."

"Then let 's have lunch somewhere and take in the game this afternoon."

"I 'd love to. Who 's playing?"

"Harvard and Yale. Baseball, you know."

"Oh, I know."

He eyed her, trim and modish as she stood up in her black serge. "Now I wonder how. I 'd a notion you 'd been marooned on a prairie."

She dropped him a curtsey. "Thank you. I 've spent four years in the east at boarding-school, two of them in good old Massachusetts. And there was one before that in Chicago. This last year I was home, but—"

"Be careful," he warned gravely. "I can't count above ten, you know."

She twinkled. "You 're a tease."

"You 're a fraud," he countered. "Making a fellow think you 're an infant in arms. I say, where 's that chaperon?" He halted abruptly.

"Mrs. Bates? She went home. She wanted dreadfully to go home, and I sent her."

"I 'll bet you did what you liked with her. You scare me."

"I? Why should I scare you?"

"I keep wondering what you may take it into your head to do with me."

Mirabel wondered what he meant. There was the faintest hint of a really worried look mingled with the mirth that lurked behind the mock soberness of his eyes as he faced her across the small round table.

"Your hair is n't as red as I thought," she remarked, apropos of nothing, and blushed to find she had spoken aloud.

"Don't rub it in," he besought her. "How did you come to be gleaning newspapers by the railroad tracks?"

"I was out on Spud—that 's my mare. Somebody had thrown it away, I suppose. They 're keeping Spud for me till I find out whether I can have her here—where I 'm going to be."

"You sure can."

"Oh, I 'm glad you think so. I must ask."

His eyes grew quizzical. Mirabel wondered what she had said now. She was too happy to wonder long. She was hungry, and the food set before her was very good, and the face across the table was young and good-looking, and, though a trifle amused, quite as obviously glad to be where it was. Moreover, it was, wonder of wonders! Captain "Red's." Mirabel pinched herself under the table.

Her cousin seemed to be known in the place. The girl liked the obsequiousness of the waiter, just as later she liked the undercurrent of admiration in the voices that greeted her escort as they passed to their seats at the Stadium. Mirabel did not miss, whether he did or not, the gestures that pointed him out to companions. It was undeniably exhilarating to attend a ball-game in company with a lion. Moreover, Mirabel was a "fan" of no mean intelligence.

Small wonder then that she forgot, as all good fans do, the outside world. Small wonder that she forgot in the swiftly passing hours those pretty courtesies the eastern boarding-schools had in her case taught with such good success.

Not till the two stood at the gate of a spacious half-timbered house smothered in vines and flowering shrubs did Mirabel remember her manners.

"I hope my uncle is well," she remarked, conscious that her solicitude came late.

"Your uncle?"

"You know, I rather expected him to meet me. He is n't ill, is he?"

"Who is n't ill? I 'm afraid I don't get you."

"Why, my uncle, of course! My guardian, you know."

Burton stopped short half-way up the path. "Jehoshaphat! You don't know a thing, do you? Who do you think I am?"

"My cousin, I suppose. Uncle's son, I mean."

"Cousin? I 'm no more your cousin than your grandmother! Listen. Your father was the oldest of a big family. He never saw his last brother. The youngster was born a year after your father ran away. In between came two boys and seven girls. Do you see what I 'm getting at?"

"No," said Mirabel. "Who are you, if you 're not my cousin?"

"I 'm your uncle!" said the tall young man.



"'I HOPE MY UNCLE IS WELL,' SHE REMARKED."



A WISE RESOLUTION

ALTHOUGH I 'm just a resident
Of New York City now,
I mean to be the President,
As soon as I know how;
And, if I have a word to say
As ruler of the Nation,
Each day will be a holiday,
And every month vacation.

M. L. Frank.



Nip and Tuck

Being the Tenth of the Wonder-Box Stories

by

Will Bradley

Once upon a time in Noodleburg there dwelt a rich merchant of whom it was said that not in a whole week could one count all the coins that were his.

Also at this time there lived in Noodleburg a miller, who day in and day out ground corn for his neighbors.

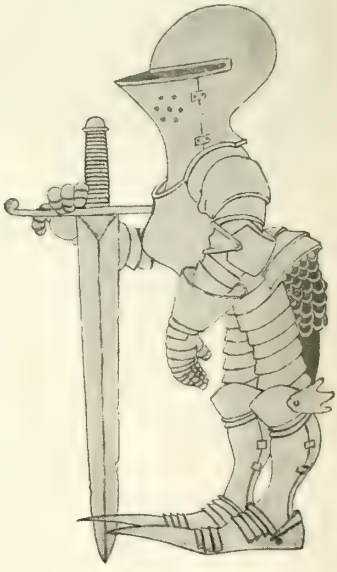
One daughter the merchant had, as fair and beautiful as might be found in a day's tramp.



THE MILLER'S LAD.

And as for the miller, he had one son, so kind and jolly he was well liked by all.

Now it is to be told that in the front hall of the merchant's house there stood a suit of battered armor, with one hand outstretched and at rest upon the hilt of a long sword. Where this armor came from I do not know, but there are some who say it was once worn by a crusader in the Holy Land, and others who whisper that it possessed some occult power and even could foretell the future. This I do know, however, that each day, as the rich merchant passed through the hallway on entering his home, he would rap the armor with his cane and ask it some question, whereupon it would rattle, and the merchant would then laugh or frown as best suited his mood.



"A SUIT OF BATTERED ARMOR."

Well, upon a day when the miller's lad, astride his little donkey, delivered his bag of meal to the merchant, and *rap-tap-tapped* at the back door, no one came to answer. So he lifted the latch and went inside. When he had placed the bag upon the table and could hear no one stirring

about, he thought it no harm to look here, there, and yonder and see the sights in such a fine house. So it happened that he went into the hallway, and when he saw the suit of armor, straightway there popped into his mind the thought:

"Why not put on the armor and ask it to tell my fortune?"

That would be something worth the doing for sure and certain, and soon the lad was unbuckling the straps and getting into the armor. No easy task this proved, either, but in the end it was accomplished, and the lad was safe and snug inside with his two eyes looking out through the slits in the head-piece. What he saw gave him such a start he nearly tumbled clattering to the floor, for his eyes were looking straight at as pretty a maiden as a lad's eyes ever looked upon.

Just then there was the sound of a key in the lock, and the front door opened, and in came the merchant. On a peg he hung his hat, and with his cane he whacked the armor over the shoulders. Then he looked upon the portrait of his pretty daughter, which hung upon the wall opposite, and rubbed his chin, and looked at the armor quizzically and said:

"Who is to marry my daughter?"

And the frightened lad inside the armor, only half hearing what the merchant mumbled to himself, thought he had said:

"Who is hiding in my armor?"

And all in a tremble he answered:

"Only the miller's lad."

My! If one could only have seen the merchant when he heard those words come faintly out of the armor's head-piece. First he turned white as a turnip, then red as a beet; then he fussed and fumed and roared and raved, and, without waiting to take his hat from the peg, went stamping out of the house and hotfoot off to the miller's.

As you will quickly guess, no sooner did the front door close than the miller's lad was getting out of the armor and hurrying through the back door. But for all his haste, he took time for one glance at the portrait, and thought that never in all the world might one ever find a lass so lovely.

Whatever happened to the rich merchant at



"A WALLED CITY OF MANY TOWERS, WITH A GATE OF HEAVY PLANKS BEFORE WHICH TWO SOLDIERS STOOD GUARD."

the mill and what he said to the miller I do not know, but so white were his coat and trousers with meal-dust and so rumpled his hair when he came out of the mill that 't is likely the miller was more than his match.

After this it was n't long until a word or two reached the townfolk, and in the end, when they had the whole story from first to last, even the farmer's yokel laughed and thought it all a good joke.

Of course this was n't very pleasant for the merchant; neither did it please the maid; though, truth to tell, she had seen the lad more than once and liked his looks, and so told her father. This did not mend matters, you may be certain, and now nothing would do but the maid must be sent over hill and dale into a far country where, in a Walled City of Many Towers, with a gate of heavy planks before which two soldiers stood guard, she was kept secure.



"THE FARMER'S YOKEL LAUGHED."

So the weeks slipped by and the months, and when a year had passed, on a day the miller's lad said:

"Father, I would go out into the world and see new cities; for now I am tired of Noodleburg and wish much to try my fortune in other lands."

Yes, the lad might do that; the miller would n't say no to such a plan; and here were a few round coins that could be spared from their savings. Then he bade his son good-by, and the lad walked out into the big world.

Only a short way had he gone when whom should he meet but the rich merchant! Where was the miller's lad going now, all dressed in his best clothes? That was what the merchant wondered, and he followed the wondering with asking. When he had the answer, he screwed up the corner of his mouth and thought, "Perhaps he will reach the walled city and win my daughter." Then he invited the lad to his house and wrote a long letter, and in the letter he said that he who received it should take the lad and clap him into prison, with iron chains upon his wrists and ankles, and nothing to eat but dry bread, and nothing to drink but water; and furthermore, he was to be confined in a pitch-black dungeon, with damp, cold walls, and pools of water on the floor, and rats and mice for company.

Yes, every word of this the merchant wrote in a letter, and he sealed it, and wrote on the outside a name and address. Then he gave the letter to the lad, and a few coins to pay for the trouble, and asked him to kindly stop on his journey and deliver it.

This the lad promised to do; and when he looked at the letter, he saw the name was that of the Lord High Constable, and the address was that of the Walled City of Many Towers.

Now we will leave the miller's lad on the road to the Walled City of Many Towers, with a merry whistle running over his lips, and the letter tucked away safely in the pocket of his coat. Never would he have stepped along so lively, and never would he have found such joy in his journey had he known the contents of that letter; for no pleasure would it ever give any one to be stepping, one foot before the other, straight into the damp, dark walls of a dungeon.

But, as Mother Pfounce used to say, "Much may happen 'twixt cock-crowing and hen-roosting." So now we will take up the story where it tells of two brave soldiers.

One of these soldiers was called Nip. He was a cavalryman, and he rode a mighty war-horse that had carried him safely through many a terrible battle. His sword was so sharp and glistened so in the sun that no man might look upon it without fear, and the enemy sundered right and left whenever it saw him riding the field of battle.

The other soldier had for his name Tuck. He was an infantryman, and wore a big black hat and carried a powerful gun. Fully as brave he was as Nip, but having no steed to ride, he did not make such a grand showing on the battlefield; neither was he such a famous leader, for, in very truth, Nip was a captain and commanded a whole company of cavalrymen, all brave and glorious in smart uniforms, vizored caps, and great boots.

Now Nip and Tuck were great friends and such close chums that, when the wars were over and each had received his wages and could hear it jingling in the pockets of his trousers, Nip said to Tuck:

"Comrade, let us set forth into the wide world and seek adventure, and perhaps we shall find something more worth the seeing than is to be found in this town or on any field of battle."

Yes, Tuck liked that idea all right; but see,

Nip had a prancing steed to ride and Tuck had none.

Oh, that would be easily mended! Nip was not so selfish as to want to ride while his chum walked. They would just change about; first



"NIP RODE A MIGHTY WAR-HORSE."

Tuck could ride a way and Nip would walk, and then Nip would ride and Tuck could walk.

Tuck thought that would be very nice if he were only a brave cavalryman; but never in this world would he dare to mount a prancing steed. No, his own two legs must carry him on any journey he traveled in this world, and never would he ride on four legs.

Nip laughed heartily at these words of Tuck, and being a jolly soldier and not set on forever having his own way, he marched off to the horse-market. When he came out of the market again, there were two more round dollars jingling in his pocket, and his good horse was eating oats in a stall and waiting for a new master.

Well, after this the two soldiers started on their journey, and at whatever joke Nip made, Tuck laughed full heartily, and at the jokes of Tuck, Nip laughed merrily, which is as it should be with two chums traveling upon a journey, even though some of the jokes are silly, as I have no doubt they were with Nip and Tuck.

Of all the adventures these two had there is no space to tell here; but one there was that more than twice has given me a good laugh, for it was recorded at the time in a big book, and there can be no doubt of its truth.

This is the adventure:

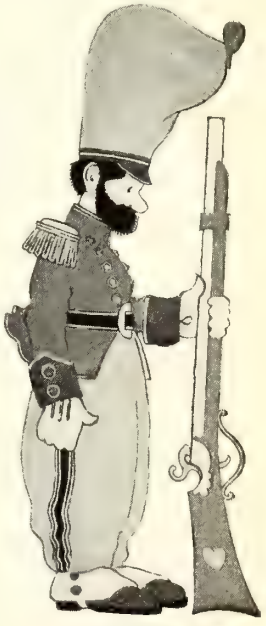
Upon a day, after Nip and Tuck had stepped along for many a mile, they stopped in front of an old inn, and there, sound asleep on a bench, was a young lad, barefooted and with tattered and torn garments.

Only one look the two jolly soldiers gave the lad when into their throats jumped their two hearts, and they stuttered and stammered and scarcely knew what to say, for never in all the days of their lives had they ever seen any one who looked so tired and hungry.

Straightway Nip's hand went into his pocket, and straightway Tuck's hand went into *his* pocket, and any one who was there and heard the pennies jingle would have heard a merry tune; and any one who saw the dancing eyes of the two soldiers would have seen a happy sight; for any one, with half a look, could tell that the tired, hungry lad was about to have a fine meal; and any one could easily guess he would no longer have to tramp the stony roads barefoot.

Well, everything happened just as it should, and, as Mother Pfounce often says, "There is no sight in all this world one half so fine as seeing a hungry lad get a good meal." And of all such sights, none could ever be finer than that which now made happy the eyes of Nip and Tuck.

When the meal was finished and the new shoes comfortably fitted, Nip asked the lad where he was bound, and in the end had the whole story from the very beginning up to the present; and also he had in his hand the letter addressed to the Lord High Constable of the Walled Town of Many Towers.



"TUCK WAS AN INFANTRYMAN."

Yes, the tired, hungry lad was the miller's son.

Now you may be certain that two jolly soldiers traveling here, there, and yonder, always ready to tell a good story, and always ready to be told one, could not have

gone far upon their journey without hearing how the armor had answered the merchant. Also, you may be sure, that often they had a good laugh over the wrath of the rich merchant when he was told that his daughter was to marry the miller's son.



NIP TELLING THE STORY.

Yes, all of this they had heard, and also how it had been many a day before the rich merchant had dusted all the cornmeal from out his clothes after that encounter with the miller; and having heard all this, they could not but wonder what might be in that letter which the lad was carrying, for, putting this and that together, they thought him a strange messenger to be chosen by the merchant.

Now, as oft happens, it is but a short road from wonder to answer; and so no long time passed now until Nip knew all that the merchant had written. After that it was n't long until, with the help of Tuck, Nip had written another letter and signed and sealed it just as was the original; and on it he wrote the same address.

As for the miller's son, he knew nothing of this change of letters, and when he stepped forth again upon the highway, he thought it was the merchant's letter he bore in his pocket. And when at last he reached the Walled City of Many Towers and was ushered into his castle, he thought it was the merchant's letter he placed in the hands of the Lord High Constable.

When the Lord High Constable read the letter, there was a jolly smile upon his face, and he took into his own and warmly shook the hand of the lad, for the letter said:

"Marry this lad, at once, to my daughter."

And it was signed by the rich merchant.

Sometime, if you chance to be traveling near Noodleburg, you will probably find Nip seated upon a stool in front of some jolly company telling the story of how the Miller's Lad married the Rich Merchant's Daughter. And when he finishes, you will hear Tuck say:

"And after the marriage, and as the town trumpeter was proclaiming the news throughout the city, who should appear riding through the gate but the rich merchant?"

Then Nip will say, "And that was a sight well worth the seeing, as Tuck and I know, who were there to hear him fuss and scold."

And then Tuck will say, "But anyway, the two young people did n't care; they were happy, and lived happily ever after."



THE TOWN TRUMPETER.



OLD-FASHIONED FOLKS

BY CLARA M. KAHLE

All grown-up folks have greatly changed
In almost every way;
They do not seem to do the things
They did in Grandma's day,
When quilting-bees and singing-schools
Were quite the style, she says;
But all those things she tells about
Sound very strange these days.

But children never change a bit;
They 're just the same, you know,
As little children used to be
A hundred years ago;
They like to play the same old games—
Like ball and blindman's-buff;
Of dolls and hoops and jumping ropes
They 've never had enough.

They love to play at keeping house;
And if you watch, you 'll see
That ring-around-a-rosy is
As new as new can be.
And so, while other folks have changed
In almost every way,
They 're the only real old-fashioned folks
In all the world to-day.

OLD JAN'S TWILIGHT TALE

by Katherine D. Cather



His face was wrinkled and his back was bent and his step was faltering and slow, but he was the best story-teller in all Copenhagen, and wherever he went a group of children followed until he seemed like another Pied Piper. In all his seventy years he had not grown too old to have an interest in their sports and games, nor was he ever too busy to refuse a bit of advice when they asked it. That is why he put aside the book he was reading and went out on the stoop, for just then merry voices sounded in from the street, and he knew the neighborhood boys and girls were having a frolic there.

They saw him as he came out of the doorway, and one of the number called blithely: "Ah, there 's Jan now! I wonder if he has a story for us?"

And with a rush and bound they surrounded him and began a chorus of pleas.

"A sea story," called gray-eyed Charlotte Ruleson, whose father was a boatman, and who had heard many of the weird yarns floating about among sailor folk; "one with pirates and lots of shooting." While another begged for a ghost tale with a big spook, and still another wanted a fairy story with witches and goblins and all those creatures who play pranks in Elf-land. Each had his request for the kind of tale he liked best, but one slender boy, with a shock of yellow hair and a face like a youthful viking, said nothing. He just stood and watched the old man, with a look of pleading in his lobelia-blue eyes.

Jan saw it, and knew that he, too, had his desire, but for some reason had not voiced it. So he turned to him and asked, "And you, Bertel Thorvaldsen, what do you want?"

As he spoke, a smile of rare sweetness came over the lad's strong face, and he answered in a voice that was low and vibrant, "A hunting story, if you please; a story of the days when you were in India."

A chorus of laughter sounded from the group, and smiles and grimaces were on almost every face.

"You might know he 'd ask for something about animals!" exclaimed Christine Jacobsen. "Most of the time that he is n't sketching he spends in watching them, and the other day the schoolmaster said if he knew half as much about his lessons as he knows about horses and cattle, he would n't get the ferule so often. You 'd think he 'd get over dreaming about them when they get him into trouble."

"Yes, especially after what they did for him to-day," remarked Hals Sorensen. "He forgot to take his father's dinner, because he was at the Amalienborg making a picture of the king's riding-horse, and poor Gottshalk Thorvaldsen had to go without eating, after working all the morning over his figureheads. So now there 's talk of taking Master Bertel out of school and sending him to Jutland to work in the fields."

"We all know that, Hals Sorensen," Christine broke in, "so I don't see why you need tell it again. My mother says it 's a pity, too, because Bertel has a real talent for drawing, and if his father 'd only let him help with his figureheads, his own work would be better and people would stop saying he has a no-account son."

Christine's mother was the daughter of an artist, so the girl knew that, when a love of drawing is born with one, he can no more put it aside than he can do without air and water. Her sympathy and understanding had often smoothed



"JAN TURNED TO HIM AND ASKED, 'AND YOU, BERTEL THORVALDSEN, WHAT DO YOU WANT?'"

the boy's path when his comrades ridiculed him, and he looked at her now with kindly eyes.

Jan, too, smiled at her, because loyalty is always admirable, and he liked her defense of the boy. He knew all about the forgotten dinner and the gossip among the men in the shipyard, that Bertel ought to be taken from school and put to farming, for he worked there himself, and, while all the others recommended punishment, he had urged the father not to be too hard on the lad. With all his wrinkles and white hair, he still had enough youth in his heart to know that the best-meaning boys sometimes forget, and had sufficient faith to believe that Bertel's knowing his father had gone hungry was a punishment that would keep him from forgetting in the future. Always before, he had come in good time with the pail, and often, while the elder Thorvaldsen ate, would correct the drawings from which were carved figureheads for merchant vessels, and many a piece of work was better because of the boy's touch. A lad like that, he reasoned, was not bad at heart, and it was well to be lenient with him for once. So he spoke very kindly.

"I know all about it, Hals," he said, "but I believe Bertel has had his lesson, and it won't happen again. I am sure his father thinks so too, because just before I came home to-night he told me that after this he intends to take him to the shipyard every day to help with the cuts, which will be far better than working in the Jutland fields. So let us talk of something that will make no one unhappy."

And quieting their remarks, they sat down beside him to listen to a story.

Away to the north the sky glowed with a soft pink light, as if a sheet of rose-leaves had been spread across it, and downward, from the mass of color, streamers like variegated ribbons floated toward the horizon, faint at first, but fast deepening to the gray that comes with the approach of night; and Jan watched the changing tints with dreamy eyes. Bertel's request for a hunting story had brought memories of twilight tints in other skies, and of the far-off time when every day was filled with thrilling adventure. For he had not always been a cargo-loader in the Copenhagen shipyard, but once had traveled in distant lands and hunted game with the best sportsmen of Europe. But he was old now, and the most exciting things life held were the evening visits of the children, to whom the tales of the one-time wanderer were like the pages of some splendid romance. So he began a story of his Indian days, one which he said was the most vividly remembered of all his hunting experiences.

Blue-eyed Bertel moved closer, and sat with glowing eyes as the old man described in a picturesque way the jungle where he had hunted in his youth. The boy could almost see the trees with their trailing moss, the lush, tropical vines that swung ropes of bloom from the branches, and the banyan thicket, made hideous at night by the cries of savage beasts. He had often heard of how the natives hunted with javelins, and how, when the first European sportsmen came, they acted as guides to the strangers; but it was all new and thrilling when recounted by the one-time huntsman.

Jan then told of a guide sighting a lion, a magnificent creature that well might have been the king of all that jungle.

"The fellow sent his javelin at him, and struck the beast full in the breast. And, ever since that day, I think of a lion not as a wild creature of the woods, but as one guarding with his life all it holds most dear. Because," he went on, "his mate was just beyond with her two cubs, and as the iron struck him he lunged forward with defiance in his eyes, as if to say, 'You shall not harm them until you have killed me.'"

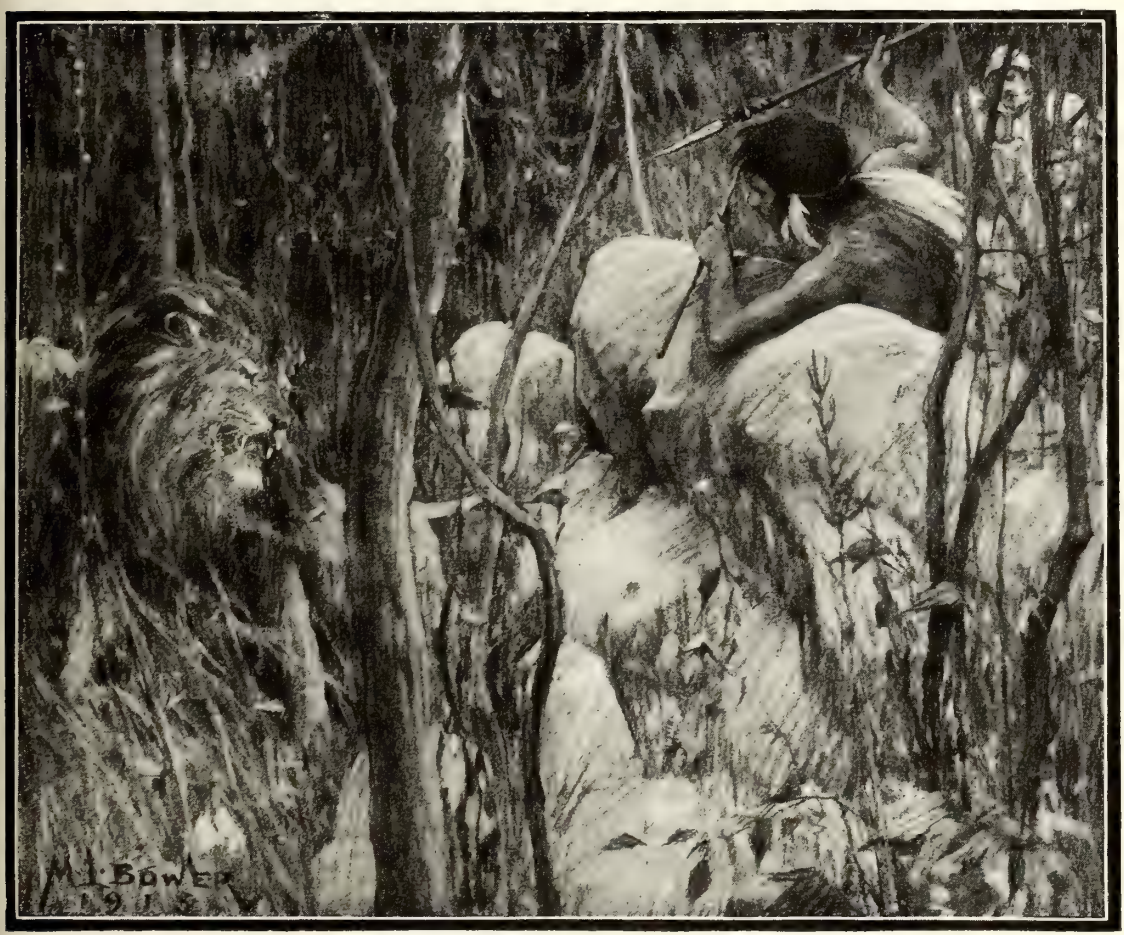
Bertel thought a great deal about the story, and for a long time afterward, when men talked of bravery, he saw a lion in the Indian jungle standing with a javelin in its breast, yet defying the hunters to touch its mate and little ones. And often when he went to visit Jan, he would ask him to repeat the tale. Then some one, seeing him at work on the figureheads in the shipyard, persuaded his father that such talent for drawing and carving ought to be cultivated, and he was sent to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. Throughout that winter there were sketches to be made in the evenings, so there was no time for visits. Before summer came, Jan died, and there were no more twilight tales. But Bertel remembered those he had heard, and most vividly of all that of the wounded lion in the Indian jungle.

Years passed, with summers of Denmark's lovely twilights and winters made glorious by northern lights. Bertel still worked at his drawing, and at carving too, modeling figures he hoped some day to fashion in marble. But marble costs much money, and Thorvaldsen was poor. He went to Rome, hoping in that home of art to find some one who would give him an order, that he might prove what he could do. But no order came. Still he worked on undaunted, even when the first model of his "Jason" crumbled into fragments because he was too poor to have it cast. He struggled on until it seemed useless to hope longer. Then, heartbroken and discouraged, he packed his belongings to return to Copenhagen.

But it was not meant for Bertel Thorvaldsen

to die unknown. An English banker, whose name, by the way, was Hope, heard of the artist, and came to see his work. To Thorvaldsen he seemed as good as his name, for he gave him an order for a statue, which was so finely executed that the genius discovered long before in the Copenhagen shipyard came to be recognized all over Europe. Order after order came, and he carved so rapidly and exquisitely that the whole world was amazed. Not since the days of the old masters had any wrought such wonders with chisels and marble, and he was called to almost every continental city that wished to erect a splendid statue. The Danes, who had thought him a worthless fellow, no longer talked about Gottshalk's no-account son, but spoke proudly of "Our Thorvaldsen."

Just as his fame was rising to its zenith, Switzerland was eager to erect a monument to the memory of her sons who had died in defense of the Tuileries. All the world knows how, when Louis XVI was taken before the Assembly that was to deprive him of his power, a mob attacked the palace. The Swiss guards might have driven it back, but a messenger from the king came with word that they should not fire into the crowd, but were to retire. Within the palace was a handful of warders whom the royal edict did not reach, and they, not knowing of the order, tried to defend the place. But too weak to hold out against the populace, and too faithful to desert their post, they were massacred without mercy. What was more fitting than that the mountain land that nurtured them should raise an undying tribute to their memory?



"'THE FELLOW SENT HIS JAVELIN AT HIM.'"

General Plyffer von Altishofen, an officer of the guard who escaped from the mob, had returned to Lucerne and was living in retirement there. It was his idea to erect a monument to his fallen comrades, and he made known his plan.

All Switzerland responded. From every canton, from every lake-gemmed valley and upland Alp came a manifestation of the spirit that has made the country a fitting land of Tell, and the voice of the people said, "We will make it a national monument to our heroic dead."

Funds began to pour in, the amount growing steadily and rapidly, until enough was realized to erect something very splendid and very enduring.

"Who shall the sculptor be?" was then the question.

And in answer was asked another question, "Who but Thorvaldsen?"

So to Italy, where the magician of the North was at work, came a call from crystal lake and snow-capped peak that he should come to Lucerne.

And to Lucerne he went, to begin the work that was to immortalize him.

But he had a hard problem to solve. What was a theme noble enough to commemorate such heroism? It must be something grandly appropriate, yet different from every monument in the world, for the spirit of patriotism was afire in Switzerland, and nothing commonplace would be considered.

One sketch after another was made, only to be cast aside as being a conception not big and fine enough.

Then one night as he lay wide awake, thinking about it, when the wind whipped the water of the lake until it sounded like the old Baltic beating against his own Danish shores, there came a memory of Jan's twilight tale.

"Standing with a javelin in its breast," the old man had said, "yet defying the hunters to touch its mate and little ones."

Nothing could be more appropriate than that, he thought, and the next day he submitted the design, a wounded lion guarding the escutcheon of France.

The men of the committee were delighted. It was an unusual theme, and worthy of such a memorial. So the model was begun.

Thorvaldsen had never seen a live lion, but that was no insurmountable obstacle to him. He studied old statues for form and proportion, reading, drawing, and working night and day, and when the finished model suited him, it was chiseled into a rugged granite cliff in General von Altishofen's garden, facing the peaks, a fitting tribute to the children of the Alps.

And did Switzerland approve? Ah, yes. The day of its unveiling was made a national holiday. From every canton throngs of people poured into the city, singing the songs of Helvetia and showering honors upon a Northern artist. Yet none knew whence came his inspiration, for not until many years afterward did he reveal the secret. Then, walking one evening with his loved friend, Hans Christian Andersen, he told the cargo-loader's story.

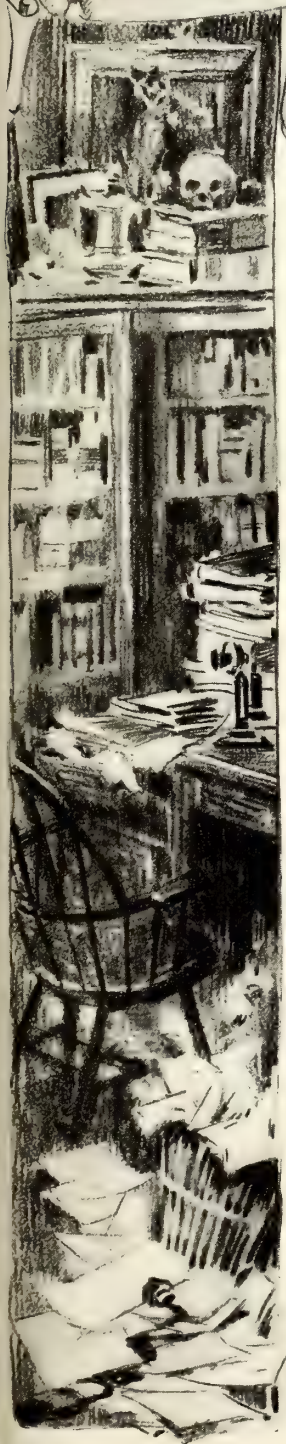
"I was just a lad when I heard it," he said, "but I never forgot it."

Thus it became known that old Jan's tale of a wounded lion in an Indian jungle, told at twilight to a blue-eyed boy in Copenhagen, became the inspiration of the matchless monument that to-day looks out over the clear waters of the Lake of the Four Cantons, and is known the world around as "The Lion of Lucerne."



Father's Study

By Edna Randolph Worrell



I LIKE my father's study more
Than any room we 've got.
It 's filled with birds, and minerals,
And guns, and such a lot
Of books and curiosities
I 've never seen the wall;
And tables piled so high I can't
Peep over them at all.

The sofa 's filled with magazines,
There 's not an empty chair,
And all that company can do
Is walk around and stare.
Although my father 's most polite
And flourishes his hand
And asks 'em all to "take a seat,"
They say they 'd "rather stand."

He won't allow the hired girl
To clean, or sweep, or dust,
Or tidy or arrange the room
For fear she 'll "get it mussed"!
He says he likes the way it is;
But when he has to write,
He takes his work in mother's room,
That 's clean and neat and bright.





A RUNNING FORWARD-PASS PLAY.
H. K. Young, of Washington and Lee, from a fake end run to the right, throws a forward pass to his right end, against Virginia Polytechnic.

EXPERT FOOTBALL FOR THE SPECTATOR

OR, HOW TO WATCH A FOOTBALL GAME AS AN EXPERT VIEWS IT

BY PARKE H. DAVIS

Author of "Football, the American Intercollegiate Game," and
Representative of Princeton University on the Rules Committee

PART III

SPECIAL TACTICS

ST. NICHOLAS, in its October number, undertook the pleasant task of teaching its readers how to become expert spectators at football games. In that issue the lesson was confined to general tactics. In this number will be outlined most of the expert features of the special plays and formations, so that the reader may become familiar with standard tactics in these departments and thereby be prepared to note their observance and to detect the innovations.

First, let us fix our attention for a moment upon the subject of forward passes, offensively and defensively. Although a forward pass may be thrown from any formation or from any play, provided only that the play is one launched from scrimmage and that the pass is delivered from a point five yards behind the line, an eleven seldom employs more than six different forward-pass plays. The reason, of course, is that a team's complete repertoire of plays ordinarily consists of about thirty different methods of attack, and many of these are doublets—that is, the same play merely reversed from right to left. It is not the number and variety of an eleven's plays that make it formidable and powerful, but the perfection of execution.

Different forward-pass plays, however, are popular with different teams, since some players are more capable of executing a forward pass in one way than in another. These plays, therefore, upon a particular eleven, constitute a system, and the detection of this system is a pleasurable problem for the expert spectator. It is not difficult. Upon the back of an old envelop, or, better, upon a small pad especially provided for your memoranda of play, note the formation of the offensive team, its yard-line, number of down, and yards to

be gained each time a forward pass is thrown. This is not laborious, since only from ten to twenty will be thrown by each side during a game. Also observe which player throws the pass and which player receives it. It is asking only a little more from you, also, to note the length of the pass and whether it is thrown in a fairly straight line down the field or in an oblique line across the field. When the game is well under way, you will find yourself observing from your notes that each team is employing a different system of forward passes methodically, and on comparing the efficiency of the rival systems you will then derive from the contest a pleasure heretofore exclusively enjoyed by the expert spectator.

But you must become even more keen-eyed in regard to forward passes. The data of all games in the United States last autumn disclosed that more touchdowns were scored from intercepted forward passes than were achieved by completed forward passes. This means that the danger in throwing a forward pass is very great. Practical football men, of course, knew this long before



FOOTBALL AT WEST POINT.
Two yards to make. A crisis in an early-season game. The referee is about to measure the distance to determine whether the Army has made a first down.

statistics confirmed it, and so each eleven is provided against every forward-pass play not only with the mechanism of recovering their pass, but with a formation for checking a run if their opponents catch the pass. To discover the system employed by an eleven to minimize the danger when it throws a forward pass, the spectator must wrench his attention away from the ball as it leaves the hand of the passer and fix it upon the players who do not race down the field to receive the pass. These players will be observed spreading themselves into a crescent and also charging down the field, followed by a second line of defense consisting of one or more players, thus forming a net into which the opponent must run if he intercepts the pass. As most successful runs with intercepted forward passes are made along a side-line, the observer must carefully scan the nearest side-line to ascertain what special protection, if any, the offensive team has stationed there.

Such is the detail involved on the offensive side when a forward pass is thrown. The system of the defensive eleven to block and intercept forward passes is much simpler. As everybody knows, the only players eligible to receive a forward pass, when thrown by their own side, are the players on the end of the line and such backs as were one yard behind the line when the ball was put in play. Therefore, a general system of



JOHN B. WELDON, HALF-BACK AT LAFAYETTE.
The longest and most accurate-throwing forward-pass player in the United States.



MARK PAYNE, OF DAKOTA WESLEYAN.
Scorer of the world's record drop-kick, 63 yards.



EDWARD H. DRIGGS, PRINCETON'S FULL-BACK.
The longest punter in the United States, 76 yards, and one of the two backs achieving the highest punting average for an entire game, 55 yards.

defense frequently observed is one in which the ends are detailed to watch the backs, each on his own side, and the backs are detailed to watch the offensive ends, again each on his own side. Further, each back is forbidden to leave his particular zone and cross the field until the ball actually shall have crossed the line, thereby obliterating the possibility of a successful forward pass or of a return run from a double pass. The danger of a back coming through the center and receiving a short pass over the line also must be anticipated, and this is delegated to the back supporting the line. Most teams, in order to confuse opponents, alternate the work of the ends and backs by a signal, so that ends at times will block ends, backs will cover backs, and vice versa, the detection of which challenges the observation of the expert spectator.

Another fine point of play to be ascertained is the objective of the pass. On some teams the player making the pass is required to locate the receiving player and then to throw the pass directly to him; on other elevens the player making the pass is directed to throw the pass to a certain point, where the receiver is required to arrive at the same time as the ball and receive it while running. You may think that this latter method is too difficult to be practicable, but Harvard's team will demonstrate its possibilities repeatedly before your eyes. Since the execution of forward-pass plays usually are masked by feints, and since forward-pass threats are used to mask running play and kicks, the expert observer will find huge pleasure in endeavoring to diagnose a coming play by the formation of the players, the location upon the field, the down, and the distance to be gained. The defensive backs are doing this continually, so, honored Spectator, see if you are as clever. If you are not, watch the movements of the defensive backs. They will help you in your guessing.

As a series of notes, methodically made during a game, are necessary to unravel the secrets of a team's offensive and defensive forward-pass systems, so a similar series of notes will be needed to detect the system underlying the feature of kicks. Each time an eleven kicks, the expert spectator must note the yard-line, the number of the down, and the distance to be gained. As the game progresses, he will discover by comparing his notes that a certain uniformity of action is being followed. If the battle is being waged upon customary lines, the spectator will find that each team is kicking in the majority of instances on the first down when within their own twenty-five-yard line; on the first or second down within



F. T. SHIVERICK, OF CORNELL, HALF-BACK.

Achieved a punting average of 55 yards in a single game in 1915.



CHARLES MCGUCKIN, VILLANOVA'S HALF-BACK.

Scorer of the largest number of goals from the field by drop-kicks, 9, in 1915, and winner of the greatest number of games, 3, by individual prowess.



ORSON W. WILCOX, OF MANSFIELD NORMAL SCHOOL.

Scorer of a 55-yard place-kick, the world's interscholastic record.

their own thirty-five-yard line; and upon any down beyond that line. It must be remembered, however, that kicking systems are based upon the comparative power of one full-back to his opponent, upon the skill of ends to cover the kicks, upon the abilities of the linemen on the kicker's side to hold the opposing team in check, and upon the general closeness with which the two teams are matched. As soon as the captain of either eleven discovers that his full-back can outpunt his opponent, that the ends can get down the field with the kicks, and that the line can stem their opponent's running attack, that captain instantly will adopt a kicking attack, at least within his fifty-yard line. The expert spectator should be equally quick to discover the foregoing superiorities in one side or the other and to anticipate the kicking type of attack accordingly.

The details of kicking also invite close attention. When the full-back falls back to kick, note upon which side of him his protection, two backs, form. The kicker may kick with his right foot, yet occasionally this protection will form on the left in order to confuse opponents by threatening a quick opening and a run on the left. Also observe carefully the position of each end on the kicker's side. Occasionally, the ends will "twin up," one crossing over and playing by the side of the other. In the latter instance the full-back usually will kick to the side upon which his two ends are arrayed. Other changes in the line on a kick formation also should be observed, and their reason ascertained in the ensuing play.

Turning now to the defensive formations and manœuvers leading to kick formations, we come to a very intricate, but a very interesting, department of football for the exercise of expert observation. In recent years the kick formation has become such a frequent and formidable engine of attack by kicks, runs, and forward passes that it is entitled to be classified and named as a scrimmage formation. The intrinsic power of this formation lies not only in its suitability to launch a kick, a run, a pass, or any combination thereof, but also in the fact that the formation compels a defense to divide its strength to meet any one of these possible plays.

As a result, no department of football tactics has been more thoroughly worked out than the defenses to kick formations. Every position upon the field—under a condition of any down and any number of yards under ten to gain—has been carefully studied, and the most effective defense for each contingency determined. Upon the leading teams these defenses are controlled by a signal system. Hence the expert spectator who revels in the intellectual element in football will find in the study of the defenses to kicks throughout an

autumn afternoon a feature of football well worth his efforts.

Here are the leading principles of the science to guide him: The plan of the defense may be assumed by the observer to be graduated so as to meet the most dangerous play probable upon any combination of location, down, and distance. A kick, however, outside of field-goal distance is not a dangerous play. In fact, many teams make no especial effort to block such kicks, preferring instead to hurry the kick, check the opposing ends, and thus give their own backs the opportunity to run back the ball. The danger in employing the full force to block a kick lies in the exposure of a team to a run or to a forward pass. The sharp-eyed spectator, therefore, on all kick formations outside of the kicking team's twenty-yard line, should not expect to see the other eleven's kick-blocking system, but he should expect to see their general defense to the kick formation. In the line he will see one and poster and a tackle. If the latter is employed, it will be the tackle from the side facing the kicker's kicking foot. Many teams, however, send only one man through when a kick is doubtful as the forthcoming play, thus leaving ten men to withstand a run or a pass.

Within the twenty-yard line, and especially on any down after the second, most teams concentrate their efforts upon blocking the kick. Statistics prove that the majority of kicks are blocked either by a guard or by the center. Therefore, most systems plan to aid either one of these two players in getting through the opposing line. There are so many different methods of teamplay in blocking kicks that the skill of the spectator will be tested to the utmost to detect the one in use. Usually the tackles spring through quickly in order to draw the defensive backs out. The guards rip apart the opposing center-line, thus making an opening for their own center to leap through. Occasionally the center will be

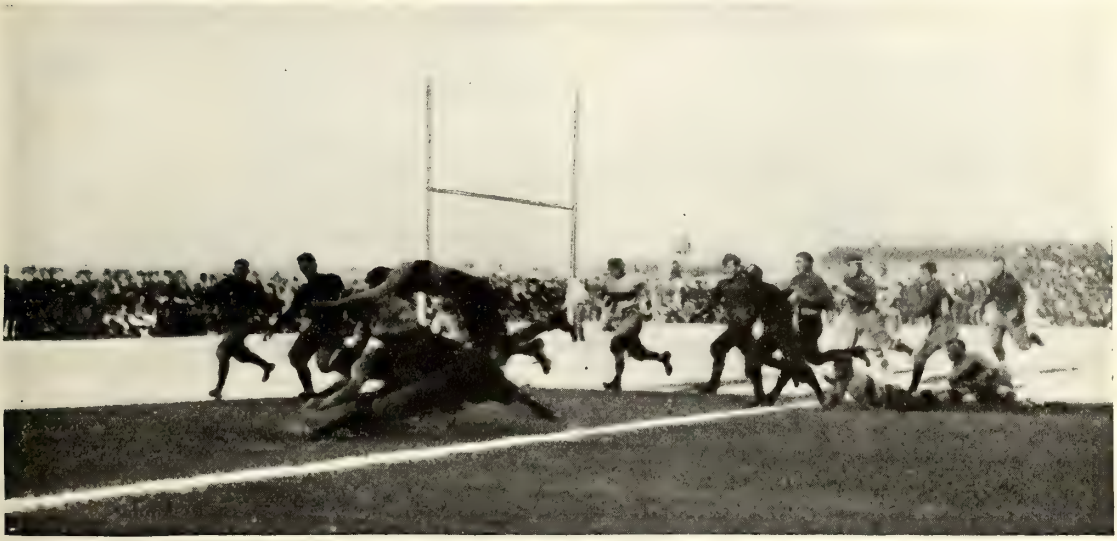


BETWEEN GUARD AND TACKLE.

Charles Barrett, of Cornell, scoring a touchdown upon Harvard in 1915, thereby administering the Crimson's first defeat in three years.

sibly two men break through and endeavor to reach the kicker. These two men will be the center seen to drop a yard or two behind his own line before the ball is snapped, so as to obtain a run-

ning start and additional momentum to carry him through the line.



A CHAMPIONSHIP GAME IN THE SOUTH.
Oklahoma attempts an end run against Texas, starting from a fake goal from placement. Dallas, Texas, 1915.

On kick formations the manœuvers of the defensive ends always are interesting to the expert. The latter knows that two different systems of end-play are employed in these contingencies. One system is used when the ball is in the defensive team's own territory. Here, on the best-coached elevens, if the offensive end plays wide, that is, distant from his tackle, the defensive end will be seen to follow him out, and to drop five yards behind his own line and thus face the opposing end. If the offensive end plays close to his tackle, the defensive end will stand in his usual position, but may be on the line or behind it. If the ball is in the offensive eleven's territory when the kick formation is assumed, the defensive ends will be noticed playing in their usual positions. In the latter contingency, these ends are covering the opposing backs to prevent them from crossing the line and taking a forward pass. In the former contingency, they are covering the ends to prevent them from taking a forward pass, and the two defensive backs are covering the opposing backs. The spectator, however, must expect to see many variations to this system, as one coach favors one plan, another a different plan, and all coaches shape their systems to utilize the individual talents of each player.

While the expert spectator is ascertaining the major tactics employed, he also can familiarize himself with the minor methods used by the individual players. For instance, the system of blocking invites interest. Under the older method of blocking, a player merely ran into an opponent; by the latest system, the player runs toward an opponent, and, when about a yard and a half distant, literally throws himself through the air at him, thus executing what is known as a "flying block." The advantage of the latter style of blocking is that, when it is well executed, the block cannot be warded off, whereas the block made by a player with his feet on the ground frequently may be straight-armed aside.

The general work of the two offensive ends will reward observation—play after play. The end upon the side toward which the attack is directed will, of course, be an integral part of every play. He will be seen now blocking the opposing end out, now boxing the adjacent tackle in, and now crossing the line and blocking in the defensive half-back. If the play is directed toward the end opposite to him, at times he may be seen following after the play in order to safeguard a possible fumble, but under better tactics crossing the line on his own side and endeavoring to block off one of the secondary defenders. This especially will be noticed on plays directed inside of the tackle positions, for modern tactics realize that close games are won by blocking the secondary defenders, so that if an attack succeeds in passing the line, it may have an opportunity to sweep down the field. On plays directed outside of the tackle positions the sharp observer will notice that all line-players from the opposite flank, if properly coached, likewise will break through, charge across the line, and aid in blocking the secondaries.

If the spectator suddenly observes a wide gap at some point in the offensive rush-line, he is confronted by what is known as a "line divide." If the offensive eleven spreads across the entire field, the manœuver is a "spread play." If the defense is being wisely directed, the observer instantly will see a rearrangement of this team, which not only should spread its line also, but which besides should withdraw one or more players from the line and with them strengthen the back-field. Since a "line divide" or "spread play" weakens the running attack but increases the power in a forward pass, the defense should weaken its defense to a running attack and strengthen its defense to a forward pass.

Since every strategist of the gridiron spends hours and hours upon some play for use when fight and fortune has placed his team within scoring distance of an adversary's goal-line, the expert spectator should be especially alert when one of the two elevens threatens to score. In this juncture he must employ his entire expert knowledge to scrutinize the position of each one of the twenty-two players and to allow no detail along the pathway of the play to escape his observation. A favorite manœuver in recent years to cross a goal-line, and also used elsewhere, is the "split," a play in which the interference and the runner leap together for a certain point in the line, but in which, just as the line is reached, the interference splits in two and the runner, either with or without an interferer, springs through another point.

Another incidental feature of football always fascinating to the expert observer is the comparison of power on the two sides of a rush-line. Curiously, but naturally, the right side of a line is stronger, both offensively and defensively, than the left. If the deep student of the game will pore over the records, he will find that almost all of the successful long runs have been made around an opponent's left end or through his left wing, and that in almost any average game the majority of gains likewise are made through the adversary's left flank. Some explain this by arguing that a man is right-footed, as well as right-handed, and that the offense gains an advantage by running to the right and that the defense suffers a handicap by being compelled to tackle to the left. Shrewd tacticians, therefore, make the defensive side of their line stronger than the right, and offensively plan their strongest plays against an opponent's left.

And now we come to one of the most trying tasks for the expert observer, the detection of a team's starting signal. The best elevens, as is generally known, employ a secret signal to indicate the instant upon which the ball will be snapped, so that men and ball may move simultaneously. There are two types of such a signal, both being mental and both dependent upon the element of rhythm. For instance, the first type may be one in which, on all plays to the right, the ball will be put in play a certain number of stated beats after the pronunciation of the last number in the regular signal series, with a different number of stated beats for all plays to the left. The number of beats are usually two for one side and three for the other. Thus, if the signal calls for a play to the right and two has been assigned to plays to the right, upon the last number of the signal series each player mentally and in even rhythm counts off two beats. On the last beat the ball and men move simultaneously. The second type of starting signals depends upon a key number which indicates the number of beats to be counted upon each play. Ordinarily, this is the first number of the series. The advantage of this system lies in the fact that the number of beats may be varied from play to play, and thus opponents, and the expert spectator, are baffled in solving the system.

Probably the most fascinating feature of football for the spectator is the detection of the varying battle-plans of the rival generals. Fortunately these are easily ascertained. To begin with, a little preliminary knowledge of strategy is necessary. Field captains generally utilize three different classes of plays, according to the location of the ball upon the field. Since in a game between two fairly matched elevens neither team should expect to be able to batter its way to the goal-line from long distances, ordinarily, when play is within an eleven's forty-yard line, the principal plays will be punts and end-runs, with only an occasional thrust at an adversary's line in order to test its strength. Some teams also may employ an occasional forward pass in this section of the field, although the use of a forward pass near an eleven's own goal-line is contrary to conservative strategy on account of the danger, the only exception being its use by a losing eleven late in the game, when desperate chances must be taken. Nevertheless, bold field generals occasionally use forward passes near their goal-line.

When the ball rests between the two forty-yard lines, a second class of plays, known as "approach plays," come into use in order to carry a team within striking distance of their adversary's goal-line. These are end-runs, especially forward passes, delayed, double, lateral, and concealed passes, with sufficient line-thrusts to mask the attack. Within an opponent's forty-yard line a wise captain uses his entire quota of plays, se-

lecting each play according to an ascertained weakness in the opposing line, according to the position assumed by opponents, and according to the distance from either side-line. If the expert spectator possesses a good memory, he can detect the change in each class of plays merely by observation. The really expert spectator, however, will keep a complete set of notes from the beginning to the close of the game. These notes will reflect the character of each offensive formation, the nature of the ensuing play, whether a run, pass, kick, or combination thereof, the point in the defensive line attacked, and the distance covered by the play. Such notes, if kept in tabular form, employing only letters or abbreviations to denote the details of play, are not laborious or difficult. They are known to football men as chart records. Year after year the expert observers of the gridiron have been keeping these records, which have furnished them the data from which to weigh and discuss every movement and manœuver in the battle.

There is an old adage that the more one knows about a subject the more he will enjoy it. The exceptional pleasure in observing a football game, therefore, invites all to become expert spectators.



The little Girl who Helped



by Mary E. O. Brush

A LIZARD crept out of a cool crevice and then lay motionless in the sun-warmed purple hollow of a tall, reddish-blue rock jutting upward from a stony ridge which formed the northern wall of a wide valley.

The little creature's eyes were like tiny jewels, flashing forth a green fire as he blinked in lazy enjoyment of the genial rays shining down from the cloudless blue of the Spanish sky. Beneath him, at the base of the rock, there was a low growth of young pines and silver-stemmed poplars, and now these rustled softly, like fluttering feathers, as a small body wriggled somewhat after the lizard's fashion out into the open.

Then, springing to her feet with an agile bound, Niña raised her hand to shade her eyes from the dazzling sunshine and peered eagerly down into the yellow plain spread out for miles and miles in front of her.

She was a lass of small stature for her dozen years, nevertheless there was a look of health and vigor about her slender, well-knit frame; red roses bloomed in her tanned cheeks, and their tint also touched her small, pretty mouth; there was no lack of strength and symmetry in her bare, brown limbs; grace was in her straight little back and in the way her slender neck carried a head with its tangle of silken, black curls.

Very shabbily clad was Niña; a ragged velveteen bodice, whose faded red lacings of cord revealed the white of a coarse linen underwaist, and a tattered skirt of orange-striped wool made the child look like some gay tropical bird whose plumage had once been bright, indeed, but now lacked its former sleek beauty.

However, just now little Niña was giving but scant heed to her attire; her large black eyes were directed far down the slope toward a squatty figure dressed in a voluminously flounced petticoat, the gaudy lemon-yellow tints of which were somewhat subdued by a shabby, black lace mantilla.

Half wrathfully, half roguishly, the little girl wagged a small brown forefinger at the broad back of the waddling woman. "Oho! haha!" she

chuckled, and the sound was like the gurgle of a merry little brook. "There goes Juana, trying to look as youthful as a señorita and as stately as a marquesa! She spent a full half-hour draping her mantilla, and oh! the proud air with which she tucked a red rose just above her left ear and marched off with her fan! No doubt all the caballeros will nudge one another and hide their mouths behind the palms of their hands! Yes, poor old Juana means to have a fine time to-day. I only wish," here a little mist veiled the dark eyes, "I only wish that she 'd allowed *me* to accompany her! I, too, would like to see the queen, our good Isabella; they say she is to ride forth to-day to watch the knights display their skill. Roderick Herando told me this morning as he went by, driving his herd of goats to feed on the grassy slopes of Xoliar, that all last night there was much going on in the *barraca*; the armorers were at work on helmet and cuirass and polishing swords; grooms were making the splendid horses' sides shine like satin and tails and manes look like waving silk; heralds, drummers, and trumpeters were adding to the din. But woe is me! if it were exciting last night just among the servitors and pages and squires, what will it be to-day, when the nobles ride forth with royalty at their head!" And here Niña clapped her little brown hands together in sudden ecstasy.

Then her animated face clouded over again, and she shook her head mournfully as she continued:

"But ah, little good does all this fine preparation do *me!* I must abide here by the hut and watch the fowls, the goats, and the half-dozen fig-trees—for so ordered Juana! 'Be on the lookout for the Moors, child!' quoth she. 'They may swoop down at any time like hawks, the bold, black creatures!'"

Niña shuddered a little as she repeated old Juana's admonition, and sad bitterness was in her childish voice as she added in a whisper:

"Ah, the Moors! Truly, Juana need take no pains to warn *me* against them. Alas! did they not take my father and my mother from me, thus leaving me, in one dreadful day, a helpless orphan? War is a terrible thing; and this siege has lasted so long! Will the city never yield?"

Looking outward, and beyond old Juana's rapidly receding figure, the little girl beheld, far in the distance, but plainly visible because of the clear, crystalline atmosphere, that jewel of Spanish cities, fair Granada.

On either side of it towered mountain-peaks, their stately shoulders wearing the ermine of the snow, though down in the vales below the summer sun made the golden air shimmer with heat. The city itself glistened with whitened walls, while here and there was a gaily colored tile roof or gilded minaret, and contrasted to the brightness were the cool green shadows of cypress groves, orchards, vineyards, and beautiful gardens. But between the covert of the reddish-blue rocks where the little Spanish girl rested and the far-distant, splendid city, there stretched a wide *vega*—a plain yellow and brown with sun-parched grass, lined by dusty white roads, and spotted with the black desolation of burnt villages.

Here it was, in a certain year toward the close of the fifteenth century, the time of our story, that the army of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella was encamped. Niña's sharp eyes could see the *barraca*—the rows and rows of tents, the hastily constructed huts roofed with straw and wattles. Standing in becoming dignity apart from them was the great pavilion above which fluttered the standards of Castile and Aragon, and surrounding it were many other tents, silken-fringed and surmounted by embroidered banners of divers colors and heraldic designs.

It was too far away to distinguish figures, moving or motionless, but now and then the wings of the wind brought to Niña's ears a faint sound of silver-throated trumpets, the thunderous roll of drums, and her vivid imagination pictured knightly figures in armor, mounted on gaily caparisoned horses, galloping here and there, doffing plumed helmets to fair ladies, and bowing low in the saddle before royalty.

Ah, so much was going on down there on the wide yellow plain! Old Juana, with the red rose stuck so coquettishly amid her coarse, iron-gray curls, could see it all, but she, poor little Niña, must stay up on the rocky hillside with only the cackling fowls and the greedily browsing goats for company! Really it was too bad!

But now, after all, because she was a sensible, fair-minded little lass, and, moreover, one disposed to make the best of things, Niña's face soon resumed its customary sunny expression, and she said cheerily:

"Eh, shall I call it night just because of one black cloud! 'T is not Christianlike for me to begrudge old Juana her day's outing. Surely she deserves it, for she has worked hard all the week at the mat-weaving and the garden-tending. Besides, she has been good to me, the woman has. Few and far between are the folk ready to give a poor orphan a home. I must not blame her because she thought it not wise to take me, a little maid, down among the noisy crowd. Besides, it was needful for somebody to abide at home to

see to things, for, though there 's little chance of any of the swart, lawless Moors prowling around, with so many Spanish soldiers encamped between here and Granada, still the fowls are prone to steal into the garden and nip off the young leeks, while as for the goats, well, everybody knows what wanderers they are! And anyhow, Juana was very kind about one thing," here Niña's black eyes shone, "she left me something for a very good dinner. Yes, a fine feast I shall have indeed! After I have tidied up the hut and fed the fowls, I 'll take my victuals down to the ravine yonder, where it is so cool and shady, and eat my meal there."

Half an hour later found Niña seated in the shadow of a copse of oleanders, their pink rosettes, wind-fluttered, giving forth a delicate perfume.

She made a wreath of some of the flowers, and, placing it jauntily upon her shining black curls, leaned over with a smiling face to peer at her reflection in the clear dark waters of a little brook which flowed through the ravine.

The stream, at this part, had widened into a dark, mirror-like pool, motionless save for a slight ripple now and then or a tiny enlarging circle of silver bubbles as some fish rose to the surface for air, or to snap at the brown and azure-winged flies skimming across the water. But a few rods away, farther up the defile, the brook came down tumultuously over narrow, shelving ledges, making a leaping waterfall, its white foam rainbow-tinted where shafts of sunlight smote it.

The rush and ripple of the waters quite drowned all other sounds, and thus it was that Niña, smiling and dimpling at the radiant, pink-garlanded vision in the dark, shining pool, heard not the slightest noise, until the rattling of a pebble tumbling down the slope gave notice of an approaching footstep.

She sprang up aghast! Visions of gigantic, swarthy, fierce-eyed Moors, bearing down with gleaming sword or cruel lance, sent her heart a-fluttering.

Was she to be slain, or to be carried away a helpless captive maid, doomed to slave in some Moorish palace for years and years?

Trembling in every limb, yet with her eyes flashing and her head proudly erect,—for little Niña was of brave Spanish blood, having no taint of cowardice in it,—she stood staring in dreadful expectation toward the upper end of the irregular stony path, where a beetling crag, jutting out aslant, partly concealed the latter from view.

And now, around this turn, there came a figure, large in size, indeed, but plainly that of no Moor. For the intruder, stalwart and robust, was of ruddy countenance, noble in feature and expression, with deep blue eyes, eyes grave and gentle. Of not more than middle age was he; nevertheless, the auburn hair about his temples was already silvered, and he had the look of one whose years had been burdened with many ponderous thoughts.

The dignity and gentleness of his presence speedily banished all fears from Niña's breast. Surely, the new-comer was no black-browed, fierce Moor, nor was he a haughty, ruthless Spanish caballero. Evidently he was a stranger, a foreigner, doubtless, and yet—and yet—Niña passed her small brown hand across her forehead thoughtfully—had she not seen his face before? Once, amid crowds down in the *vega,* when she and Juana had ventured down there to sell pats of goat's-milk cheese to the soldiery, and a basketful of white and crimson roses to some of the fine dames—yes, was it not in the midst of a jostling, motley throng she had seen just such a benign face, whose owner had moved along in a quiet, self-absorbed way, quite regardless of bold stares and muttered comments of mingled praise and blame? Niña was not quite certain—and again she drew her hand across her brow in a puzzled fashion.

But now the stranger, reaching the base of the rocky slope and seeing the ravine occupied, spoke in a friendly tone and with the winsome smile of one whose heart warms at the sight of little children:

"Aha! a little maid, too, has sought the pleasant shelter of this cool retreat! Is she willing, I wonder, to share some of this refreshing water with a weary wayfarer?"

"Oh, surely, good sir," came the prompt reply; and then, hastily, "only wait a brief space, I pray you," for the man, laying aside the pack he carried upon his back—a pack containing clothing and sundry rolled-up parchments and various maps—was apparently in the act of kneeling down, in the slow, laborious manner of one whose limbs were stiff with weariness, in order to quaff the water with his hollowed hands.

Niña ran swiftly to where, in a green, mossy crevice between two boulders, she had stored the food for her feast; she drew forth a little cup fashioned from red clay, and, dipping it into the pool, held it brimful to the parched lips of the stranger. Two long draughts, and the cup was emptied. There was a grateful look in the grave blue eyes.

"Ah, that was good! Many thanks, little maid."



"'OF A TRUTH, FERDINAND OF ARAGON HAS NO MORE READY AND COURTEOUS CUP-BEARER!'"

And here a genial smile, like sunshine, flashed from beneath the shaggy gray brows. "Of a truth, Ferdinand of Aragon has no more ready and courteous cup-bearer! As for the water, it is most refreshing—so cold that it almost seems to have a touch of ice in it."

The little girl nodded with a wise air.

"And no wonder, sir. Indeed, Juana says that the stream comes from the cold heart of yonder mountain," with a graceful gesture toward distant, white-crowned Valeta.

"I doubt it not! But who is Juana? Your elder sister?" with kindly interest.

Niña laughed mirthfully.

"She—Juana? Ah, no!" And then, with childish artlessness, the little girl went on to tell about her guardian, the humble, hillside home, her daily tasks, her joys and sorrows; and then, of course, there came forth the tale of the day's disappointment. The gray-haired stranger listened attentively, sympathetically.

"Yes, yes; I understand! So you wanted to go to the merry-making, the jousting, to see the gaiety and glitter of it all? Well, well, no wonder! And no blame to you, my dear! 'T is a child's sport after all,—this waving of banners, blare of trumpets, and flaunting of tinseled attire, this mimicry and silly mockery,—all more suited to one of your years than it is to men and women over whom the war-cloud still hovers, black and ominous! For, my child, the Moors are not yet vanquished, nor is Granada fallen! Moreover, there are other things of mighty import to engage the minds of brave knights, thoughtful prelates, and wise, far-sighted monarchs. Yea, mighty schemes!" and here the speaker paused, a far-away look in his eyes, the look of one seeing visions. Then, with a little shrug of his broad shoulders, he turned to Niña, saying graciously:

"Pray lend me the cup again, my dear. The cold water is refreshing, and will help fill a stomach that has gone fasting for nigh twenty-four hours."

Niña complied with the request, but in silence; there was a perturbed look on her face. Fasting, forsooth! And was this fatherly, friendly man hungry? What a pity! She cast a furtive glance in the direction of the lichen-covered crevice in which lay hidden her small store of food.

A struggle was waged within her breast. Ought she to share her food, the bread, the figs, the dried fish, and the goat's-milk cheese, yes, the sugared cakes—the last such a treat!—given to her by old Juana, who had thoughtfully brought them home from Luisa de Mendoza's wedding *fcsta*—yes, ought she to share all these with a stranger? Why, this little feast was the only thing to balance her day's disappointment! And to talk about "sharing." Really, that which was an abundance for one small girl would be scarcely enough for so huge a man!

"Verily, he is of a goodly size!" Niña exclaimed to herself, with a solemn and calculating glance at her companion's generous circumference. "He could eat every crumb, and still leave much space!" she thought despairingly.

But then, he was a man no longer young; he looked sad, weary, and disappointed; somehow, she wanted to make him feel better in his mind and body—oh, truly, she wanted to! There was a strange impelling force within, her better self, that urged her onward. And now her brow cleared; the happy light came back to her dark eyes; she ran swiftly to the cool niche between the crags and drew forth the basket woven of osiers stained red and blue. She placed its contents on some broad plantain-leaves by the side of the stranger.

"How now, sir," she cried gaily, "say you not that I am a good little fairy? Here is food, and may it be quite to your liking. Eat, sir, I pray you!"

Then the man's eyes grew large with amazed delight.

"Fairy, indeed!" he exclaimed. "This is a feast fit for her Majesty, Queen Isabella! Truly, I am not sorry that I wandered into this ravine after losing my way trying to find a short course to Huelva. But, little maiden," in sudden hesitation, "doubtless this food was intended for yourself; it would be unkind in me to deprive you of it."

"Oh, give yourself no uneasiness," was Niña's hurried rejoinder. "We 'll eat together, an it please you, my dear sir. Behold, now I help myself to a bit of bread—some fish, too, just a tiny piece! I—I had a very hearty breakfast this morning. But as for you, sir, you have gone without for so long a time. Now partake heartily; you must be very hungry," solicitously.

Evidently the big, gray-haired man *was* very hungry; he seemed to require no more urging to help himself to the food. He ate, indeed, with no lack of appetite, but in a thoughtful, absorbed way, as if his body were a mere machine that needed repairing, a furnace that needed fuel, while all the time his mind was busy with things more important than victuals and drink!

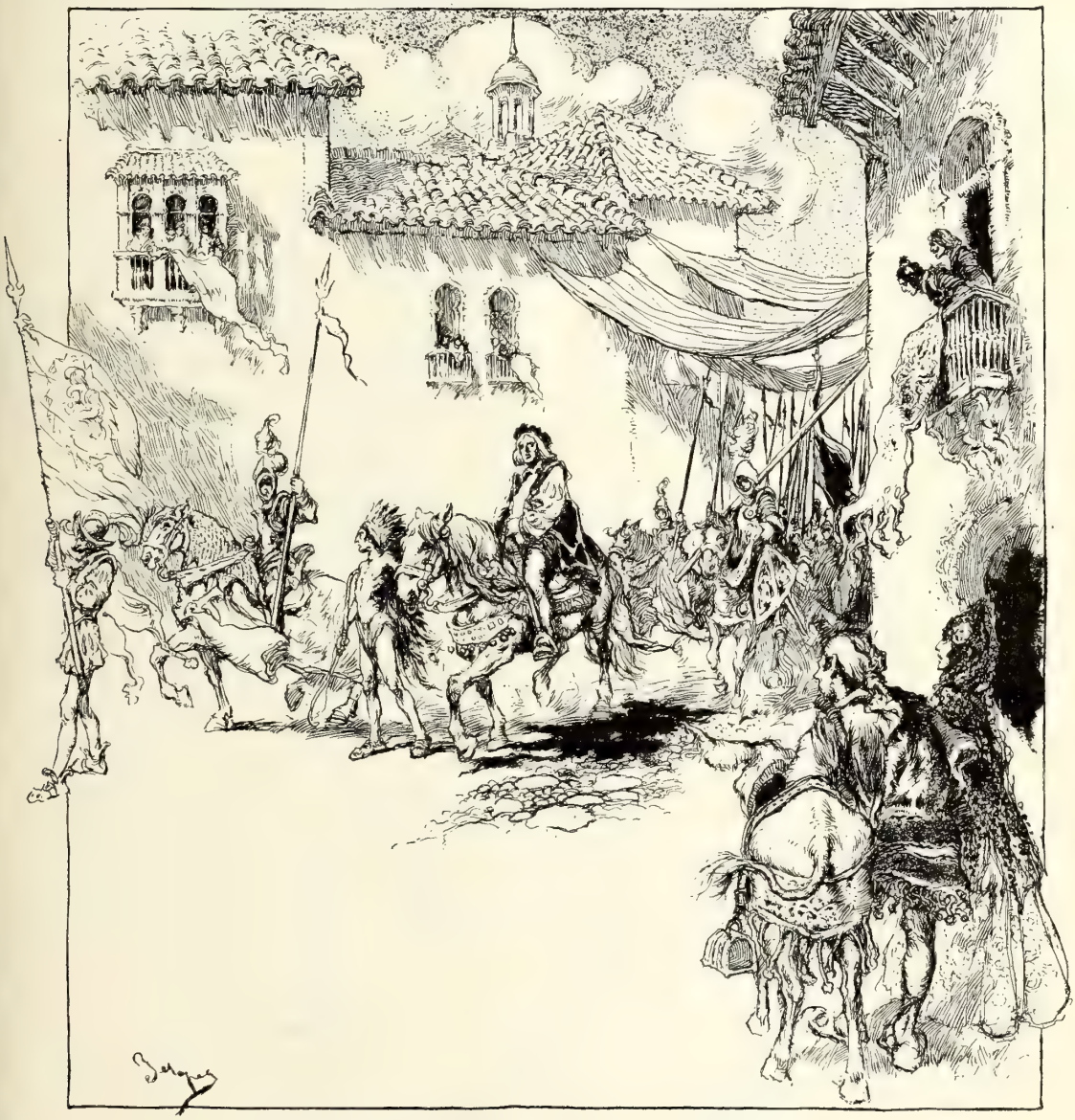
So busily engaged was it that he failed to note how very sparingly his small companion partook of the fish and figs and sugared cakes, but this was due to no greed on his part, nor to any lack of kindness.

After the repast was finished and the few crumbs tossed to the birds circling around the shady nook, the man rose to his feet, saying gratefully:

"Many thanks, dear child! I am loath to leave such pleasant company, but I must be going. Truly, fine rest and refreshment have I found here. I was more weary than I thought. We mariners are more accustomed to treading the decks of our vessels than we are to climbing among the rocky defiles of these mountains."

Mariners!

A sudden light flashed into Niña's brain. Again she recalled the remembrance of the portly frame and the ruddy, benign countenance and auburn hair, white-frosted, she had seen in the moving throng that day long ago!



"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS HAD PROVED HIS VISION TRUE!"

She stared at the man intently, excitedly.

"Oh, now I know who you are!" she cried jubilantly. "You are Cristobal Colón, the sailor, the man everybody is talking about!"

A ruddier tint flushed the cheeks of her companion.

"Talking about? Not to my praise, I 'll war-

rant!" he muttered, with a mirthless smile and a little grimace. "And pray, what do they say? I 'm no woman, yet I have a share of curiosity!"

"Well," Niña went on frankly, "some of them *did* call you strange names, I remember. A—a—visionary—a fanatic. I know not what such things mean; nothing very bad, I am sure," with a winsome smile. Then she added shyly:

"But is it true, good sir, that you believe the world is round in its shape, and that if you were to keep on sailing and sailing westward, you 'd come to some land?"

"The first is true, most assuredly! And," slowly and soberly, "I hope to be able to say yes to your second question."

He paused a minute, a sad, yearning look in his clear, honest blue eyes, and then said:

"Little maid, tell me,—for it is said in Holy Writ that out of the mouths of babes cometh wisdom,—tell me, what ought a man to do when his whole being is filled with a mighty project, and yet when everything seems against him, when friends are fickle, foes violent, and royalty turns away coldly?"

Niña looked at him steadily, her shapely little head tilted sidewise, her eyes glistening with sympathy, radiant with earnestness.

"What ought he to do?" She repeated the words cheerily. "Why, sir, I am but a small maid, and have not much wisdom, but still I think the man must go right ahead, and never, never, *never* give up! I heard our good priest say once that 'no man fails as long as he keeps his heart pure and his faith and courage bright and strong.'"

Cristobal Colón laid his hand gently on the child's silken curls. Then he stooped and kissed her tenderly, almost reverently.

"Thank you, my little maid! Thank you for your food and drink, your courtesy and kindness, and, above all, for your brave words. And now, good-by. May God, Maker and Keeper of all seas and lands, bless and guard you always—always! As for me,"—this more to himself than to the child,—"as for me, I return to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, *once again to try—to try!*"

Many, many months after this, a sudden glory flashed along from town to town on the sunny plains and vine-clad hills of Spain. Cristobal Colón—Christopher Columbus we of to-day call him—had proved his vision true!

The great gray Atlantic could no longer 'hide its secret; there was land indeed on its farther border—a new, vast country, rich in resources and in wonders!

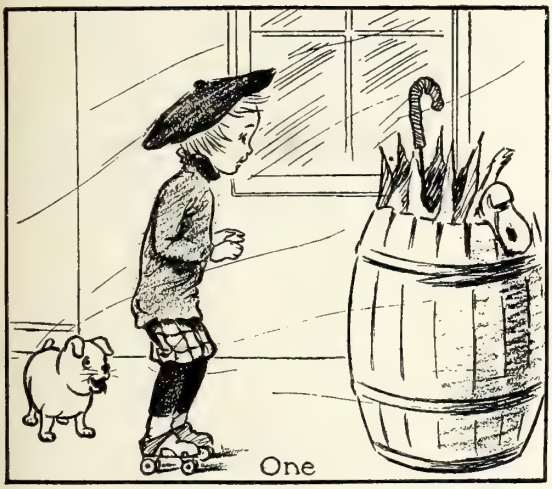
And hearing the marvelous news, little Niña, of the dark eyes, clapped her hands jubilantly, while her heart sang within her, and, as she danced about gleefully, much to old Juana's amazement, she exclaimed:

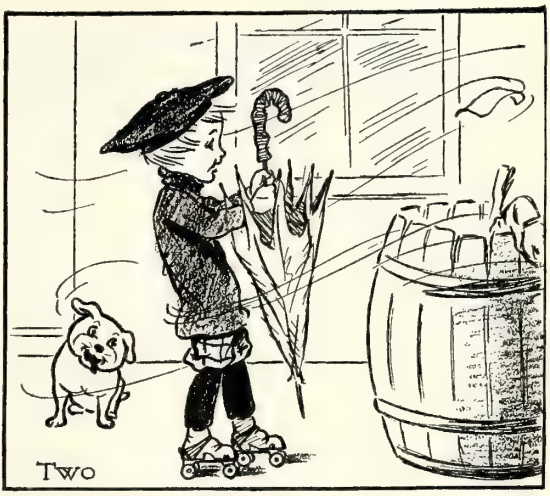
"Oh, I am so glad that he did n't give up—that he kept on trying! And to think that one of his vessels—the smallest, they say—was named the *Niña!* Maybe it made him think of me; I 'm sure I hope it did! Anyhow, I am glad that I helped him a little,—just a little bit. No, it was n't much, but it was something like the story the good priest told us about, the story of the time of the Blessed Saviour, when the little lad gave up his loaves and fishes, so that, through a miracle, a great multitude might be fed! Yes, I am so glad and thankful that I could do a little bit toward giving strength and courage to dear, brave Cristobal Colón, so that he kept on trying—trying to find that big, new country!"

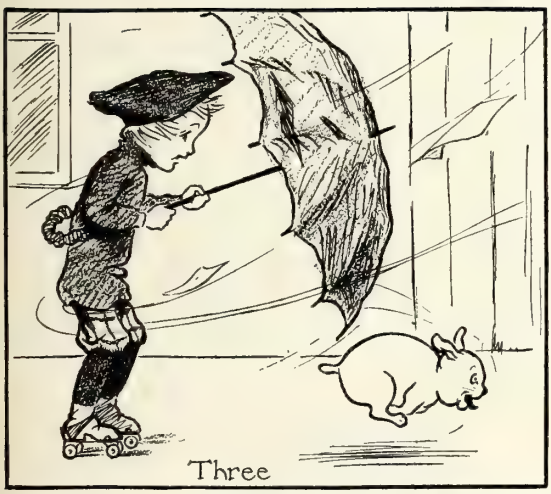
And now, I pray you, you who read this story, listen! If, away back in that dim, distant century, a poor little Spanish lass was self-denying and willing to do her bit of service toward the winning out of a struggle for a new land, may you little maids, who belong to that land and enjoy its rare blessings, prove your patriotism by keeping your hearts pure and good, true and loyal toward America, the well-beloved—the country brave Christopher Columbus discovered after much pain and patience, much suffering and self-sacrifice.

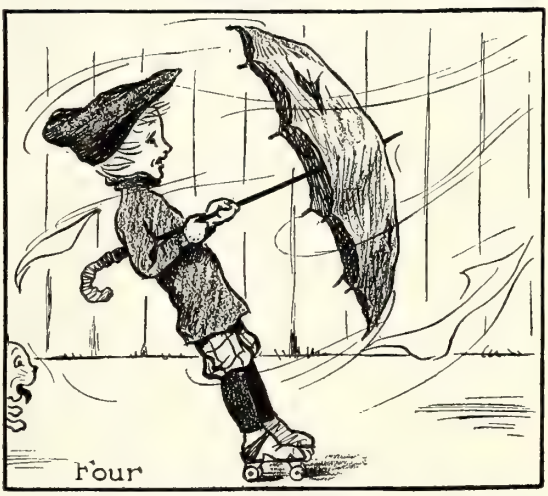


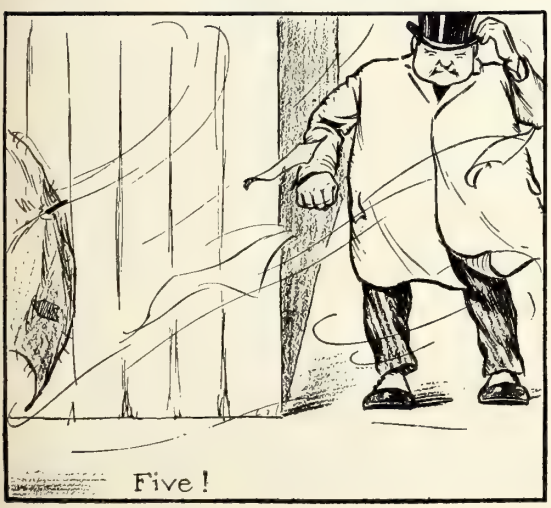
NOVEMBER WEATHER

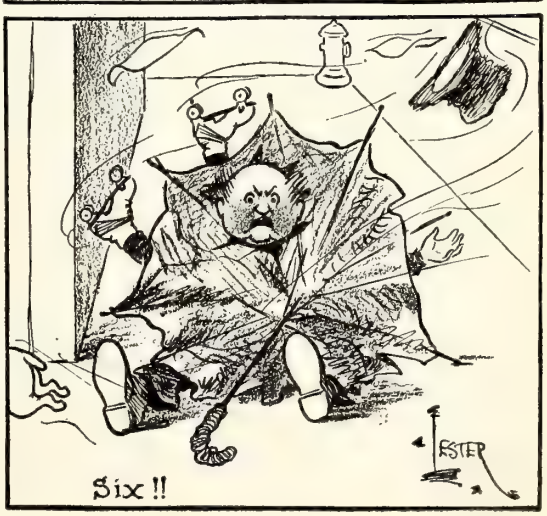












UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS

BY JOSEPH B. AMES

Author of "The Treasure of the Canyon," etc.

CHAPTER I

THE LIVE WIRE

DALE TOMPKINS slung the bulging bag of papers over one shoulder, and, turning away from the news-stand, walked briskly down the main street of Hillsgrove. The rain had ceased, and the wind that had howled fiercely all day long was shifting into the west, where it tore to tatters the banks of dun gray clouds, letting through gleams and patches of cold blue sky tinged with the pale, chill yellow of a typical autumn sunset.

The cold look of that sunset was well borne out by a keen nip in the air, but Dale was too thankful to have it clear at all to complain. Besides, he was n't exactly the complaining sort. Turning up the collar of a rather shabby coat, he thrust both hands deep into his trousers' pockets and hurried whistling along, bent on delivering his papers in the quickest possible time.

"I ought to get home by seven, anyhow," he thought calculatingly. "And if Mother 'll only give me a hurry-up snack, I 'll be in time for meeting."

He rolled the last word under his tongue with the prideful accent of a novice. Then, with a sudden start, one hand jerked out of his pocket and slipped between the buttons of the threadbare coat. For an anxious moment it groped there before the fingers closed over a metal badge, shaped like a trefoil, that was pinned securely to the flannel shirt. A somewhat sheepish grin overspread the freckled face, and through an open gate Dale shot a paper dexterously across the porch to land accurately in the middle of the door-mat.

"I 'd hate to lose it the very first week," he muttered, with a touch of apology. Mechanically he delivered another paper, and then he sighed. "Gee! A month sure seems an awful long time to wait when you know about all the tests already. I could even pass some of the first-class ones, I bet! That handbook 's a dandy, all right. I don't guess there was ever another book printed with so much in it, exceptin', maybe—"

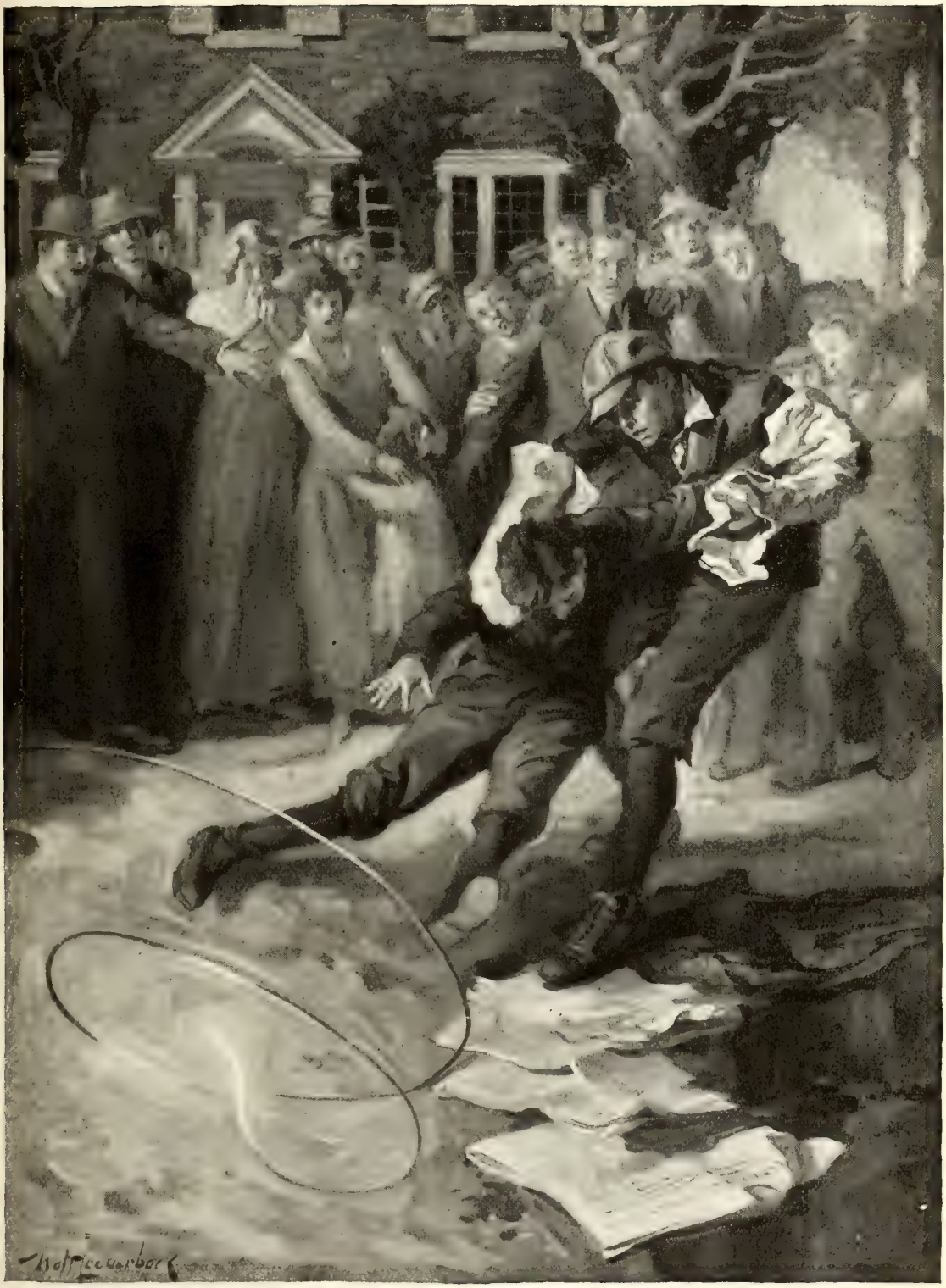
The words froze on his lips, and he caught his breath with a sharp, hissing intake. From somewhere in the next block a scream rang out on the still air, so shrill, so sudden, so full of surprise and pain and utter terror, that Dale's blood turned cold within him, and the arm, half extended to toss a folded paper, halted in the middle of its swing, as if encountering an invisible obstacle. The pause was only momentary. Abruptly, as if two hands were pressed around a throbbing throat, the cry was cut off, and in the deathly silence that followed, Dale hurled the paper hastily, but accurately, from him, and turned and ran.

Eyes wide and face a little white, he tore across the road, splashing through puddles and slipping in the soft mud. Whirling around the corner into Pine Street, he saw a woman rush bareheaded out of a near-by house and two men come running down an adjacent alley. Rather, he noted them with that odd sense of observation which works intuitively, for his whole being was concentrated on the sight of that slight, boyish figure lying motionless in the roadway.

For a second Dale stared blankly, unable to understand. His first thought was that some human agency had done this thing, but almost as swiftly he realized that there was no one in sight who could have struck the child unconscious, nor had there been time for such an assailant to get away. Then, as he hurried closer through the gathering dusk, he caught sight of a trailing wire gripped convulsively in the small hands, and in a flash he realized the truth. In a flash, too, he realized that the body was not as motionless as he had supposed. A writhing, twisting movement, slight but ceaseless, quivered through the helpless victim, from his thin, black-stockinged legs to the blue lips. To the white-faced lad bending over him it seemed to tell of great suffering borne, perforce, in silence—and he was such a little kid!

From Dale's own lips there burst a smothered, inarticulate cry. Every idea, save the vital need of tearing loose that killing grip, vanished from the older boy's mind. Heedless of a warning shout from one of the men, he bent swiftly forward and caught the child by one shoulder.

What happened then Dale was never afterward able to describe clearly. It was as if some monstrous tingling force, greater, stranger than anything he had ever known, struck at him out of the air. In a twinkling it tore him from the boy on the ground and hurled him almost the width of the street. He crashed against the stone curbing and for a second or two lay there, dazed and blinking, then climbed painfully to his feet.



"HE JERKED BACKWARD WITH ALL THE STRENGTH HE COULD SUMMON." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"I ought n't to have—touched him—with my bare hands," he muttered uncertainly. "I must have got nearly the whole charge!"

He felt faint and sick and wobbly. From the horrified group gathered helplessly around the unconscious boy across the street, a woman's hysterical cry beat on his brain with monotonous iteration: "What can we do? What can we do? It 's terrible! Oh, can't you do something?"

"If we only had rubber gloves—" murmured one of the men, vaguely.

"Where 's a 'phone?" interrupted another. "I 'm going to get 'em to shut off the current!"

"You can't," some one replied. People were constantly rushing up to gasp and exclaim, but do nothing. "The power-house is clear over at Medina. It 'll take too long to get the connection."

"I 'm going to try, anyhow," was the sharp retort. "It 's better than doing nothing."

As he dashed past Dale and disappeared into a neighboring house, the boy moved slowly forward. He splashed through a puddle, and something he had read, or heard, came back to him. Water was a perfect conductor, and he had been standing in a regular pool of it when he grabbed the child. No wonder he had been shocked.

"Insulation," he muttered, his head still swimming. "That 's it! The handbook says—"

The bag of papers bumped against his thigh, and somehow Dale's numbed brain began to clear swiftly. How could he have forgotten that paper was a non-conductor as well as silk or rubber? Rubber! Why, the bag itself was made of some kind of waterproof stuff. He thrust aside a half-grown, gaping youth.

"Give me a show, can't you?" he cried almost fiercely. Thrilled, exhilarated with a sudden sense of power, he jerked the bag off his shoulder. "The kid 'll never live if he waits for you fellows to do something." With extraordinary swiftness he pulled out several thicknesses of newspaper and wrapped them about one hand and arm. Similarly swathing the other, he dropped the rubber-coated bag to the ground and stepped squarely on it. His eyes were wide and almost black with excitement. "Oh, cut that out!" he snapped over one shoulder to a protesting bystander. "Don't you s'pose I *know* what I 'm doing? I 'm a scout!"

A second later he had gripped the unconscious child again by an arm and shoulder. This time there was no shock, only a queer, vibratory tingling that Dale scarcely noticed, so intent was he on doing the right thing. He must not bungle now. He remembered perfectly what the book said about releasing a person in contact with a live wire. It must be done quickly and cleanly, without unnecessary tugging, or else the shock and burning would be greatly increased. Dale braced his feet and drew a long breath. Then, suddenly, he jerked backward with all the strength he could summon. The next thing he knew he was sitting squarely in a puddle with both arms around the child, whose grip on the deadly wire he had broken.

Instantly the hitherto inactive group was roused to life and movement, and amidst a Babel of talk and advice they surged around the unconscious lad and his rescuer. Before the latter realized what had happened, some one had snatched the little chap from him and started swiftly toward one of the near-by houses. After and around them streamed a throng of men, women, and children, pitying, anxious, or merely curious, but, now that the danger was past, all equally voluble with suggestions or advice.

Dale rose slowly to his feet, and stood for a moment staring after them with a troubled frown. "Why don't they give him air?" he said. "If only they would n't bunch around him like that—"

He paused hesitatingly, watching the procession mount the steps and cross a wide veranda. The stress and excitement that had dominated him till now seemed to have vanished, and a reaction set in. He wondered whether folks would n't think him too "fresh" for thrusting himself forward as he had done. The remembrance of the man to whom he had talked back made him wriggle uncomfortably; it was one of his oldest customers. "Gee!" he muttered, with a touch of uneasiness; "I reckon I must have sassed him pretty well, too!"

Dusk had given place to night. Under a flaring gas-light at the curb two early arrivals, who had stayed behind to guard the deadly, dangling wire, were busy explaining the situation to several wide-eyed later comers. They formed an animated group, and Dale, standing in the shadow behind them, felt curiously out of it and alone. The wind, sweeping up the street, struck through his wet clothes and made him shiver.

"Time I was getting started," he thought. "It must be awful late."

As he bent over to pick up his bag, the movement set his head to throbbing afresh. His exploring fingers encountered a lump, where he had hit the curb, that felt about the size of an ostrich-egg. Dale's forehead wrinkled, and he opened the bag mechanically, only to find the remaining papers there soaked through and ruined. Those he had wrapped around his hands lay in the mud at his feet, soggy masses of pulp. And he had delivered only four out of the lot!

Dale tried to smile, but his lips only quivered.

With a second, more determined, effort, he clenched his teeth tightly, slung the empty bag over his shoulder, and started back toward the news-stand. But he went in silence. Somehow the usual whistle was impossible.

Chapter II

THE NEW TENDERFOOT

It was close to half past seven before Dale delivered his last paper. He had been delayed in the beginning by old Jed Hathaway's having to know all about it, and insisting on hearing every little detail before he could be induced to provide a second supply. Dale tried to be patient under the cross-examination of the garrulous old newsdealer, but it was n't easy when he knew that each minute wasted now was going to make it harder to get through in time for the scout meeting. When he was released at last, he hurried all he could, but the minute-hand of the old town-clock was perilously close to the perpendicular when he got back to the square again.

Clearly, there was no time to go home even for that "hurry up" snack he had been thinking about. There was n't even time to get a sandwich from the lunch-wagon, two blocks away. "Have to pull in my belt and forget about it till I get home after meeting, I reckon," he thought.

In suiting the action to the word he realized that his hurried efforts at the news-stand to clean off the mud had been far from successful. It plastered his person, if not from head to foot, at least from the waist down, and now that it was beginning to dry, it seemed to show up more distinctly each moment. He could n't present himself before Scoutmaster Curtis in such a plight, so he raced across the square to his friend Joe Banta's shoe-cleaning establishment, borrowed a stiff brush, and went to work vigorously.

Brief as was the delay, it sufficed to make him late. Though not at all sectarian, Troop Five held its weekly meetings in the parish-house of the Episcopal church, whose rector was intensely interested in the movement. These were scheduled for seven-thirty on Monday evenings. There was usually a brief delay for belated scouts, but by twenty minutes of eight, at latest, the shrill blast of the scoutmaster's whistle brought the fellows at attention, ready for the salute to the flag and the other simple exercises that opened the meeting.

Precisely one minute later Dale Tompkins burst hastily into the vestibule and pulled up abruptly. Through the open door a long line of khaki-clad backs confronted him, trim, erect, efficient-looking. Each figure stood rigidly at attention, shoulders back, eyes set straight ahead, three fingers pressed against the forehead in the scout salute, and lips moving in unison over the last words of the scout oath.

" . . . To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

"Colors post!" came crisply from the scoutmaster facing the line.

From the shadows of the entry Dale felt a sort of thrill at the precision of the movement and the neatness with which the slim color-bearer, who had faced the line just in front of Mr. Curtis and his assistant, pivoted on his heel and bore the flag, its silken folds gently rippling, past the scouts still standing at attention and on out of sight toward the farther end of the room.

Of course it was only Courtlandt Parker, who was in Dale's grade at school and a very familiar person indeed. But somehow, in this rôle, he did not seem nearly so familiar and intimate. To the watching tenderfoot it was almost as if he had ceased for the moment to be the airy, volatile, harum-scarum "Court," whose pranks and witticisms so often kept the whole grade stirred up and amused, and had become solely the sober, earnest, serious color-bearer of the troop.

"A lot of it 's the uniform, of course," thought Dale. "It does make a whopping difference in a fellow's looks." He glanced down at his own worn, still disheveled garments with sudden distaste. "I wish I had mine!" he sighed.

A moment later, still hesitating in the background, reluctant to face that trim, immaculate line, he caught the scoutmaster's glance,—that level, friendly, smiling glance, which was at once a salutation and a welcome,—and his head went up abruptly. What did looks matter, after all—at least the sort of looks one could n't help? He was none the worse a scout because he had not yet saved up enough money for that coveted suit of khaki. Nor was it his fault that he had lacked the time to go home and brush up thoroughly for the meeting. He smiled back a little at Mr. Curtis, and then, with shoulders square and head erect, he obeyed the leader's silent summons.

There was a faint stir and a sense of curious, shifting eyes when he appeared around the end of the line of waiting scouts. As he passed Sherman Ward's patrol some one even whispered an airy greeting, "Aye, Tommy." Though Dale did not glance that way, he knew it to be the irrepressible Courtlandt, now returned to his position as assistant patrol-leader. Court was the only one who ever called him that, and the boy's heart warmed at this touch of friendliness. Then he paused before the scoutmaster and

promptly, though perhaps a little awkwardly, returned the man's salute.

"I 'm glad to see you, Dale," the scoutmaster said, in a tone which robbed the words of any trace of the perfunctory. "I 'd begun to think something was keeping you away to-night."

The boy flushed a little. "I—I was delayed, sir," he explained briefly. "I—I—it won't happen again, sir."

"Good!" The scoutmaster nodded approval, his glance sweeping meditatively over the three patrols. He was slim and dark, with eyes set wide apart, and a humorous, rather sensitive mouth. The boys liked him without exactly knowing why, for he was not the popular athletic type of scoutmaster, nor yet the sort of man who dominates by sheer force of personality and commands immense respect if nothing more.

"Most of you fellows know Dale Tompkins, our new tenderfoot," he went on presently, raising his voice a little. "For the benefit of those who don't, I 'll say that he passed an extra good examination last week, and I 've an idea he 's going to be a credit to the troop. He will take Arnold's place in Wolf patrol, which brings us up to our full strength again. That 's the one at the head of the line, Tompkins. Patrol-leader Ranleigh Phelps will take you in charge and show you the ropes."

Dale's heart leaped, and a sudden warm glow came over him. He had never exchanged a word with Ranny Phelps, and yet the handsome, dashing leader of Wolf patrol probably had more to do with Tompkins' becoming a member of Troop Five than any other cause. The boy liked Mr. Curtis, to be sure, and was glad to have him for a scoutmaster, but his feeling for Phelps, though he had never expressed it even to himself, was something deeper than mere liking. To him, the good-looking, blond chap seemed everything that a scout should be and so seldom was. Perhaps one of the reasons was because he always contrived to look the part so satisfyingly. Whenever the troop appeared in public, Phelps's uniform fitted to perfection, his bearing was invariably beyond criticism, his execution of the various manœuvers was crisp, snappy, faultless. In athletic events, too, he was always prominent, entering in almost every event, and coming out ahead in many. And he was physically so picturesque with his clean-cut features, gray eyes, and mass of curly blond hair, his poise and perfect self-possession, that gradually in the breast of the rugged, unornamental Tompkins there had grown up a shy admiration, a silent, wistful liking which strengthened as time went on almost to hero-worship, yet which, of course, he would have perished sooner than reveal. When he had at length gained his father's grudging permission to become a scout, it was this feeling mainly which prompted him to make application to Troop Five. He had not dared to hope that Mr. Curtis would actually assign him to Ranny Phelps's patrol.

"You mean I—I 'm to stay in—in Wolf patrol, sir?" he stammered incredulously.

The scoutmaster nodded. "It 's the only vacancy. Both the others are filled. Ranny will show you where your place is, and then we 'll proceed with the drill."

With face a little flushed, the tenderfoot turned and took a few steps toward the head of the line. Just what he expected from his hero he could not have said. Perhaps he vaguely felt that Phelps would step forward and shake his hand, or at least greet the new-comer with a welcoming smile. But Ranny did not stir from his place. Stiff and straight he stood there, and as Tompkins paused hesitatingly, the shapely lips curled unpleasantly at the corners, and the gray eyes ranged slowly over him from head to heel and back again in a manner that sent the blood surging into the boy's face and brought his lids down abruptly to hide the swift surprise and hurt that flashed into his brown eyes.

"At the end of the line, tenderfoot," ordered Phelps, curtly. "And don't be all day about it!"

The latter words were in an undertone which could not well have reached beyond the ears of the lad for whom they were intended. The chill unfriendliness of the whole remark affected Dale Tompkins much like a douche of ice-cold water. With head suddenly erect and lips compressed, he swiftly took his place at the end of the patrol, next to a plump, red-cheeked boy named Vedder, who, save for a brief, swiftly averted side-glance, gave no further evidence of welcome than had the leader.

In the brief pause that followed while the assistant patrol-leaders procured staves and distributed them, the tenderfoot tried to solve the problem. What was the matter? he asked himself in troubled bewilderment. What had he done that was wrong? Naturally a cheerful, friendly soul, he could not imagine himself, were their positions reversed, treating a stranger with such chill formality. But perhaps he had expected too much. After all, there was no reason why the fellows should break ranks in the middle of meeting and fall on his neck, when not more than a third of the crowd had ever spoken to him before. For a moment he had forgotten that while he had long ardently admired Ranny Phelps from afar, the blond chap had probably

never even heard his name before. It would be different when they came to know each other.

Cheered by this thought, Dale braced up and flung himself with characteristic ardor into acquiring the various movements of the drill. These were not difficult, but somehow, try as he might, he could not seem to satisfy his leader. At every slightest error, or even hesitation, Ranny flew out at him with a caustic sharpness that swiftly got the tenderfoot's nerve and made him blunder more than ever. Yet still he found excuses for the fellow he so admired.

"You can't blame anybody for not liking to coach up a greenhorn when all the rest of them do it so well," he said to himself after the meeting was over and the boys were leaving the hall. "It 's the best patrol of the three, all right, and I 'll just have to get busy and learn the drill so 's not to make a single mistake." He sighed a little. "I wish—"

"What 's the matter, Dale? Seems to me you 're looking mighty serious."

A hand dropped on his shoulder, and Dale glanced swiftly up to meet the quizzical, inquiring gaze of Mr. Curtis. He hesitated an instant, a touch of embarrassment in his answering smile.

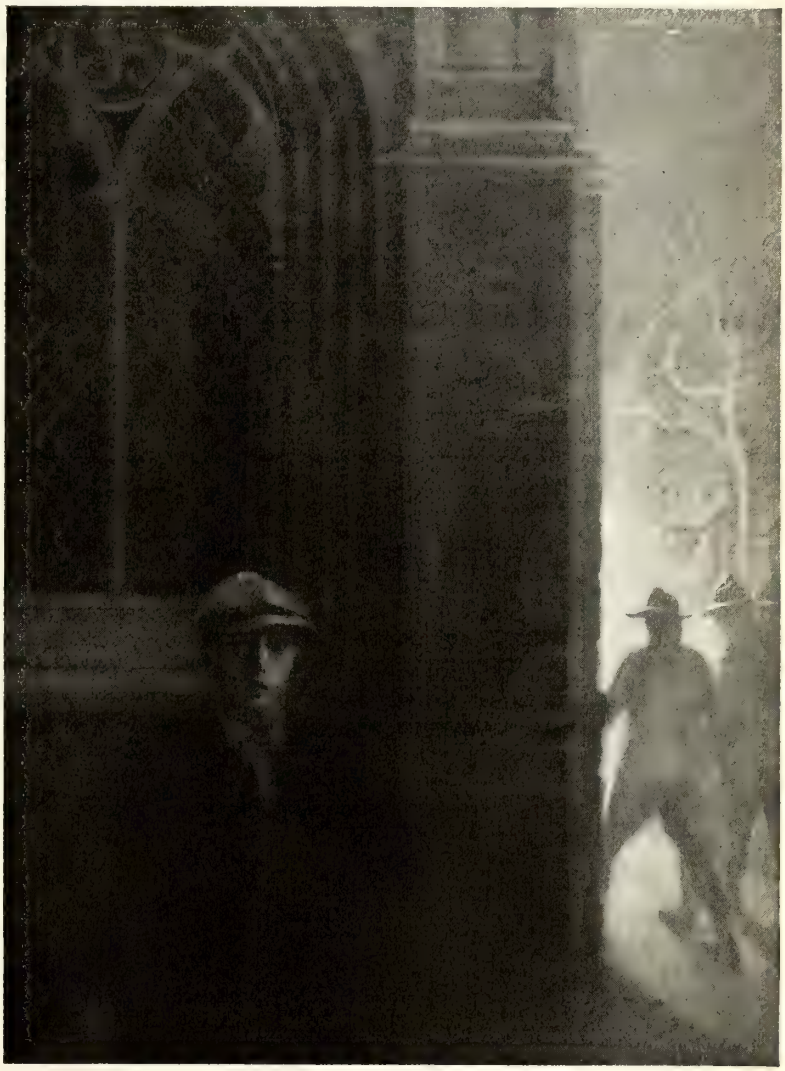
"Nothing much, sir," he returned. "I was just thinking what a dub I am at that drill, and wishing—a complete uniform costs six-thirty, does n't it, Mr. Curtis?"

The scoutmaster nodded. "Would you like me to order one for you?"

Dale laughed a little wistfully. "I sure would!" he ejaculated fervently. "The trouble is I only have about four dollars, and that is n't enough."

"Not quite." The man hesitated an instant, his eyes on the boy's face. "I 'll tell you what we can do, though," he went on slowly. "If you like, I 'll advance the difference so that you can have it right away, and you can pay me back whenever it 's convenient."

For a moment Dale did not speak. Then he shook his head regretfully. "It 's mighty good of you, sir, but I guess I 'd better—" He paused abruptly, and a slow flush crept into his face. "Does a fellow *have* to have one? Would I be—that is, if I did n't have one for a while, will it—make a lot of difference for the other fellows—will it look bad for the troop?"



"THE FIGURE IN THE SHADOW OF THE CHURCH TOWER DID NOT STIR." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Mr. Curtis laughed suddenly, and his hand tightened a bit on the boy's shoulder. "Bless you, no!" he exclaimed. "Get rid of that notion right away. I thoroughly believe in every scout's wanting a uniform, and working for it, and wearing it whenever he can, and being proud of it, but I 'd hate awfully to have him feel that he

was out of place in Troop Five without one. It 's the spirit that makes the scout, not clothes, and I 'm just a little glad you did n't accept my offer, Dale. Keep on saving for it, and, when you 've enough, come to me. Meanwhile—you say you did n't get the drill very well?"

"No, sir. I was rank."

"That 's because you 're new to it, and to the crowd, and everything. It really is n't hard. If you can come around to my house after supper to-morrow night, I 'll coach you up in half an hour so you can't make a mistake next Friday if you try. That 'll put you on even terms with the rest of the troop, and make you forget this little matter of clothes. How about it?"

Dale's eyes brightened. "That would be corking, sir! Of course I can come, only won't it be a trouble to you?"

"Not a bit. Come any time after seven. You know where I live, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. I 'll be there, all right; and thank you ever so much for helping me."

"You need n't," smiled the scoutmaster. "It will be a pleasure." He dropped his hand and was turning away when his glance rested on the boy's solid-looking shoulders and then traveled on down over the lithe frame. "Play football?" he asked, with a touch of fresh interest.

Dale nodded eagerly. "Yes, sir; as much as I 've had time for, that is. Do—do you think I 'd have any show for the team?"

"I should n't wonder. See Sherman Ward; he 's captain. The season 's half over, but we need weight behind the line, and it would n't surprise me if you 'd do. Try it, anyhow. Good night; see you to-morrow."

Dale found his cap and slipped out of the building, a pleasant glow stealing over him. "He 's corking!" he muttered, as he followed the flagged walk that led past the shadowy bulk of the stone church to the street. "He makes a fellow feel—well, sort of as if he belonged!"

He had been a chump to let himself be troubled by Ranny Phelps's brusqueness. "Of course he was peeved when I made such a mess of things," he thought. "Just wait till next Friday, though, and he 'll—"

Dale's progress along the walk and his train of thought stopped abruptly at one and the same time. He had reached the side of the squat stone tower that faced the street, but was still in the shadow, when the voice of Ranny Phelps, somewhat shrill with temper and unmistakably scornful of accent, smote suddenly on his ears.

"The idea of a mucker like that being in Troop Five—and in my own patrol, too! It 's simply sickening! You saw him to-night; so stupid he could n't even learn the drill, and did anybody ever see such clothes? They look as if they 'd come out of the rag-bag."

An indistinguishable murmur in another voice seemed merely to goad the irate patrol-leader to increased frenzy.

"That 's just it—a common newsboy! He 'll be an ornament to the troop, won't he? He 'll make a fine-looking scout, he will! I can just see what a rotten mess he 'll make of the line if we should have to march in public. Mr. Curtis must be crazy to take in such riffraff, and I 've half a mind to tell him—"

The rest of the remark was indistinguishable, for the speakers were moving away from the church in the direction of the better class, residential section. Presently, even the rising and falling murmur of voices ceased, but still the figure in the shadow of the church tower did not stir. When at last he moved slowly forward into the circle of an electric light, something of the hard grayness of the stone might almost have come into his face.

"'A scout is a friend to all and a brother to every other scout,'" he said, half aloud, as he turned in an opposite direction to that taken by Phelps and his companion.

Then he laughed. It was n't exactly a pleasant sound. There was no mirth in it; only scorn, derision, and, under all the rest, a note of pain that could not quite be hidden.

(To be continued.)





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YOUNG BOBBY JONES IN HIS HARD MATCH WITH ROBERT GARDNER, THEN AMATEUR CHAMPION.

BOBBY JONES'S GOLF STORY

BY GRANTLAND RICE

Four years ago a notable event took place in golf circles, an event that passed unrecorded and unsung. The East Lake course at Atlanta, Georgia, is 6400 yards in length. It is well trapped and an exceedingly hard test for any player. The average first-class player who can secure an 82 is always well satisfied, or as well satisfied as any golfer ever is with a score that might always "have been five strokes better, if—"

Four years ago, over this East Lake course, a certain golfer finished the hard eighteen holes with an even 80. Not so remarkable, you say? But just a moment! The player we refer to was then precisely ten years old, the first ten-year-old golfer in the history of the game to play a championship course in 80 strokes. His name was R. T. Jones, Jr., but he is better known as "Bobby." And four years later at Merion, Pennsylvania, in the amateur championship contest, he not only started qualifying with a 74, but at the age of fourteen defeated such fine golfers as E. M. Byers, ex-amateur champion, and F. W. Dyer, Pennsylvania state champion. And a day later, Bobby gave Robert Gardner, then champion, an even battle for twenty-seven holes before the long, hard grind had begun to tell upon his less developed stamina. So in the realm of championship competitive sport it has remained for this Atlanta youngster to prove that a boy under fifteen years can still meet champions, veterans from many campaigns, and in the meeting show that tender years are no bar to success.

Since young Jones has the making of a champion, it might be interesting to know how a boy of fourteen could produce such golf under such conditions.

He had these things in his favor: he started playing golf, or trying to play, when he was seven years old. He began his play under a fine instructor, Stewart Maiden, who also developed the phenomenal girl-golfer at Atlanta, Alexa Stirling, recent winner of the Women's National Championship. Beyond this, the youngster was blessed with a strong physique. At fourteen years of age he weighs 150 pounds, being of the short, stocky build that can carry power quite young. And still further on, young Jones had in George W. Adair a counselor and guide who not only watched over the development of his golf game, but who saw to it that his temperamental growth was arranged along proper lines and that no super-egotism should warp the youngster's character.

Under these ideal conditions for golf development, Bobby began to try to sink a putt when he was seven years old. At the age of nine he was playing a very fair game of golf; a game that any duffer in the land would welcome; a game that the average golfer would consider first class. The kid played no other game. Baseball and football failed to lure him away from the ancient green. He began to get better and better, and finally the big day in his life came when he played the hard East Lake course in 80 strokes.

And right here he found out the philosophy of George Low's remark. Low came in one day from a round and some one asked him how he scored.

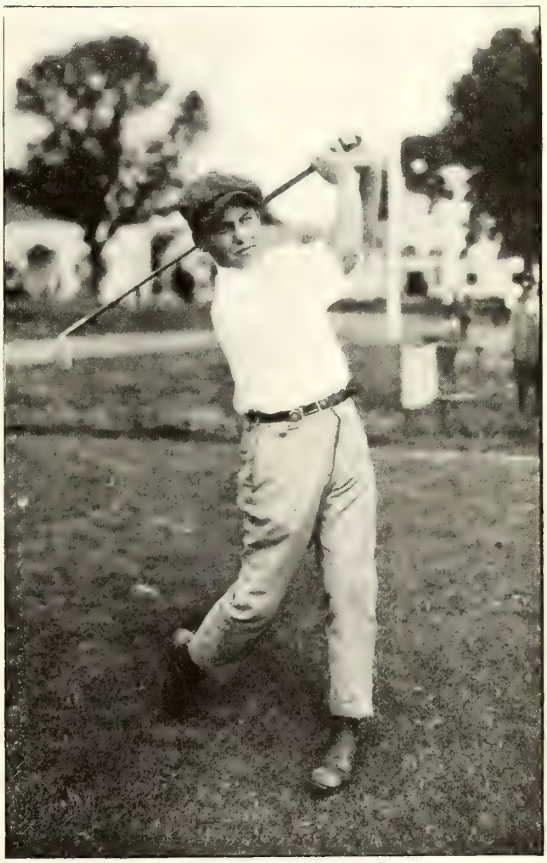
"Ah," said the veteran Scot, "golf is a humblin' game!"

Golf was humbling, also, to the ambitions of



BOBBY JONES PLAYING A HALF IRON SHOT.

the kid. Having achieved his first 80, he was confident then of soon getting his 75. But exactly two years passed before he was able to break 80 and get his first 79. At the age of twelve he was a "below-80" golfer, but it was not until a year later, at thirteen, that he began to break 80 consistently and to ring in an occasional 75 or 76.



FINISHING A FULL IRON SHOT.

Having attained the advanced age of fourteen, young Jones's physical development gave him a better chance. Possessed of a thick, broad chest and powerful arms, he was able to develop a coordination here that assured him remarkable distance with any club he cared to use. He was soon driving as long a ball as Stewart Maiden, his professional instructor. This distance came not only from perfect timing, where the arms started first in the swing and the body came in for supporting force at the proper moment, but it also came from the power of young Jones's forearms and wrists, as thick and as strong as the forearms and wrists of a well-built man of thirty.

To show that his game at last reached a finished development, young Jones was first put to the test in the final round of the Georgia State championship. He had as his opponent young Perry Adair, another fine golfer and a hard, game fighter. At the end of the morning round Adair

was 2 up. But in the afternoon the fourteen-year-old prodigy turned in a 68, proving not only that he could play rare golf, but also that he had the



ADDRESSING THE BALL. READY TO SLASH OUT A 250-YARD DRIVE.

temperament to increase his pace under fire. It was this feature of his game that aroused such wonder in the amateur championship.

"I can understand," remarked Jerome D. Travers, four times amateur title-holder, "how a boy of fourteen might play a very fine game of golf when there was nothing much at stake. But I can't understand how a boy of fourteen could enter his first championship, and, under such a hard test, play all his shots with such coolness and deliberation, facing champions as if they were golfers he had never heard of."

In his match with Frank Dyer, Jones was 5 down at the sixth hole. This big lapse by itself would be enough to discourage a veteran, much more a boy. The average youngster with such a beginning would have conceded his last chance to win and would have broken badly. But, instead of breaking, Bobby pulled himself together, set out grimly on the task and caught up with his rival at the sixteenth hole. And to do this over the distance required, he had to play the best golf of the tournament, coming back in 34 strokes.

How does one account for this? You might say that a boy of fourteen has no nervous system —does n't, in fact, know what nerves are. But granting all this, it is still hard to explain how a youngster of fourteen could face such competition before a crowd of two thousand spectators without a break along the way. The only explanation in sight is this: first of all, the youngster has a game of such soundness and under such control that his confidence therein is fully developed; second, he has a heritage of gameness and courage from his father and his grandfather before him; third, without any apparent conceit he has the rare optimism that can see only victory. Most youngsters, in meeting older players, are under a disadvantage in that they feel a lack of experience. But young Jones's philosophy seems to be built around this main idea: that he knows pretty well he can make a 74, and he knows enough about golf to understand that a 74 is pretty likely to win, regardless of age or previous condition of servitude.

With the game he has and the philosophy he carries along with his game, the young wonder from Atlanta should win more than one championship. For he has shown at fourteen the two ingredients of success: the ability to play well, and the courage to go into battle with unbroken determination and to fight every step of the journey. And efficiency plus determination is about the hardest combination to check that any game or any existence has ever known.



THANKSGIVING SNOW-SHOES

BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS

This was before the day of town waterworks in Forestville. Most folks relied for water upon a cistern in the back yard, or a well lined with moss-covered stone. Dick Hart's father, when he built their new home, looked ahead a few years, however, and saw that town water would come; and so the house was piped for that day. In the meantime, the water was to come from a lead-lined tank in the attic, which supplied the faucets by gravity; and to fill this tank there was a pump in the kitchen.

Dick hated that pump the first time he saw it. It stood higher than he did, with a great long iron handle like a cudgel; and it was painted red and black, so that it had a sinister and wicked air about it. Dick hated the pump still more when they were in the new house; for it devolved upon him to keep the tank filled.

"That 's your job, Dick," his father told him. "I leave it to you to look out for it."

Dick looked dubiously from the pump to his father. "All right, Dad," he agreed. "Here goes. I 'll fill it up for a starter, anyway."

Even then he had a pretty good idea that it would be quite a job to fill that tank; and it was. That first day he pumped endlessly, first pulling upward the heavy iron handle, and then pushing it down with all his strength. At first it came easily, but after ten minutes or so it was moving more and more stiffly, and there was a blister on Dick's palm. He wrapped a handkerchief around it to ease the smart, and worked on.

A little pipe, opening into the sink, served as telltale. When the tank in the attic was filled, water would trickle from this pipe. Dick stuck to it till the first trickle came, but he was so stiff and sore that night that even his fatigue could not make him sleep. And he dreamed about that red-and-black pump.

In later days he discovered that when the tank in the attic was empty, it required just fifteen hundred strokes to fill it. Thereafter he counted them laboriously, and when the goal was nearly reached, watched the telltale pipe eagerly for the first drops of water. He became so expert that his ear could catch the faint puff of air from the little pipe that told him the water had begun its trickling progress down from the attic, and that meant his task was done.

Dick's mother did most of her own housework; but her washing was done by a woman who "came in by the day." This woman's name was Attson —Mrs. Attson. She was a tall, gaunt woman, with a face that reminded Dick of Abraham Lincoln's, so raw-boned it was, and so lined with the burdens she had borne. Her husband was dead, Dick knew; and she had two children, little girls, each as thin and gaunt as their mother. To support them she did washing, scrubbing, and kindred odd jobs, toiling from dawn to dark at her own home or at the houses of those for whom she worked.

Dick did not like her the first time he saw her She was too ugly, somehow. There was a fierce repulsion in him at her ugliness. He had an instinctive sense that a woman should be graceful, and smooth of contour, and agreeable to the eye, as was his mother. But as he grew to know the washerwoman better, he was not so sure that she was ugly, after all. There was something about her face—well, to watch it, and to see how it changed when she smiled, and to notice the kindly light in her tired eyes,—it sort of made a fellow choke up, somehow.

Dick saw a good deal of her, too, for that infernal pump kept him in the kitchen no inconsiderable part of the day. He used to toil and toil at that red-and-black handle, while Mrs. Attson bent above the wash-tubs, her shoulders moving up and down, while she scrubbed, as regularly as the walking-beam on a river steamer. Dick wondered how she could keep going so steadily. She never seemed to tire, while he himself found his back aching and his sides nigh splitting with grinding pain after he had wrestled with that pump for a while.

One day—a hot day, it was, in late September —Dick counted from one stroke up to five hundred, knew his task was but a third done, and flung back from the pump and dropped in a chair, panting and hot. He glared at that grim iron thing, and suddenly saw red with rage. He threw himself at it and whipped the handle up and down like mad for a moment. Mrs. Attson looked up from her tubs, and wiped her sudsy hands on her apron.

"That don't do no good, Dickie," she said gently.

Her voice quieted him, somehow, and he dropped the pump-handle and sat down again.

"I know it," he said sullenly. "The old thing kicks like a steer if you work it fast, and not so much water goes up, either. I 've counted, and I know."

"Lemme try it a spell," she said; and stepping across to the pump she laid hold of the handle. Dick flushed and got to his feet and pushed in front of her.

"No, no!" he protested, ashamed. "It—it ain't work for a woman."

She chuckled softly, her grim old face wrinkling comfortably. "Shucks, Dickie!" she said. "It hain't work fer me, it 's play—changin' from the tubs fer a spell."

She thrust him aside, and he submitted. Then Mrs. Attson, with the same tireless motion of her shoulders with which she bent above her tubs, manipulated the pump-handle for a while. Dick was dead tired. He just sat there and watched, and automatically he counted the strokes. Suddenly he realized that she had passed the five-hundred mark. At that he leaped up again.

"Here!" he said gruffly, gratitude choking him, "I guess you 've done enough of that. I can do the rest."

She relinquished the pump-handle to him. "It does hit you in the back some, don't it?" she agreed.

Dick finished filling the tank, and, when it was done, searched guiltily around till he found the coal-bucket, which he usually left Mrs. Attson to fill for herself. He filled it for her, without ostentation, and left it behind the stove.

And thereafter a sort of partnership was struck up between the two. On the days when Mrs. Attson was at the house, Dick took particular pains to see that the coal and other things she needed were ready to her hand; and she, in her turn, helped him out when he was tired at the pump. And so, without much being said on either side, Dick got better acquainted with the gaunt, tired, hard-working woman every day.



"DICK USED TO TOIL AND TOIL AT THAT RED-AND-BLACK HANDLE."

Dick's elder brother had gone away to college the year before—to a college in the New Hampshire hills. When he came home in the summer for the long vacation, he brought with him, among others of his various belongings, a pair of snow-shoes. Dick had read of such things, but he had never seen them. Forestville had an occasional snow of a foot or so, but it never stayed long, and there was little use for snow-shoes thereabouts. Nevertheless, when Dick saw them, he wanted a pair. He kept the ambition to himself, for the older folks would no doubt laugh at such a desire.

"I could use them sometimes," he told himself. "And anyway, when I go to college, I 'd have them all ready. Or I might go to Canada sometime—or something."

He asked his brother, casually, what they cost, and was told they could be purchased for six dollars—a good pair, long and narrow, on the woods model, built to glide easily through thick brush, where the broader, more familiar shape would knock against every tree.

"I 'm going to get them," Dick resolved, and said to his brother, "If I send you the money, will you get me a pair?"

"What use have you got for snow-shoes?" his brother asked.

"We-ell, I just want some," Dick protested, flushing. "I guess I can hang 'em on the wall of my room till I go to college, can't I?"

His brother chuckled. "Sure! I 'll get you a pair, all right, if you 'll send the money. But where are you going to raise it?"

"Oh, I 'll get it!" Dick promised.

And thereupon his ambition took more definite form, and he set about the task of amassing a fortune—six dollars.

It seems comparatively little. But to a boy of Dick's age it is wealth. Dick had no particular earning capacity. He could cut lawns, and carry coal, and empty ashes, and that was about all. He began experiments, and found a surprising number of folks willing to let him cut their grass "for fifteen cents."

Dick got his father's permission to borrow the lawn-mower, and began his business career. He tackled a little lawn first, and finished the job, as he thought, before demanding payment. But his employer was a sharp-eyed little old lady, who came out on her veranda and pointed accusingly to the rough edges of the grass around her flower-beds and along her walks.

"You must trim that up," she told him. "The job is n't finished till you do."

Dick had forgotten that part of the task. He hurried home to get a sickle and set to work. Using a sickle had seemed easy enough when others did it, but Dick found it far from that. The blade seemed to slide through the grass without making the slightest impression, and more than once it darted around alarmingly near his ankles. He was reduced, at length, to picking the rough grass off with his fingers, or to holding a bunch with his hand while he sawed it loose with the sickle.

He got the job done at last. It took two of his afternoons after school, and, by that time, half of his other prospective customers had found some one else to do the work for them. He asked his first client if he should come again the following week.

"Oh, no," she told him, "it 's so late in the fall that I 'm sure it won't need cutting again this year."

Dick pocketed his fifteen cents gloomily. He had earned his money, but his occupation was gone. Within the week he had cut two more lawns. One was terraced, and the strain of running the lawn-mower along the slanting surface of the terraces was all but too much for him. He literally chewed that grass off. It took him all Saturday morning, and when it was done, the man who owned the lawn came out and looked sternly at the finished product and said:



"HE ASKED HIS BROTHER WHAT THEY COST."

"Young man, that is n't a good clean job! I don't want to refuse you your money, but it will be a lesson to you to do things properly. I can't pay you unless you go over the lawn again."

Dick looked at those terraces. "We-ell," he said doubtfully, "I—guess I 'd rather let the fifteen cents go."

That cured Dick of the lawn business. He realized there was no money in it, and set about to find new sources of revenue. He found them; but in them all, he discovered, money came hard. He began to have a new respect for money. Heretofore, he had felt somewhat injured at his father's occasional refusal of a request for a coin. Now he began to wonder whether his father had to work as hard as this for the money he earned. It gave him a new outlook on many things.

His mother discovered Dick's new desire for income, and, watching him for a few days, saw that it persisted. She decided to encourage it.

"Dick," she said one day, "I think you ought to have a chance to earn money regularly, don't you?"

Dick looked at her in surprise. His mother had a curious habit, it seemed, of reading his heart and his thoughts. *"Uh-huh,"* he said doubtfully. "Yes, I think so."

"Well, I 'll tell you," she suggested. "I believe I will put you on a salary."

"Salary?" he repeated.

"Yes, salary. I think I 'll pay you twenty-five cents a week for your chores around the house, and, say, a cent a hundred strokes for the pumping you do."

She watched him, and Dick's eyes grew glassy with the mental effort of computation; then his face lighted eagerly.

"All right," he said soberly. "I—guess that 'd be fine."

The tank in the attic needed to be filled about three times a week. That meant about forty-five hundred strokes—forty-five cents a week besides the quarter for chores. Seventy cents a week! Riches! He went to his room and laboriously added up. He would have the six dollars, he decided, by the third week in November—by Thanksgiving!

"Golly!" he thought. "And I 'll bet there 'll come a big snow then, too. There 's pretty near always snow Thanksgiving."

A little later his mother heard the pump in the kitchen working desperately, and she smiled to herself. That night Dick, of his own accord, took a bath. Next night he did the same. She smiled again and told Dick's father what she had done.

"The boy 's making a market for his own work; he 's using up the water so the tank will have to be filled oftener," she explained.

"Hope it 'll last!" his father retorted.

THANKSGIVING that year came on the twenty-fourth of November. On the seventeenth Dick counted his money. He had five dollars and thirty cents. His goal, those snow-shoes, was in sight!

On the Sunday before Thanksgiving, Dick's mother told his father, "I 've ordered our turkey again this year from Mr. Aiken out in the country."

"Good!" his father agreed. "He sent us a fine fat one last year."

"And I think," Mrs. Hart added, "that we 're going to have the finest pumpkin pie you ever saw. Mr. Aiken says he has a big yellow pumpkin all picked out for us."

Dick's mouth fairly watered. Next morning Mrs. Attson came to do the washing, as usual. She and Dick were the best of friends now, though Dick, as he had begun to earn wages by his efforts, had the conscience to do his own pumping. Dick toiled at the pump while she toiled above the tubs. He watched her over his shoulder, and it seemed that she was even more gaunt than she had been in the summer. She looked worried, too, he thought.

By and by he was sure of it, for she began to tell him what it was that was worrying her. One of her daughters was sick, "just sort of pindling away," Mrs. Attson said. Did n't seem to feel right, no matter what happened; had n't any appetite hardly at all. Did n't he think even little girls ought to have good appetites for their "vittles"?

Dick did. "I don't see how she can enjoy Thanksgiving without a good appetite," he said, chuckling to himself at thought of the good things his mother was planning.

Mrs. Attson smiled also. "I 'm plannin' a right nice Thanksgiving dinner for her, too," she declared. "If it don't make her hungry, I don't know what will."

Dick labored away at the pump.

"What are you going to have?" he asked.

Mrs. Attson beamed proudly. "Why," she said, "I 'm plannin' a right nice dinner, even if we do have to piece out afterwards for a spell." She soused one of Dick's shirts in the soapy water, and scrubbed it up and down, and soused it again. "I 'm going to git a nice piece of meat, not chuck like we has Sundays sometimes, but a right nice piece. Rump steak, maybe. And she 's going to have the best part of it. And some rice and potatoes—sweet potatoes fried in sugar the way she likes 'em. And I 'm going to make some apple fritters from some apples I got, too."

Dick pumped his hardest, but he could n't look at Mrs. Attson. Her voice was so proud! And Dick was horrified. He had supposed every one had turkey for Thanksgiving. He did n't know



"FROM BEHIND A TELEPHONE-POLE, HE THREW SNOWBALLS AT THE DOOR." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

there was such a thing as Thanksgiving without turkey. Why it would n't *be* Thanksgiving without turkey, that 's all!

He pumped harder than ever; and then Mrs. Attson asked, as proudly as before, "Don't you think that ought to wake up her appetite a lot?"

"I—sure do," Dick choked hurriedly. Then he growled something at himself under his breath. What the deuce was he crying for, anyhow? Guess it must be the steam in this kitchen—or something.

He decided not to finish his pumping that day. He turned around without a word and scurried past Mrs. Attson and up to his room. After a little while he heard the pump going steadily. She was filling the tank for him! He got up and started downstairs to stop her—but he could not face her. She was so proud of that Thanksgiving she had planned. Rump steak!

"Mother, is—rump steak cheap?" he asked that night.

"Why yes, dear," his mother answered. "Why in the world—"

But she did not pursue the question.

Before he went to bed, Dick counted his money again. Somehow he felt guilty at having so much.

Tuesday morning, when he woke up, it was snowing. It snowed all day. There were ten inches of snow on the ground when Dick's father came home that night. Dick looked out of his window before he went to bed. It had stopped snowing. But before the dawn, the flakes were falling again, a thin, driving snow, the kind that keeps coming.

Dick had had an uncomfortable Tuesday; he had done some hard thinking Tuesday night; and Wednesday morning he got out his money—he kept it in a drawer in his bureau—and counted it again. Then he did some more thinking, then put the money away again and thrust the drawer shut with extra emphasis. And forthwith he

seemed to see the tall, gaunt figure of a woman with a face curiously like that of Lincoln, and she was laboring with something, her shoulders rising and falling. She was working the red-and-black handle of a red-and-black pump—

Then Dick could see nothing, for the mistiness of his eyes. But he could hear a cracked, tired voice, filled with infinite pride, saying, "Rump steak, maybe, and some rice and potatoes."

"Oh—oh—oh, doggone it!" Dick exclaimed savagely; and he jerked open that drawer and picked up his money, coin by coin.

"WHAT are you buying a turkey for?" Mr. Holman, the fat grocer, asked quizzically when Dick made his purchase.

"Oh—I 'm just getting one—for somebody," Dick explained lamely. "And—I want some cranberries, too. And a pumpkin. A big one."

MRS. ATTSON lived in a ramshackle little house, unpainted, with a sway-backed roof, down near the railroad tracks. Dick had hauled the washing down there once or twice when his mother did not wish the work done at their home. He trudged down that way through the deep snow in the early dusk of that Wednesday afternoon, with a heavily loaded basket on his arm. It had been snowing all day. There must be a foot and a half or two feet of snow on the ground, a record-breaker for Forestville.

Dick did n't mind—so much. "I prob'ly could n't walk on them if I had 'em," he said to himself.

Nobody saw him, he felt sure. It was almost dark. There was a light in the window of Mrs. Attson's house, so he knew some one was at home. He laid the basket gently in the deep snow by the door, and then slipped out to the street, where, from behind a telephone-pole, he threw snowballs at the door till he caught the click of the latch. Some one was going to open it.

Then he put down his head and fled.

HIS father had not come home when he arrived, but his mother was reading a letter from the older brother at college. "Jim says they 're having snow up there, too," she said. "He 's been snow-shoeing. And Dick—he says you said something about buying some snow-shoes. Did you?"

Dick flushed painfully. "Why—yes 'm," he confessed.

She looked at him thoughtfully. "Dickie," she exclaimed suddenly, "was that why you 've been working so hard, and saving your money? I knew you were n't spending any, and I wondered!"

"Uh-huh," Dick admitted, gulping hard.

"That 's fine, boy!" she told him proudly. "How much have you saved? Perhaps I can make up what you need."

Dick hesitated and kicked at a chair and threw his hat out into the hall. "I—I—it 's gone!" he said gruffly.

"Gone!—what?" she asked, puzzled.

"The money," he said.

"But—but—where?"

Dick suddenly flared at her. "If I knowed where it was would n't I go get it?" he demanded. And then, quite suddenly, he knew he was going to blubber, and so he turned and stumbled at a run up the stairs to his room.

His mother was still staring out into the hall when his father came home. She rose to help Mr. Hart off with his coat.

"Oh, by the way," said that gentleman, when their greetings were over, "Holman told me Dick bought a turkey and all the fixings there to-day. Why was that? Did n't Aiken's bird come?"

"Why—yes!" said Mrs. Hart, in a puzzled tone. *"I* don't know what it was for."

"Is he here?" Mr. Hart asked; then called: "Hey! Dick!"

Dick opened his door upstairs. "What?" he growled.

"Who was it you were buying a turkey for, Dick?" his father asked.

Mr. and Mrs. Hart looked up to the darkened upper hall, but Dick did not appear at the banisters. Presently—the pause was curious—the boy answered slowly:

"Oh—I was just doing an errand for Mrs. Thompson. She forgot to do hers—till to-day—to do her shopping."

They heard his door close.

"That sounds funny!" Mr. Hart remarked after a minute. "Suppose you call up Mrs. Thompson and ask her about it."

Dick's mother smiled and stepped to the telephone.

She had just finished talking to Mrs. Thompson when the bell rang again. She answered, and spoke softly for a moment before she rejoined her husband in the living-room. There were happy tears in her eyes.

"Mrs. Attson just called up," she said gently. "She wanted to thank us. Some one left a Thanksgiving basket at their door to-day—to-night. Mrs. Hughes, across the road, saw the boy. It was Dickie. Mrs. Attson thought we had sent him with it."

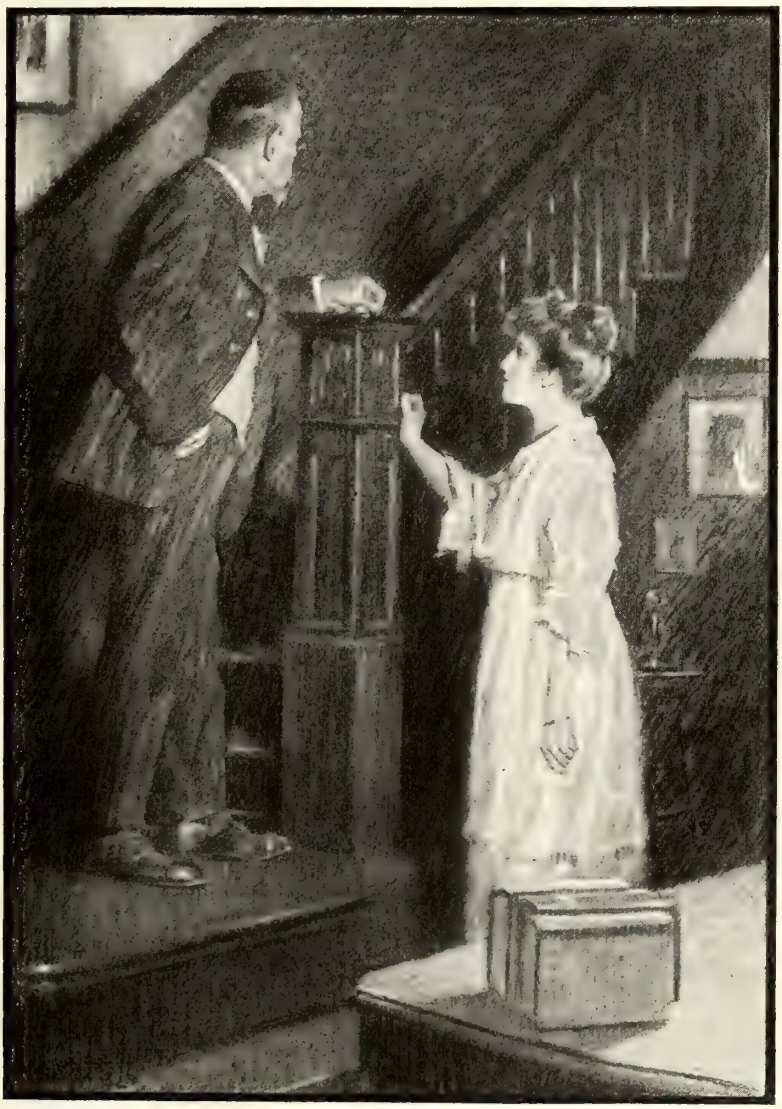
Mr. Hart's eyes widened ludicrously. "Great fishes!" he cried. "But—where did that boy get the money?"

Mrs. Hart told him, then, of the little hoard Dick had said was "gone."

"The—darned little scamp!" Mr. Hart exclaimed. "Telling you a lie like that. *Huh!*"

"Not exactly," declared Mrs. Hart. "And he sheepish; and he felt more so when, without preamble, his father said, in what he evidently intended to be an offhand manner:

"By the way, Dick—thought you might want to have some fun with this snow. So I telegraphed



"'WHO WAS IT YOU WERE BUYING A TURKEY FOR, DICK?' HIS FATHER ASKED."

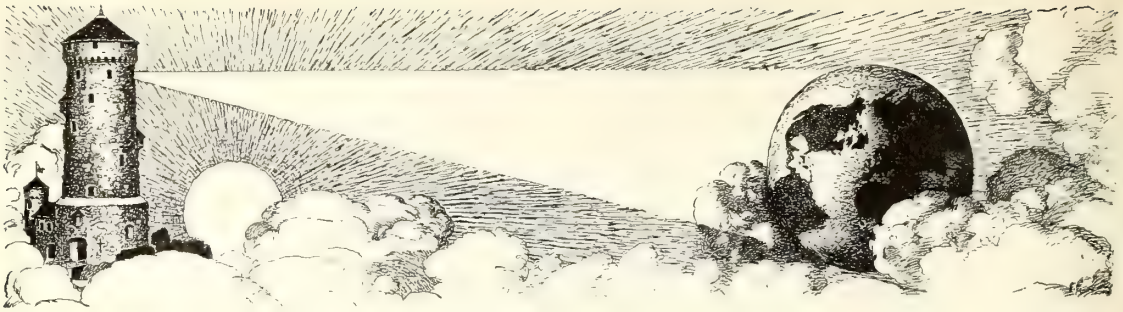
really *did* do a small errand at Holman's for Mrs. Thompson, she told me."

Thereafter they sat for a little space, staring into the fire. And then Mr. Hart rose suddenly and went to the telephone in the hall. "Telegraph office," he directed the operator.

When Dick came down to supper, his parents smiled at him knowingly. He looked—and felt—to Chicago just now. They 're to send the best pair of snow-shoes in town—by express. Be here by Saturday."

Dick looked at his father, and then he looked at his mother. Mr. Hart coughed gruffly. His mother smiled happily through her tears. Dick choked, and grinned; his eyes were glowing—and wet.

"*Huh*—thanks, Dad!" he said.



THE WATCH TOWER

BY S. E. FORMAN

Author of "Advanced Civics," "A History of the United States," etc.

THE GREAT WAR

When October opened, the tide of battle seemed to be setting toward the Allies. The French and British were winning victories on the western front, and were taking possession of territory which the Germans were no longer able to hold. Later in September the Allies drove the Germans from the strongly fortified town of Combles. The capture of this stronghold was an event of great importance, for it showed that the Germans could not hold their own against the huge guns which the British have recently brought upon the field. The victory at Combles and the retaking by the Allies of nearly one hundred square miles of territory seemed to show, also, that the campaign which Germany has long waged against the armies of England and France is destined to end either in outright failure or in a draw which will mean to Germany the same thing as failure. Now that the tide in France has turned, it is difficult to see how it can ever again set against the Allies. For the military resources of Great Britain and France are growing month by month, while the resources of Germany are being taxed to the utmost. According to a British official statement, a captured document dated August 2 and signed by the German General von Falkenhayn contained the following words: "The wastage of guns in the last few months has been considerably in excess of production. The same is true of the ammunition in our reserves, of which there has been serious diminution. It is the duty of all ranks to endeavor to remedy this state of things. All ranks must make a serious endeavor to assist in the preservation of material, for otherwise making good the losses and placing new formations in the field will be rendered impossible." If the general actually issued the order, it would seem that the Germans will have to be careful or they will be facing a famine in guns and ammunition. But it must not be supposed that the power of Germany is on the wane, for in the early days of October her fighting machine was still in splendid condition. On the western front she was giving her enemies all the trouble they wanted, while on the eastern front she was giving them more than they wanted.

BUILDING UP OUR MERCHANT MARINE

In the old days the United States had one of the finest and largest merchant marines in the world. Our famous "clipper ships" were the best built and swiftest craft afloat; they ploughed every sea, and carried burdens of freight and passengers to every great port. The most glorious period in the history of our merchant marine was between 1850 and 1860. At that time an American statesman could truly say, "We have an amount of shipping not only coastwise but to foreign countries which puts us in the front rank of the nations of the world." But at the close of the Civil War all this was changed. During that struggle the Confederate war-ships known as commerce-destroyers swept so many of the Union merchant vessels from the seas that by the time the war was over our merchant marine was practically gone. After the war we did not rebuild it. For nearly fifty years we depended upon foreign ships to carry abroad the products of our factories and fields. This neglect of our merchant marine was due to the fact that ship owners found that American vessels could no longer do a profitable overseas business. It cost so much to build ships in America and the wages of our seamen were so high that our vessels could not compete with those which sailed under foreign flags. As a result of this long neglect our

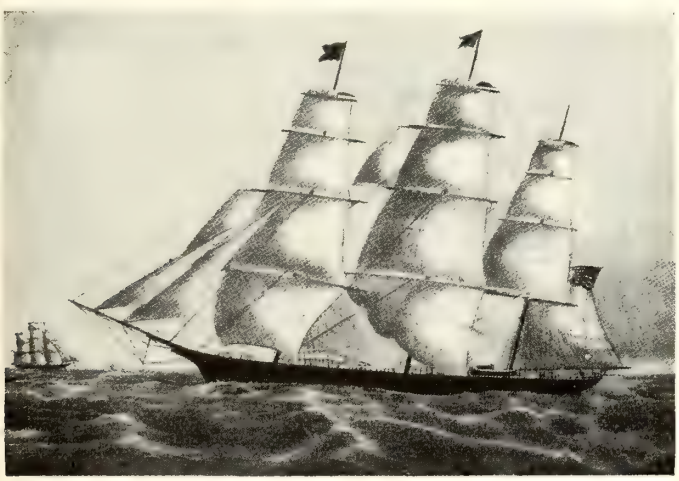
merchant marine has fallen from the high place which it once held to a very low point indeed. Although we are the greatest trading country of the world, the trade carried in our own ships is less than that carried by some of the smallest and most insignificant nations. At the beginning of the Great War the total merchant tonnage of all the great nations was about 48,000,000. Of this the United States had a tonnage of less than 1,000,000.

But it seems that better days are ahead for our merchant marine. At the outbreak of the Great War our shipping industry began to revive, and soon our shipyards were busier than they had been for many a day. Within two years our merchant tonnage has doubled, and it will not be long before it is trebled, for there are being built in American shipyards steel merchant ships whose total tonnage will be 1,225,000. In addition to this, the National Government is taking steps to build up an American merchant marine. A law recently passed by Congress has created a Shipping Board consisting of the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of Commerce, and five commissioners appointed by the President. It will be the duty of the Shipping Board to build, buy, or lease ships suitable for the ocean trade. The ships thus secured will be leased and operated by private companies, but the rates charged for carrying freight will be regulated by the Board. If the Board finds that they cannot be leased on reasonable terms, they will be operated by the Government itself. Uncle Sam will contribute $50,000,000 toward the purchase of the ships, and will have full control over them in times of war. It is estimated that these new Government ships will add a tonnage of about 500,000 to the merchant marine. So if all our plans are carried out, it may be that before many years have passed we shall again have a merchant fleet of which we can be proud.



From the Gilliams Service.

THE *MILAZZO*, THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVELY FREIGHT-CARRYING VESSEL IN THE WORLD.



From "The Clipper Ship Era." Courtesy of Arthur H. Clark.

A CLIPPER SHIP.

THE TRIUMPHS OF CHEMISTRY

THE chemist, in a way, is a magician. The magician, for our entertainment, "will break an egg into a frying-pan, cover it with a little hocus-pocus, and produce a live rabbit, or a duck, or a pigeon." The performances of a chemist are almost as mysterious. From about the same raw material he produces at will either bricks, or window-glass, or delicate porcelain. At a meeting of the American Chemical Society held recently in New York the public learned of the many marvelous things which the

chemist in these days is doing. Interest at this great meeting centered around the triumphs of chemistry in the industrial world. One of the exhibits was an array of *glass* cooking utensils. The common glass, which we have always known, is brittle and easily broken, but the chemist has just produced a kind of glass that can be heated and suddenly cooled without breaking, and that can be handled and knocked about as roughly as if it were earthenware. Every housekeeper now can bake and cook in glass, and can see the entire surface of her cakes and puddings and pies. Another exhibit showed the progress which has been made in the United States in the manufacture of dyes. After the war in Europe had made it impossible for us to secure dyes from Germany, American chemists got busy, and carried on experiments in dye-making such as they had never attempted before. The result has been that we are already making three fourths of all the dyes used by our manufacturers, and we are told that in the near future we shall no longer be dependent upon the foreign market for our dyestuffs. But the subject which attracted the keenest attention at the great meeting of the Chemical Society was the manufacture of alcohol. It was reported that chemistry had found a way to change sawdust into alcohol. Since alcohol can be used instead of gasoline for running automobiles, this was startling information. Around every great sawmill there are mountains of sawdust; and if the magic of the chemist is able to change sawdust into alcohol, we shall have all the power we need for our motor-cars, even if the supply of gasoline does give out. And we shall have it at a cheap rate, for experiments have shown that it can be manufactured for sale as low as twenty-five cents a gallon. "At that price," said Arthur D. Little, a chemical engineer, "alcohol will undoubtedly be preferable to gasoline. It is cleaner than gasoline, it will not explode or easily catch fire, and it will develop practically as much horse-power as gasoline."



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CANDIDATE HUGHES ADDRESSING VOTERS.

CHOOSING A PRESIDENT: THE CAMPAIGN

After the platforms have been adopted and the candidates have been nominated, the next important political event in a Presidential year is the acceptance of the nominations. As soon as the candidates are nominated they are promptly informed of the fact by the chairman of the National Conventions. The candidates immediately acknowledge the receipt of this information, but they do not at once formally accept the nomination. They wait for several weeks, when each delivers a speech, called the speech of acceptance, in which the nomination is accepted in a full and formal manner. The speech is usually delivered at some important place before a large audience. This year, Candidate Hughes accepted his nomination in New York City, while Candidate Wilson delivered his acceptance speech at Shadow Lawn, his summer home on the New Jersey coast. Both speeches of acceptance were listened to by thousands of voters and were read by many millions. This deep and wide-spread interest was due to the fact that in the speech of acceptance the candidate expresses his personal views upon the issues which are before the country, and gives the people a notion of the course he will be likely to follow and of the things he will be likely to do if he is elected. It is in the speech of acceptance, therefore, that the real key-note of the campaign is sounded.

After the nominations have been formally accepted, the campaign begins in earnest, being conducted by a well-organized national campaign committee. Early in September speakers were

sent out by each of the national campaign committees to address the voters. Through September and October, and in November up to the day of election, at thousands and tens of thousands of meetings the air resounds with the eloquence of political orators, many of whom are among the most distinguished men of the land. The candidates themselves took part in the speaking, Mr. Hughes going from place to place and addressing meetings in all parts of the country, and Mr. Wilson delivering most of his addresses to visiting audiences at Shadow Lawn. But it was not only the spoken words of orators that influenced the minds of voters during the campaign, for the campaign managers made good use of the mails and sent out to the voters tons of printed matter the purpose of which was to secure votes for this or that candidate.

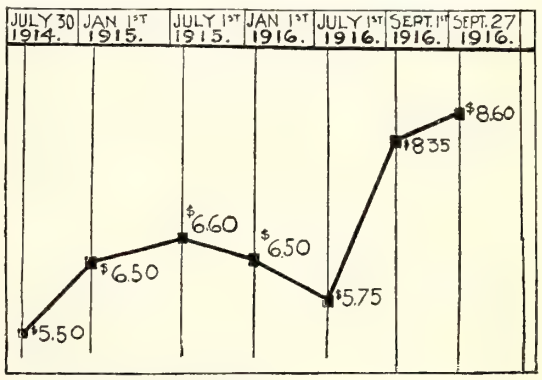
WHY PRICES ARE RISING

For several years past the American people have been complaining of the high prices of commodities, but at no time have their complaints been louder than at present. And no wonder, for prices are soaring at an alarming rate. They seem to change almost from day to day.

The rise during the last twelve months in the price of some of the articles used in every-day life is shown in the following table:

	Wholesale Price	
	October, 1915	October, 1916
Butter (per pound)	$ .27	$ .33
Cheese (per pound)	.14	.19
Eggs (per dozen)	.26	.32
Flour (per barrel)	5.20	8.25
Lard (per pound)	.08	.14
Hogs (live, per 100 pounds)	6.60	10.25
Sheep (live, per 100 pounds)	5.25	6.90
Sugar (per 100 pounds)	5.30	6.75
Potatoes (per barrel)	1.25	3.30
Wheat (per bushel)	1.25	1.60
Corn (per bushel)	.82	.97
Leather (per pound)	.32	.37
Copper (per pound)	.17	.28
Pig iron (per ton)	16.25	19.50
Steel (per ton)	24.50	45.00
Paper (per pound)	.04	.07

Most of these advances in price are due chiefly to the enormous demand for our goods. During the past twelve months there have been shipped from the port of New York alone, exports valued at the stupendous sum of more than $2,000,000,000. This is more than three times the value of the shipments from the same port during the twelve months ending October 1, 1914. The increased demand comes chiefly from Europe, where war supplies are needed in vast quantities and are needed so badly that almost any price will be paid for them. For example, in September of this year the Allies bought from American producers of copper nearly 450,000,000 pounds of this metal at the rate of twenty-seven cents a pound. This single order will consume more than one fifth of the entire output of copper in the United States, and is large enough to keep all the great copper establishments busy for several months. Since the Allies are willing to pay twenty-seven cents a pound for their copper, American buyers can hardly expect to buy it at a lower rate. As it is with copper, so it is with many other commodities: the countries at war are bidding high for our metals and leather, clothing



Courtesy of "The Evening World."

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE RISE IN THE PRICE OF FLOUR.

and foodstuffs, our sugar, wheat, flour, and beef; and if our people at home are to have these things for themselves, they too must bid high.

But the demand from abroad does not tell the whole story of the rise of prices. Some of the advances are due to the operation of the law of supply and demand at home. For example, the rise in the price of wheat and potatoes is due to a shortage in these crops. In a late report issued by the Government it was estimated that our wheat crop this year will be about 650,000,000 bushels. Last year it was about 1,000,000,000 bushels. The shortage in the wheat crop, therefore, is likely to be about 350,000,000, a decrease that is almost startling. Soon after the report of the Government was made public, the price of wheat went up over twenty-five cents a bushel, and the price of flour advanced at a proportional rate. With flour going up, it is not at all strange that the price of bread also is advancing.

THE PAPER FAMINE

The readers of St. Nicholas may be interested to know that it costs many thousands of dollars more to publish the magazine this year than it

did last year. The increased expense is due mainly to the high cost of paper, for, in the jumping of prices, few articles have jumped higher than paper. Some grades have almost doubled. But the cost of paper does not worry the publishers so much as does its scarcity. For the United States is confronted with a paper famine. It is difficult to get some kinds of paper at any price. The war in Europe is responsible for the scarcity, as it is responsible for so many other things. The chief ingredient of paper is cellulose, a fibrous matter made from cotton and linen rags. But cellulose is also the chief ingredient of many high explosives used in warfare. Now the powder-mills are buying up the cotton and linen rags at fabulous prices, which the paper-mills cannot afford to pay. The result is that the cellulose which heretofore has been going into the manufacture of paper is now going into ammunition for bombs and torpedoes, for cannon and machine-guns. Cellulose, it is true, could be made from wood pulp, but this is also extremely difficult to get. We cannot get it at home in very large quantities, because our supply of spruce, from which it is made, is running low; and we cannot get it from Sweden, the country from which we heretofore have imported a great deal of pulp, because of the difficulty of ocean traffic. We could not buy pulp from Germany, even if its trade was open, because the Germans are now using pulp in the manufacture of explosives.

The German government has taken possession of all the wood pulp in the empire, and has limited the manufacture of paper to such quantities as are absolutely necessary. The size of the newspaper in Germany is limited by law, and before a German can buy a daily paper he must first produce and surrender a copy of the paper printed the day before. This old copy is sent to the paper-mill, where it is promptly converted into new paper. Thus in Germany there is economy practised in the use of paper. And it may be that economy will have to be practised in our own country, for we are informed by those who ought to know that paper is likely to become scarcer and scarcer, and that its price will rise higher and higher. A little economy would do us no harm, for Americans are exceedingly wasteful in their use of paper.

THE AFTERMATH OF THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW

When Congress passed the Adamson Law making eight hours a legal day's work for men operating trains on interstate railroads (see The Watch Tower for October), it did so mainly for the purpose of warding off a strike that threatened to bring calamity to the entire nation. Many of the members in both branches of Congress were doubtful of the wisdom and the justice of the measure. In the speeches that were made while the bill was on its passage it was made plain that many members who were thinking one way were intending to vote another way. Although the bill was passed in both houses by an overwhelming majority, there were few members who believed that any real and lasting settlement of the quarrel between the railroads and the trainmen had been reached. The strike, it is true, was averted, but the roots of the difficulty remained.

No sooner had the eight-hour law been passed than loud and angry protests began to be heard. A storm of disapproval burst upon the heads of the President and the members of Congress for surrendering to what was called a "hold-up." A great Government, it was said, had been frightened into action by the threats of a small group of labor leaders. "The blackmailing of the whole nation," said "The New York Times," "under the threat of a strike put upon the country an intolerable humiliation." Shippers and travelers cried out against the law because they feared it would result in the raising of freight rates and fares. The manager of one of the great railroad systems went so far as to say that on his lines, at least, the eight-hour law would not be obeyed. But of all the protests against the Adamson Law the most significant was the one made by the Republican candidate for President. Mr. Hughes in his speeches again and again referred to the hasty manner in which the bill had been rushed through Congress, and in strong terms he criticized the President for not insisting upon *arbitration* as a means of settling the strike. "I stand," said Mr. Hughes, in a Labor Day speech at Nashville, "for two things: first, for the principle of fair, impartial, thorough, candid arbitration; and second, for legislation on facts, according to the necessities of the case; and I am opposed to being dictated to either in the executive department or in Congress by any power on earth before the facts are known." Thus it is seen that the dissatisfaction with the eight-hour law is wide-spread. Yet it is not necessarily to be supposed that the law will be repealed. On the contrary, it is quite probable that the act will stand. But it is not at all probable that the country has heard the last of the controversy between the railroads and their employees. Indeed, it would seem that the trouble, instead of being ended, has really only begun.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

EDWARD LEAR

"Dear For His Many Gifts To Many Souls"

Most of us, when we think of Edward Lear, think vaguely of some one who wrote

> There was an old man who said, "How
> Shall I flee from this terrible cow?
> I will sit on this stile
> And continue to smile—
> Which may soften the heart of that cow,"

with many other delectable rhymes of nonsense and fun; a man who made queer pictures of impossible creatures to go with his rhymes; who compiled a weird natural history and botany all his own; a man who spent his life making odd jokes. We have sung, or heard some one else sing, his "Owl and the Pussy-cat," and—and—well, that 's about all!

But Edward Lear's nonsense books were the very smallest part of the work of a long and busy life, and his real labor was that of a painter rather than a writer. More than what he did, even, was what he was. A dear and charming man, adored by children, with the gentlest heart in the world, a great love of beauty, devoted to his friends; a man beautifully described by the line at the head of this story of him, the line that is cut into his gravestone in far-away San Remo, Italy.

Lear was a tall man, rather heavily built, and inclined to rotundity in later life. He used to wear clothes that were abnormally loose and seemed to be draped on him. Above his broad shoulders his dome-shaped head, carried rather stoopingly, had a venerable aspect, for he always wore a long, thick beard, given to being curly. The top of his head grew to be quite bald, and he used to delight in making caricatures of himself in his letters to friends, showing an old chap with immensely long thin legs, a round stomach, an immense, bushy, black beard and a high, egg-shaped, bald head; huge round spectacles completed the portrait most successfully.

Edward Lear was the youngest of twenty-one children, and as his mother died very soon after he was born, on May 12, 1812, he was brought up by his oldest sister, Anne, whom he loved deeply. In spite of the fact that there was very little money, this sister managed to see that Edward got properly educated. In this he helped out, as he began earning his own living at fifteen by making colored drawings of birds and painting fans for small shops, or doing anatomical drawings for hospitals and doctors, selling these for from twenty cents to a dollar apiece. The family was of Danish descent, and the name used to be spelled Lor, with various dots over the letters and a transverse line through the o, all of which showed the Danish pronunciation to be the same as Lear, the spelling adopted by Edward's father. There was some Irish blood in him, too, coming from his mother's side, but it was very far back. Before Edward's birth, two generations had passed since the family was naturalized in England, and he was thoroughly English in thought and manner.

Always, man and boy, he loved to paint, and many are the exquisite color-drawings, lithographs, and paintings that he left behind. He wandered to many places, working in Corsica, in Albania, in Greece and India, bringing back always big collections of pictures of what he had seen, full of the most careful work, yet lovely with romance. And from these different places he would also send back quantities of letters decorated with fascinating nonsense sketches, filled with funny stories, telling many a queer adventure. His friends treasured these letters, and many of them have been printed in two large volumes which I hope most of you will hunt up and read, for you will love them.

At the age of nineteen Lear got employment in the Zoölogical Gardens, London, as a draughtsman. Here he spent the first year in making a book, a study of parrots, with the most enchanting pictures in color and careful descriptions. It was the biggest and best book of the sort ever brought out in England, and helped to make the young artist known to men who were interested in the same line, and presently he was making drawings for Professors Bell and Swainston, of the British Museum, and illustrating G. A. Gould's famous book on Indian pheasants.

One day, as he was working happily at some drawings in the Zoölogical Gardens, the Earl of Derby, who was walking there, chanced to notice him, and was struck with his work. Now Lord Derby was himself a naturalist, and had brought together a wonderful collection of animals and birds on his estate. He was getting out an important book on this collection, and immediately decided that young Lear, and no one else, should

make the bird drawings for this book. So off he went to get some one to introduce him to the painter, and engaged Lear on the spot.

That was a really big event, for it took Lear to live at the Derby house for four years, where he met almost every one of worth and interest in England, and where he became greatly beloved by the earl's grandchildren, for whom he wrote his first nonsense verses, later collected into the first volume and published in 1846. The "Book



From "Later Letters of Edward Lear." Courtesy of Duffield & Co.

"SO I TOOK OFF MY HAT AND SHOWED IT."

of Nonsense" met with a welcome that astonished Lear, and pleased him too. All over England and America people, even grown-up people, laughed over his absurd fancies, and asked for more.

One of Lear's dearest friends was Alfred Tennyson, and the artist spent years in making a series of sketches and drawings for the poet's songs and poems, hoping that a big edition would some day be printed. Unluckily, this never happened, though, after he had died, a limited edition with a few of the drawings was brought out. Tennyson wrote his lines, "To E. L., On His Travels in Greece," to Lear, and Lear named his first villa in San Remo the Villa Emily, after Tennyson's mother, and the second one after the poet himself.

In 1837 Lear left England, and never really lived there again, though he visited it often. During one of these visits he gave some drawing lessons to Queen Victoria, who took a great fancy to him. She used to show him cabinets full of beautiful things belonging to her, and once, when Lear, struck with delight at the rarity of what he was seeing, exclaimed, "Oh, how *did* you get all these beautiful things?" the queen laughed and replied, "I inherited them, Mr. Lear."

Another time Lear was visiting the queen, and the weather being chilly, a fire was burning on the hearth. Lear loved to stand in front of it, and proceeded to do so. But each time the lord-in-waiting, who seemed anxious and worried, would call him off to look at this thing or the other, or to meet some one. He simply would n't let Lear stand in peace in front of that fire. Afterward Lear heard that it was not proper etiquette, and was much amused to think of the trouble he had given.

In spite of his sense of fun, he was given to sadness, and was often very blue indeed. He took violent dislikes, too, and always seemed to hate and dread certain people whom he met. He used, after he settled in his Villa Emily, which he had built, to keep one day a week when people were supposed to come to his studio to buy his pictures. He had a servant who was devoted to him, and lived with him for years, a Christian Albanian of the name of Georgio Cocali. This man, till he died, took the greatest care of Lear, and then his son followed him in his love and devotion. This son and Lear are buried side by side, with twin stones marking the two graves.

But on the days when the studio was opened Lear would tell Georgio that he did not want him round, and that he would himself open the door. Then when a knock came, he would cautiously open it a little way and look at the visitor; if for any reason Lear did not like his face, he would shake his head sadly, say that he was feeling extremely ill and could not possibly show his pictures, and quickly shut the door. Of course this did not help to sell his pictures.

At another time he was traveling with his life-long friend Hubert Congreve, whom he had known since Congreve was a little boy. They reached Naples, and Congreve went off on some errand, leaving Lear in the station. Presently the young man heard a commotion outside the station and rushed over, thinking that he detected Lear's voice amid the uproar. Sure enough, there was the old man, surrounded by a crowd of porters who were trying to get a chance to carry his luggage. Lear was shouting at them, "Get out, you scoundrels! Let me be!" and hitting right and left, while they laughed and dodged. It was so funny, the big tall man with flying beard and the dark, small Italians all mixed up together, that Congreve began to laugh too. On which Lear jumped into the wrong bus, refused to get out, and off they both went to the wrong hotel, a place neither of them knew.

Here is another little story.

This is in England, and Lear tells it himself in one of his letters to Lady Waldegrave. He was in a railway-station, and overheard a gentleman talking of the "Book of Nonsense," which his

children had been reading. This gentleman announced that there was no such person as Edward Lear, and that it was really Lord Derby who had written the book. But that was too much for Lear, and here is what he says:

> Says I, joining spontaneous in the conversation—"That is quite a mistake: I have reason to know that Edward Lear the painter and author wrote and illustrated the whole book." "And I," says the Gentleman, says he,—"have good reason to know, Sir, that you are wholly mistaken. *There is no such person as Edward Lear.*" "But," says I, "there *is*—and I am the man—I wrote the book!" Whereupon all the party burst out laughing and evidently thought me mad or telling fibs. So I took off my hat and showed it, with Edward Lear and the address in large letters—also one of my cards, and a marked handkerchief: on which amazement devoured those benighted individuals and I left them to gnash their teeth in trouble and tumult.

Lear used to set Tennyson's songs to music of his own, and sing them, without very much voice, maybe, but with so much feeling and understanding of their drama that people loved to listen to him. He used music of his own for his nonsense verses, too, and Lady Strachey regrets that his music to "The Owl and Pussy-cat" was never written down, for she says it was charming. But Lear could not write music, though he could make it, and it cost more than he could afford at the time to get some one else to do it for him. For many years he was poor, and it was only toward the end of his life that money anxieties ceased to press on him.

He left the Villa Emily because a big hotel was built next it which threw a bad light into the studio, and built the Villa Tennyson exactly like in all respects. But it never had the old, ripe look of the first villa, and the garden was not so fine, because it, too, was new. Lear brought back many seeds from the trip in India, and managed to make them grow. He loved flowers, and was delighted with his success.

He was a great worker, and he seldom idled. But for all his interest in his painting and his work on plants and birds, his many lovely drawings of wonderful places in Rome, Sicily, Corsica, India, Corfu, and many other parts of the world, he still had an affection for his nonsense work that was extremely strong. When Ruskin put him at the head of his selected list of a hundred best authors, saying, "I really don't know of any author to whom I am half so grateful for my idle self as Edward Lear," he was delighted. And Lady Strachey said he would sit and smile over favorable criticisms of the books, or be very much cut up if some one wrote disagreeably about them.

He was a man of many odd notions, tender, sad, whimsical, subject to great depression, but always ready to be kind, to make a child laugh, or to do something for a friend. Every one who knew him loved him. His friend Fortescue, Lord Carlingford, to whom most of the printed letters are written, says of him:

> Lear was a delightful companion, full of nonsense, puns, riddles, everything in the shape of fun, and brimming with intense appreciation of nature as well as history . . . among other qualifications, he is one of those men of real feeling it is so delightful to meet in this cold-hearted world.



From "Later Letters of Edward Lear." Courtesy of Duffield & Co.

EDWARD LEAR IN 1887.

It was on January 29, 1888, that he died, in the villa at San Remo. None of his old friends was near him, but he was tenderly cared for by a servant and one of the newer friends he was always making. The year before, his pet cat Foss, who had been his constant companion for seventeen years, died, and Lear sorrowed much for that loss. He put up a stone to the memory of his pet, with an Italian inscription. But he mistook the little animal's age, and thought that it had lived thirty years with him, for he was losing his memory for details.

But almost to the very end he wrote his letters, with their funny sketches and ridiculous verses, and to the very end he thought of and spoke about the friends he loved.



ESCORTING THE SEAL PUPS, WHEELBARROW-FASHION, TO THE STUDIO.

A CAMERA HUNTING-CRUISE

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

With cameras as weapons and the wild life of the Coronado Islands as game, a couple of young fellows in San Diego, California, set out in a motor-boat for the rocky and uninhabited cliffs that rise from the Pacific near our southwestern boundary.

Though only about thirty miles from San Diego, the group of islands that seem from the mainland like purple shadows are Mexican territory, but there was no customs guard or other official to question the visitors, for the Coronados are bleak and desolate rocks, only occasionally visited by curiosity seekers, or more frequently used as a half-way station by smugglers of Chinese and Japanese when running their human contraband into American ports.

Wild life abounds there, however, and just be-



A FULL-GROWN PELICAN.



PELICAN NESTLINGS.

cause man is so rare a visitor, the sea-gulls, pelicans, cormorants, and young seals that play about the cliffs are tame and unsuspecting. This, of course, was an ideal condition for the camera hunter; for while a true sportsman would hesitate at shooting defenseless and unfearing creatures, the man behind the lens does not mind it at all, when his quarry poses near at hand and "looks pleasant."

The hardest part of the trip was in making a landing, for the few little coves are rugged, and only with favorable tides and winds can a skiff be sent from a launch to put visitors ashore. Once landed, it is advisable to draw the rowboat high and dry on the rocks, as a change of weather might dash it to pieces against the sides of the partly submerged mountains.

Securing the pictures was not difficult for the expert camera operators. Care had to be taken in approaching the young pelicans, as the short-tempered creatures showed a snappish disposition; their bills were well developed and sharp, and the fledglings seemed to know how to use them.

The cormorants, on the other hand, were dangerous only to themselves. In their stupidity they would edge away from the strange human creatures, not so much in fear as in dislike of undue familiarity; and when pressed too closely, they would walk over the edge of a precipice and be dashed to pieces on the rocks far below.

After this had happened once, the photographhunters took care not to get too near to the silly young things that huddled in nervous groups on the crags.

The baby sea-gulls were not quite so easy to make pictures of, simply because nature had provided them with a mottled coat of down that blended with their surroundings. What is known as "protective coloration" is shown in the picture of the tiny gulls, whose spotted plumage makes them hard to pick out among the spotted mass of the bed of wild-flowers in which they hide. This imitation of the object on which they live is one of the means by which defenseless creatures of many species are protected; many insects look like leaves or twigs; the horned toad and some lizards resemble the sand and gravel in which they conceal themselves; and a certain fish found in the waters near these islands is of the shape and color of the leaves of seaweed that feed and shelter it. This amber-colored fish is known as the kelp-fish.



THE YOUNG CORMORANTS.



"THE BABY SEALS WHICH SPRAWL ABOUT THE WARM ROCKS."

Besides the variety of wild birds found on the Coronado Islands, there are many seals, fat and sluggish babies, which sprawl about the warm rocks like lazy puppies. They are as tame as domestic pets, and the pictures show how easily they can be herded into groups for a snap-shot, being picked up by the hind flippers and directed, wheelbarrow fashion, to the place best adapted for a photograph.

The parent seals are more timid, for, although they are protected by law, they have nevertheless been hunted by lawless sportsmen and pot-hunters. While their babies were being "taken" by the camera man, the mother and father seals would swim about below the cliffs, barking frantically and showing their distress.

No harm befell the "pups," however (the guns of the photographers had been taken along with no intention of killing anything), and after the shutter had clicked, the young seals were allowed to play about their rocky nursery as before.

The splendid photographs were reward enough for the exertions of the trip, though they were really not a test of the camera hunters' skill, as would be the snapping of shyer game. The sport of stalking a wild animal in the same way that a



"THE TINY GULLS ARE HARD TO PICK OUT."

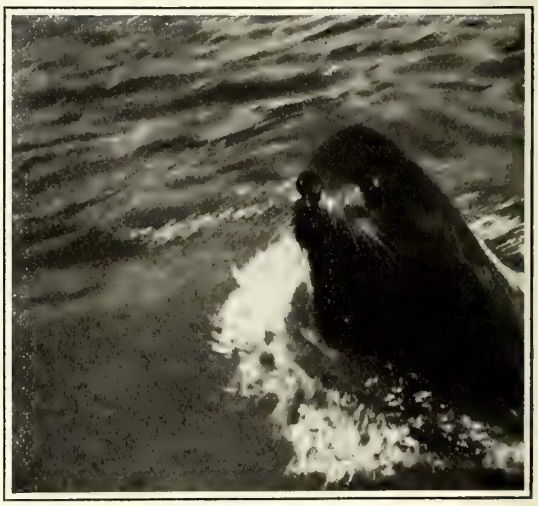
marksman does is an adventure well worth following, and it is even more difficult to get a good snap-shot of a deer or wild-fowl than to bring it down with rifle or shot-gun. Focus, light, shutter-speed, and steady nerve are required for such a successful snap-shot. Akin to trapping is the business of setting a camera at some haunt of the wild creature and snapping the shutter at the right moment by some mechanical device. Sometimes elaborate traps and flash-lights are used, the animal setting off the flash-gun and exposing the plate at the same instant. Another device, invented by a California boy, is simpler. It consists of a small battery, a coil of fine wire, and a pneumatic shutter-release, operated by pressing the battery-button. The method of operation is this: the camera is focused upon some spot to which the creatures resort, and the operator unreels the coil of wire to some suitable hiding-place from which he can see the spot at which



A SEA-GULL ON THE WING.

the camera is directed. With only a tripod and black box half concealed in the leaves the animal is likely to be quite unconcerned, and when he emerges from his burrow or comes to the spring to drink (as the case may be), the concealed photographer presses the electric button, the shutter opens and shuts, and a picture has been secured.

It is better fun, this camera hunting, than kill-



A SEAL AT SHORT RANGE.

ing innocent little fellow-creatures of the woods with a gun, and it leaves no unpleasant memories of death or suffering. And the pictures make quite as good trophies as pelt or plumage. The shy inhabitants of the wilds like it better too.

GOVERNMENT SERVICE FOR AMATEUR WIRELESS OPERATORS

No country in the world is so well supplied with alert young wireless-telegraph operators as the United States. It is estimated that there are more than 150,000 wireless stations, large and small, scattered throughout the country. For each of these outfits there is at least one intelligent operator, so that America must contain an immense army of wireless experts. The Government at Washington has just come to realize that this great force of loyal and alert young men may be made extremely valuable in organizing a vast signal-system, and work is being pushed forward to organize the amateur wireless operators. This new third arm of the Army is called the Junior American Guard. It already comprises nearly ten thousand members. In the Memorial Day parade in New York some fifteen hundred members of the guard marched in uniform with their field equipment.



A SQUAD OF THE JUNIOR AMERICAN GUARD AND THEIR EQUIPMENT.

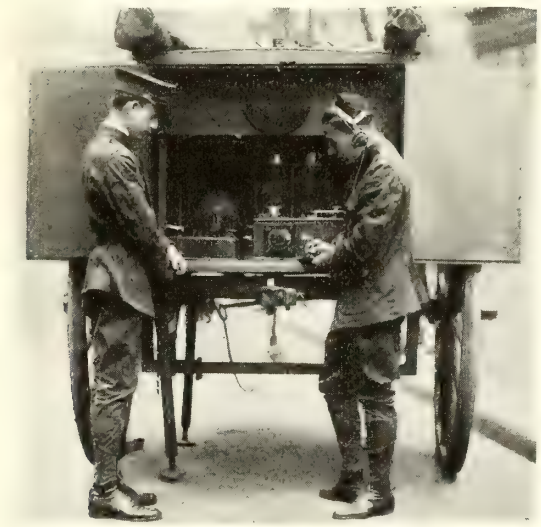
The amateur wireless-telegraph stations are so widely scattered that there is scarcely any section of the country which cannot be reached by them. There are thousands of them strung along the entire twenty-one thousand miles of coast-line on both shores of the United States. In the event of war with some foreign power, for instance, these stations could stand guard and keep the Atlantic or Pacific coast in constant touch with military headquarters. Messages could be sent to the most remote parts of the country by their aid. The United States, despite its enormous area, would thus be transformed into a vast whispering-gallery. For the past few years the Government has required amateur wireless men to take certain examinations showing their ability to operate their stations, and if they pass, they are given regular licenses. With this preliminary work already accomplished, it is a very simple matter to organize them into an effective Government service.

The work of organization is under the general direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Reber, the chief radio-signal officer of the United States Army. The officers include Mr. Marconi, who has been appointed president of the association, and Captain W. H. G. Bullard, U. S. N., Superintendent of the United States Radio Service, and others. The recruits wear a neat uniform similar to that worn in the regular service. They are trained under rigid military rule to know how to set up, operate, and repair their equipment. In the service in the field the boys are required to establish lines of communication and transmit signals over every kind of country.

Their equipment includes complete field-outfits, either pack wireless outfits or wagons supplied

with antennæ and all the necessary apparatus for active work in the field. These companies comprise one first-class sergeant, who is also chief of section, a second sergeant, two corporals, operators, antennæ-man, wagoners, guyman, and messengers.

The training includes practical instruction under experts in the use of all kinds of visual signals with the aid of the heliograph, lanterns, and rockets, and by messengers, who may be employed when the atmospheric conditions render wireless transmission impossible. The boys, in many days of drill work, learn the codes employed, how to



"THE BOYS, IN MANY DAYS OF DRILL WORK, LEARN HOW TO SEND AND RECEIVE."

send and receive, to "listen in" on the enemy's despatches, or "jam" their stations by drowning out their messages. At the present rate of progress the United States will soon have one of the most efficient and enthusiastic wireless signal-services in the world.

FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS.

AN ANNUAL ENEMY

WHEN the grain fields stand ripe, yellow-topped, and man-high on the Western prairies, they give not the faintest suggestion of the green lower strata of vegetation growing close to the ground in the protecting shadow of the grain. This growth is, for the most part, the same as the grasses and weeds growing at the fence edges, but differs materially in the respect that it retains its spring crispness when the grasses growing in the open have become wiry and tough in the summer heat.

Rabbits in search of the tenderest grasses are satisfied at first with the things that they discover close to the field edges. Gradually, enticing things lure them farther and farther into the piece, until at last they have passed beyond the last of the landmarks and the retracing of their way is either difficult or impossible. Surrounded as they are on all sides by the best of foods, and screened from enemies hovering above, this is scarcely a time for the rabbit to stop and worry over so minor a detail as being lost; but one day, when the wheat heads start to bend under the weight of the ripened grain, the harvest season is started

Moving slowly, with much rattling and roaring, the binders circle the piece, each one leaving in its wake a clean-shaved ribbon of stubble, where the waving wheat had been standing only a minute before.

As the clattering march proceeds, the stubble area rapidly encroaches on the domains of the rabbits, who retreat farther into the middle of the field as the ominous mutterings of the binder come to them.

Then at last, in a little island of grain a mile away from their forest home, they find themselves surrounded on all sides by monsters, whose many roarings give index to their terrible nature.

Victims of a blind faith that knows no place beyond this ever narrowing little world of grain the rabbits remain, until they are practically ousted by the final charges of the binder. Then they dodge this machine caravan, and, once in the open and free from the hindering wheat, go leaping for the distant woods.

It is now only a matter of speeding to safety, for the stubble lies seemingly clean and level, like a great stretch of velvet. But this appearance is deceptive, for each stubble point stands keen and upright. At the first leap the rabbit is greeted by these many points and he very soon returns to the old stride that he learned in the wheat-field,—a low run that pushes the stubble aside.

With this change, however, the rabbit has so reduced its speed that it is easily overtaken and captured by the shockers. But they do not long remain captives, for, when the last bundle is set in shock, they are carried into an open space beyond the binders and allowed to go.

After all, this annual enemy is a most good-natured one, and the chase and capture are a matter of form and custom, for when you have "caught the rabbit" you have formally closed the harvest season.

GILBERT FLETCHER.

DAYLIGHT "MOVIES"

"Movie" theaters are springing up overnight. They are rapidly reaching a total in this country of 20,000, and the authorities figure that nearly 17,000,000 people go to these places of amusement every twenty-four hours. Doctors say that the movies hurt the eyes, and a great many persons object to the darkness in which the pictures have to be shown. Movies in a lighted hall would be more desirable, but until very recently this could not be done satisfactorily.

Now, however, a screen has been perfected that not only makes this possible, but will doubtless be used for the showing of movies in the open daylight!

This is because the inventor makes the most of a lantern's light, and, instead of throwing his picture upon an opaque screen, he uses one through which the rays of light can pass. As you know, the lantern is usually placed back of the spectators, while the white screen is in front of them. Therefore, the picture-bearing rays have to travel a good long distance before they reach the reflecting surface of the canvas screen. On this journey the rays lose a good deal of their strength, and therefore, in order to make the picture on the screen seemingly bright, the hall must be darkened for the sake of contrast. It is this difference between the flickering picture produced by the long-distance rays and the surrounding gloom that hurts the eyes.

This new screen looks something like gelatine, or like water slightly clouded with milk. It is not quite transparent, and therefore it holds, or reproduces, the picture thrown on it by the lantern from behind. Because the lantern is back of the screen, close to it, and in front of the spectators, the pictures are strong and bright enough to be seen easily either in the open daylight or in an illuminated room.

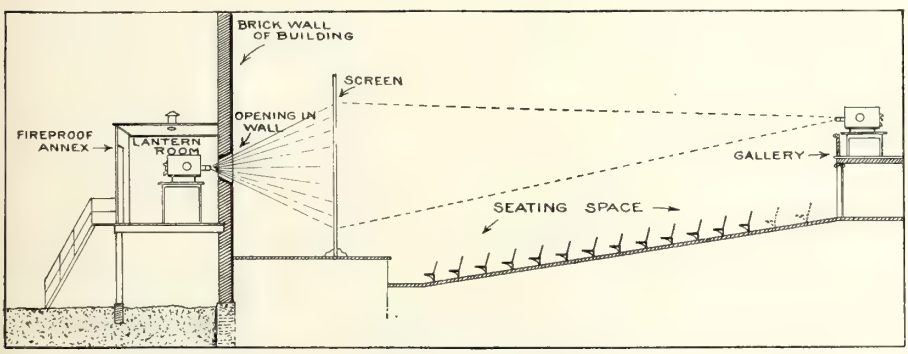
There is a still further advantage, for, as the lantern is back of the screen, it is possible to put it and the inflammable reels in a separate fireproof chamber, and all that is needed is a small hole in the wall for the picture rays to pass through. This gets rid of the risk of fire and the danger of a panic, which cannot be avoided when the lantern is in the body of the theater, as is commonly the case.



A PICTURE AS SEEN ON THE DAYLIGHT SCREEN.

But there is also another difference. The surface of this screen is marked up and down by a multitude of little ribs, which are not noticeable except when one is within a few inches of it. These ribs not only increase the brightness of the picture, but they improve the optical effect in other ways.

You know, for instance, that unless you sit directly in front of the usual movie-screen and about in the middle of the theater, the pictures are more or less distorted. That is, while a man or an object is not changed in height, there is a loss in width. At times this produces strange and even comical effects. The fat man becomes thin when seen from the sides of the playhouse. Besides, the ordinary movie is apt to be somewhat "flat," because the pictures lack depth and are really one-eyed images. The ribs do away with these defects and the pictures that result are very lifelike indeed.



THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE NEW DAYLIGHT-MOVIE APPARATUS.

Robert G. Skerrett.

"FOR DIVERS AND SUNDRY REASONS"

It is for "sun-dry" reasons, says the answer to an old riddle, that the frog climbs out of the water; and so we may assert that for diver's reasons that he returns to it again.

As a matter of fact, whatever the animal's motive for going ashore—mostly for the sake of getting his meals—it is the sun-dry reason that keeps him always near the water, and sends him under it every little while. For as soon as the moisture is gone from the surface of the frog's body, back into the water he must go to get wet again.

For the frog has a peculiar skin, quite unlike our own or that of other land creatures. It is, in fact, much more like the thin membrane that lines our mouths, which parches and cracks if it is not kept wet, as, for example, when we have a fever. Brother Frog, then, gets thirsty over his whole body, and takes a drink by taking a bath.

He does not, it appears, purposely swallow water. He goes in all over and absorbs the fluid by way of his outer skin, instead of by way of his lining membranes. The tree-frogs, which do not actually duck under water, soak in the rain and dew.

Also, Brother Frog uses his skin to breathe with. He has no ribs, and only a poor sort of lung. He cannot, therefore, inhale in the ordinary way, but has to swallow air in gulps—as any one can see by watching a frog at rest. And when he is short of breath by way of his lungs, he falls back on his skin.

The result is that a frog can hold his breath under water longer than any other air-breathing creature. We human beings can go without air for hardly a minute. Even the whales, air-breathers like ourselves though they look like fishes, can keep their heads under water for only half an hour.

But the common frog, it has lately been discovered, if kept in clear, running water, is able to stay down a week; while some especially long-winded individuals have stuck it out for nearly a month. In such a case, the animal simply stops his lungs, and takes to breathing the air in the water, using the whole surface of his body as if it were a gill. He actually did have gills as a tadpole; and even as a frog, he still keeps something of the old knack.

Yet, oddly enough, after Brother Frog has played fish for a week or two, he has to come up into the air again. For some reason yet unknown, the skin-gill does not work perfectly, and takes more gas in than it is able to give out again. The result is that the creature gradually swells up, the loose-fitting skin expands like a balloon, until the poor thing comes to wear a sort of natural life-preserver, in which he can neither dive nor swim.

So, in the end, the diver's reasons drive him back to his sun-dry.

Edwin Tenney Brewster.

PUSHBALL—THE BIGGEST PLAYTHING

Pushball has been coming to the front as a college sport. If some one could invent a pushball that could be made at a reasonable cost, the game would be still more popular. Their enormous cost has made it possible for only a very few to own them, and they have been rented out at a high price to those wanting to use them. The pushball is six feet in diameter and costs three hundred dollars.

It was difficult to obtain any information concerning their manufacture, for the reason that so few firms make them, but these facts were gathered by diligent search:

The outside covering of a pushball is made of a cowhide leather that is imported from England. This covering is composed of twenty strips, which are sewed together by hand. Each of these strips is between nine and ten feet long, or half the circumference of the ball. The strips are widest in the middle, tapering uniformly to points at either end, the poles of the ball, where they are further secured by leather caps sewed over them.

To get the leather needed for a pushball it is necessary to cut up five or six hides, which makes the cost of the cover very high. It takes two men the better part of a week, moreover, to sew this material together.

The bladder for the ball is made of the best rubber, which is cut into strips and cemented together in such shape that, when inflated, it will form a globe fitting the leather covering, which is practically indestructible. The very best rubber bladder may give out in two or three years, and a new bladder costs $150. A large cylinder-foot-pump, suitable for inflating this mighty ball, costs ten dollars.

At the University of Pennsylvania, it is reported, hand-inflation was tried once, but it took an entire morning of hard work to fill out the ball. Since then, it has been done at a neighboring garage with an automobile-pump.

The game originated in America. The first pushball was made in Newton, Massachusetts, in 1894. This ball had a covering of leather shaped on a wooden form built for the purpose. Four big hides were required. These were cut to form

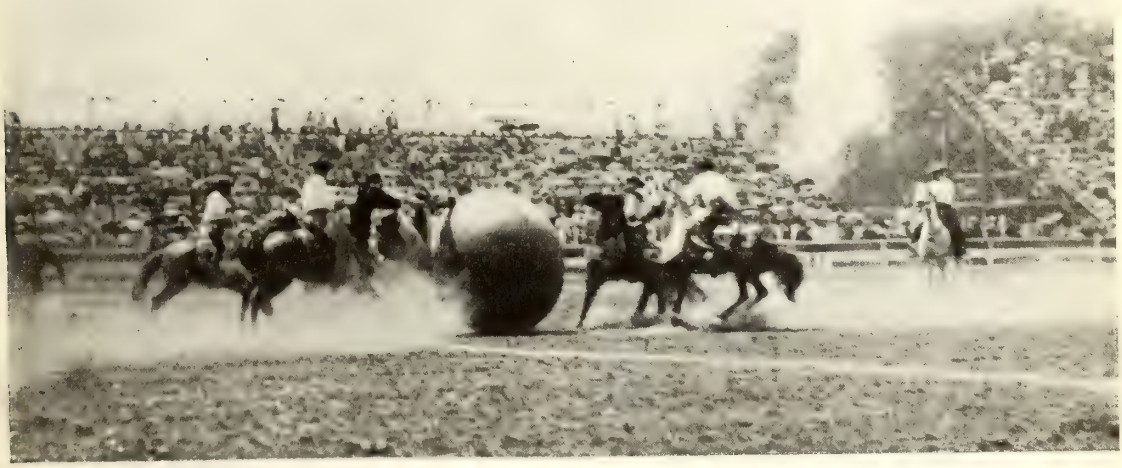
six zones, which were put together with belting hooks. The bladder was made of rubber cloth cut in sections and cemented together. The materials for this ball cost about $175.

The game is played on a field with a goal at each end, each team trying to push the ball through the opponent's goal. It is sometimes used to get baseball teams in condition during the early days. The game is played in Europe, both in England and on the continent.

One of the most spectacular and thrilling variants of the game is that played by horsemen in the West. It requires two teams of mounted players, whose object, also, is to drive the ball through the goal of the opposing side. It is pushed by the horses, which must be as well trained as polo ponies to manœuver it dexterously, and the game calls for great expertness in the riders. Cow-boy saddles and dress are the correct outfit for this game.



THE BIGGEST PLAYTHING IN THE WORLD OF SPORT.



"PUSHBALL ON HORSEBACK CALLS FOR GREAT EXPERTNESS IN THE RIDERS."

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY MILDRED HAYES, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

So excellent were the LEAGUE contributions of every sort this month—verse, prose, drawings, and photographs—that an allowance of an extra page was absolutely necessary to present only the very best of them. And where all contributions are of so high a quality, it would indeed be invidious to make comparisons. We must be content with advising every LEAGUE member and every reader of the magazine to begin at the beginning of these pages and read straight through to the end, without missing a line or a picture. Every little poem and story, every photograph and drawing, will delight you and make you more than ever proud of our beloved LEAGUE, in which the wit and wisdom of Young America are reflected so brilliantly. Which reminds us that when the first proofs of the next page were received, the printer's proof-reader wrote on the margin of the picture in the first column, "Is this illustration O.K. or is it upside down?"—a very satisfactory compliment to a photograph bearing the title "Reflections." We leave to our readers the answer to the query. Turn the *page* "upside down" and decide for yourselves!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 201

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Justine Hartley** (age 15), Iowa. Silver badges, **Mary Gerould** (age 12), New Hampshire; **Mary Harley Jenks** (age 13), California; **Anna L. Eastman** (age 12), New York; **Gwenfread E. Allen** (age 12), California; **Marjorie Candee** (age 12), Connecticut; **Katherine Keenhan** (age 16), Pennsylvania.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Rebecca Emery** (age 15), Colorado.
Silver badges, **Katharine Beard** (age 17), Connecticut; **Lois Osgood** (age 16), California; **Charlotte Delight Vanderlip** (age 10), New York; **Bertha Elizabeth Gillilan** (age 16), Utah.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Helen Gould Barnard** (age 17), Missouri; **Isabel Bachelor** (age 17), Connecticut.
Silver badges, **Mildred Hayes** (age 17), Pennsylvania; **Marian T. Suttle** (age 14), New Jersey; **Nelson W. Prentiss** (age 15), New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Jane Elizabeth Luce** (age 16), Arkansas; **C. Everett Rhodes** (age 15), New York.
Silver badges, **Honor M. Grout** (age 12), Canada; **Catherine Lloyd** (age 13), Illinois; **Gilbert W. Comstock** (age 14), Illinois; **Elizabeth W. Mellon** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Gertrude M. Sevey** (age 13), Illinois.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Dorothy Rose Oppenheim** (age 12), Maryland; **Saul Borock** (age 13), New York.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badges, **Betty Lowe** (age 17), New York; **Jean C. Roy** (age 15), Pennsylvania.
Silver badges, **Alice Knoche Cobb** (age 10), New York; **Helen L. Young** (age 14), Minnesota; **Elise Ludlam** (age 16), New Jersey.



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY NATHALIE G. NELSON, AGE 17.



"REFLECTIONS." BY LILLIAN EDDY, AGE 14.

THE SUNLIT HILLS

BY REBECCA EMERY (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1916*)

Out of the east in the dawning, a flicker of lambent flame,
With divinest rose-tipped fingers the early sunlight came.
It lighted the grim old Rockies, forbidding in twilight's gray,
And covered them all with splendor, the gladsome spirit of day.

At noon from the cloudless heavens the light shone clear on the range;
Its beauty was almost unearthly, its aspect wondrous strange.
Over the mountains at even each mellow amber ray
Sent its caressing wavelet, and softly faded away.

Day after day the sunlight gloried the ancient hills;
Touched them with tenderest beauty, that comforts the soul, and thrills.
Day after day to the watcher, far out on the plains below,
A message of hope was carried by the sun on the mountain snow.

THE MESSAGE

(*A true story*)

BY JUSTINE HARTLEY (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1916*)

It was on our homeward trip from Europe that my small brother decided to write to our grandmother at home. He was six years old, and I was eight. He could print, but owing to the fact that he could not spell, he took me with him to the library of the steamship, and proceeded to write his letter. Of course you



"REFLECTIONS." BY C. EVERETT RHODES, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1916.)

may know it was not very long, but he took great pains with it, and it took us the greater part of an afternoon. When finished, he mailed it in the steamship mail-box, and we forgot all about it.

When we arrived home, one of the first things Grandmother showed us was the letter, which had arrived but the day before, and which our parents looked at in astonishment, for they knew nothing about it. It had simply the printed address: GRANDMA, SALEM, IOWA. The envelop bore no stamp.

There is only one way we can account for its coming. The clerks were so hurried with the mails that they never noticed that the stamp was lacking, but sent it on. So when it arrived at our little country town, the postmaster guessed where it was from by the steamship stationery, and delivered it to the one grandparent in town who had grandchildren on the Atlantic Ocean.

She still has that message, and keeps it as one of her most treasured possessions.



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY HELEN HAMILTON, AGE 14.

THE MESSAGE

BY ISABEL GILLETTE WILLIAMSON (AGE 12)

"WILLIE, will you take this letter to Mrs. Wilcox right away? It 's quite an important message," said Mrs. Grant, as she came out of her room on a warm morning in late August.

"Yes 'm, I s'pose so," answered Willie, regretfully closing his book. "She lives on Stanford Square, does n't she?"

On his way out Willie searched the kitchen for an apple, which he munched contentedly as he strode along the hot, dusty streets.

"Hi, there, Willie!" shouted somebody, and turning around, Willie saw Jim O'Connor, one of his school friends, running after him.

"Come on over to my house an' see our collie—he 's from the famous Carlos kennels!" panted Jim, as he reached Willie's side.

Willie hesitated. He liked dogs, and he wondered if this one would be anything like the collie at the dog-show with the blue ribbon around his neck.

"W-e-ll, I guess I can—just for a minute," Willie said slowly, taking a bite of apple; but as he walked along he had an uncomfortable feeling that he ought not to go with Jim He walked a few blocks in silence, but the farther he walked, the more he wanted to see that collie.

"Mother said it was important," he argued within himself; "but then I could take it this afternoon just as well." Still the uncomfortable feeling did not leave him.

It seemed as if some one had sent *him* a message, telling him to mind his mother. Conscience kept whispering "It 's important— Your mother said, 'right away'—"

"Say, Jim," Willie said at length, "I—I 'll see that collie to-morrow. I—I 'd like to now—but—I 've got to take this letter. Goo'-by!"

And Willie whistled as he turned his steps toward Stanford Square in obedience to *his* message from the still, small voice.

THE SUNLIT HILLS

BY KATHARINE BEARD (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

Above the silent world, the sun sinks low;
Green meadows on the hills, in patches bright
Among dark woods, gleam in the dancing light,
Beneath soft clouds strewn in the changing glow.

Intently watching, ere the day 's quite done,
A child drinks deep the cup of beauty rare.
His mother watches as he gazes there
Upon the hills, flecked with the parting sun.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY HELEN G. BARNARD, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCT., 1916.)

"Oh Mother, see!" he cries in quick delight;
"The little house close by the great lone pine
Way up the hill—its windows! how they shine!
They 're *golden,* Mother! See them sparkle bright!"

"Yes, lad of mine, like gold they sparkle still!"
And then she tells him how that other boy
Went searching all one long day, full of joy,
To find the golden windows on the hill.

He ponders on the tale, and, turning, says,
"Why, Mother, if *his* windows shone so bright,
Our *own* must shine with dancing golden light,
And sparkle with the streaming sunshine rays!"

Then quietly he smiles, while gazing still,
"Perhaps upon that bright green hill so fair
Another boy is watching, over there,
Our golden windows and *our* sunlit hill!"

THE MESSAGE

BY MARY MC D. PRICE (AGE 11)

On the hot afternoon of May 31, 1899, the city of Johnstown was plunged in quiet. A gentle breeze fanned the trees slowly to and fro. Nothing was heard but the roaring of the Cambria Steel Works and the whistles of the trains as they rushed back and forth.

Suddenly the silence was broken by shouts, hoarse cries, and the sound of many feet. A man on horseback dashed into the center of a group of men and women, and, raising his hand for silence, shouted the following message: "The South Fork Dam has broken! Run for your lives! The city will be flooded! If you want to save your families, you must hurry! The water is rising rapidly! Spread the news!" And with that he was off.

The quiet town was transformed into one whose streets were filled with people trying to get to their homes before the flood overtook them. And still that cruel water poured its raging torrents over that defenseless city. And still it rose, and rose, and rose. Those who reached their homes were not much better off than the poor unfortunates who were unable to reach places of shelter. For, on account of the rising water, they had to climb from the first, to the second, and to the third stories of their houses, and at last onto their roofs. But still the water kept rising, and swept the people into its cold depths.

Though about three thousand people perished by this calamity, many, many people were saved by the brave and daring man who freely gave up his life in the delivering of a message.

THE MESSAGE

BY MARY GEROULD (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

The old barracks on the top of Signal Hill had been unoccupied for a very long time; so long a time, in fact, it seemed as if they were going to be abandoned for ever. But one morning early in December, 1901, Mr. Marconi, with his assistants, climbed slowly up that long hill, carrying the delicate instruments which are now used in wireless telegraphy.

When they reached the barracks and had selected a room in which to set up their instruments, they immediately began the work of putting everything in readiness for a great experiment which was to be made.

After a few days of hard work, Mr. Marconi again climbed Signal Hill and very carefully examined the instruments; for to-day the experiment was to be tried! A cablegram was sent to the other operator across the ocean, telling him to begin signaling, and then everything was ready.



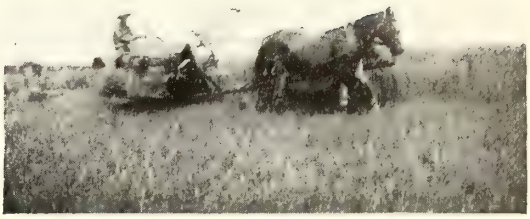
"REFLECTIONS." BY HONOR M. GROUT, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

Quietly Mr. Marconi took his seat at the table, and, with the receiver at his ear, listened. How still it was! Not a sound could be heard for some minutes, until the *click, click, click* of the instrument broke the silence. The dots that it marked stood for the letter S, and that was the signal Mr. Marconi had arranged.

Many, many times that day the message was repeated. There could be no mistake. And it was true, then! One of the greatest wonders of the age was accomplished—a wireless message had been sent from far-away England across two thousand miles of ocean, and had been received in this little lonely station at Signal Hill, with the raw, cold wind whistling about the corners, and the wild, stormy sea dashing on the rocks below.



"REFLECTIONS." BY EMILIE POPE, AGE 16.



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY RACHEL REANEY, AGE 13.



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY ANN SILVER, AGE 11.



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY CATHERINE LLOYD, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"REFLECTIONS." BY MARGARET C. PECHIN, AGE 15.



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY ELIZABETH W. MELLON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY DESSA K. PALMERLEE, AGE 16.



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY LEONA TACKABURY, AGE 16.



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY MURIEL CHILDS, AGE 16.



"REFLECTIONS." BY WINIFRED HOLT, AGE 12.

SUNLIT HILLS

BY LOIS OSGOOD (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

We decided to go to the Annex
In the Palace of Arts, at the fair.
We raved at impressionists, cubists,
Futurists, and all that was there.

We passed through the corridors, saying,
"How beautiful," "funny," or "gay";
We stared at the "Farm Scene" in wonder—
Imagine such violet hay!



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY ARTHUR PALMER, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

"And what is that thing over yonder?"
"It looks like a dancer or two;
This with scarlet scarf over her shoulder,
The other one wearing a blue."

"No!" loudly exclaimed modern Helen.
"It is fire, or some wild thing like that.
The scarlet is flame, and the blue part—
Is smoke—though it looks rather flat."

"I think it 's a bird," replied Mabel;
"The red is his body, you see;
Blue, his tail; and the yellow his feathers."
So nobody seemed to agree.

"Go hunt up a catalogue, Archie.
I 'm *sure* that those blue dabs are quills!"
We looked—and we found that the picture
Was labeled in print—"Sunlit Hills"!

THE MESSAGE

BY MARY HARLEY JENKS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

The early afternoon sun was hot, but a gentle breeze whispered through the pines, and the silver tinkle of the brook had a cool, refreshing sound.

The young man lying beneath the maple was thinking neither of the pines nor of the brook, however; he was thinking of the disappointments the past three years had brought him. Hardly more than a boy, he had started out in business, eager and impulsive, and had met only with rebuffs and failures. His trust had been betrayed, and his generosity abused. Now, weary and discouraged, he had fled from the noise and the bustle of the city to the quiet Sierras. In his present mood he did not care whether his business thrived or failed—he tried not to think of it. Oh, if only he could forget it all! If only he could rest!

The birds sang sweetly, the breeze cooled his feverish brow, and the young man slept.

When he awoke, the sun had dropped behind the western hills, and a deep hush had enveloped the mountains. The man looked about in surprise. Never before had he realized their splendor and majesty!—never before had they so filled his heart with awe! For many minutes he was lost in their glory, and in those minutes his trials, which had been so much to him, slowly faded into nothing. What did they matter, those petty deceits, dishonesties, disappointments? What *were* they in comparison to these vast, magnificent mountains? Oh, the wonder and glory of these silent Sentinels, guarding the valleys below!

The young man knew now that he could face the problems of his life quietly. The mountains had given him a message, and that message was rest and calm and peace.

THE MESSAGE

BY ANNA L. EASTMAN (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

Miss Lucy Pratt, the chief gossip and match-maker of the village, walked up the path leading to Miss Sarah Harris's front porch. Miss Lucy's errand was quite important, so she thought. She had come to "hurry up" a love-affair which the town had been worrying about for over a year. As she rang the door-bell she planned her conversation carefully; but before she had thought up a first sentence to suit her, Jane, the maid, answered the door.

"Is Miss Harris in?" inquired Miss Lucy, coldly.

"Yes 'm," answered Jane; "just a minute."

It was several minutes, though, before Jane returned with the curt answer, "She can't see you to-day, ma'am; she 's engaged."

Miss Lucy's mouth dropped open. "Engaged!" she gasped. "Oh, I am so glad!" And off she went.

It was then two o'clock, but, by the time the clock struck four, the whole village had heard the wonderful message that Sam Williams had at last proposed to Miss Sally Harris.

That evening, as Sam walked toward Miss Harris's



"REFLECTIONS." BY GILBERT W. COMSTOCK, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

pleasant little house, Miss Lucy stopped to congratulate him. "Well, Sam, I am so glad you two are engaged at last! We were all afraid that you 'd never get nerve enough to propose."

Sam stared at her blankly for a minute before he understood the mistake, but he said nothing. After Miss Lucy had gone he straightened up and said, in a half whisper, "So they all thought I had n't nerve enough! Well, I have!"

An hour later the great task was done. Miss Sally and Sam were really engaged. So, you see, for once a gossipy message did some good.



"REFLECTIONS." BY JANE ELIZABETH LUCE, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1916.)

THE SUNLIT HILLS

BY CHARLOTTE DELIGHT VANDERLIP (AGE 10)

(*Silver Badge*)

WHERE grass is short and brown and warm,
And oh, so soft and fragrant;
Where luscious, red, wild strawberries grow,
And breezes warm are vagrant;
Where countless insects hum and whir
Through the long, sunny day,
And golden butterflies drift by,
Over the hills and away;
Where distant thunder mutters low,
And jagged lightnings flash on high,
Then a cool wind springs up to blow
The black storm-clouds across the sky.
Torrents of rain come rushing down,
Cool and refreshing, strong and sweet,
Bringing new life to everything
That fainted with the summer's heat.
The rain has ceased to patter down,
The thunder rolls and then is still,
The rainbow's arch shines in the sky
Over the sunlit hill.

THE MESSAGE,—ACROSS THE PLAINS

BY GWENFREAD E. ALLEN (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

"FROM Ocean to Ocean" was by no means as easy in the "days of old, the days of gold, and the days of '49" as it is now. Mr. Wells and Mr. Fargo were the first to start transportation in the Far West, which resulted in the Wells Fargo Express. The first of their stages left on March 18, 1852. They were made in Concord, New Hampshire, and the specifications for them are still preserved.

The offices were in San Francisco, in a building that still stands at the corner of California and Montgomery Streets. The length of the journey to St. Joseph depended on the weather and the Indians, but it seldom took *less* than thirty days!

The Pony Express was the next step in crossing the plains. It was delightful to the miners to go to St. Joseph in thirty days, but it was a great surprise when in ten days the Pony Express covered the distance. Buffalo Bill was among those skilled horsemen chosen for the riders, but to Henry Wallace was given the honor of carrying the first message—congratulations from President Buchanan to the Governor of California.



"CAUGHT!" BY HELEN DAVIES, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Wallace was allowed a relay of horses every ten miles, which he was expected to cover in an hour. A rest of two minutes was allowed to provide himself with refreshments and to change horses, and then he was off again. The news of the firing on Fort Sumter was brought in eight days and fourteen hours, so anxious was the rider to deliver the news. Then the telegraph began, and the Pony Express ended.

People sometimes think the messengers had a very easy time. But this is far from the truth, as they were always on the watch for hold-ups or Indians, and these were very numerous. Many were the deeds of daring done in those days, in this rough, unsettled country, and thrilling were the escapes from the highwayman's rifle.

THE SUNLIT HILLS

BY MARTHEDITH FURNAS (AGE 12)

Above the bay
They stretch away,
Down to the dim horizon gray.

Their robes of gold
About them fold;
No thought have they of heat or cold.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY NELSON W. PRENTISS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

They radiant stand,
Along the land,
In haughty majesty and grand.

Kings over all,
Both great and small,
They stand aloof, serene and tall.

Day after day,
In sunshine's ray,
They 've seen the centuries pass away.

As none else can,
Since time began,
They 've seen the faults and cares of man.

And if they would,
What tales they could
Unfold; of both the bad and good!

THE MESSAGE

BY MARJORIE CANDEE (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

In 1844 the world heard of the most wonderful message that had ever been sent. Before this time, messages were carried by letter, or by men on horseback. Even the Indians could send messages by means of fire and smoke signals. Scientists and inventors were trying to find a way to send messages more quickly.

Samuel Morse, a young artist, had taken a course in science and electricity, and he had found a way which he hoped would be successful. He gave up his art in order to work on his new invention. His friends helped and encouraged him.

At last the instrument was completed. Samuel Morse was to try his first public experiment with his new invention, the telegraph! The chamber of the United States Supreme Court was crowded on the day of the experiment. The wires of the telegraph were stretched across to Baltimore. Nearly every one in that crowd of people knew that Morse had said, "If I can make it go ten miles of wire I can make it go around the globe." But *would* the message go forty miles of wire to Washington? If it would, how it would help the country!

"Click—click—click—dot—dot—dot!" The message was coming! The people shouted and cheered!

But what did all that clicking and dotting mean? It meant a message. And what a message for the first one! Not a common, ordinary sentence or phrase, like, "Hello, how are you?" but the wonderful words, "What hath God wrought?" were flashed across the wires from Baltimore to Washington.

THE MESSAGE

BY KATHERINE KEENHAN (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

(The Turkey Speaks)

I, who am about to die, defy ye, Turkey-eaters of the past, present, and future! Bound though I stand, still is my spirit free and undaunted! Ere you lead me to my doom I will wreck your future years! Yea, when on holidays to come ye sit down to turkeyless dinners, think on him ye bereft of his plumage, and served with cranberry sauce. Think—and remember his revenge!

Ye generations of turkeys to come, list to the voice of one who, fallen himself, can yet save others from his dread fate! Young turkeys, ye are at a susceptible age. Farmer Green, with his soft words, can easily beguile you to eat unceasingly of his luscious grains. Do I not know? Was I not myself an innocent young bird, unused to the snares and wickedness of the world? But know that he but thinks of the day when he can see you on his table, the carving-knife about to be plunged in your breast! I, alas, flattered myself that the farmer favored me for myself alone; and no wonder, for indeed I was a very much sought-after bird, of a family that has been pursued by humans ever since an old graybeard (would the Indians had roasted him, as his descendants will me!) caught sight of one of my revered ancestors. From that day of woe no turkey's life has been safe from the cradle to the grave.



"REFLECTIONS." BY GERTRUDE M. SEVEY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Even I, a bird of super-turkey intelligence, stuffed unceasingly all Farmer Green would give me. See the result! Yea, when ye see Bobby Green wearing an almost heavenly expression, ye will know that I have gone from among you, to return no more. I have spoken. Take heed!

Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!

Turkey-eaters of the past, present, and future, I, who am about to die, defy you!

THE SUNLIT HILLS

BY BERTHA ELIZABETH GILLILAN (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

When the meadow-lands are flooded with soft Indian summer's haze,
The dancing goldenrod enchants the swift creek's winding maze;
The hollows where the maples have turned to red and gold
Are filled with sunlit glory, touching mountains grim and old.
Higher, in the spicy sweetness of the piney-wooded glades,
Where the slender silver cottonwoods cast moving, mottled shades,
There 's a mystery, a beauty, filling woodlands far and near;
Oh, the loveliness of autumn is the best of all the year!



"CAUGHT!" BY H. M. KNEEDLER, AGE 11.

As the last soft rays of sunset touch the rugged hills so old,
And caress their summits fondly, with finger-tips of gold,
All the world is filled with glory, as a rose and saffron light
Gilds the stream and wood and mountain for a fleeting moment's sight.
Then it fades from sky and mountain like a vision, quickly sped,
But my soul has felt a blessing in the glory that has fled.

THE MESSAGE

BY ELIZABETH BACON (AGE 12)

Agnes Jane was a very nice little girl, except for one thing: she did not always do what she said she would. She was in the habit of putting a thing off until she forgot all about it.

One rainy November day she was sitting in front of the fire, reading a very interesting story in St. Nicholas. Her mother came into the room with a letter.

"Agnes Jane," said she, "can you get on your rubbers and rain-coat and take this letter to the post-office? It is very important, and the quicker it is sent, the better."

"All right, Mother; in a minute," and she was buried deep in her book again.

At dinner that evening her mother asked, "Did you mail that letter?"

"Oh, dear! I forgot! Well, I will take it in the morning."

The next morning Agnes Jane went to the store to get something, and took the letter along (because her mother remembered to tell her). But she forgot all about mailing it. The day before Christmas, when she went to the store to do what shopping there was to be done, she discovered the letter in her pocket, and mailed it with much haste.

The next morning there was nothing on the Christmas tree for her from Mother except a card, saying that her present for Agnes Jane had not yet come!

There was a whole fortnight of anxious waiting before the beautiful, belated French doll arrived. Mother wondered why the doll was so late in coming; but Agnes Jane knew why, and after that she always did what she was told when she was told to do it.

THE MESSAGE

BY FRANCES HYDE (AGE 10)

It was a lovely, warm, bright day in early spring. The flowers were beginning to bloom and the grass to grow.

Bees were buzzing around the flowers, and everybody was happy; even the little worms and lizards were crawling out in the sunlight, and all the animals that had slept through the long winter were now awake and drinking in the beauty of the lovely day.

But there was something missing; everybody felt it. It was the birds. Everybody needed these messengers to tell them that spring had really come. But they had not long to wait, for one morning they heard the glad song of the meadow-lark, and its message was one of the gladdest of the year.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

PROSE

Lois M. Levy
Vail Motter
Jas. Bridgwater
Frederica Fisk
Elizabeth Elder
Emilie Davis
Delphine Mitermiler
Loretta Smith
Emily N. Gunnell, 2nd
Florence V. Lott
Louise Sanford
Elizabeth B. White
Dorothy Towne
Zelma F. Owen
Margaret C. Bland
Louise A. Child
Marjorie S. Spring
Anna E. Warren
Mabel Maltby
Dorothy Mausolff
Elizabeth Thurgood
Anne Jennings
Frances K. Marlatt
Blanche Laub
Theda T. Ellison
Katharine M. Harper
Alice F. Blakley
Ilona Lustig
Anna D. McCoy
Dorothy Milne
Frederick C. Simmons, Jr.
Hugh L. Willson
Babs O'Brien
Jennie Weisberg
Hester Meigs
Lucy Andrews
Dolly Duane



"CAUGHT!" BY ISABEL BACHELOR, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1916.)

Gertrude McDiarmid
Frances Berger
Muriel Cavanaugh
Helen R. Spencer
Catherine Barton
H. Barden Allison
Amy L. Lamborn
Margaret Sherman
Wilhelmine Mead
Beatrice H. Lowenthal
Mary R. Hanlon
Elizabeth C. Eggleston
Ida Feinberg

Dorothy R. McMaken
Ruth Gardner
Marguerite Dunkak
Elizabeth Hamburger

VERSE

Mary Lockett
Diana H. S. Wertheim
Jessie M. Thompson

DRAWINGS

Frances Andrews
Irving Fraser
Alice Sniffen
Gladys Bretsch
Jessie Butler
Herman Dodd
Alta I. Davis
Anna H. Tierney
Marian Allardt
Helen A. Johnson
John C. Ramsey

Blossom Davis
Elizabeth Mouat
Henry M. Devereux
Caroline M. Smith
J. D. Eggleston, Jr.
Ruth Askew
Katharine B. Buel
Julia Hepburn
James S. Farnum
Eleanor Byrnes

PHOTOGRAPHS

Eleanor S. Janeway
Marshall Phelps
Lucy Pomeroy
Helen P. Loudenslager
Dorothy V. A. Fuller
Patty W. Munroe
Frances Mackenzie
Hope D. Warner
Susan B. Brown
Bernie L. Goodrum
Frances E. Walter
Phyllis Radford
Eleanor G. Hill
Miriam Lewis
Hiram D. Harris
Catherine Dreher
Helen F. Neilson
Anne S. Ireland
Robert W. Lewis, Jr.
Sterling Dow
Louise S. May
Eliot D. Pratt
Martha S. Long
Dorothy B. Robinson
Carolyn Olmsted



"CAUGHT!" BY MARIAN T. SUTTLE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Angela M. Smith
Beatrice Caldwell
Inge Antonisen
C. Rosalind Holmes
Sara B. Smith
Nancy G. Short
Joyce George
Marshall Jack
Eleanora Bell
Renata von Hungen
Catharine E. Cook
Marion D. Gutman
Alice Scott
Dorothy Marshall
Harold R. Robinson
Janet Eastwood
Ruth Barcher
Constance Chapman
Adeline R. Eveleth
Katye Papert
Emily L. Weed
Louise P. Lynch
Ruth Eger
Frances Bonner
Frances Baskin
Mary H. Howland
Katharine More
Florence Billstein
Marjorie Dahut
Mary S. Benson
Helen D. Smith
Frances C. Hamp
Mary L. Brennan
Marie Mirvis
Mabel Roberts
Marian L. Hopkins
Katherine Keiper
Muriel Stafford
Philip Ralph
Elsa Doerner
Edith Fletcher
Rachel E. Saxton
Katherine Gauss
Juana Albraum
Elizabeth Warren
Eleanor Slater
Mildred A. B. Ecker
Elizabeth Stamps
Mabelle H. Emory
Natalie M. Rud

Margaret J. Sanders
Doris Flather
J. Asher
Eleanor F. Kahn
Beatrice Stewart
Mary P. Watson
Verdi E. B. Fuller
Clementine Bacheler
Claudine Nankivel
Lester Owen

Marion McCarthy
Barbara Burks
Anna R. Payne
Anita Fenton
Katharine J. Dimon
Gerald H. Loomis
Elizabeth Kimball
Marion E. Baker
Theodosia Dennis
Roberta E. Flory
Elizabeth Endebrock



"CAUGHT!" BY CHRISTINE BACHELOR, AGE 13.

Walter W. Jensen
Muriel W. Curtis
Janet D. Atwater
Emily Isler
Dorothy Burns
Alice P. Schafer
Frances E. Noble
Kay Humphrey
Virginia Dunn
Sarah M. Clarke
Edward Folliard
Dick Rathbone
Charlotte Walcott

Marian B. Wallace
Elizabeth B. Jacobs

PUZZLES

Wilhelmina Taylor
Josephine E. Stoddard
Alberta Mooney
Lucy Hunt
Marjorie H. Probasco
Margaret McEntee

George G. Mahy, Jr.
Margaret S. Anderson
Alan West
Veva R. Kellogg
Rosalind Orr English
Margaret Cosgrave
Jane H. Palmer
Marian Wood

Alice B. Parker
Marjorie Cook
Alfred Galpin, Jr.
Sidney Peilte
Eleanor Cook
Marion Penn
Dorothy C. Hess
Damer McKenrick
Charles Morris Rich
Dorothy Carlton

Katharine Brooks
Edward R. Stabler
Dulcie Ford
Patrick Putnam
Philip Tapperman
Mary Winslow
Margaret L. Speare
Helen M. Stuckler
Barbara Alexander

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 205

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 205 will close **November 24** (for foreign members **November 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **March.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Twilight."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Snow-storm."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blueprints or negatives. Subject, "Posed," or, "Out of Doors."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Good Time," or a Heading for **March.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of THE RIDDLE-BOX.

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A,* a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B,* a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C,* a gold badge. *Prize, Class D,* a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in *a few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied,* but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles." Address: **The St. Nicholas League,** 353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

HOW THE RABBIT FOOLED THE LION

A STORY FROM BRAZIL, RE-TOLD BY ELLEN C. BABBITT

One summer day a Lion saw a Rabbit running through the woods as fast as he could go.

The Lion called out: "Stop a minute, Rabbit! Where are you going, and why are you in such a hurry?"

"Dear me!" said the Rabbit, "don't you see the great storm coming, and the wind that will blow away all the animals in the forest? I am trying to get home."

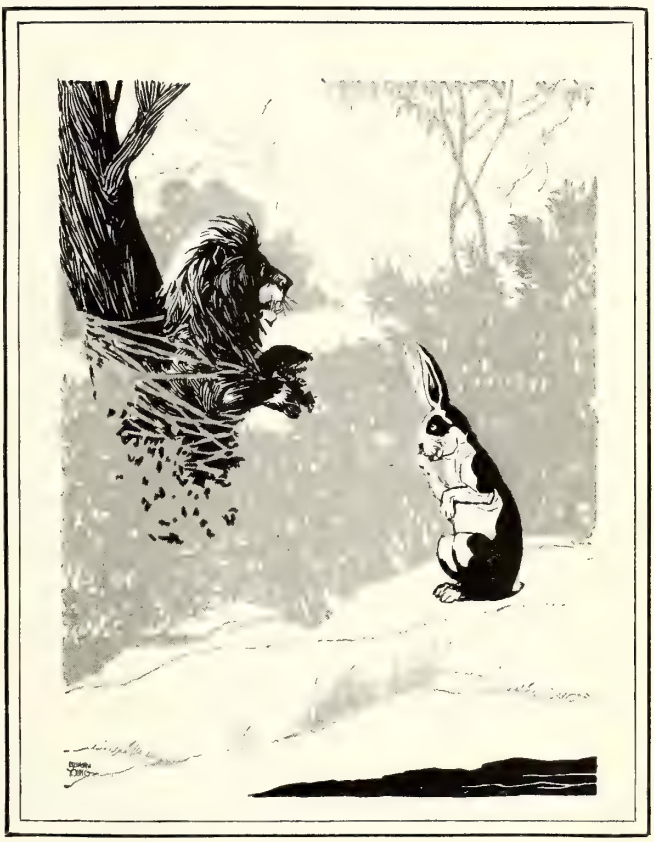
"Oh!" cried the Lion, "I am so far from my den that I shall surely be blown away before I can get there. Do please tie me to a tree. It won't take you long."

"I am afraid the storm will catch me," said the Rabbit; "but I 'll do what I can for you. I always try to help my friends."

So the Rabbit found some vines and tied the Lion to a great tree.

Then the Rabbit hid behind the bushes and laughed at the trick he had played on the Lion, for no storm came along at all.

Toward night a Jaguar heard the Lion roar, and went to find out what was the matter.



"THE RABBIT TIED THE LION TO A TREE."

Then the Lion told him of the trick the Rabbit had played on him.

The Jaguar laughed as he untied the Lion, but the Lion was too cross to see anything to laugh at.

The Jaguar invited the Lion to share his supper, and after they had eaten and had a good drink at the spring the Lion felt better.

Then he began to plan how he might punish the Rabbit.

At last he thought of a way.

"There is only the one spring in the forest," he said to the Jaguar, "and it is

here that all the animals must come for a drink. Let us stay here until the Rabbit comes, and then teach him a few things."

The Jaguar was willing to watch with the Lion. All night long they waited, but no Rabbit came. At daybreak they asked their friends to watch while they ate and slept.

So day and night they or their friends watched the spring, and the Rabbit did not dare to go near it.

He was very thirsty indeed, and at last he said to himself, "I must either die of thirst here, or go to that spring for a drink."

Just then a man passed, with a big jar on his head.



"A MAN PASSED WITH A BIG JAR ON HIS HEAD."

"There may be water in that jar," thought the Rabbit. "I 'll see if I can get it."

He ran ahead of the man and lay down in the road, keeping perfectly still.

When the man came to the Rabbit, he said, "Hello! here is a dead Rabbit!" and he pushed the Rabbit out of the road and went on.

When the man had gone, the Rabbit jumped up and did the same thing again.

"Why! here is another dead Rabbit!" cried the man, and he pushed the Rabbit aside as he had done before.

Three times the Rabbit lay in the man's path, and then the man said, "I 'll just put my jar down and go back after those other two dead Rabbits, and then take all three home with me."

As soon as the man was out of sight, the Rabbit jumped up and put his head into the jar for a drink.

But it was not a jar of water, it was a jar of molasses.

He tipped the jar over, and as the molasses ran out on the road the Rabbit rolled himself in it.

Then he rolled himself in the dry leaves by the roadside; again in the molasses, and again in the dry leaves, until he had a thick coat.

"Now," said he, "I will go boldly to the spring."

The Jaguar and the Lion had never seen such a strange-looking beast.

They ran away as fast as they could go.

The Rabbit drank and drank, and then he ran to the top of the hill to look for the Lion and the Jaguar.

"O you good-for-nothings!" he cried, "you can't catch anybody!"

NURSERY NUTS

BY HARRIET STREET DOWNES

It seems the hardest thing to do,
To pick up toys when play is through,
Unless you make believe, like me,
You 're under a big chestnut-tree.

When Bob the paper-boy comes 'round,
And tea-things make a tinkly sound,
A big, big basket Mother brings,
And "Hunt for nuts!" she gaily sings.

The biggest nut, my polar-bear,
Lies hidden by the baby's chair;
My marbles and my jack-stones brown
Are heaps of nuts just tumbled down.

We play there 'll be a chestnut-roast,
And each must scramble to get most;
But when the basket 's full, you see,
The nursery 's tidy as can be.



THE LETTER-BOX

HAMILTON, MD.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been my constant companion for nine weeks, for I am confined to my bed, although I am now convalescing. I have solved many of the puzzles and re-read many of the stories in my old numbers.

My favorite stories are, "The Boarded-up House," "The Boys' Life of Mark Twain," and "The Sapphire Signet." I am very fond of reading THE LETTER-BOX and the stories other boys and girls write.

Your grateful reader,

ANNA BURGESS (age 14).

ATLANTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our family has been taking you ever since 1880, and I have grown to love you just as my mother did—and still does. One of my chief delights is to look over the old bound volumes which we have. Among the more modern ones I have decided that Ralph Henry Barbour is my favorite author. Though a girl, I love Mr. Barbour's stories of boys' schools and the fun that the boys have in the summer. My favorite stories are, "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Harry's Island," and "Captain Chub," though I think "The New Boy at Hilltop" is very interesting. I have a brother who is almost exactly like *Chub* and one not unlike *Roy*.

Hoping that you will have a long life, and that you will stay in our family, I am

Your interested reader,

JANET MILLIS (age 13).

CASCADE LOCKS, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My beautiful gold badge came this morning, and I am more pleased and happy than I know how to tell you. I don't suppose the LEAGUE editor realized when, a short time ago, he awarded the badge, how much happiness would come to its winner. He could n't, because giving gold badges is an ordinary event for him, I suppose—but oh, for the winner, it 's anything but an ordinary event! It is something to look forward to with longing doubt—and to look back on with joy not unmixed with astonishment. My badge means so very much to me; for I have worked for it ever since I was nine years old. I 'm sure that other gold-badge winners will think, "There! I know just how she feels and what she 's trying to say."

A short time ago I was turning over the pages of a certain periodical, and came to the section headed "Current Poetry." As I glanced over the titles of the poems, I came to the name of a writer that seemed somehow strangely familiar to me. "Stephen Vincent Benét," I thought; "now where have I seen that name before?" Suddenly it dawned upon me—the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, of course! I was pleased to think I had something in common with a "real live" poet; and if it pleased him to see his poem published in a "grown-up" magazine, I don't believe it pleased him half as much as when he found his name on the LEAGUE pages—and under it the magical words *"Gold Badge."* It is, no doubt, a common occurrence for the LEAGUE editor to find on the pages of current magazines names that are familiar to him in the same way; and though it 's the first time I have happened to do so, I watch, now, for the names of those I feel, in a way, that I know.

ST. NICHOLAS was the patron saint of the Dutch children—and I think his namesake is the patron saint of a great many American girls and boys, who have worked together in the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, and, spurred on by numerous well-deserved disappointments (I am very sure it was so in my case, at least), have won.

I shall keep my gold and silver badges always. They are very pretty, but I care more for their *meaning* than their mere prettiness.

I am always your *most* interested reader,

JESSIE MARILLA THOMPSON (age 14).

(And I don't doubt that several million young people, all over the world, would be very ready to dispute my right to make the above assertion!)

DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My two little sisters and I have found a new use for ST. NICHOLAS. We have a friend in England who is very much interested in helping the helpless soldiers, and she has written some very nice books that we like very much.

She is having these books published to sell to little girls and boys all over the world, and giving the money to help the soldiers. We thought how much we would like to tell other girls and boys about these soldiers, and how these books could be sold to help the soldiers, and also please little girls and boys who read the books, so we persuaded our father to put an advertisement in ST. NICHOLAS.

We know that if other girls and boys are as much interested in ST. NICHOLAS as we are, they will surely see that advertisement and read it and send for the books.

Father is a business man, and he says that he thinks this advertisement in ST. NICHOLAS is going to do a lot of good, and we are so glad we can thank our dear ST. NICHOLAS for giving us this chance to help other people.

Yours sincerely,

JESSIE, BETTY, AND EDITH MOORE (age 10, 8, and 6).

THE WIND

LAST night I lay awake,
And heard the wind go by,
Rippling the waters on the lake.
And I wondered who was that guy
Who blew so strong on this old blowy night.

On his trumpet he gave a blast
As he flew past,
Dashing through the lanes,
Tapping on the window-panes,
On this old blowy night.

O wind that bloweth all night long,
Come to me, and sing me a song.
Come over the plain, come over the hill,
Come over and turn our old windmill
On this old blowy night.

And when the day came,
The wind became tame.
Not a sound could be heard
But the twittering of a bird
From that old blowy night.

WILLIAM LYNE WILSON (age 9).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

ZIGZAG. Dictionary. Cross-words: 1. Band. 2. Rail. 3. Scar. 4. Text. 5. Riot. 6. Cool. 7. Earn. 8. Beam. 9. Prow. 10. Yawl.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Wallace, Kipling. Cross-words: 1. Wedlock. 2. Javelin. 3. Relapse. 4. Prelude. 5. Brigand. 6. Enforce. 7. Gazette.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Third row, Robert; fourth row, Morris. Cross-words: 1. Farmer. 2. Groove. 3. Debris. 4. Amerce. 5. Tariff. 6. Outset.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Feast. 2. Elder. 3. Adore. 4. Serfs. 5. Tress. II. 1. Float. 2. Leave. 3. Oaken. 4. Avert. 5. Tents. III. 1. Slant. 2. Lower. 3. Aware. 4. Nerve. 5. Trees. IV. 1. Await. 2. Waste. 3. Aster. 4. Items. 5. Terse. V. 1. Stale. 2. Talon. 3. Allot. 4. Loose. 5. Enter.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. E. 2. Ore. 3. Erect. 4. Eclat. 5. Taper. 6. Tenet. 7. Regal. 8. Tales. 9. Leaks. 10. Skate. 11. State. 12. Ether. 13. Eerie. 14. Rigid. 15. Eider. 16. Deter. 17. Redan. 18. Raven. 19. Negus. 20. Nun. 21. S.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

COMBINATION PUZZLE. Primals, Dragon; diagonals, Denver. Cross-words: 1. Danger. 2. Reduce. 3. Annual. 4. Gravel. 5. Oyster. 6. Nectar.

A DROP-LETTER PUZZLE. Pumpkins and fun. 1. Co-p-al. 2. Ho-u-se. 3. Ho-m-es. 4. Pi-p-es. 5. Li-k-ed. 6. Pa-i-nt. 7. Po-n-ds. 8. Ha-s-te. 9. He-a-rd. 10. Do-n-or. 11. Pe-d-al. 12. Ra-f-ts. 13. Po-u-nd. 14. La-n-ce.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Christmas; finals, Hallowe'en. Cross-words: 1. Church. 2. Havana. 3. Rascal. 4. Israel. 5. Studio. 6. Tallow. 7. Mantle. 8. Accuse. 9. Season.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Paris, 21, 30, 22, 29, 37. Portia, 36, 27, 34, 26, 17, 18. Polonius, 25, 33, 42, 41, 49, 58, 57, 50. Puck, 51, 44, 35, 43. Petruchio, 52, 59, 60, 53, 62, 61, 54, 45, 46. Pericles, 55, 64, 63, 56, 48, 47, 38, 39. Polixenes, 32, 40, 31, 23, 16, 24, 15, 8, 7. Perdita, 14, 6, 5, 12, 13, 20, 28. Protheus, 19, 11, 4, 3, 10, 2, 9, 1.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 24 from Betty Lowe—Elise Ludlam—Jean C. Roy—Helen L. Young—Frances Knoche Marlatt—Alice Knoche Cobb—Claire A. Hepner—"Rettop"—Marion E. Maclean.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 24 from Mary Gerould, 10—Audrey B. Gates, 10—Helena Van de Carr, 10—Gertrude M. Van Horne, 10—Marshall A. Best, 10—Helen G. Barnard, 10—Alice Poulin, 10—Ethel J. Earle, 10—Elsie B. Jones, 10—Orrin G. Judd, 10—Florence King Palmer, 10—George Forman Goodyear, 10—A. Eugene Griffin, Jr., 9—Nancy Hough, 9—Roberta Taylor, 9—Donald V. Weaver, 9—Helen Adda Vance, 9—Morton Milsner, 9—John S. Littell, 8—Florence Helwig, 8—Elizabeth Rolfe, 8—Jane Quackenbush, 6—Sara M. MacCloskey, 6—Millard Lewis, 6—Gwenfread E. Allen, 6—Joy Paine, 5—Eunice Jackson, 5—Anna S. Larner, 3—Whitney Ashbridge, 3—Louise Keener, 3—John S. Murphy, 3—Lillian Conn, 3—C. H. Bennett, 2—C. Malburn, 2—M. C. Hamilton, 2—L. Curran, 2—H. F. Eddy, 2—J. G. Johnson, 1—K. Kridel, 1—K. Waddell, 1—L. Grossmann, 1—M. Schmidt, 1—M. V. Patterson, 1—J. W. Patterson, 3d, 1—D. S. Fuld, 1—D. Butler, 1—F. Morrow, 1—P. Little, 1—F. Palmer, 1—H. S. Aldrich, 1—M. Donnan, 1—M. D. Morgan, 1—C. Davis, 1—E. R. Stabler, 1—E. Wilson, 1—E. Worcester, 1—H. E. Beckley, 1—J. B. Wattles, 1—C. L. Meinecke, 1.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell a word often heard nowadays.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Nine times repeated. 2. An oak gall. 3. Full of vapor. 4. A celebrated building in Spain, some miles northwest of Madrid. 5. Neither very good nor very bad. 6. To shake or flourish. 7. A poem by John Keats. 8. The act of turning on an axis.

ELSA BADGER (age 13), *League Member.*

WORD-SQUARE

1. To obliterate. 2. A bird. 3. To turn aside. 4. To minister to. 5. To penetrate.

CARROLL WINROD (age 12), *League Member.*

TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose a fruit, and make to gather. Answer: pear, reap.

1. Transpose to melt, and make an exclamation. 2. Transpose a piece of money, and make an image. 3. Transpose to cease progress, and make a thin strip of wood. 4. Transpose a little valley, and make to load. 5. Transpose a tiny particle, and make a paragraph. 6. Transpose part of the hand, and make the indigo dye. 7. Transpose culmination, and make an emblem of authority. 8. Transpose seizes suddenly, and make forbids. 9. Transpose a sidelong glance, and make to stagger. 10. Transpose shy, and make twisted to one side. 11. Transpose to wait upon, and make a depression. 12. Transpose a savage animal, and make to glide along smoothly. 13. Transpose a Mexican servant, and make to disclose. 14. Transpose dreadful, and make to be borne in a carriage. 15. Transpose forty square rods, and make an entranceway.

When the foregoing transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the fifteen new words will spell the name of one of the "Pilgrim Fathers."

E. CUSTIS BENNETT (age 15), *League Member.*

DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous character.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Fireside. 2. A flag. 3. A carpenter's tool. 4. Dragged. 5. A cereal or forage grass. 6. A floor covering.

ELEANOR S. CARSE (age 9), *League Member.*

CENTRAL ACROSTIC



THIS differs from the ordinary central acrostic in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. When the eight objects are rightly guessed and their names written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a battle fought in November, some sixty years ago.

HEXAGON

* * * * * * * *
. . . . . .
* * * * * * * * * *
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

READING DOWNWARD: 1. In apple. 2. A globe. 3. Each. 4. Endures. 5. Sends forth. 6. Useful in playing golf. 7. Tendency. 8. Interior. 9. An aquatic carnivorous animal. 10. To whinny. 11. A sack. 12. In apple.

The two long words (represented by stars) are often heard nowadays.

J. H. BARRETT (age 15), *League Member.*

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of sixty letters, and form a November quotation from J. G. Holland.

My 26–47–45–24–7 is artless. My 13–4–38–9–2–58 is keen. My 41–17–11–14–39 is a pronoun. My 54–35–25–10–53 is to coil. My 15–42–3–19–36 is to glow. My 32–56–51–29–37 is to lift up. My 46–28–50–5–44–57 is skilfully. My 34–55–59–22–27–48 is rugged. My 40–6–1–60–20 is to neglect duty. My 16–49–18–21–31 is to brown over a fire. My 8–30–12–23–43–52–33 is part of a leaf.

"CHUMS."

DOUBLE TRANSPOSITIONS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Transpose a covering for the face and make wicked; again, and make base. Answer: veil, evil, vile.

1. Transpose beloved and make to peruse; again, and make to defy. 2. Transpose to snatch and make to boast; again, and make clothing. 3. Transpose to gather and make to peel; again, and make a fruit. 4. Transpose an article of clothing and make another article of clothing; again, and make implements used by farmers. 5. Transpose worry and make a contest; again, and make a measure of land. 6. Transpose a heavenly body and make certain rodents; again, and make artifices. 7. Transpose to miss and make a fish; again, and make the fruit of the blackthorn. 8. Transpose age and make a minute object; again, and make to send forth. 9. Transpose a certain fruit and make a measure of length; again, and make a masculine name. 10. Transpose to hoard and make an ornamental object; again, and make the class vertebrata that includes the birds. 11. Transpose a catalogue and make a narrow opening; again, and make fine earth deposited from water. 12. Transpose the head and make combustible turf; again, and make a narrow, woven fabric. 13. Transpose to listen and make a swift animal; again, and make a large South American bird. 14 Transpose to twirl and make pinches; again, and make fastens.

DOROTHY ROSE OPPENHEIM (age 12).

DIAMOND

1. IN capable. 2. To imitate. 3. A fruit. 4. A large deer. 5. In capable.

A MARTIAL ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

39	36	13	2	22	38	·	30
11	26	31	·	41	4	16	6
32	9	·	50	18	·	45	21
29	·	3	42	44	10	7	·
·	49	19	·	5	34	24	28
17	·	52	25	15	·	35	48
·	23	27	12	47	43	20	33
1	51	8	·	37	14	46	40

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A place besieged by the Athenians under Nicias in 413 B.C. 2. A famous battle fought in 490 B.C. between Greeks and Persians. 3. A famous battle fought in New Jersey in 1778. 4. A battle fought in 1066. 5. A battle fought in France in 1214. 6. A battle won by Frederick the Great in 1757. 7. The battle at which Burgoyne surrendered. 8. A famous victory won in Belgium.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, the diagonals, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name of a naval battle fought in the Spanish-American War. The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 10 will spell one of our national heroes; from 11 to 21, a famous English general and statesman; from 22 to 27, a famous Roman general; from 28 to 34, a famous American general; from 35 to 39, the founder of the Persian empire; from 40 to 43, an unfortunate king of Bavaria; from 44 to 46, a noted Japanese statesman; from 47 to 52, a famous American general.

SAUL BOROCK (age 13).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



We want you to know this—

For your sake as well as ours we want you to realize that ***business necessity*** no less than honest principle impels us to make ***Campbell's Soups*** as good as they can be made; and to make them ***good every time.***

Of course we take pride in maintaining the quality of our product. But beside this our business existence depends on our doing so.

You have this double guarantee with ***every can*** of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

You know beyond question before you open it that it will be pure, wholesome and delicious. No better materials could be found. You couldn't select and prepare and blend them more carefully than we do if you were making soup for a delicate child whose appetite you wanted to coax in the most tempting way.

Through years of earnest, honest and successful effort we have built up a reputation and a business which ***must be protected.***

Many people are surprised to find that they never grow tired of ***Campbell's Tomato Soup.*** They wonder why it is always so tasty and refreshing, always so nourishing.

The secret is its pure, wholesome, ***natural*** flavor and quality, ***constantly guarded and maintained.***



21 kinds **10c a can**

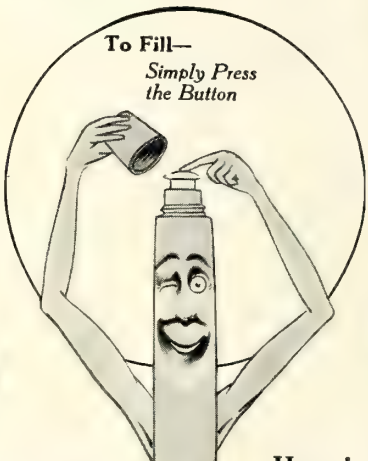
Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Santa Claus Suggests
Parker Safety-Sealed Fountain Pens



No. 14 — Sterling Silver. Price $5.00. Name plate for engraving monogram or initials, 18 Karat.—same, $6.00. Fitted with ring for chain attachment. Exclusive design. An especially appropriate gift. Handsome case with each pen.





No. 70 — Collapsible. Price $12.50. Unique Beautiful. Both cap and barrel covered with 18 Karat Gold Plate. Monogram engraved on end of cap looks stunning.

For Christmas—What better gift than a Parker Safety-Sealed Self-Filler—the highest developed fountain pen in the world.

For the business man or woman, the student, scholar, traveler—for the boys at the front and abroad—for Milady's desk or purse—there is no gift more appropriate or personal.

During every day of the year and for many years to come it will be a continual reminder of your thoughtfulness and good judgment. You, yourself, will like this pen as you like your best friend.

See your nearest Parker Dealer. Write us for free catalog.

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
SAFETY-SEALED
SELF-FILLER

Here is the only pen in the world with no holes in the wall from which ink can escape to soil hands, clothing, fine linens, ladies' dainty dresses and purses. Carried in any position—flat, upside down—it cannot leak—it is **Safety-Sealed.**

In case of accident to filling mechanism it automatically changes from a self-filler to a non-self-filler.

Fills itself in two seconds by merely pressing a button which, in itself, is **Safety-Sealed.**

PARKER PEN CO.
182 Mill Street
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Monograms Engraved in Colors

Initials or monograms on the fountain, either mounted or plain barrel, add much to the distinctiveness of the gift. Almost any jeweler in your city can do this.

In Attractive Gift Boxes Radiating the Holiday Spirit

Parker Dealers are making a special holiday display of the latest Parker Fountain Pens in dainty Christmas boxes. All sizes and models, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00, and $5.00. Write us for free catalog.



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Playtime—after school and winter evenings—is packed full of royal sport for thousands of boys who have these scientific Brunswick Carom or Pocket Billiard Tables in their homes. Our plan lets you play as you pay—*as little as 10 cents a day!*

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For life, speed and accuracy of angle Brunswick Tables excel all others in the world. Some styles can be set up anywhere and taken down quickly after play. Made of beautiful oak and mahogany, patented construction that lasts a lifetime—sizes to fit all homes.

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On Time Around the World



NEW YORK PARIS

THE sun's a lantern for the earth, which turns upon its way,
and on the part the sun shines on we have the light of day.
But far around the other side, the sun can't shed its light
so that's where very distant lands are fast asleep at NIGHT. When in NEW YORK it's 12 at noon in PARIS you can see it's 5 P.M. and little folks are sitting down to tea. At PETROGRAD it's 7 o'clock for little sleepy head.





SAN FRANCISCO PETROGRAD

In BOMBAY it is 10 at night when grown-ups go to bed.
In CANTON, chin-chin China Land, it's 1 at night I know.
In SAN FRANCISCO, 9 A.M. as off to school we go. How nice
it is to have the SUN make all the NIGHTS and DAYS
so all of us may spend our TIME in different sorts of ways. And it is very wonderful, my INGERSOLL can keep the best of TIME all 'round the world and never rest nor sleep.





CANTON BOMBAY

EVERY KIND FOR EVERY ONE

THERE are INGERSOLLS big and INGERSOLLS small There are INGERSOLL WATCHES for one and for all They fit every pocket and fit every purse They're partners worth keeping "for better or worse" There are INGERSOLL WATCHES for desk and for table all well-regulated and most reli*able* There's the INGERSOLL wonder that shines in the night with its time-telling dial of "Ra-di-o-lite" There are INGERSOLL WATCHES to wear on the wrist which pocketless persons find hard to resist Yes, *manly men* wear them who *fight* in the trenches and sky-scraper workers and men at their benches There are TWELVE different sizes, and TWELVE different kinds for all sorts of persons, and pockets, and minds.

PARTICULAR WATCHES FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE

Radiolite, $2.00; Radiolite Two-in-One, for pocket or to stand on the bureau at night, $2.25; "Radiolite" Strap Watch, to wear on the wrist, $4.00. "Radiolite" Waterbury, $3.00; all with the glowing hands and figures. Two jeweled plain dial watches—Ingersoll Reliance, $3.00; and Ingersoll Waterbury, $3.00

An interesting catalog describing INGERSOLLS mailed free on request. Write for it; and see the actual watches at your dealer's. If he is out of any models, they will be sent to you prepaid on receipt of price.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City

The above page is reprinted by courtesy of JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK (a magazine for little children)



Dad Will Like Structo, Too

Fathers can't resist the fascination of Structo. Because it does the real things that big men do in real life. It is not a toy. It is a miniature of the mechanical world, for boys. They make working models—engines, battleships, bridges, skyscrapers, pile drivers, clocks, steam shovels, elevators—just like famous engineers and inventors make, then they hook on the motor and they run. That brings dad on the floor with son. He can't help wanting to try to see what he can make, to see whether he cannot beat son with his models. You have great fun together with your Structo. And you both learn a lot.

Makes Men of Boys **STRUCTO** **Makes Boys of Men**

Make a Million Models

The Structo book shows a wonderful assortment of models for you to make. But they are just hints. There are a million combinations afterward. Turn your imagination loose. You find so many parts in Structo—such a great assortment of shapes and sizes, gear wheels, shaft pulleys, sprockets, that you can make nearly everything you can think of. That is where the fun comes in, and the instruction. You may find out that you are a great inventor, or a great engineer, or a great architect. All these parts are real steel—bright, heavy, cold-rolled steel that will not break or rust.

Gear Wheel Free



See the big, strong, deep-cut teeth in Structo gear wheels shown at left and note the small teeth in the little wheel. The best way is to send for the gear itself. It's free to you if you mention this paper and date of issue. Be sure to do this, as no gear wheels will be sent if you don't. This is *important*. Offer good 30 days only. Structo gear wheels are accurate, scientific, have perfect play. They are key-seated on shafts. All Structo parts made from cold rolled steel, stiff, sturdy and shiny. They are rust-proof.



Powerful Electric Motor Free



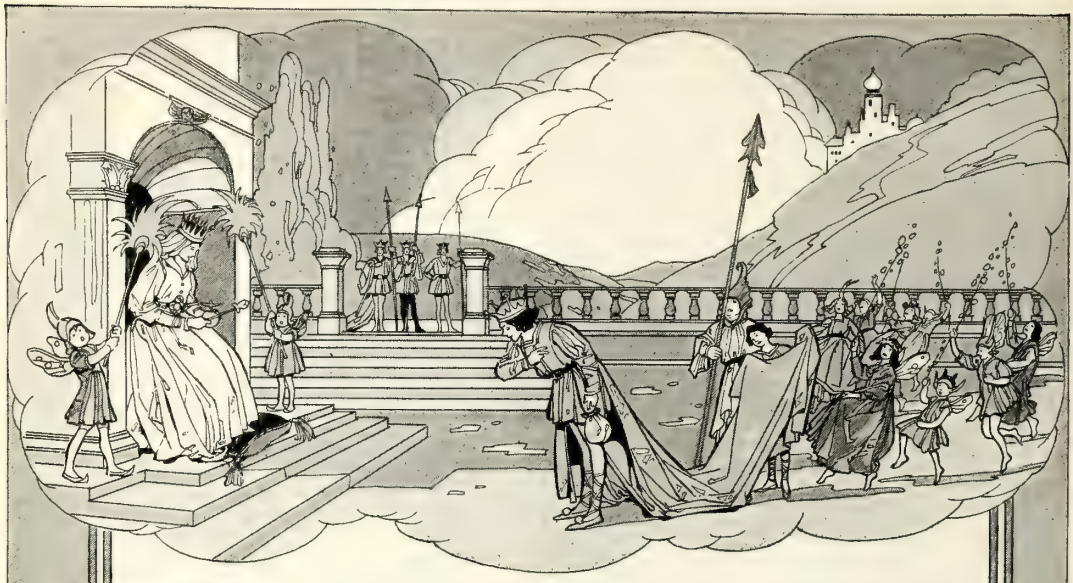
Réversible electric motor, more powerful, better than others, goes free with Outfits Nos. 4, 5, 6 and Accessory Outfit No. 3A. Equipped with standard Structo shafting and interchangeable gears. Speed and power may be varied. Structo models run by this motor teach laws of physical force and engineering principles.

The New Girder

The new Structo girder is supplied only in Structo, which helps your boy make structures strong enough to carry him. He can make T-beams, channel-beams, Z-beams, exactly like those used in skyscrapers and bridges. And he can *make* skyscrapers and bridges. This girder adds many new possibilities to Structo, not found in any other similar toy.

Dealers: Structo is the big success in this line. Boys crazy about it. Parents prefer it. Our new girder, and wonderful free gear we are sending out, will create a big demand for Structo. Write at once for full proposition.

STRUCTO MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 109 Freeport, Ill.



THE RIDDLE *of the* Good Dragon *and the* White Mice

There was once a Princess so wise and beautiful that many Princes came from many Kingdoms to win her hand. In order to choose a husband, the beautiful Princess agreed to marry the first Prince who could ask her a Riddle she could not answer.

Prince Charming, therefore, came before her and said: "O, Princess, a certain family of beautiful White Mice lived in mortal terror of an unseen Enemy. They never saw the Enemy—never could see the Enemy—yet, they knew the Enemy was always waiting to destroy them. Finally, a Good Dragon came to live near them and whenever he crawled out of his Cave he had only to touch the White Mice and the Enemy would flee in terror. Can you explain my riddle?"

EASILY," said the Princess. "The beautiful White Mice were a child's teeth. The unseen enemies were the decay-germs waiting to attack. While the good dragon who crawled out of his cave and always came to the rescue was no other than a ribbon of Colg . ." and here the Princess suddenly burst into laughter because the answer was so apparent.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream was of course the answer—the delicious dentifrice that cleans the teeth so safely and so well. Get a "good dragon" today for your "little white mice."

Sold everywhere—or a trial tube sent for 4c in stamps

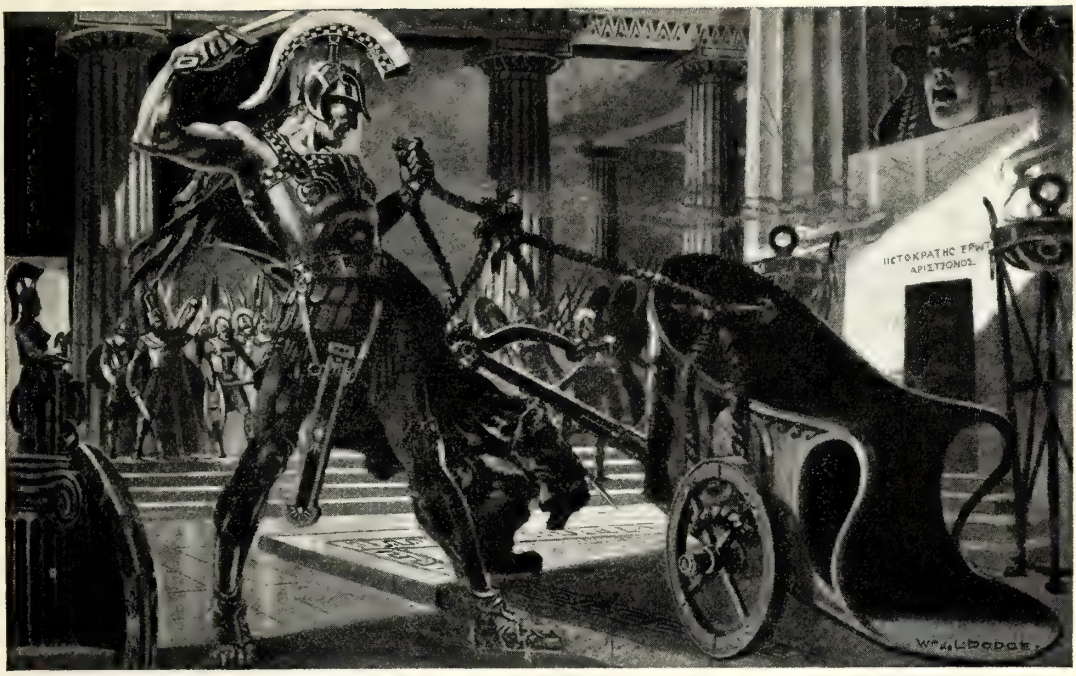
COLGATE & CO. *Dept. 60* 199 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined. A new size at 10c a cake.



COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
TRADE MARK





Doing "the Impossible"

The Gordian knot is the ages-old symbol of the seemingly impossible. Alexander the Great gave it a place in legendary history when, unable to untie it, he cut it in twain with his sword.

This famous incident of antiquity has its modern counterpart in the real work of the men whose vision and unrestricted initiative brought forth the great Bell System.

In the development of the telephone, one Gordian knot after another has been met with. Yet each new obstacle yielded to the enterprise of the telephone pioneers. Every difficulty was handled with a will and a courage which knew not failure.

Man's words have been given wings and carried wherever his will directs. Electrical handicaps have been overcome one by one.

The feeble current of telephone speech has had a way hewn for its passage through all physical impediments, until the entire country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is within hearing of a child's faint cry.

This record of the Bell System for past achievements is an earnest of future accomplishment. New problems are being met with the same indomitable spirit, which guarantees a more comprehensive as well as a more perfect service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Betty's Christmas Gift —and Yours, too!



I. W. Lyon & Sons, Incorporated
ESTABLISHED IN 1866
DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER | DR. LYON'S PERFECT DENTAL CREAM
520 WEST 27TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

To the Readers of ST. NICHOLAS

Betty's letter told you last month how she had made some of her young friends happy. You remember that she showed them how to obtain present enjoyment and future profit by using Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

The contents of the little box (pictured in miniature below) will please anyone whether they are 5 years old or 85. Inside the real box are *three* useful articles: first, a full-sized package of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder (or Dental Cream, if you prefer); second, a high quality of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Brush with imported bristles; and third, a Tooth Brush Holder.





The upper box contains Tooth Powder; the lower, Dental Cream. When you write, tell which you want.

The contents of this box would cost 60 cents if bought separately, but because it is Christmas-time and because we want to have a share in your Christmas happiness, we will send you one at a cost of only 35 cents. But the little coupon *must* be used, since the offer is limited to ST. NICHOLAS' own family. Send 35 cents to-day for your Christmas box; 70 cents for two. (No family can have more than two, because the supply is limited.)

I. W. LYON & SONS, INC.
520 West 27th Street, New York City



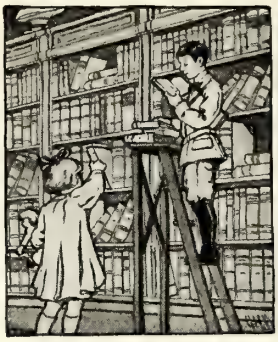
COUPON
I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.

Please send me { one / two } Christmas { box / boxes } containing tooth brush, holder and { Tooth Powder / Dental Cream } (state which), for which I enclose { 35 cents / 70 cents }

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY ..... STATE .....



THE BOOK MAN

A BOOK has just appeared which, although it has not been classified as a "juvenile," will certainly interest boys and girls quite as much as their elders: "The Camera Man," by Francis Arnold Collins. Mr. Collins has been interested in photography ever since he was a boy himself. When he was ten years old he designed and constructed a crude camera, fitting it with a pin-hole lens, and with this he took some surprisingly good pictures. Later, when he began his work as a reporter on the New York "Evening Sun," he used a small hand camera to illustrate his stories, and he was, if not the first, at least one of the first news men to use the camera for this purpose. This interest in camera work led him into a wide study of photography and the opportunities for interesting adventure it opens out to the camera man, a study the results of which he has recorded in his new book.

For almost every side of life is touched in some way by the photographer's art. It has played, for instance, almost a major part in the great war, and the official camera men of the European armies are considered quite as important and have to face quite as grave risks as the most heroic fighting men. One of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Collins's book is the one that deals with "aëroplane photography," showing how the photographers cross the enemy's lines and snapshot their positions from above, by means of specially constructed lenses, doing in a far more efficient way the work that ordinary scouts used to do when war was less complex than it is now. A number of thrilling chapters deal with the work of the "movie" men in the war, and the great services which they have performed for our government in the recent Mexican disturbances. But naturally "The Camera Man" does not deal only with adventures beyond the scope of the ordinary boy. By describing the work photographers do at sea, in science, in commerce, in color work, it offers innumerable suggestions by which any amateur can extend his camera experience almost indefinitely. The book also includes a short history of the cam-



To the Game in No Time

That's what a boy likes—to keep pace with the wind.

The real red-blooded boys, the out-of-door boys, find this the ideal bicycle month.

Let the wind blow and the air grow chill! With properly equipped bicycles they feel like young giants.

And boys know that a properly equipped bicycle must have the

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE



The Brake that Brought the Bike Back.

It doubles the pleasure of cycling and halves the pedalling—it gives the rider positive control—stops the wheel in its own length.

The steepest hill can be coasted down with safety and ease—you really ride all day, but coast only half way.

Free to live boys! A gold plated "Joy Boy" stick pin if you will give us the name of your nearest bicycle dealer.

The New Departure Mfg. Co.
105 Main St., Bristol, Conn.



Who Suffers More?

THAT little scratch to which you pay no attention will probably heal itself. But once every few times the other thing happens; blood poison sets in and causes pain, sometimes the loss of an arm or leg.

When Dioxogen will prevent this infection is it fair to take chances—fair to your child or yourself?

Dioxogen

is the family safeguard—pure, harmless, thorough—no acetanilid or other poison. Have it always in your home.



Write for a sample

Oakland Chemical Company

10 Astor Place, N. Y.

THE BOOK MAN—Continued

era, and two or three technical chapters that will be of the greatest assistance to any one who has already formed an interest in this fascinating pastime.

"The Camera Man" is not the only book in which Mr. Collins has opened up for young readers the delightful possibilities of applied science. In his earlier work, "The Wireless Man," he described the romance of wireless telegraphy and its marvelous achievements, telling a hundred and one good stories of wireless adventure on sea and land. Mr. Collins says that there are a hundred thousand American boys to-day who operate their own wireless stations, and every one of these boys will find himself introduced in "The Wireless Man" to a whole range of characters new to romance—the wireless doctor, soldier, sailor—and carried rapidly through their adventures. One of the stories Mr. Collins tells is of a surgical operation performed by means of the wireless, and this is only typical of the thrilling possibilities this invention has opened up to the ingenious twentieth-century mind. Another, which will appeal to all boys, is the long-distance club meeting, conducted by a group of members not too far apart for easy communication.

Mr. Collins won his first reputation as a writer in the field of practical science by his two "Boys' Books of Model Aëroplanes." During a considerable period he spent most of his leisure time in attending model aëroplane meets and in working over aëroplane models in company with his own twelve-year-old son, an experience that led him to write these books for the rapidly increasing number of American boys who are not only interested in air-ships and aëronautics but are really doing their share in the development of the sport.

The best of it is that any boy can build a model of one of the famous aëroplanes with materials costing only a few pennies, which will actually fly high and far; and a race between model aëroplanes is perhaps the greatest boys' sport in the world. "The Boys' Book of Model Aëroplanes" and its successor tell, simply, practically, helpfully, and with many illustrations and diagrams, all about how to build aëroplane models and how to fly them, and relate the story of the evolution of the flying-machine. "Junior Aëronauts," says Mr. Collins, "are not merely imitators. Thousands of different models have been designed and put to actual test. This army of inventors, ranging in age from twelve to eighteen years, some of whom will be the aviators of the future, cannot fail to do good service, as time goes on in the actual conquest of the air."

The Book Man

What makes this little girl so happy?

That 's an easy question to answer. Once you 've looked at the picture, you see that she has her own sewing machine (just her size) and is busily engaged in furnishing something new for Dolly, who sits up in her chair as big as life and notes with evident pleasure that everything is being done to the Queen's taste. We think every little girl would like one of these real sewing machines for Christmas in order to sew useful and beautiful things and at the same time have great good fun.



NOT A TOY



TO FIND OUT ALL ABOUT IT

look for the man who sells Singer Sewing Machines in your town or write a short note to the Singer Company and they will tell you where you can go to look at it.

A PRACTICAL AND GENUINE

SINGER

SEWING MACHINE

is model No. 20, whose picture is at your left. It is not a toy. In fact, many grown-ups use one constantly.

The Singer 20 is a single thread sewing machine making an elastic chain stitch that does not unravel, if the seam is locked as directed.

It has no shuttle and no bobbins to be wound. There is no troublesome tension to be adjusted, either.

You see it is so simple that before you know it you will be surprising yourself and your friends with the wonderful things you make.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.
396 Fifth Avenue - - New York City
Also at Singer Shops in Every City in the World



A hundred thousand children give
Their thanks on this fair day—
For Necco Sweets so good, so pure,
Have shown the better way.

The better way to buy candy is to look for the Necco Seal. Then you'll get a whole bagful of joy. You just can't help liking Necco Lemon Drops, Fruit Drops, Hoarhound Drops, Sweethearts, Boston Baked Beans, Necco and Hub Wafers. They've got every flavor that pleases your sweet tooth. There are nine different offerings in Necco and Hub Wafers.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.

THINGS TO EAT

A GOOD cook must be a versatile person, because many sciences and arts enter into cooking. There is chemistry, which tells the nature of the ingredients used in cooking, and what takes place when they are combined. There is dietetics, the science of food values, which tells you how much nourishment is in each kind of food. There is business sense, which tells how to make things go farthest. There is artistic sense, which makes prepared dishes *look* appetizing. And there is metallurgy, which is the science of metals. What have metals to do with cooking? No sooner is the question asked than it is answered, for you remember at once that cooking utensils are made of tin, iron, copper, aluminum, etc. Do you know what metal or composition is best adapted for a particular use? Aluminum is a fine "conductor," second best of all the metals, copper being first. So it conducts heat rapidly, and, what is more important, evenly, throughout the kettle or pan. The result is that things do not scorch easily in such utensils. This makes aluminum excellent for baking. It is good for roasting, too, or for anything that takes a moderate length of time. Enamel ware is used by many people instead of aluminum, but those who prefer aluminum say that enamel ware must be handled with greater care to avoid chipping. A new ware, used for things that must cook a long time and slowly, is made of heavy glass. "I like it," says a ST. NICHOLAS reader, "because I can watch things cook." Copper is used for pots and kettles. Like aluminum, heat runs through it quickly. Heat runs most slowly through iron and earthenware, and remains longest in utensils made of these materials. That helps to give an even temperature, which is desirable when things are to cook a long, long time. Tin is used for dippers and sifters, and for some baking utensils where a quick and temporary heat is wanted. Glass is probably the most sanitary utensil of them all, for it is not affected at all by acids or alkalies, while aluminum and enamel are somewhat affected by alkalies, and iron and tin are affected by acids. Cooking is really a science, you see, besides being great fun.

* * *

Winter fruits should form a part of every day's menu, for they contain a surprising amount of food value, and they can be served

(*Continued on page 34.*)



Happy Mr. Man.

"What do you say to that, Mr. Man? Made it myself. When you have eaten it you may congratulate yourself on having selected so good a cook to some day become Mrs. Man."

Of course he may—and will—for what she brings is a lovely dish of

JELL-O

and whipped cream. If ordinary things taste like nectar at such a time, just imagine, if you can, how good that Jell-O is.

There is a suggestion here, for there is nothing more satisfactory than Jell-O for serving to your guests on almost any special occasion, as well as at dinner.

If mother is not already making her salads as well as her desserts in the "easy Jell-O way," let us send you for her the new Salad Recipe folder with the new Jell-O Book. She will be delighted with the recipes.

The air-tight waxed-paper Safety Bag, enclosing Jell-O inside the package keeps the flavor at full strength.

There are seven pure fruit Jell-O flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Each **10** cents, at any grocer's or general storekeeper's.



THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.



Few products that come to the table have such a variety of uses and none makes a more positive appeal to the appe ite than

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

It is composed of pure, clean milk and cane sugar —nothing else. A fine, tasty, wholesome food that serves a definite purpose for every member of the family.

Send for Baby Book and Recipe Book

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 **New York**

Eaten on bread, crackers, or toast. Fine on saltines.



"I can wait
for turkey — if I can have

BEECH-NUT
PEANUT BUTTER"

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, New York
Ask your dealer

THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page 32.*)

in such a variety of ways that they are delicious as well as wholesome. You might try a grape-fruit and white-grape salad next time you have some of your friends to lunch. It is so easy to make that you can do it yourself.

Grape-fruit and White-grape Salad

Half as many grape-fruit as you have people to serve.	White grapes. French dressing. Parsley.

Cut the grape-fruit in half, and take the pulp out carefully so as not to break the skins. Separate the pulp from the inside white skin. Use about as many white grapes as will equal the amount of fruit pulp, seed them, and mix with the grape-fruit. Let the mixture stand in French dressing for half an hour in a cool place. Fill the shells with the prepared fruit, and serve on beds of parsley.

To make the French dressing, use half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch each of pepper and paprika, two tablespoonfuls of good vinegar. Mix them until the dry ingredients are dissolved, then add four tablespoonfuls of good olive oil. Stir until they are thoroughly blended and the mixture is smooth. This quantity is enough for four persons.

* * *

Prunes are another fruit rich in food value. They can be prepared in a number of ways so that they will seem quite unlike the ordinary, and sometimes despised, "stewed prunes" which you all know. Have you ever tried them in your breakfast oatmeal? "They make it perfectly delicious," you will say when you taste it. What would you think of a prune salad? Perhaps you think it sounds a little odd. Just try it, and you will change your opinion. Here is the way to make one.

Prune Salad

Put half a pound of prunes in a saucepan, and just cover them with cold water. Let them come to a boil, then stew them slowly until soft. When they are cool, remove the pits and fill the cavity with cream-cheese and finely ground nut-meats. Arrange them on lettuce-leaves, and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

* * *

"When I went to school, we used to buy cocoanuts instead of candy with our spending money," writes a ST. NICHOLAS mother, and perhaps if all the present readers of ST. NICHOLAS knew more about this delicious fruit, they would understand how it could be preferred to other sweets. The cocoanut grows on a species of palm tree in tropical countries, and affords the natives a great part of

(*Continued on page 36.*)



Everybody says "Yes" to Dromedary Dates

When Dromedary Dates are passed around nobody skips—for everybody from the oldest to the youngest loves this sugar-laden fruit from the palms of the far-off "Garden of Eden."

Dromedary Dates

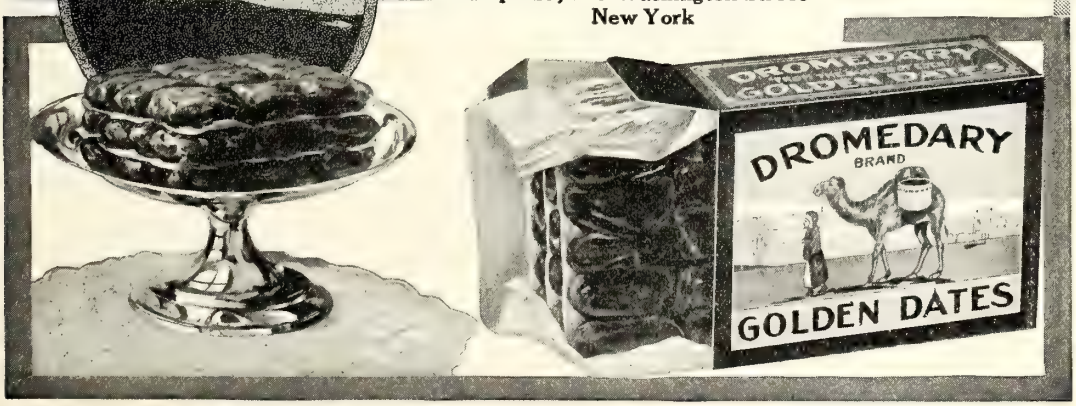
are dates at their very best. Try Dromedary Dates and you will agree they are the choicest, cleanest, and most luscious dates you ever ate. They come only in yellow and brown dust-proof packages. Ask for them by name.

Appetizing as a food—as a confection—as a dainty. Always nourishing and most easily digested, Dromedary Dates belong in your daily menu. Better than candy for children.

Let Us Send You a Trial Package of Delicious
DROMEDARY COCOANUT

Ten cents (stamps or coin) will bring you a "One-Cake" Package, enough for a nice "company cake," and if you send your grocer's name we will include a Dromedary Cookie-Cutter and a Book of Cocoanut Recipes.

THE HILLS BROTHERS CO.
Dept. 29, 375 Washington Street
New York



"Which hand will you take?" asks Mary. "Whichever has Maillard's in it!" answers Bobby, wisely.



This picture is a reproduction of one of our Poster Art Stamps.

GOOD "GOODIES" FOR THE GOOD

Maillard's candies are so good that at first thought you want to eat the whole box at once, but on second thought you decide to eat them slowly and so enjoy them most. ¶ You can't eat much of some candy without saying, "Ouch! I ate too much!" But it's different with Maillard's candies. That is because they are pure and wholesome, and made from recipes that have been improved year after year ever since 1848.

BE WISE—Write today for the little booklet "Maillard's Confections" and Poster Art Stamps, Free—or send the coupon below.

Maillard

ESTABLISHED 1848



PUBLICITY DEPT.
116 West 25th St., New York
Please send me the booklet and Poster Stamps you tell about in St. Nicholas.

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... State .....

THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page 34.*)

their food. When the fruit is young, it contains a milky juice, which is agreeable in taste, and this is used by the natives in their cooking, much as cows' milk is used in this country. If you want a simple dessert, here is one from the mother who prefers cocoanut to candy.

A Cocoanut Dessert

Peel three oranges, slice them crosswise, and sweeten them. Measure out a cupful of shredded cocoanut. Put in the bottom of a glass dish a layer of oranges, sprinkle over them a layer of cocoanut, and repeat until the materials are used up, then pour the juice over the top, and serve.

You can grate the fresh cocoanut if you prefer, but the prepared kind is less expensive and much less trouble.

Ask Mother if some day she will try having a little grated cocoanut stirred into a dish of cranberry jelly which has been sweetened a little more than for ordinary sauce. This makes another very nice dessert.

* * *

The French, noted for their cookery, consider carrots an indispensable article of diet. Besides being attractive in appearance and agreeable to the taste, they are very nutritious. Creamed carrots and carrots in vegetable salad you have probably eaten very often. Have you ever tasted any carrot marmalade? Many people think it is just as good as orange marmalade.

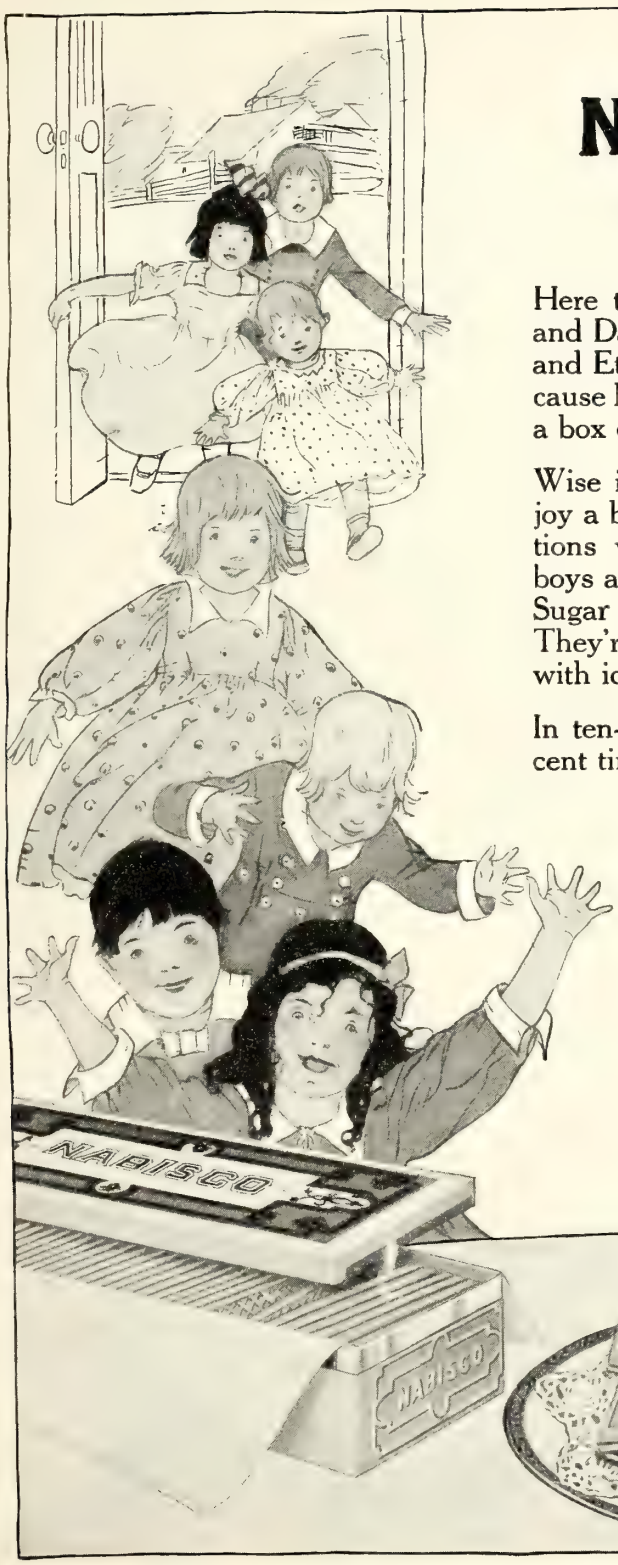
Here is the receipt in case you would like to try it for yourself.

Carrot Marmalade

4 cups of chopped boiled carrots.
2 cups of sugar.
1 level teaspoonful of salt.
½ cup of orange juice.
½ dozen blanched almonds.

You will need about a quart of raw carrots. Wash and scrape them. Put them in boiling water deep enough to a little more than cover them, add the salt, and boil until tender. If you cut them in small pieces they will cook in half an hour. When tender, put them through the food chopper; add the orange juice and boil for fifteen minutes. The almonds are chopped and added last. Put into glasses, and, when cool, cover with parowax.

When you want to give some of your friends a special treat, it will be ready. Then see if they can tell what it is.



NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

Here they come—pell-mell! Nan and Dan and Dickey and Nell, Mary and Ethel and Tommy—and all because Nan said, "Mother has opened a box of Nabisco for us."

Wise is the mother who knows the joy a box of these delightful confections will afford her children, for boys and girls are ready for Nabisco Sugar Wafers any time of day. They're delicious, too, when served with ice creams or fruits.

In ten-cent tins, also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ANOLA—This is another dessert confection beloved by all boys and girls. Chocolate-flavored sugar wafers with the creamiest of chocolate fillings. In ten-cent tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The
Coward Shoe
"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF"



For YOUR Child

The Coward Shoe for children is the proper shoe for Your child to wear. It helps growing feet to be sound and natural and prevents a multitude of foot ills that are usually the result of wearing ill-fitting shoes.

Coward makes a correct shoe for every age of the growing Child.

We will be glad to send you the latest Coward Catalog immediately upon receipt of your request. Why not write today?

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

JAMES S. COWARD

262-274 Greenwich St., New York City
(NEAR WARREN STREET)

Mail Orders Filled

WHAT WE WEAR

HAVE you ever thought how much of the material that goes into all your clothing is provided by your friends the animals? Cotton is one of the few materials in the production of which no animal has any part. When you try to think of the things that are due to them, you will be surprised to realize how much they do for your comfort.

* * *

There are no laws in the United States prohibiting people from wearing clothes not in keeping with their income or the occasion; the fashions are one of the things which Congress has not attempted to control by legislation. But in Spain, even as late as the eighteenth century, a prime minister suddenly left office in disgrace because of an unsuccessful attempt to abolish the fashionable sombrero and capa. Long before that, a king of England ordered his subjects to curb the length of their shoes, but his decree did not work out as he anticipated, for the people immediately introduced shoes of such extreme width that a royal ban was necessary to fix a limit for width as well as length. Queen Elizabeth of England was something of a tyrant, as you probably know. She had laws passed limiting the size of the ruffs a courtier might wear, and the length of his sword. Whoever dared to disobey was not summoned to court, but had his sword and his ruff clipped by the Queen's especially delegated officers wherever the delinquent chanced to be found. This may seem curious to us nowadays, but the same procedure awaits those who, wearing the forbidden aigrettes upon their hats, seek to pass the customs-officers at any United States port. There is a law forbidding the wearing of such feathers, because the egret was in danger of extermination. The law changing the style of trimming hats has made some trouble, but not nearly as much as was caused when the Turkish people were ordered to adopt the red cloth fez in place of their beloved turban. So indignant were the people that they rioted for a time and set fire to the homes of those who favored the change.

* * *

From early times, European nations have prohibited extravagance in dress. When the

(*Continued on page 40.*)

For Quiet Schools

DID YOU EVER HEAR A CAT WALK?

OF course you say "No!" to this question. Cats walk silently. That is why the rubber heels we make are called "Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels." Every school-boy and school-girl ought to wear them because they make the whole school *quiet* so every one can study. "Lessons are soon done—in quiet schools," you know.



The Safe, Sure, Silent Tread for Boys and Girls

A Movement on Foot to Have Quiet Schools Everywhere

Did you know there is a movement on foot to have quiet schools everywhere in all of the 48 states of our country? Most of the noise that really takes one's mind from lessons comes from careless people who go clumping through the halls and school-rooms, striking hard leather heels on hard wood floors.

So boys and girls—and teachers too—are having Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels put on their shoes, so that all may walk quietly without thinking about it.

They are choosing "Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels" because the Foster Friction Plug prevents slipping—makes them wear longer too, and gives you an even, regular, healthful tread; and there are no holes in Cat's Paw heels, so you don't track up the floors.

They are easy to find—and the name is easy to remember.

Lessons are soon done—in *quiet* schools

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street - Boston, Mass.
Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug, which prevents slipping.



CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

Cost no more than the ordinary kind—only 50c., black, white or tan. For men, women and children—all dealers

For Quiet Homes





Give Your Baby a "Cuddledown Set" For Christmas

For Big Brother or Baby Sister—you ought to know all about the "Cuddledown Set," a snuggly Robe, Bootees and a big, soft warm blanket.

In these days of better children Mother knows there's a dozen uses for "Cuddledowns." When it's chilly in the early mornings, the Comfyrobe is a protection and convenience. Just as useful before and after the bath and at bedtime.

Teddy bear or Indian patterns for boys and fascinating pink and blue silk-trimmed for girls. Price $2.50 to $8.00 the Set. If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct.

Have you met Cutey Cuddledown?
She's a darling dolly and fascinating story-book all in one. Your Kiddy will love her. Just send 5c. in stamps and Cutey Cuddledown will come to you by return mail.



Quaker Robe Company
22d and Filbert Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
Manufacturers of the Celebrated Quaker Bathrobes for men, women and children. Look for the trade-mark "Q-Ro-Co."

WHAT WE WEAR

(*Continued from page 38.*)

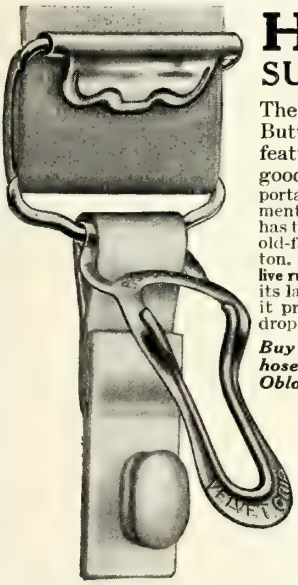
Genoese wished to honor their great admiral, Andrea Doria, they extended to him and his family the privilege of expending for clothes as much of their own money as they wished! You have seen pictures of European peasants in costume, and perhaps you have wondered why they dressed in such a funny fashion. It is said that these national costumes originated and persist to this day, especially in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, because of these laws which prohibited extravagance in dress for so many generations. This kind of legislation was promoted by Queen Elizabeth in order to preserve fashionable attire for the upper classes alone. One of the laws required the common people to wear a 'Sunday" cap of a peculiar, and particularly ugly, shape. You know that caps are still almost exclusively worn by the laboring people of England. Perhaps this voluntary custom is a survival of that one-time compulsory practice. Caps have been used as a mark of inferiority from those times until now. The Turks compelled their conquered Grecian subjects to wear dark cotton caps as a mark of their servitude, and nowadays upper classmen in many American colleges permit freshmen to don no other headgear.

* * *

Did you ever wonder how it came about that purple, instead of red or brown or green, became the color of royalty? Probably it was selected because royal purple is a distinctive and unusual color. In ancient times it was a very rare and extremely expensive color. It was extracted from two kinds of shell-fish. Each fish had a small bag in its throat. This bag contained one drop of the color, so they had to catch hundreds of these particular fish to obtain enough dye for the royal robes. This color possessed an additional advantage pleasing to monarchs. It was extremely durable and lasted so long and so well that garments might be passed from father to son through a whole dynasty of kings. A quantity of cloth dyed royal purple was once found by the Greeks in the treasury of Persia. The color was so wonderfully brilliant and beautiful that the conquerors inquired about the makers. "The makers are dead," the Persians replied. The cloth was 190 years old! Perhaps the Greeks thought this the more marvelous, because they, unlike the Romans, knew little of the art of dyeing, and practised it less.

Velvet Grip

OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON



HOSE SUPPORTER

The Oblong Rubber Button is an exclusive feature of **Velvet Grip** goods. This most important modern improvement in hose supporters has taken the place of the old-fashioned round button. It is a **cushion of solid live rubber,** and because of its large holding surface it prevents tearing and drop stitches.

Buy corsets having the hose supporters with the Oblong Rubber Button.

Sample set of four "Sew-ons" for women and misses, 50 cents. Sample pair of "I in-ons" for children, 15 cents [give age]. Sample pair of "Baby Midgets" for infants—lisle, 10 cents; silk, 15 cents, all postpaid.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, MAKERS, BOSTON

Cash Prizes for Photographs

All boys and girls have a chance to win one of the five one-dollar prizes for the best photographs of their rooms in which the Pictures, Pennants, Photographs and other wall decorations are fastened up with

Moore Glass Push-Pins

Moore Push-less Hangers or other Moore Push devices. Send your picture before November 20th.

You can make your room the envy of all your boy and girl friends by using Moore Push-Pins, for small pictures, etc., and Moore Push-less Hangers, for heavy articles, such as book-shelves, clocks, etc.

Their fine, needle-like points will not injure the finest print or disfigure the prettiest wall-paper. Allowed where tacks are prohibited.



Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads, Steel Points.
2 sizes—long and short glass heads.



Moore Push-less Hangers
The Hanger with the Twist.
For heavy pictures. 4 sizes.

10 cent packets at stores or by mail

November winners announced in January St. Nicholas

MOORE PUSH-PIN COMPANY
Dept. 38. Wayne Junction, Phila., Pa.



You Need a Coat That's Warm and *Light* For Skating

WOULDN'T you like to wear the same kind of coat that hunters, fishermen, foresters and campers wear?

All outdoor men want a coat that keeps them warm in the sharpest winds and dry in the heaviest snows. And they like a coat so light that they can tramp all day without feeling its weight at all. That's why so many outdoor men wear Patrick Coats.

Patrick DULUTH

COATS of Patrick North Country Cloth

We have Patrick Coats like these, in smaller sizes, for boys and girls. We can't imagine anything so warm and at the same time so light as a "patrick" for sleighing, tramping and "just playing."

Patrick coats are made from long, tough, warm *Northern* wool. If you are interested in Nature study, like so many readers of St. Nicholas, you know why *Northern* wool is warmer than any other kind.

Ask your father to get you a Patrick Coat to-day.

Send to-day for Patrick Booklet, illustrated in colors, showing Patricks for boys and girls, men and women.



Buy a patrick where you see this sheep sign

Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mill
4-29th Avenue, West
DULUTH, MINNESOTA



YOU want the sled with patented (grooved) runners of tough chrome nickel steel. The sled that will steer on snow or ice without skidding—the famous

Flexible Flyer

The sled with the famous non-skid runners

The new all-steel front acts as a shock-absorber for the wooden parts and prevents split seats and hand rails.

The *strongest* sled made stronger. The *safest* sled made safer. The *easiest steering* sled made to steer easier.

No dr gging of wet feet and wearing out shoes. Easiest to pull up hill.

Outlast 3 ordinary sleds

A Christmas gift of health and happiness for boy or girl! Nine sizes, 3 to 8½ feet; at hardware and department stores.

Junior Racer carries two children. All new improvements. 4 ft. long, only 10½ lbs. Express paid east of Missouri River. **$3.50.**

S. L. ALLEN & CO. Box 1101 V Philadelphia

FLEXIBLE FLYER *It isn't a Flexible Flyer unless it bears this trade mark*

Free Offer Send postal for free *booklet* of coasting views and *cardboard model* showing how Flexible Flyers steer.



GOOD FUN

THERE is a splendid game for winter evenings which any number of people may play. The necessaries are an active mind, pencils, several sheets of paper for each player, and little squares of paper or cardboard on which are written the letters of the alphabet. One person acts as time-keeper and score-keeper. Each of the players arranges down one side of his or her paper the following list of subjects:

The name of a State,
" " " " city,
" " " an animal,
" " " a river,
" " " " tree,
" " " " book,
" " " " public official,
" " " " game,
" " " " country,
" " " " flower,
" " " an opera or theatrical star,
" " " " author,
" " " a historical character,
" " " Something to Eat,
" " " Something to Wear.

When all the players are ready, the time-keeper draws a letter from a box or hat and calls it out so all may hear. At this signal the players set silently and diligently to work putting down after each subject the name of each thing or person beginning with the letter called, one name after each subject. For example, if the letter is A, the players finished work runs something like this: Alabama, Atlanta, Auk, Amazon, Aspen, etc., etc., etc.

At the end of five minutes, the time-keeper calls "Time!" and every one must stop. Then he reads the subjects, one at a time, and each player calls out the name written after the subject on his or her paper. For every correct name, the player is allowed ten points. If two or more players have the same name, they are each credited with one-half, or one-third, or one-fourth, or one-fifth of the ten points, depending upon the number who had the same answer. So it is an advantage to think of unusual words. If a player has a compound word, each part of which begins with the designated letter, it counts twenty for him. For instance, if C is the letter, and some one gives Christopher Columbus, this compound counts as twenty. When any one player wins one thousand points, the game is over. There

(*Continued on page 44.*)

HE'S BUILDING *the* TOWN HALL *of* PEG-LOCKVILLE

ANY boy or girl can build the Town Hall, the Post Office and the rest of the village too, with **Peg Lock Blocks.** You can build a battleship or an aeroplane, the Woolworth skyscraper or the First National Bank, and hundreds of other models.

Peg Lock Blocks are made of hard wood. There's nothing about them to rust or break and they won't warp or get out of shape. There are no sharp edges to cut and *every block pegs fast with every other block.* They will build houses, porches, roofs or windows and furnish clean instructive play and entertainment for any boy or girl.

Ask your nearest dealer for **Peg Lock Blocks** with a copy of the "Model" Construction Book showing pictures of many models built with **Peg Lock Blocks.**

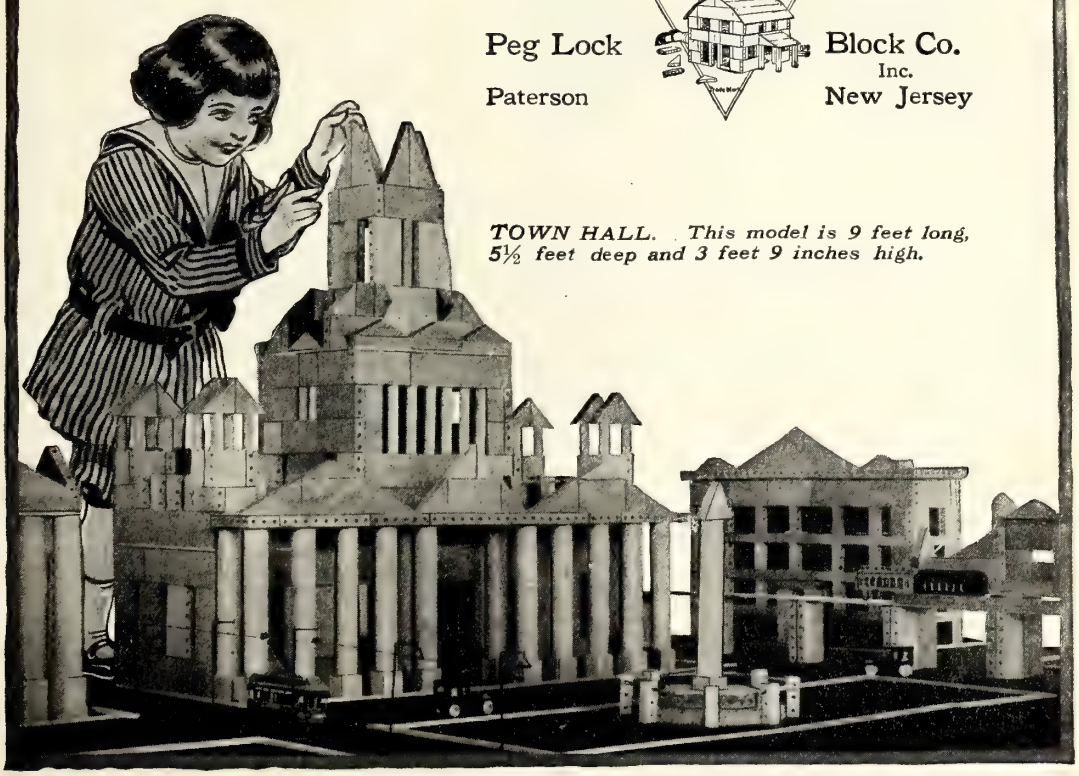
Bildmore (the 3 in 1 builder) is a separate toy in itself but is so designed that it fits all Peg Lock Block structures and gives added pleasure and instruction with its many models.

Peg Lock Blocks and **Bildmore** are for sale at all department stores and toy shops. *Write to us for our illustrated catalogue and tell us where you buy your toys.*

Build and Peg Lock Paterson

Peg Lock

Stay Built Block Co. Inc. New Jersey



TOWN HALL. This model is 9 feet long, 5½ feet deep and 3 feet 9 inches high.



MAGER
Alphabetic & Numerical
GAME

Absorbing! Enthralling! Educational!

A fascinating and alluring game for small children.

It has an instant and direct appeal to the budding mind and eager fingers of the little one. Before he knows it, he has learned the alphabet, numerals and the formation of words. He never dreams that he has been learning. He really has been playing. No strain—no compulsion—just sheer delight.

Blocks and cards and discs develop his constructive energies and sharpen his perceptive faculties. He crows and coos over it. There is such an endless variety that he never grows tired. And all the time he is having his mind developed in the simple and wholesome way dictated by Nature—that wisest of mothers.

No intelligent parent can afford to be without it. The MAGER GAME costs one dollar. Its worth to your growing child is beyond calculation.

Invaluable to Kindergarten Teacher
Enthusiastically endorsed by educators everywhere.

Sent prepaid to any address, carefully packed in rich crimson and gold-lettered box, on receipt of One Dollar. Address
G. E. MAGER, 1225 Garden Street, Hoboken, N. J.

It is more than likely that your mother or father, when they were your age, looked forward to the issuing of this book with as keen interest as you are now. Since 1862 we have year-in, year-out done nothing but search the entire world for gifts that will make you happy. And this Catalog will show you how we have succeeded in finding a lot of nice and useful things for the coming Christmas. Toys of every kind, Sporting Goods to suit every taste, and a wonderful collection of books to read and enjoy. Send the coupon attached to this little "ad" or write a note to the address printed here. Be sure to mention ST. NICHOLAS when you write.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ
Established 1862
303 Fifth Avenue, New York

F. A. O. SCHWARZ St. N. 11-'16
303 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Please send me your catalog of Toys, Sporting Goods, and Books. Thank you.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

GOOD FUN

(*Continued from page 42.*)

may be a new time-keeper appointed for every game.

* * *

Tag is one of the most popular games, especially at this time of year, but you probably wonder what any one could find to write about in this simple game. You can make it more complicated, if you want to, and at the same time furnish a great deal of amusement to both players and onlookers. This complicated tag is called Japanese Tag. It is like the regular game, except that when one is tagged, he must place his left hand on whatever spot his opponent touched when he tagged him. No matter how ridiculous or uncomfortable this is, he must chase the other players in this attitude, and may not regain his normal position until he tags another player. Imagine one of your playmates grasping his right ankle with his left hand while he tries to tag some other player! You will easily believe it if I tell you that this form of the game was invented by the Japanese jugglers as a means of keeping their muscles supple.

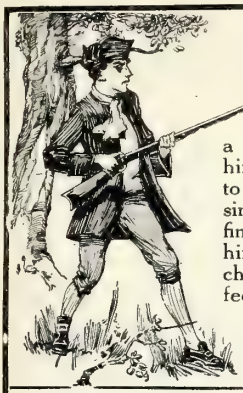
* * *

"I 'll be glad when ice comes, so we can go skating. It 's no fun out of doors now, unless you play football."

Somebody ought to tell the boy who made that remark, about "Hare and Hounds." Almost every one has heard of the game, but perhaps those of you who have never played it may like to have it described briefly. It is a game that both girls and boys can play, and is splendid exercise for these early wintry days. You divide your crowd into a little group of "hares" and a big group of "hounds." Sometimes there is only one hare, but more than one furnishes better sport. Starting off all by one's self is rather lonesome for a single hare, but if there are two, they can "double back" on the trail or "blind" it more successfully than one can do it alone; and while one is making "trail," the other can keep a lookout for the hounds. The hares start out at least fifteen minutes ahead of the hounds. They may go anywhere that they can be followed, so long as they leave a visible trail behind them. For "trail material," ordinary white beans are more satisfactory than paper, because the wind is apt to come along before the hounds do, and, by carrying away the trail, spoil the game.

There are a number of ways of calling the game "lost" or "won." The players should

(*Continued on page 46.*)

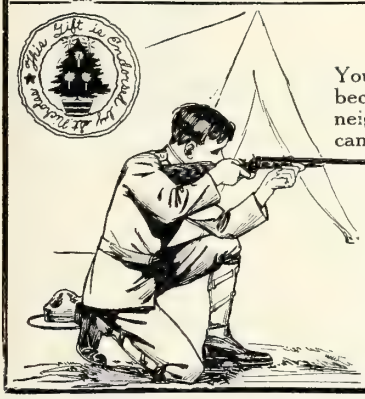


This boy did this a hundred years ago

REMINGTON UMC

His name was Eliphalet Remington, and he lived in the forests of northern New York. He wanted and needed a rifle so badly that when his father said he could not afford a good, safe one, he set to work and made one for himself. It took several weeks. The boy decided to test it first in actual hunting, and so before firing a single shot he went deep into the forest expecting to find a deer. But he found none. Instead he found himself face to face with a big black bear, which charged directly at him. When she was within 10 feet, he pressed the trigger. What happened is told in a little book of 63 pages called "How a Boy Made the First Remington." A copy of it will be sent to you the very minute you write for it.





—You can do this now:

You can shoot straight and safely with a Remington Rifle, because Eliphalet Remington perfected his gun until all the neighbors wanted him to make guns for them. So he became a gun-maker, and the business he started in 1816 is now the greatest of its kind. It is great sport to shoot at targets. It requires a clear head, a watchful eye, and it promotes the habit of concentration, which helps you in everything you do. To find out all about the best Remington Rifle for your use, send for the book, "How a Boy Made the First Remington." It is a wonderfully interesting and instructive story. It is sent free to those who mention *St. Nicholas.*

REMINGTON ARMS U. M. C. COMPANY
Woolworth Building - - New York



A Real Car for Kiddies



Here You Are!

"The 1917 B-C Light Eight"

The Wonder Car for Children

Description:

58 inches long—44 inch wheel base — Yacht Line body painted orange with black trim, heavy artillery wheels, electric head and tail lights, heavy plate glass adjustable wind-shield, one man top, extra wheel on carrier, regular steering knuckles, running board, fenders and genuine Klaxon horn. Strong, durable and well built. Will stand severest test of Young Americans.

MOST COMPLETE JUVENILE AUTO MADE

A world of fun for youngsters. Gives them healthful, invigorating exercise with all the joys of real motoring. Looks and rides like a real car. Just the thing for live, active children. Write for introductory offer. Special inducements to first buyers in every town. We want Boosters. Get busy—be "first" in your town.

B-C Man'f'g Co., 22-24 River St., Battle Creek, Mich.



SERSO

A remarkable new game for the whole family

Recreates the Body and Mind

SERSO, also called the efficiency game, has taken a strong hold in the very finest Suburban Homes of America and is rapidly spreading to all parts of the country. It is considered by physicians of great benefit to the players. Affording infinite variety of movements it brings into play all the muscles of the body in a manner of light exercise. Playing SERSO is great Fun. Every game fitted out for three players. Complete, with Mahogany finished Wall Rack, Five Dollars. Sent on approval to *St. Nicholas* subscribers on request without deposit or obligation.

Endorsed by over 500 Physical Instructors.

A postal brings folder.

SERSO COMPANY, 334 Fifth Ave., New York

RICHTER'S ANCHOR BLOCKS

YOU can build forts, bridges, churches and famous buildings with Anchor Blocks—and they will look like the real things in miniature, not mere skeletons. When you finish a building, just push it over—no trouble or delay to take it apart. Many blocks and metal pieces are included in the various sets, in different shapes and sizes, and in three colors—red, buff and blue.



Free Colored Folder

A handsome big 4-page folder, showing buildings and various sets of Anchor Blocks in three colors, is now ready. It will be sent *free*—just fill in the coupon below and mail. The fold r, in addition to its handsome pictures, tells all about Anchor Blocks. *Mail the coupon now.*

F. Ad. Richter & Co.
Dept. 401
74 Washington Street
New York City

COUPON

F. AD. RICHTER & Co.
Dept. 401, 74 Washington Street, New York City

Send me, *free*, your descriptive folder in colors, telling all about Richter's Anchor Blocks.

Name.....

Address.....

GOOD FUN

(*Continued from page 44.*)

decide on a way before starting out. One method is when the hares try to get back to the starting place without being overtaken or discovered. In order to have this method fair, the hares must return before their beans are used up. It calls for some planning, and gives the runners a good idea of distance. Or you can have the game last a certain length of time, and if at the end of that period the hounds have not run the hares to earth, the hares win.

* * *

Did you ever hear any one say "That is according to Hoyle" when he means "in accordance with the rules"? Hoyle was a famous teacher of games, who lived in London in the eighteenth century. He taught games scientifically, as if they were momentous matters, and his way of looking at games is typical of the English people as a class. Englishmen believe that games help to form a boy's or girl's character, teaching them self-control, obedience to law, pluck, courage, coöperation, originality, fair play, honor, and courtesy.

* * *

Edmund Hoyle made Whist the popular card-game of his time. How do you suppose Whist got its name? Mr. Hoyle, writing in a book more than a hundred and fifty years ago, said, "Whist requires great attention and *silence*, hence the name 'whist.'" Whist means "Hush, be still!" says the dictionary.

* * *

When you want to mystify some friend ask him to open any book and select a word on any page. Tell him that if he will do a little simple arithmetic, you will inform him, without looking at his figures, on what page this word appears, on exactly what line it stands, and its exact position or number in that line. He must select a word in the first ten lines, within ten words from the end of the line. Then have him proceed as follows: double the page number; multiply this figure by five; add twenty; add the number of the line in which the chosen word appears; add five; multiply by ten; to this total, add the number indicating the position of the word in its line; subtract 250; and state the result. The last figure of the result will give you the number of the word; the next to the last figure, the number of the line; and the remaining figures, the number of the page.

* * *

(*Continued on page 48.*)

"Days of Real Sport" *By Claire Briggs*



OF ALL THE JOYS contrived for boys, to make their playtime glad, the air gun, "King," is just the thing to make a hit with Dad. He fills his boy with thrills of joy by giving him a gun; then straight-away you hear him say, "I'll show you how it's done."

He tries his hand to beat the band and makes the target ring; but does his son, who *owns* the gun, enjoy his brand-new King? Well, not till Pop decides to stop and give the boys a turn; perhaps *two* Kings would better things. Won't fathers *ever* learn?

Send for the Briggs Book

—full of cartoons of boys having fun with Kings, containing story of the air rifle and how it is made, and listing the full King line with prices.

Send 2c stamp to Dept. D

The MARKHAM AIR RIFLE CO.
Plymouth - - Michigan



500 SHOT REPEATER, No. 22 King Lever action. Automatic loading. Nickeled barrel. Walnut stock. At your dealer's or direct from factory, prepaid for **$1.25**

KING
AIR RIFLES



It's FREE, Boys!
This Wonderful Book on Toy Railroading

Tells all about Ives Trains and railroad systems, electric trains and mechanical trains, made just like the finest real trains, with dandy big locomotives. They run on real tracks with real signals and switches that work, and stations and tunnels.

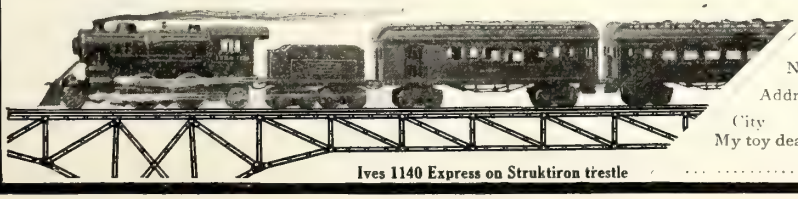


Ives Toys
Make Happy Boys



The book also tells about Struktiron, the wonderful structural toy with which you can build bridges, derricks, elevators, turn-tables, and hundreds of other things. Write for it and set of 12 fine historical poster stamps. Both sent free. Use the coupon at the right.

The IVES MFG. CORPORATION, 196 Holland Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.



Ives 1140 Express on Struktiron trestle



Mail Coupon

Send me, FREE of charge, the book I have checked and set of 12 fine poster stamps.

....Railroad Book
....Struktiron Book

Name.....
Address.....
City ..... State.....
My toy dealer's name and address is
.....

Hello Boys!



Become an Erector Master Engineer!

Don't miss the biggest fun of the year! Hundreds of thousands of boys this year are going to join the Erector Engineers. All you need is a set of Erector—then you can become a member of **The Gilbert Institute of Erector Engineering** and go in to win all the Fame, Honors and other Rewards of the new fun of ERECTOR TOY ENGINEERING. Perhaps you can win the highest honor of "Erector Master Engineer"!

ERECTOR

"The Toy Like Structural Steel"

Of course, you all know that Erector is the steel construction toy with which you can build all kinds of machinery, skyscrapers, bridges, aeroplanes, battleships and hundreds of other things.

Get These Big Exclusive Advantages in Erector

1. The only Actual Structural Steel Toy.
2. The lapped, interlocking edges of Erector Girder (an exclusive patented feature) enable you to build four-sided and square columns.
3. Each piece is stamped accurately out of steel.
4. Each part scientifically made; correct in design and proportion.
5. More parts for building strongest and largest models.
6. Every essential engineering part.
7. Anything mechanical can be duplicated with Erector.
8. Big, reinforced steel wheels grooved and hubbed for every engineering purpose.
9. You can make big strong models, some 20 ft. long, that will hold a man.
10. A sturdy Electric Motor comes with most sets and will lift 200 lbs. when properly geared. Scientifically constructed by experts. More than a toy. Operates with Reversing Switch Base, Control Switch, Multigeared Motor Box.
11. Three big Manuals, showing over 500 exceptional mechanical models. In addition to those illustrated thousands of other models can be built, depending only upon your originality and skill, for there is nothing mechanical but can be duplicated with Erector.

Erector No. 4 is the most popular set because it includes the Erector Electric Motor as well as hundreds of parts. Price, $5.00—in Canada, $7.50.

Finish up the brick work of your Erector building with **Brik-tor.** Each set contains hundreds of bricks, trimmings, doors and windows. Price, $5.00—in Canada, $7.50.

ERECTOR ELECTRICAL SET contains all parts for building motor and other apparatus—and a big Illustrated Elementary Course in Electricity. Price, $5.00—in Canada, $7.50.

Send for Free Copy of "Erector Tips"

Let me present you with a free copy of the November issue of my boys' magazine, "Erector Tips." It tells all about Erector Toy Engineering and the big $5000 Prize Contest. I'll send a copy of my new book, "How to Become an Erector Master Engineer," also. Just send me your name and address.

Alfred C. Gilbert, Pres.

THE A. C. GILBERT CO.

130 Fox Street, New Haven, Conn.

GOOD FUN

(*Continued from page 46.*)

Do you know how to learn the age of a person and the month in which he was born by having him do another little problem in mathematics? Ask him to write down the number of the month in which his birthday is. Number one is January; two is February, etc. Then say: "Multiply it by two; add five; multiply by fifty; add your age; subtract the number of days in an ordinary year (not leap year); add one hundred and fifteen." Then ask, "What number is left?" When you are told, the last two figures, if the person is over ten years old, will give you the age, and the rest of the figures will show the number of the birthday month. If the result was 1123, you would know that the person was twenty-three years old and that his birthday month is November, the eleventh month.

* * *

What is the most popular sport? Early in the summer ST. NICHOLAS asked its readers to vote on the question, and both boys and girls reported. Perhaps if the boys alone had replied, baseball would have led the list as the favorite sport. As it happened, swimming received more votes than any other outdoor fun, followed closely by tennis, ice-skating and baseball. Then came basket-ball, bicycling, roller-skating, and riding. Croquet and football divided ninth place, with the girls declaring in a body for the former, while the boys voted as a unit for the latter, as you can imagine. Then came coasting, hockey and golf, shooting and fishing, sailing and bowling, tether-ball and boxing, rowing and skeeing, archery and volley-ball, with squash bringing up the rear. Do you engage in any sports which are not on this list?

* * *

In these days of Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls, "hiking" seems to be coming back into a justly deserved popularity. Hiking, you know, is a little different from just "taking a walk." Real hikers will always have a reasonable objective point, or a line of march mapped out beforehand, and who shall say that the attainment of what they set out to reach does n't form a good part of the fun, to say nothing of the benefit? And then, you must learn for yourself what is your best stride, that is, the length of the step that comes most naturally to you.

These early November afternoons with a good hint in the air of the snappy winter weather coming are fine times to walk.



"MADAME HENDREN"

CHARACTER DOLLS

THESE dolls are very different from anything you have ever had before. Every child loves them, and even grown-up folks—because they are so original.

There are clever little Dutch boys in brilliant colors of wool felt that sell at $1.00 to $3.50 each, according to size. Gretchen is a real little Holland girl with dress in true Dutch style; retails at $1.00 to $3.50 each. Some have real hair wigs that can be washed and combed. ¶ "Madame Hendren's" doll family also has the Preparedness Kid, a real soldier boy with holster and tiny gun, at $1.25. Cowboys at $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. Indians at $1.25 to $6.00.

Be sure and ask your dealer for a

"MADAME HENDREN DOLL"



AVERILL MANUFACTURING CO.

37 Union Square West, New York



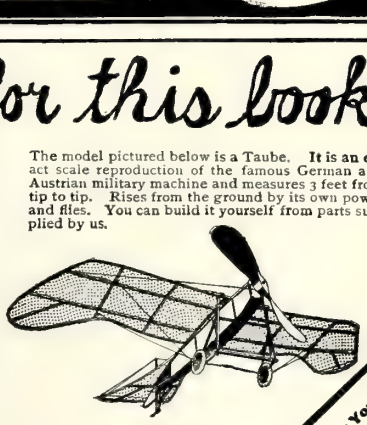
Send 5¢ to-day for this book

It tells all about those marvelous little flying machines which are put together by clever boys and are flown through the air under their own power. These exact replicas of man-carrying machines are called

IDEAL MODEL AEROPLANES

Thousands of American boys are learning all about this modern scientific wonder by actually making little machines 3 feet long. It is easy to do, because the makers of the parts supply every screw and nail needed—wings, wheels, propellers, "motors," etc.—as well as detailed plans telling just how to put everything together. When you get your aeroplane done, you can fly it. All of the models rise from the ground of their own power and sail away beautifully. Competing with other boys in air flights is just as much fun as making the machines.

The model pictured below is a Taube. It is an exact scale reproduction of the famous German and Austrian military machine and measures 3 feet from tip to tip. Rises from the ground by its own power and flies. You can build it yourself from parts supplied by us.



You build them on rainy days; fly them every other day.

Besides the Ideal Model Aeroplanes there are racers and flying toys which fly from 300 feet to 1691 feet (the record).



SEND 5c. TO-DAY FOR THE BOOK

It tells all about everything, from toys to six-foot models, and gives a list of dealers who sell them. The easy way to get it is this: Fill in the little coupon on the corner of this page. Cut it out and mail it with 5 cents in stamps. Send it now so you won't forget.

IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.
84-86 West Broadway,
New York, N. Y.



Ideal Aeroplane & Supply Co., 84-86 West Broadway, New York.
Enclosed is 5 cents in stamps. Please send me that book about Ideal Model Aeroplanes.

Name.....
Street.....
Town.....
State.....



FUN!

"FUN?" Why, that's only another name for Lionel Electric Trains! Only the lucky boy who can be Dispatcher on the "Lionel System" and make those long, beautiful trains dash at wi'l down the "main line," around sharp curves, over bridges, past bright-colored stations, and real electric-lighted semaphores—only *he* fully realizes what I mean by "fun."

New catalog describes an interesting trip through my factory and shows *over a hundred* dandy pictures of electric locomotives, passenger trains with Pullmans, diners and observation cars, freight trains (cabooses, box, ballast, oil and cattle cars, etc.)—even street cars and autos. One colored picture alone covers two full pages. Send for this catalog—it's free—then order from your dealer.

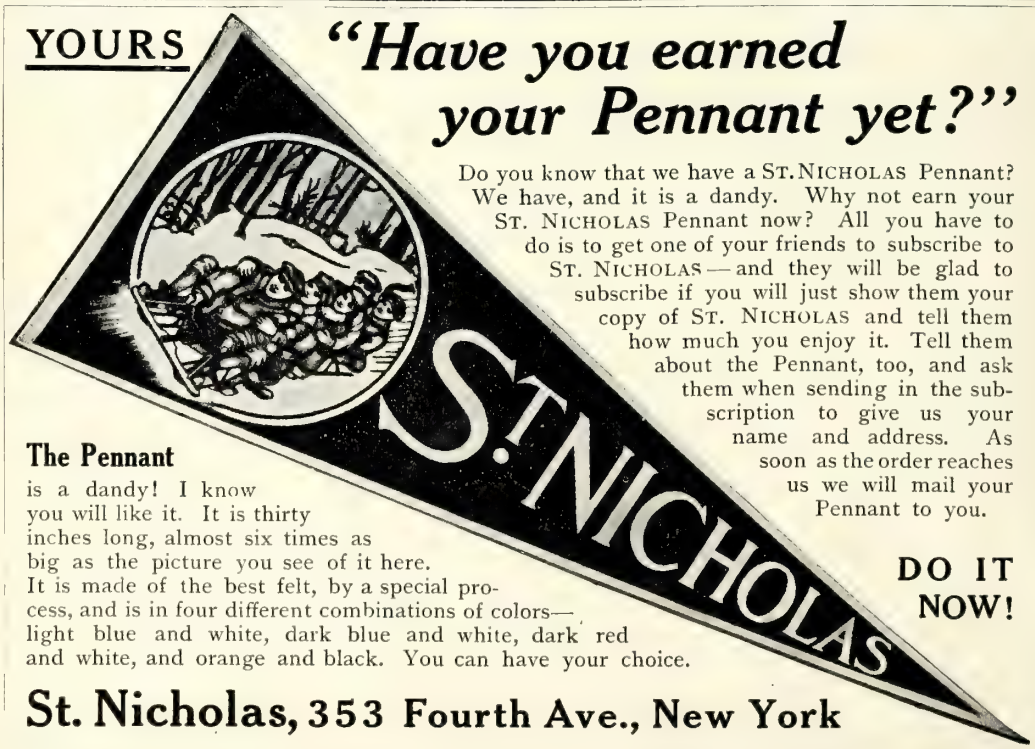
LIONEL TOYS ELECTRIC

J. Lionel Cowen,
Friend of the Boys
President
THE LIONEL MFG. CO.
48B E. 21st Street
New York City

BOYS Get My New CATALOG It's FREE

YOURS

"Have you earned your Pennant yet?"



Do you know that we have a ST. NICHOLAS Pennant? We have, and it is a dandy. Why not earn your ST. NICHOLAS Pennant now? All you have to do is to get one of your friends to subscribe to ST. NICHOLAS—and they will be glad to subscribe if you will just show them your copy of ST. NICHOLAS and tell them how much you enjoy it. Tell them about the Pennant, too, and ask them when sending in the subscription to give us your name and address. As soon as the order reaches us we will mail your Pennant to you.

DO IT NOW!

The Pennant
is a dandy! I know you will like it. It is thirty inches long, almost six times as big as the picture you see of it here. It is made of the best felt, by a special process, and is in four different combinations of colors—light blue and white, dark blue and white, dark red and white, and orange and black. You can have your choice.

St. Nicholas, 353 Fourth Ave., New York

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL

Here are two gift suggestions—Be sure to include them on your Christmas list.

Dolls that Sleep

Girls, of course, will be interested in the wonderful **Zaiden** dolls made in America by Americans. They rival the exquisite finish of imported dolls, are as indestructible as wood and yet match the beauty of the finest imported bisque. They are not stuffed dolls, but have pretty pink bodies just like babies. Legs and arms do not come out because of worn-out rubber, and they have pretty hair and their tongues move and they really go to sleep. You can wash them, too.



There are 14 different kinds of Zaiden Dolls to choose from.

Colonial Toys ARE BUILT TO LAST

There is nothing better than the

MINIATURE TOY FACTORY



If you have a set consisting of metal molds, a supply of quick setting molding material, box of paints, spoon, measure, and everything required to make a complete toy, you can make regiments of soldiers, bands of Indians, animals, flowers, birds, etc., and paint them any way you like. The castings come out of the molds perfect and the process may be repeated over and over again. There are six different sets at $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00.

Be sure to see Set No. 20.

Now turn to the "What I Want for Christmas" page and start your list with both of the above. Then sit right down and send for our booklet telling all about COLONIAL TOYS.

Remember, "Colonial" on your toy means Built to last.

COLONIAL TOY MFG. CO., INC.
352-62 West 13th Street, New York City

Please send me booklet telling about COLONIAL TOYS. The best toy dealer in my neighborhood is

.....

Address .....

My name is .....

Address .....

St. N., Nov.

"Here I am again!"

"Let me help you do your Christmas shopping easily.

"YOU remember me, don't you?

"I am the ST. NICHOLAS Christmas tree, and my purpose in life is to make Christmas buying easy.

"While you have been reading the advertisements in which you found me, didn't you often think, 'That would make a *fine* present for Brother or Sister or Cousin (or me!), but I wish I could find out some more about it'?

"Next time you are in a store where Christmas things are sold ask if they won't please show you what you saw advertised in ST. NICHOLAS. This is the way to find out best about it.

"But the next best thing to do is to sit down now and write a letter to these advertisers asking them please to tell you exactly what you want to know or just to send you more information. They like to receive letters from you and enjoy answering them.

"However, if you don't like to write letters, you can get all the information you need without writing even *one* letter. On the other side of this half page it tells just what to do. Be sure to fill out the spaces clearly and correctly and *mail the half page to St. Nicholas* (Catalog Dept.), 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City."

Now turn over the page. 1, 2, 3—OVER!

PUT AN X BELOW TO GET THE CATALOGS YOU WANT

Read the other side (on page 51) first.

Then decide what things, advertised in ST. NICHOLAS, you would like more information about. Then (with a pen) put an X in the little square in front of the advertised name. After marking *all* those things which you want to know more about, write down your name, street, town, and state, in the spaces reserved for them. Then cut out the half page and mail it to us in a sealed envelop. After that wait a few days and the catalogs will come to you.

- ___ Anchor Blocks
- ___ Appleton's Books
- ___ B. C. Mfg. Co.'s Auto
- ___ Brunswick Baby Grand Billiard Table
- ___ Century Co.'s Books
- ___ Colonial Toys
- ___ Columbia Grafonola
- ___ "Cuddledown Set"
- ___ Dodd, Mead & Co.'s Books
- ___ Doubleday, Page & Co.'s Books
- ___ E. P. Dutton & Co.'s Books
- ___ Electro-Importing Co. Wireless Apparatus
- ___ Erector
- ___ Flexible Flyer
- ___ Harper & Bros.' Books
- ___ Ideal Model Aeroplane
- ___ Ingersoll Watch
- ___ Ives Toys
- ___ King Air Rifle
- ___ Lionel Trains
- ___ Little Hummer Bicycle
- ___ Madame Hendren Character Dolls
- ___ Mager Game
- ___ Maillard Candy
- ___ Meccano
- ___ Necco Sweets
- ___ New Departure Coaster Brake
- ___ Overland Automobile
- ___ Pamos Pastel Pictures
- ___ Parker Pen
- ___ Patrick Mackinaw
- ___ Peg-Lock Blocks
- ___ Plasticine
- ___ Remington Rifle
- ___ Schwarz Toys and Athletic Goods
- ___ Sears, Roebuck & Co. Wireless Apparatus
- ___ Serso
- ___ Singer Sewing Machine
- ___ Sonora Phonograph
- ___ Structo
- ___ Sully & Kleinteich's Books
- ___ Western Electric Junior Range

If you don't want to cut the ST. NICHOLAS, write the names down on a piece of paper, sign your name and address, and mail that to ST. NICHOLAS.

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

State .....

CUT ALONG THIS DOTTED LINE AND MAIL TO ST. NICHOLAS TO-DAY

Ask Santa to Bring You a Real Bicycle!

$9.75



For Boys and Girls from 4 to 8 Years Old

The Little Hummer

Bright Maroon Frame — Ball Bearing Wheels
Motorbike Handlebars — Cushion Rubber Tires
Full Leather Saddle — Height—27 Inches

One Model for All

A Word to Parents

BICYCLING develops health, grace and self-reliance in little folks. And they take to it easily and naturally. Most department store, hardware and furniture dealers have LITTLE HUMMERS. If yours has n't yet, write us, enclosing remittance. The LITTLE HUMMER will come promptly (freight prepaid east of Missouri river). Get the kiddies a LITTLE HUMMER for Christmas

T. B. LAYCOCK, SON & CO. Dept. D. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Boys and Girls Earn Christmas Money

Send for 25 XMAS PACKAGES. Each pack contains 48 assorted Xmas Seals, Cards and Tags. Sell for 10c. each. When sold send us $1.50 and keep $1. We trust you.

CHRISTMAS CARD CO., Dept. W, BEVERLY, MASS.



FREE CATALOG

PRIZE FISH

are caught and landed with "Bristol" Steel Fishing Rods because the action of the steel is so quick that the wary wise "big ones" cannot get away before the hook is driven home to stay.

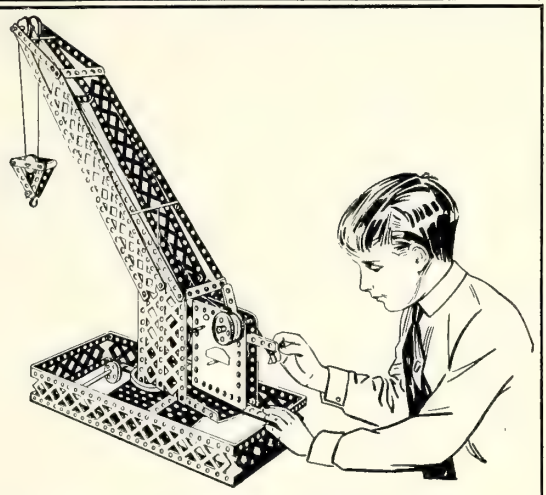
"Bristol"

Prize Winning Rods

are perfect in material, workmanship, design, finish, action and ability to hold the fish until netted. Each "Bristol" guaranteed three years. 19,000 dealers sell 38 different "Bristols," from $3.50 to $25.00. If your dealer does n't have the exact "Bristol" you want, you can order from us at catalogue prices. Send your fishing photos.

The Horton Mfg. Co., 167 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.

The Meccano Way of Building



TO build real engineering models and machines, you *must* use MECCANO—there is no other way of doing it. Every MECCANO part represents a correct engineering element, such as an expert engineer would use in his work. Just as he builds up any mechanical movement known, and invents others, so you can with MECCANO. With the same parts you can build a Loom which automatically weaves neckties and belts in all colors; Automobiles which run; Clocks; Cranes of a hundred kinds. When you have built the 326 fine models shown in the MECCANO Manual of Instructions which you get with your outfit, you can invent and build many more. There is no study necessary to build with MECCANO. The genius and knowledge are in the patented parts, and all you have to do is to follow the instructions and screw them together. There are outfits from $1.00 to $36.00, each one complete with big Manual of Instructions.



MECCANO

Toy Engineering for Boys



We want you to get our big, new MECCANO Prize Model Book which tells you all about this fascinating game of model building, and how to start. It is full of pictures—prize winning models in the last great MECCANO Contest—a Helter Skelter, Automatic Nickel in the Slot Machines, the Meccanograph for drawing thousands of exquisite designs, new Giant Cranes, Bridges, Towers and hundreds of equally extraordinary models.

The book also tells you about the fine Clockwork and Electric Motors which operate the models, each one a gem in design and workmanship; about the MECCANO Society for encouraging and helping MECCANO Inventors; and about the Grand Prize Contest for new MECCANO models, in which we award

$1,000 IN PRIZES

HOW TO GET THE BOOK—Tell three of your friends about MECCANO. Show them this advertisement; then send their names and addresses to us, with your own, and the book comes to you by next mail.

Send for This Book To-day



MECCANO COMPANY, Inc.
Room 135, 71 West 23rd Street, New York City

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE







CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

TURKEY

A READER of our page sends us one of the current stamps of Turkey surcharged with a bright red star. He writes us an interesting account of how the stamp came into his possession through foreign missionaries, and wishes us to tell him the meaning and purpose of the surcharge. The presence of the star is due primarily to the fact that letters mailed in Turkey addressed to foreign countries had a curious way of not arriving at their destination. They were "lost" somewhere in transit, and evidence seemed conclusive that they were "lost" very early in their journey. This state of affairs compelled the various foreign powers to open post-offices in their consulates. So if you were in Turkey and wanted to send a letter to London, you took it to the British Consulate and it surely reached its destination. We think that Germany was the first to issue special stamps surcharged for use in the "Levant." However that may be, others soon followed suit. Great Britain, Austria, France, Italy, and Russia have a long series of stamps so issued. We understand that the United States Consulate also receives letters, but no distinctive stamp is required, just our ordinary stamps being so used. Of course, one result of this is a large loss of postal revenue to Turkey. In 1906 an effort was made to counteract this loss. The then current issue of stamps (or rather four of its values) were over-printed with a Turkish character (see illustration), and such stamps were good for foreign mail matter only. To induce people to use these surcharged stamps they were sold at a reduction of twenty per cent.; but, of course, they could be used only through Turkish post-offices. They were not good for letters mailed through any of the various consulates. This surcharge was used on several issues of stamps, but upon the appearance of the present beautiful issue this "B" surcharge, as it is called, was superseded by the star surcharge, either in red or in blue. The star has the same meaning as the former surcharge, and such stamps are available for foreign use only.



NEW ISSUES

A NEW name will soon appear in our stamp-albums and catalogues—another country for us to learn about. For the stamps of China will come surcharged for use in Turkestan. We do not know very much about these stamps ourselves—what territory they are to supply, nor whether this provisional issue is to be followed by a permanent one. The stamp, showing five Chinese characters in the surcharge, is illustrated in our heading. All values to the dollar are over-printed in black, but red is used on the dollar stamps. The over-printing is said to signify "For use in Sinkiang."

Quite a controversy is being waged in stamp papers about the philatelic standing of stamps recently issued for "Long Island." This does not refer to our own well-known island, but to an island in Asia Minor called Keusten by the Turks. It seems that recently this island was occupied for a while by British troops. During this period of occupation the civil administration issued two series of stamps. The first series was made by surcharging the long Turkish revenue-stamps with "G. R. I. Postage," and the value in pence. The second set, which we illustrate, was not printed, but was written with a type-writer upon ordinary white paper. This, we think, is only the second time that the type-writer has been used in making stamps. The first instance was in the "Cowrie" issues of Uganda. Just why the officials of Long Island had to resort to a type-writer when there were printing-presses available, does not appear. And the questions as to whether they were issued under competent authority, whether they were a legitimate issue, whether they will be included in catalogues and albums are now being fought out in the philatelic papers. Jamaica sends us a half-penny and a three-penny war-stamp. They are stamps of the current issue, surcharged "war stamp" in black ink (see our heading).

G. R. I.
LONG ISLAND
Postage and
Revenue

Through the courtesy of one of the readers of STAMP PAGE, Paul Grossman, we are able to illustrate above the new five-centavo stamp of Ecuador, light purple in color, and very attractive in design.

ORIGINAL COVERS

WE often receive letters asking for advice as to the best way to remove stamps from envelops. We advise the use of damp blotting-paper as the safest way. But, on the other hand, it is often wisest to keep the stamp on the original envelop. This would apply to all local stamps, also to all of the very early issues. We would also advise keeping on covers all curious combinations of values, and

(*Continued on page 56.*)

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

Rare Stamps Free 15 all different Canadian and 10 India with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. When possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. **Large wholesale list for Dealers free.** We offer these sets, great bargains, cheapest ever offered, no two stamps alike in any set, all different, fine condition. Postage 2c. extra. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U.S., 20c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 50 Asia, 17c.; 20 Chile, 10c.; 4 Malta, 5c.; 13 Nyassa, 39c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 10 Straits, 7c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 7 Persia, 4c.; 10 Ceylon, 15c.; 8 Hawaii, 20c.; 20 Denmark, 7c.; 30 Sweden, 10c.; 50 Brt. Col's, 6c.; 35 Austria, 9c.; 25 Persia, 25c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 6 Fiji, 15c.; 25 Italy, 5c.; 7 Iceland, 20c.; 4 Sudan, 8c.; 10 China, 10c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 10 Uruguay, 7c.; 6 Reunion, 5c.; 5 Panama, 13c.; 5 Zanzibar, 20c. **Remit in stamps or Money Order.** Fine approval sheets 50% discount. 50 Page List Free. We buy Stamps. MARKS STAMP CO., DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.

SNAPS **175 Different Foreign, 10c.** 65 Different U. S., including $1 and $2 revenues, **for 11c.** With each order we give free our pamphlet which tells "How To Make A Collection Properly." QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., ROOM 32, 604 RACE ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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Listen: I collect postage stamps because I like the hobby. If you too like it, write for my fine European and European Colony selections. Sold at reasonable discounts. H. W. PROTZMANN, 1031 28TH ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

ST. NICK STAMP CLUB MEMBERS
Write for our latest proposition.
GEO. T. SIMPSON, 433 PEARL ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

5 VAR. PERU **FREE** with trial approval sheets. F. E. THORP, NORWICH, N. Y.

The Great Leader 75 varieties South and Central Americans (25 are unused), catalogues over $2.50, post-paid 25 cents. Also 200 varieties South and Central Americans, catalogue over $10, for $1. L. V. LINDSEY, NORWICH, N. Y.

BARGAINS **EACH SET 5 CENTS.**
10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Hayti. Lists of 7000 low-priced stamps free.
CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



Stamps! **105** all diff. vars. Mostly from the countries now at war: Great Britain, France, Russia, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, Portugal, Bulgaria, Turkey, etc. A nice collection only 10c.; 1000 mixture 25c. 32-page list free. Agts. wtd. 50%. **I buy stamps.** L. B. DOVER, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Stamps 108 all diff., Transvaal, Turkey, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Ceylon, Java, etc., and **Album, 10c.** 1000 **Finely Mixed, 25c.** 65 diff. U. S., **25c.** 1000 hinges, **5c.** Agts. wtd. 50%. **List Free.** I buy stamps. **C. Stegman,** 5940 Cote Brilliante Ave., **St. Louis, Mo.**



FOREIGN STAMPS **A Grand Set of 7 Siamese Free,** to all purchasers of Packet No. G 248, which contains 110 different Foreign and Colonial stamps including the following scarce varieties:

2 Japanese Coronation Issue (1915), Turks and Caicos Is. (**Melocactus**) obsolete Cat. 6d, New Zealand 1½d K. G. Re-engraved, Peru 1916 Provisional 1c on 50c, 4 Egyptian Pictorials (Native Boats, Sphinx, Colossi of Thebes, Pylon of Karnak), Rare **China** $1 (Temple) Cat. 1/6d, and the above grand set of Siam including scarce Provisionals (alone worth more than price of whole packet). Only one to each applicant. Price **30c,** post free.

11th Edition "A. B. C." Illustrated Priced Catalogue of the stamps of the **British Empire** (including all **War Stamps**) for 1916, nearly 350 pages. Price, post free, **30c.**
Revised list of all **War Stamps,** post free, **7c.**

BRIGHT & SON, 164 Strand, London, England, W. C.

STAMP CLUB MEMBERS
GREETINGS

Boys and girls who receive a *St. Nicholas* "Christmas Tree Gift" are sure to be happy. It not only means a "Merry Christmas" but an appropriate gift as well. No gift is better fitted to bear the "Christmas Tree Seal" than the new

1917 STAMP CATALOGUE

It lists and describes every variety of postage stamp ever issued by any government in the world; over 76,000 illustrations. Now on sale in the following styles:

Bound in paper covers, $1.00
Bound in cloth covers - $1.25
Leather - - - $2.00

Buy it from your nearest dealer to save forwarding charges. A 94-page illustrated price list of sets, packets and albums will be sent free on request to *St. Nicholas* readers.



SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO.
127 Madison Avenue, New York City

HELLO! 500 different stamps, list over $5.00, price $1.00; 1000 different, list over $30.00, $2.60; Hawaii 10 different, 30c.; 1000 Hinges, 10c. C. F. RICHARDS, BOX 77, GRAND CENTRAL P. O., NEW YORK.

100 FOREIGN all different, 10c. 500 Foreign and U. S. mixed, 25c. BERNHARDT BROS., 62 WAVERLY AVE., HIGHLAND PARK, MICH.

STAMPS 105 China, etc., stamp dictionary, list 3000 bargains, **2c.** Album (500 pictures), **3c.** BULLARD & CO., Sta. A, BOSTON.

WHY NOT send for our 50% approvals? Fine selections to responsible collectors willing to spend 25c. each time. Nothing cheap but the price. Two references required. No postals answered.
EXCELSIOR STAMP CO., BOX 263, MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER
All for 10c. 1 Pack. "Cleveland" Hinges, 1 Pocket Album, 1 Perf. Gauge, 5 Spanish War Revs., 8 U. S. Envelopes cut sq. inc. War Dept., 6 Civil War Revs., 5 N. Y. State Revs.
CROWELL STAMP CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO.



A STAMP ALBUM A collection of rare Mexican **WAR** stamps, including **Madero,** etc., 100-page catalog, perf. gauge and mill. scale, coupons, etc., all for **5c.** 100 all diff. **5c.** 1000 hinges **5c. Approval sheets 50% comm. Agents Wanted. We Buy Stamps.** HUSSMAN STAMP CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

(*Continued on page 57.*)

SEND FOR SAMPLE

It's easy to make beautiful colored pictures with

PAMOS MOSAICS

No paints—no dyes—no crayons. Just scissors and paste.



Decorate your rooms. Send artistic PAMOS MOSAICS to your friends. The best for

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
BIRTHDAY GIFTS

Sample and catalogue for 10c. Six, 5x7, in special box, prepaid 50c. or at the big stores

PAMOS PICTURE CO., 656 Broadway, N.Y.

Overheard the day school opened

"Hello, Spike, what 's the neat little button you 're wearing?"

"ST. NICHOLAS Stamp Club."

"What are the dues?"

"Nothing. You don't even need to have a collection to join as long as you 're a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS. Anybody that wants to have lots of fun, and is interested in art, commerce, history, or just getting knowledge, ought to join. It 's making a big hit."

"What do you have to do?"

"Just fill out the application blank and send it in with a 2c. stamp. I 'm getting a bunch of fellows and girls in my class to join, so I can start a branch club. Why don't you start one yourself?"

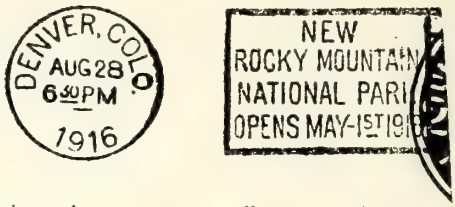
"Guess I will."

Don't forget you must be a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS. Send 2c. and ask for an application blank.

Address St. Nicholas Stamp Club
353 Fourth Avenue **New York City**

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(*Continued from page 54.*)



again to keep on covers all stamps when the cancelation is odd in any way—especially when it alludes to some commemorative date or to some other item of historical interest. We illustrate one of these cancelations recently sent to us. Some of our readers report very interesting collections along these lines.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶ ONE of our readers considers what he calls the Canadian "map stamp" the most beautiful of all stamps. He contemplates collecting all stamps which show maps, and writes for information about these generally, and especially about his Canadian stamp. While the name "map stamp" fits this Canadian stamp very well, its real title should be the "Christmas stamp." This is indicated by the words "Xmas, 1898" at the lower part of the design. The stamp was issued a few days before Christmas. Notice that the words in the bottom label are enclosed in quotation marks. They were taken from a poem written in honor of Queen Victoria's Jubilee:

"We hold a vaster empire than has been!
Nigh half the race of man is subject to our Queen."

We do not know where one could obtain a copy of this poem. Our reader's idea of collecting every stamp upon which a map appears is an interesting one. We do not know exactly how many such stamps there are in existence. Would it not be better, more exciting, for him to study it out for himself? It seems to us he would miss half the fun if he were told just what stamps to look for. Get a copy of Scott's Catalogue (the new issue will be out in November), and study up the matter. In this catalogue is pictured every foreign stamp. Look its pages over carefully, and see how many map stamps are shown. You can then order from any of our advertisers such as you want, until your list is complete. We think that the first map stamp was issued by Panama in 1878, but there may have been earlier ones. ¶ There are so many beautiful stamps, stamps in which, for one reason or another, we are especially interested, that we hesitate to say which is our favorite. However, there is one to which we always turn with feelings of joy, one of which we have never tired; and perhaps, after all, that is really the best way to determine which we like the best. And this stamp which we admire so much is the twelve-cent Newfoundland, Scott's No. 27. We admire both the design and the coloring, and we recall with joy the eventful day, now many years ago, when we became possessor of our first copy—a red-letter day in life. ¶ We understand that all the paper used in the printing of our own stamps is made in the United States. The pulp comes from a mill in North Carolina.

STAMP DIRECTORY—Continued

500 DIFFERENT DIME SETS

Splendid assortment Price List Free

November Specials

2 var. Liberia Triangular stamps, 10 cents. 15 var. Animal Picture stamps, 10 cents. 5 var. Tunis Parcel Post bi-colored, 10 cents. 1917 Price Lists now ready, free on request.

Rare Stamps—Approvals—Supplies
EVERYTHING FOR THE STAMP COLLECTOR

METROPOLITAN STAMP CO., 7 WEST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY

St. Nicholas Stamp Club Members

Dime Sets, 12 for $1.00. List free.
HUB POSTAGE STAMP CO., 345 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

FREE— 5 unused stamps to approval applicants. EDWIN H. BAILEY, FARMINGDALE, N. Y.

Watermark Detector and 50 different stamps only 10c. PENNY STAMPS ON APPROVAL. BURT MCCANN, 321 No. NEWTON, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Mexican WAR STAMPS free with first selection of approvals, two Mexican War Stamps. I have pleased hundreds of boys and girls with my stamps at 1, 2, and 5 cents each. Why not you? HUBERT E. CODWISE, MELROSE HLDS., MASS.

Over 40 Years a Stamp Dealer. Try my Approval Sheets. My motto: Quality and Discounts rather than Premiums. F. J. STANTON, NORWICH, N. Y.

APPROVALS. Canada Coil and War Tax. Reference required. MRS. OUGHTRED, 28 LINCOLN AVE., MONTREAL, QUE.

IMMACULATE APPROVALS are second to none. Write for a selection to-day and be convinced. References required. S. HAAS, 115 PRIMROSE AVE., MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

NOVEMBER! A fine month to start in on the album. Fill up those blank spaces from my PROFIT SHARING APPROVALS at 50% and an extra discount for returns in 10 days. They will delight you. Reference, please. D. M. WARD, 222 TANEY ST., GARY, IND.

BEGINNERS' OUTFITS! Free bargain lists of supplies, packets, sets, etc. Boy trade a specialty. Write now to C. H. MUMPER, 823 W. STATE, TRENTON, N. J.

SEND 25c. to-day for 12 numbers of THE STAMP SHOPPER & get Azores 1916 Red Cross FREE. STAMP SHOP, DEPT. N, CHICAGO.

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STAMPS ON APPROVAL—Fine selections sent at 50% discount. LAUREN TREMPER, 136 No. DEWEY ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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3 Rare Hawaii Free, fine approvals, lowest discounts. 500 var., cat. $12, price $1.25. PROVIDENCE STAMP CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FREE 57 diff. stamps and 10 stamps Cat. 2c. each to approval applicants sending 2 cents postage. W. STADLER, DEPT. B, 437 BEACH AVE., BRONX, N. Y.

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50 Different Asia Stamps Free
50 Different Norway-Denmark Free
British Colonials 65 All Different Free
U. S. Precancelled 75 All Diff. Free
200 Different Foreign Stamps Free
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10 Weeks for 10c. and One of These Premiums:
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STAMPS

British Colonials, collection of 50 all different and unused, $1.00. All new stamps as soon as issued. War stamps, Red Cross stamps, etc. Collection, 1,000 varieties, $3.50. List of all U. S. stamps, packets, sets, etc., free by mail.

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U. S. 5 ½ cents, 1804 up, 65c. Cents, 5 dates before 1815, 40c. 15 Rebellion cents, 47c. 10 coins, each different country, 28c. 1799 U. S. silver dollar, $2.10. Catalogue U. S. and Foreign Coins free by mail.

THE J. W. SCOTT CO., LTD.
36 John Street New York City

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6 VARIETIES Newfoundland to approval applicants enclosing 2c. W. G. WATT, VERGENNES, VT.

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2 BIG SETS of stamps FREE to approval customers. HESS BROS., CLEARFIELD, PENNA.

SEND for Price-list of Postage and Revenue stamps for collections. E. T. PARKER, BETHLEHEM, PA.

Variety Packages at 25c. each—50 British Colonies; 75 S. & C. America; 100 Europe; 40 U. S. Postage. Approvals. 2000 different at 1c. each. M. NEEL, 880 Clarkson Ave., B'klyn, N. Y.

British Colonials—Used and Unused. All values, moderate prices. Try my Bargain sheet and book approvals, 1, 2, 5, 10 cents. J. A. GALBRAITH, 16 BEAVER ST., NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.

WANTED—Boys and Girls to sell Stamps on approval. Liberal Commissions. A. J. VOLK, 2583 MADISON ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

---

100 VARIETIES U. S. stamps mounted in book, 27c. P. E. STRICKLAND, GALESBURG, ILL.

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500 spaced, illustrated Album, 250 hinges, and 100 varieties stamps, **5c.** A. WRIGHT, 47 COURT ST., BOSTON, MASS.

FREE

60 different stamps, including Newfoundland, China, Japan, Mexico, etc., to applicants for our high-grade approvals.

Send 2c. stamp for return postage.

THE EDGEWOOD STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. S, MILFORD, CONN.

DANDY PACKET STAMPS free with 50% Apps., 2c. postage, and name, address 3 Collectors. 125 Dif. U. S. inc. high values, 50c. U. T. K. STAMP CO., UTICA, N. Y.

STAMPS FREE, 75 ALL DIFFERENT
For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.

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121 ALL FOREIGN STAMPS including Guatemala, Honduras, Roumania, Costa Rica, Egypt, Chili, China, Mexico, Peru, Cuba, Russia, India, Victoria, Portugal, etc., **15c.** 200 hinges **free.** ROYAL STAMP CO., 48 N. 51ST STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WAR ISSUES our specialty, large list free. Bargain leader, 40 different $2.25, 15 diff. $1.00. Copies of our monthly Bulletin and Large U. S. list free. Send your name. ECONOMIST STAMP CO., 87 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY.

FINE

7 UNUSED STAMPS & PACKET HINGES free to new customers writing for 50% discount approvals. Reference. H. J. SCHMIDT, DRAWER H, OAKLAND STA., PITTSBURGH, PA.

ATTENTION! Exceptional approval books for Young Collectors at liberal discount. Ref. required. JOHN C. SMACK, BEECHMONT, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

FREE! Hayti No. 102–107 used to applicants for my approvals. Reference, please. C. A. BREWSTER, 1432 BELT, ST. LOUIS, MO.

STAMPS 75 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE to all sending for our approval sheets at 50% discount. Postage 2 cents. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

Pet Department

BELOW are advertisements of pets especially suitable for children. The dealers listed are reliable. Their stock is pedigreed, and of course these aristocrats of the animal world in many instances command high prices. They are worth it. A few can be purchased for as little as $5.00. In case you do not see the kind of pet you want, ask the Pet Man to help you. That's what he is here for.

GIVE A BIRD HOUSE — A GIFT THAT BRINGS HAPPINESS FOR A LIFETIME



There is no gift in the world that will give more happiness than a Dodson Bird House or Feeding Device. Every year birds will bring to your friend the memory of your loving thoughtfulness.

Dodson Bird Houses and Feeding Devices win the birds. There is a difference between them and the commercial bird houses. I have spent 22 years of loving study of how to attract the song birds around my home. If you love birds, set out feeding devices and shelters for them now. You will save the lives of many birds.

Dodson Sparrow Traps—now catching sparrows in every state. Wonderful success. No other trap like this. Automatic drop trap and double funnel trap combined. Strong, electrically welded wire. Price $6, f. o. b. Kankakee, Ill.



Dodson Wren House, Copper Coping, $5. f.o.b. Kankakee.

Dodson Cottage Martin House: 28 rooms. Price $12. With all copper roof, $15, f. o. b. Kankakee, Ill.



Nature Neighbors—the best set of books about birds. Beautiful color plates; articles by leading authorities. Every bird lover should have them.

FREE The illustrated Dodson Book telling how to win native birds to your gardens; a descriptive folder about Nature Neighbors, illustrated with bird in natural colors—a picture worthy of framing. Write to "The Man the Birds Love"—

JOSEPH H. DODSON
Director of the American Audubon Association
707 S. Harrison Ave., Kankakee, Ill.



Dodson Weathervane Feeding Table, complete with 8-foot turned pole, $6 With all copper roof, $7.50, f. o. b. Kankakee

Dodson Feeding Car Can be stocked in all kinds of weather. Complete, ready to put out, $5. With all copper roof, $6, f. o. b. Kankakee.



Beautiful Snow White Persians

Why not give your children a ***real*** pet—a present they will appreciate? We have some of the cutest kittens—prices up to $15—write us.

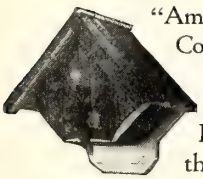
Bob White Cattery
"HOUSE OF WHITES"
2062 CHERRY STREET DENVER, COLORADO



Your Own Shetland Pony

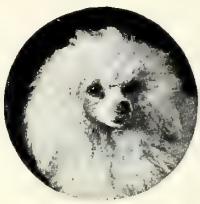
is looking over the bars of his stall, wondering when you are going to send for him. Talk to father about it to-night; tell him we have a wonderful herd of little beauties raised on one of the oldest and largest farms in the United States. We have 150 for you to select from, and the prices are reasonable: from $40.00 up.

Send to-day for a free catalog describing "The best playfellow for boys and girls." **Write SHADYSIDE FARMS, Box 88, North Benton, Ohio**



"America First" is all right, but Conservation of Bird Life should come a close second. Send $1.00 for this Wren House and some literature on the subject.

THE CRESCENT CO., "Birdville," Toms River, N.J.



AMERICAN KENNELS

Toy white French Silk Poodles, from 3 pound parents, Pedigreed, smallest obtainable, rare Beauties, $15.00. Toy Maltese Terriers, Toy Black and Tans, Toy Yorkshire Terriers, Toy Boston Terriers, $15.00 up; Pekinese Spaniels, Toy Pomeranians, $25.00 up; Toy Foxterriers, $5.00 up; St. Bernards, Great Danes, Newfoundlands, $20.00 up; Scotch Collies, $10.00 up; Irish Terriers, Foxterriers, Airedales, English Bulls, Puppies and grown, Stud Dogs and Bitches in whelp. State wants. We ship anywhere.

Dept. ST., Trevose, Pa.



Cocker Spaniels

Faithful, intelligent and affectionate, they make the finest companions in the world for children and grown people. Playful and full of spirits but not quarrelsome. Puppies and grown dogs of all colors usually for sale. Write to

MEPAL KENNELS, New Marlboro, Berkshire County, Mass.

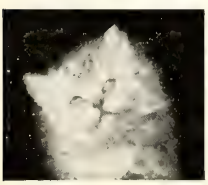
X —THAT'S ALL

—but if it's missing the biscuit is n't

SPRATT'S

Send stamp for catalogue

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., NEWARK, N. J.



Pets for the Children

Beautiful Orange, Blue and Smoke Persian Kittens. Also young, prettily marked, Black with White, altered cats as well as fine Domestic Short Haired Kittens. If you already have a cat let us care for it while you are away from home. That is our specialty.

Black Short Haired Cattery, Hasbrouck Heights, N.J., Tel. 110 M.

Snow White Esquimo Puppies

The smartest and cutest dogs on earth. Natural trick dogs and very comical. Just the thing for children, affectionate, playful and harmless as a kitten. Always full of "PEPP." My puppies are not raised in a city back yard or crowded kennels but on a Kansas farm. They are full of vigor and the picture of health. Will ship on approval to responsible parties. Safe delivery guaranteed. Terms reasonable. 5c. in stamps brings you a catalogue of these popular dogs.



BROCKWAY'S KENNELS Baldwin, Kansas

Pet Department—Continued



PETS OF EVERY KIND

Shetland Ponies, Dogs of all breeds, Belgian Hares and all other rabbits, Angora Cats, Fancy Pigeons, Fancy Poultry, Wild Ducks, Geese, Swans, Cavies, Squirrels, Ringdoves, Parrots, Canaries, Monkeys, Foxes, Raccoons, Ferrets, thousands of Pets all varieties, low prices. Big catalog beautifully illustrated 25 cents, lists free.

Order your pets now.

Hornes Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo.



America's Pioneer Dog Remedies

BOOK ON

DOG DISEASES

And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the Author

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.

118 West 31st Street, New York



Belle Meade Ponies bred from blue ribbon winners. Send for catalogue; shows photos of pet ponies, describes them with pedigree and gives prices from $75 up.

BELLE MEADE FARM

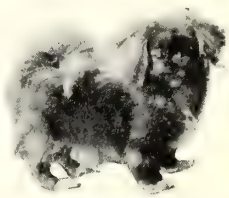
Box 9, Belle Meade, Virginia

THIS IS ME

I may be little and soft and plump,
But my heart is big and true.
My mistress says now I'm quite big enough
To leave my dear mother—for you
From $25 up for these wonderful little

PEKINGESE

Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418, Great Neck, L. I., or 489 Fifth Ave., New York City. Tel.)



A Delightful Christmas Gift



Three, Gold Stamped "Name Pencils" in box for 25 cents. Holly, or Santa Claus and Reindeer Boxes. Appreciated by grown-ups. Especially appropriate for kiddies' stocking. "Xmas Greeting" pencils, dozen or 100. Single "Name Pencils" for Schools. Send for Illustrated Price List today. 16 years of satisfactory quality and service. Postage stamps accepted. C. S. DAMON, 441 Tremont Ave., New York City. Originator of Individual "Name Pencils."

THERMOS

serves you right—food or drink hot without fire—cold without ice



WHETHER for school or out of doors, for skating in winter or for picnics in summer, Thermos is splendid, keeping beverages deliciously *hot* or *cold*. Get the genuine. Look for trade mark THERMOS.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY

35-37 West 31st St., N. Y.

In Canada: Toronto

FACTORY: NORWICH, CONN.



FACTORY TO RIDER

Saves you big money. Buy direct and save $10 to $20 on a bicycle. **RANGER BICYCLES** now come in 94 styles, colors and sizes. Greatly improved; prices reduced. Other reliable models, $11.95 up. **WE DELIVER FREE** to you *on approval* and *30 days trial* and riding test. Our **big FREE catalog** shows everything new in bicycles and sundries. Write for it. **TIRES**, lamps, wheels, parts and supplies at *half usual prices*.

Do not buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you write and learn our *wonderful new offers*, low prices and liberal terms. A postal brings everything. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. L-15 CHICAGO

MADE TO ORDER CLASS PINS

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS

Catalog showing all latest designs mailed free upon request. Special offer: Either style pin illustrated with any equal number of letters and numerals and one or two colors of best hard enamel. Silver Plate 15c each, $1.50 per dozen; Sterling Silver 30c ea, $3.00 per doz. NO.1650

BASTIAN BROS. CO. 89 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

RINGS·FRATERNITY PINS·BADGES

C.K.GROUSE CO.

MANUFACTURERS

CLASS PINS — CHARMS

NORTH ATTLEBORO MASS. BOX B24

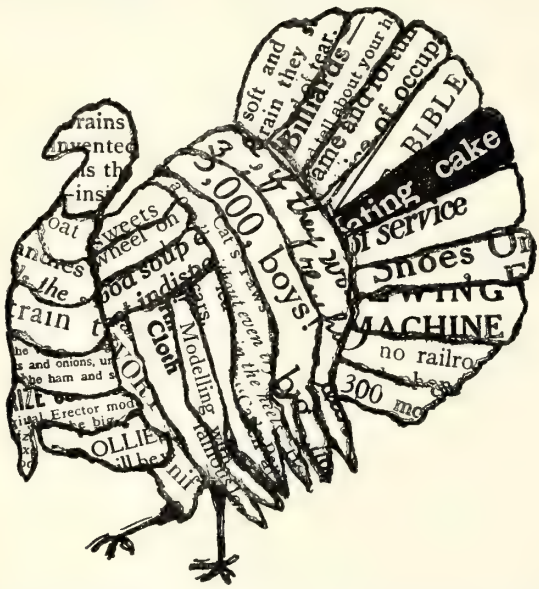
···SEND FOR BEAUTIFUL BOOK OF DESIGNS···

LE PAGE'S GLUE 10¢

STRONGER THAN NAILS

The Prophy-lac-tic is the ONE Tooth Brush in universal use today—everywhere

THANKSGIVING
ADVERTISING COMPETITION *No. 179*



THIS turkey-gobbler has eaten 27 different things advertised in the October ST. NICHOLAS. The result is that he looks quite like an advertisement himself.

Find out, if you can, exactly what articles he "ate." In solving the problem look for the words in each division, or section, of this turkey. Look for type similar to the type in the turkey's picture.

For example, right in the very center of the turkey, you will find a division with the word "cars" printed in a certain size and "style" of type. "Cars" suggest automobiles and "automobiles" suggest Overland. Look in the Overland advertisement and you will find the word "cars" looking just as it appears here.

Do the same with every other division and (starting with the head and going from the top down and from left to right) write down in a column the names of the 27 advertised articles from the advertisements of which this turkey was clipped.

When you get this list done, write down a list of what gifts (advertised in the October or November ST. NICHOLAS) you want most for Christmas—and tell, in a few words, why you want them.

Before you begin, read the rules and regulations.

Rules and Regulations

BE sure to comply with all these conditions if you want to win a prize:

1. Make out your list of answers.
2. Write down in a column the names of the 27 advertised articles from the advertisements of which this turkey was clipped. The prizes will go to those whose answers are correct and who give the most interesting and convincing reasons why they want certain things for Christmas.
3. In upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition, 179.
4. Submit answers by November 20, 1916.
5. Do not use a lead pencil.
6. Address answers:

   Advertising Competition
   No. 179
   St. Nicholas Magazine
   353 Fourth Avenue
   New York City
7. There will be 16 prizes awarded: One First Prize of $5.00; Two Second Prizes of $3.00 each; Three Third Prizes of $2.00 each, and Ten Fourth Prizes of $1.00 each.

This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION *No. 177*

For Competition No. 177 we asked the competitors to suggest their own puzzle, also to submit a subject for a letter, which is usually supplied by the judges. Not a bit surprising, though, was it to the judges to note the splendid suggestions from those who took part.

PRIZE-WINNERS:

One First Prize ($5.00)

James A. Miller	Age 14	Michigan.

Two Second Prizes ($3.00 each)

Lisbeth Henderson	Age 14	Oregon.
Barbara Farr	" 11	Illinois.

Three Third Prizes ($2.00 each)

Alice Heyl	Age 13	New York.
John M. Sherman	" 16	Massachusetts.
Lloyd E. Smith	" 14	Massachusetts.

Ten Fourth Prizes ($1.00 each)

Lesley C. Browne	Age 15	Massachusetts.
Alice Lister	" 14	Ohio.
Mildred Stone	" 13	New Jersey.
Eleanor M. Dorr	" 16	New York.
Wallace Hagen	" 11	Ohio.
Priscilla Drury	" 14	Rhode Island.
Dorothea T. Morelock	" 17	New Jersey.
Ethel Wilson	" 13	Ontario, Canada.
Minot S. Kelso	" 12	Connecticut.
Margaret E. Scott	" 15	New Jersey.

Honorable Mention

Margaret D. Reese	Age 12	Washington, D. C.
Clara Elizabeth Findlater	" 12	Ohio.
Bessie H. Rockwood	" 16	New York.
Ida Hagan	" 13	Ohio.
Eleanor C. Gibbons	" 13	New York.
Xenia Marglutic	" 15	New York.
Minerva Turnbull	" 15	Virginia.

VENUS PENCILS



FIRST PRIZE

THE winners of the drawing competition described in September ST. NICHOLAS, as selected by ST. NICHOLAS, are:

First Prize $10. Dorothy Hughes, 64 Elm St., New Rochelle, N.Y.

Second Prize $5. Myrell Armstrong, 25 East 77th St., New York City

Third Prize $2.50 Ellis Schmidt, 263 W. New York Ave., Oshkosh, Wis.

TO a list of 50 others on the honorable mention list, free samples of **VENUS** drawing pencils and VENUS eraser are being sent. The sketches submitted were most interesting and the selection of the winner was difficult.

You will find **VENUS 10c pencils** splendid for the most difficult requirements. Unvarying, uniform, perfectly satisfactory always. 17 degrees, from 6B softest to 9H hardest. Look for distinctive Venus watermark finish when you buy. If not at your dealer's, write us direct.

American Lead Pencil Co., 220 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Makers also of the famous *Blue Band Velvet 5c Pencil*

LUDEN'S Stop "Throat Tickling"



Throat irritations won't disturb your sleep if you use Luden's. Clear the head—soothe the throat.

In "Yellow Box—5c

LUDEN'S

MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

Luden's is not a "cure-all"—but gives quick relief and eases the throat of thousands of regular users.

WM. H. LUDEN, Mfg. Confectioner, READING, PA.



EARN

Your Christmas Money Selling Christmas Greens

Everybody buys some *Holly Wreaths* and other *Evergreen Decorations* for the *Holidays*.

We have a plan to tell you about whereby you can secure these orders from all your friends and acquaintances and make a nice little sum for your *Christmas money*.

We do not ask you to send any money in advance, and we will fill all your orders and allow you to make delivery before remitting to us. All we ask is that you send us the names of your parents or some other grown-ups as reference. Read what one of our little friends wrote us at the end of last season.

North Tonawanda, N. Y.
December 28, 1915

The Burton Evergreen Co.
Milton, Delaware

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find check for $32.20 in payment for evergreens. I could have sold twice as many if I had ordered them. Next year I can assure you a much larger order. I have received a great deal of praise for the fine quality goods furnished.

(Signed) Wallace G. Palmer, Jr.

This little boy's profit was good, and like many others of our little friends he found no trouble in getting orders—for everybody wants evergreens.

Write us *now* and secure the agency and start to work. You will be surprised at the little effort it takes to get the orders.

The BURTON EVERGREEN CO.
Milton, Delaware

BURTON EVERGREEN CO.
MILTON, DEL. *Date* . . . . . .

Please tell me all about how I can earn Christmas money selling Christmas greens.

Name . . . . . .

Street . . . . . .

Town . . . . . *State* . . . . . .



In China, Parents Deformed

children's feet—*purposely*—by crowding them into narrow, tiny shoes. American parents do the same thing—*thoughtlessly*—when they buy pointed, "fancy" shoes for their children—shoes whose results are bent bones, corns, bunions, fallen arches, ingrowing nails, callouses, etc.

Spare your child all this misery. Put boy and girl alike into good-looking, long-wearing, scientifically constructed Educators. Put on Educators yourself and feel Nature abolish your foot-ills.

Made for MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

EDUCATOR is branded on the sole. That mark guarantees you the correct Educator shape that "lets the feet grow as they should."

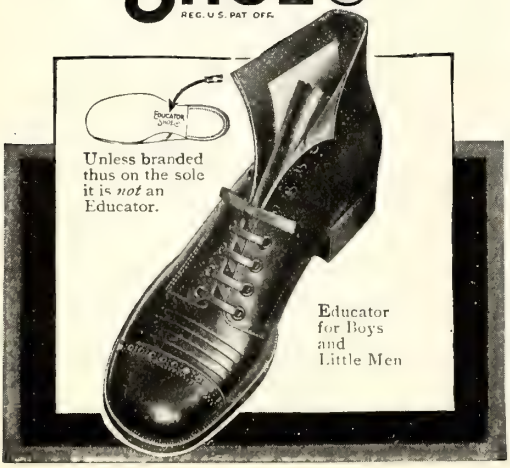
Send today for startling book, "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet." Interesting advice by orthopaedic experts.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



We want every boy reader of St. Nicholas to send today for our

CATALOG *OF WIRELESS APPARATUS* FREE

Your copy of our 80-page Catalog of Wireless Apparatus sent free on request. Send postal card for it today; ask for Wireless Catalog No. 60S98.



IN our Wireless Catalog shown above we illustrate and describe this high grade variable condenser and a great many other pieces of wireless apparatus of very high quality. Our price on this condenser, **$3.70.** Other prices equally low. Send for the book today and see for yourself. Ask for Catalog of Wireless Apparatus No. 60S98.

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO., CHICAGO

The Electrical Experimenter



BOYS!

Here is *THE* electrical magazine for you. For the Dabbler and the "How-to-make-it" fiend. Chuck full of experiments and the latest electrical doings. Non-technical—in plain English. Foremost authority on WIRELESS in U.S.

200 illustrations, 90 big pages, over 100 articles. ONE COPY WILL CONVINCE YOU.

At All News Stands, 15c.

$1.50 a year (foreign $2.00)
Send 10c. for 3 numbers

The Electrical Experimenter
255 Fulton St., N. Y.

CONTINENTAL "Get Acquainted" Offer

OUR November OFFER



Every month, to demonstrate the wide variety and remarkable value in Continental Sporting Goods, we offer our friends a real bargain in some seasonable article. This month our Special is a real Ice Skate and Shoe value which you should not overlook.



THIS REGULAR $8 SKATE AND SHOE OUTFIT.....$4.95 *with coupon*

Specify boy's or girl's and give size of shoe when ordering. All charges prepaid anywhere by us. Take advantage of this offer to-day.

CONTINENTAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE with every purchase.

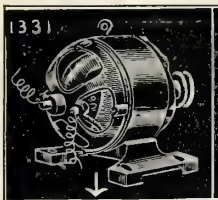
Watch for next month's Special. *Write for Fall and Winter Catalog "S. N."*

CONTINENTAL SPORTING GOODS Co.

WORLD'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER SPORTING GOODS HOUSE

125 West 125 Street, N.Y.C.

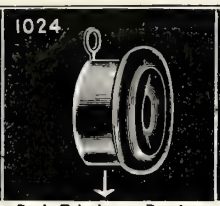
Coupon Value $3.05 Nov. Offer S. N.



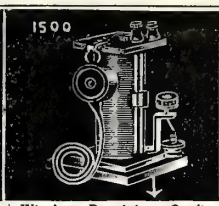
6 volt, 6 ampere Dynamo, wt. 7 lbs. - - - $4.25



Wireless Course. FREE. See our catalog.



Real Telephone Receiver, wt. 1 lb. - - - $ .50



Wireless Receiving Outfit, wt. 4 lbs. - - - $3.75



Revolver Flashlight, wt. 1 lb. - - - - $ .95



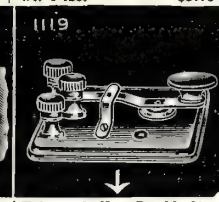
16 Light Xmas Tree Outfit, wt. 3 lbs. - - - $4.05



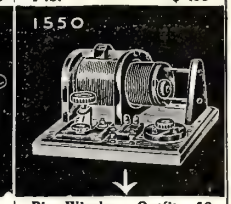
6 volt, 60 amp. Storage Battery - - - - $8.00



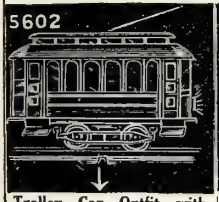
Nickel Pocket Light, wt. 4 oz. - - - - - $ .50



Telegraph Key, Double Circuit, wt. 1 lb. - - $ .40



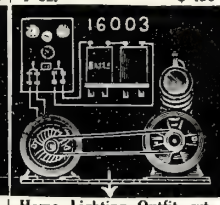
Big Wireless Outfit, 10 lbs. - - - - $8.85



Trolley Car Outfit with track, wt. 10 lbs. - $7.00



Electric Toaster and Stove, wt. 5 lbs. - - - $1.95



Home Lighting Outfit, wt. 195 lbs. - - - $78.00



Electric Bike Lamp (no Battery), wt. 2 lbs. - $1.15



1 inch Bull-Dog Spark Coil, wt. 6 lbs. - - - $4.75

When ordering any of the above include postage, else goods go by express collect. The goods shown here are only a fraction of our wonderful assortment illustrated and described in our great big 275 page Cyclopedia Catalog containing 650 illustrations, Treatise on Wireless Telegraphy, List of all U. S. Wireless Call Letters, Code Chart, and 20 coupons for Free Wireless Course. Cyclopedia sent free for 4c to cover postage only. **Send for a copy to-day.**

THE ELECTRO IMPORTING COMPANY, 255 Fulton Street, New York City

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION FOR HOOPING-COUGH OR CROUP

The celebrated effectual remedy without internal medicine. For 120 years this remedy has met with continued and growing popularity. Bronchitis, Lumbago, and Rhumatism are also quickly relieved by a few applications. No increase in price.

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"WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS"



To fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, grandmothers, distant relatives, neighbors, Santa Claus, and *all* other good friends. I have written down below a list of the Christmas gifts that would make me happiest. Of course I won't be disappointed if I don't get them *all*. I just thought it would be easier for you if I told you what I should *like* to have.



Signed .....

First of All I Want ST. NICHOLAS
After that I Would Like

(Advertised on page.....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page.....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

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(Advertised on page.....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

What to do with this page

To ST. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls—First look through your copies of ST. NICHOLAS and decide what things you would *most* like to find in your stocking on Chrisimas morning. Then write your name and copy your "wishes" in the spaces reserved above, putting in the exact page and issue of ST. NICHOLAS on which the gift is advertised so that "Santa Claus" will make no mistake. Then leave your ST. NICHOLAS in a conspicuous place with this page turned down at the corner or something to attract attention to it.



For Christmas

—a real electric range

THOUSANDS of girls were made happy last Christmas by the Junior Electric Range—a real little electric stove on which you can fry, boil and bake just as Mother does on her big range.

No flame—no smoke—no matches. Just connect the cord to an electric-light socket and turn the switch. A kettle, skillet and baking pan come with each range.

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Junior Range

The Junior Range is a beauty. You will be proud of it—and so will Mother, because she knows it will help you learn how to cook. If you cannot see one at the toy stores or department stores or at the electric light company in your city, write to our office in the city nearest you.

Ask for the little cookbook written especially for this Junior Range.



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STATE OF THE
UNION

POLLY *and* PETER PONDS



(A CONTINUED STORY)

Chapter LXIII

In Which Peter Wins an Athletic Championship



"ATHLETIC WEEK" opened auspiciously at Peter's school. The weather was so fine that everybody not only said a cheerful "Hello!" to people they met, but invariably added, "Great weather!"

"Athletic Week" is the second week of the Fall term of school. During this period any classmen, except the "Freshies," may take time to compete in all sorts of sports, the only condition being that they must pass a physical test. A prize is awarded to the boy who wins the most points. Three points each are credited for a first place victory, two points for second place, and one for third. Each contestant may enter any number of competitions, and a victory adds just as much to the boy's score whether the "game" is swimming, rowing, sprinting, golf, sailing, or any of the other sports for which proper rules are made.

For three years Peter Ponds' heart had been set on capturing this prize, and this year his entire summer had been spent in training and practice. You can imagine his feelings when, two weeks before school opened, one of his shoulder muscles began to pain him, and, finally, he could hardly lift his arm. Bill Conley was Peter's tireless friend in this emergency. He rubbed Peter's shoulder with Pond's Extract regularly and persistently until the soreness completely disappeared. From this time on Peter took no chances. Every night and morning he rubbed Pond's Extract into his muscles until they were supple and yielding and not in the least tense or lame. The result was that when the great week came Peter was in perfect trim, his muscles did what his mind ordered, and did it quickly and accurately, and—

Peter won the coveted trophy—a triumph so great that the school paper published an extra edition in his honor. Peter modestly ascribed all the credit to Pond's Extract, and there is not a particle of doubt that it helped him wonderfully, just as it is always helping all boys and girls whenever their muscles are lame, or whenever they have an accident that bruises or breaks the skin.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street, New York City

THE SCHOOL SUN

VOL. XXII. No. 1. OCTOBER, 1916 10 cents a copy

EXTRA

PETER PONDS WINS ALL-ROUND ATHLETIC PRIZE

Senior who does well in most sports gets coveted trophy

Peter Ponds, one of the best liked fellows in school, was the victor in the annual Athletic Week which closed to-day He won 4 firsts (12 points), 5 seconds (10 points) and 1 third (1 point), making his total 23 points—a high record never before equalled during the four years in which Athletic Week has been a feature of the Fall term

The whole school is glad Peter won it, and his margin of victory was so decisive that no doubt remains in any one's mind that he deserves first place as the best all-round athlete.

When one of the Sun's reporters ("heelers," in the language of the Freshman) interviewed Ponds shortly after the result was announced, he was informed that most of the credit was due to Pond's Extract, which Peter (with the aid of Peter's pal, William J Conley, 3rd, Esquire) had used on his muscles every night and morning, and after any exercise, for the last two weeks. This looks like a good tip to those who aspire to athletic fame in this school. The Athletic Director recommends Pond's Extract constantly, and The Sun is glad to do the same, even if it does sound like a free advertisement for us to say so in these columns. Ponds' total was amassed in the following fashion.

EVENT	PLACE	POINTS	SCORE OR TIME
50 yard swim	first	3	30 seconds
100 yard dash	"	2	10⅘ "
440 yard run	"	3	54 "
18 hole, medal play, golf	"	3	83 strokes
Goal shooting, basket ball	second	2	9 out of 10
Target shooting, 22-cal Rifle	"	2	48 " " 50
Bowling	"	2	170
Running backwards (50 yds.)	"	2	12 seconds
Running the bases	"	2	25 "
Rope climbing	third	1	28 "

Strictly Personal

Our hat is off to you, Peter. You have made a great record, and you did it not through a run of luck but by honest, conscientious work, by taking the best possible care of your muscles and by regular practice Your victory ought to inspire every boy in the school.

POND'S EXTRACT

WILL NOT WIN PRIZES FOR YOU BUT IT WILL HELP YOU TO WIN THEM

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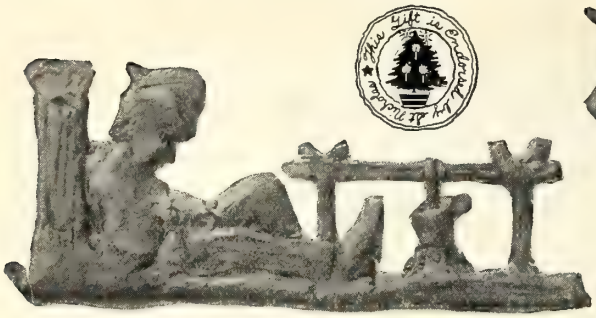
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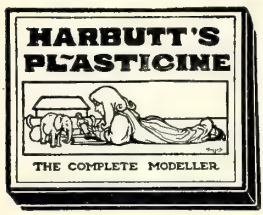
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One of the newest features in Holeproof for women is a cotton or silk stocking with elastic ribbed lisle top—a top that stretches wide but always returns to shape—ideally comfortable for both stout and slender women. See this new Holeproof before you buy new stockings. Judge its quality and style. If your dealer hasn't it write us; we'll supply you.

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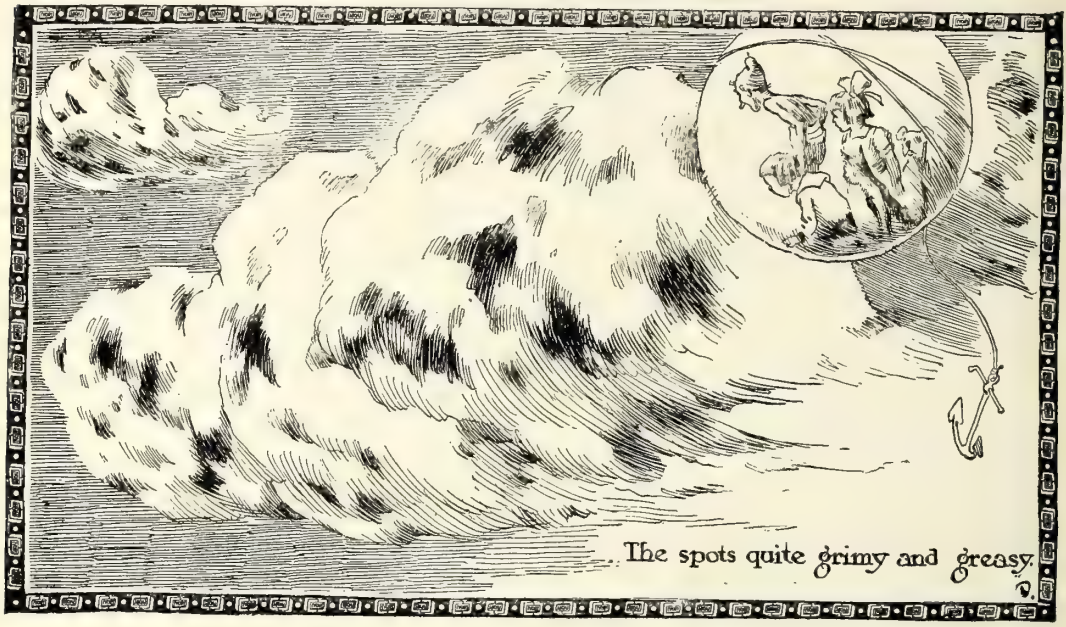
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IVORY ADVENTURES



·: THE MILKY WAY :·

YOU'D never think such youngsters brave, as Bob and Betty cared how long their travels lasted or just how their journey fared. But still, to tell the truth, they were as homesick as could be. Gnif thought it stupid to go home, but Gniffy, don't you see, was just a homeless little gnome with neither pal nor brother, and hadn't any notion what it means to miss a mother. So, off their bubble started home, through clouds all white and fleecy—first thing they knew they came to spots quite grimy, dark, and greasy.

"I know what's happened," Bobby said, "it's that old Milky Way. I heard about it up on Mars. It *overflows*, they say. Sometimes it spots the sky all up, but never mind, you Elf, I'm off for home so let the sky clean up its mussy *self*."

"Oh, not so fast," Miss Betty cried, "we'll not enjoy our fun if, up among the shining clouds, we've left a spotty one." Poor homesick Bobby sighed a sigh and bent his will to sister's; for that's the way that brothers do—they'll work their hands to blisters to do the things they ought to do if asked with some respect, but driving is more apt to have a different effect. With floating IVORY they washed the hangings of the night and scoured all the fleecy clouds till they were pure and white. The sunset curtains, pink and gray, washed well and never ran, for IVORY can be safely used wherever water can. When Mr. Sun went down that night, his glory spreading wide, our heroes looked upon their work with honest IVORY pride.

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Old Sun was grateful for their help and said he would agree
To fade or shrink no garment that was washed with IVORY.

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Here is a car that the youngsters can drive.

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and
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"Spick and Span"
Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
MAKES EVERYTHING "SPICK AND SPAN"

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In the United States, the price of THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is **$3.00 a year in advance, or 25 cents a single copy;** the price of a yearly subscription to a Canadian address is **$3.35;** the subscription price elsewhere throughout the world is $3.60 (the regular price of $3.00 plus the foreign postage, 60 cents). Foreign subscriptions will be received in English money at 14 shillings, 6 pence, in French money 18 francs, in German money 14 marks, 50 pfennigs, covering postage. We request that remittances be by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. All subscriptions will be filled from the New York office. The Century Co. reserves the right to suspend any subscription taken contrary to its selling terms, and to refund the unexpired credit. *PUBLISHED MONTHLY*

The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, $1.00. We *bind* and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or $1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be *distinctly* marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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BLUE STREAKS



Honest Bicycle Tires

Just as soon as you read this take the magazine to your father and say "What do these terms mean?"

"Making one brand instead of many;" "large volume of sales;" "cutting out the middleman by selling direct to the dealer;" "one price to all."

They may look like puzzlers but he will be glad to explain them and it will be a crackerjack business lesson for you.

He will tell you, too, that these are the reasons why you need no longer run the risk of paying an unfair price for a poor, no-account tire, but can buy Goodyear Blue Streaks, as good tires as there are in the world, for $2.50, a price hitherto unheard of for a tire of such quality.

He will tell you that a company that makes such fine automobile tires as Goodyear makes cannot afford to have you or him think badly of it by selling you a bicycle tire that does not live up to all that is claimed for it.

Blue Streaks look well and wear well.

Ask some of the fellows what they think of Blue Streaks.

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$2.50
Each



Guaranteed

GOODYEAR
AKRON

ST. NICHOLAS

for 1917

IN the whole history of ST. NICHOLAS, which for forty-three years has been acclaimed the one best magazine for young folk, not only in America but the world over, there seldom has been offered as fine a program of good things for a single volume as the list of features for 1917.

The leading serial of the year will be a fascinating story for girls (and for everybody) entitled

UNDERSTOOD BETSY

By Dorothy Canfield

Author of "Hillsboro People," "The Bent Twig," "A Montessori Mother," etc.

The magazine and its great constituency of eager-minded young folk are to be congratulated upon having secured her first long story for girls from this gifted writer, whose most recent books have won a chorus of ardent appreciation from readers and critics all over the land. *The New York Evening Post* said of "The Bent Twig" that its characters were "living, breathing persons"; *The New York Tribune*, that "It is American to the core, and demands a second reading"; *The Boston Herald* pronounced it "a story of rare artistry."

All these words of praise might as fitly be applied to "Understood Betsy," which is a unique and remarkably real story of American family life. From it, as from all Dorothy Canfield's writings, both young folk and grown-ups may learn many things, besides constantly enjoying the humor, the keen and skilful character-drawing, and the absorbing incidents of the narrative itself. It will run through almost, if not quite, the entire twelve numbers of the new volume, beginning with this (November) issue. ¶Another year-long serial, intended primarily for boys but of interest to the general reader, is

LETTERS

From a Grateful Mother

"Please let me say that I wish you could overhear, if for only one month, the remarks in our household during the days preceding the 1st—'In ten days St. Nick 'll be here' (ineffable gloat!) and so on progressively till The Day—'It 's come! It 's come!' To a friend—'Have you read "The Sapphire Signet"? You haven 't?'—commiseration inexpressible! And this is only one home and two young people out of the multitude of your debtors—though we are three, really, for I enjoy it, I think, as much as they.

"How can we parents thank you for upholding the true, sound ideal in ST. NICHOLAS and giving us something our children love and that we can unhesitatingly provide for them? It is like a rock in a weary land in these kaleidoscopic days."

From a Well-known Photographer of Children

"I shall be particularly gratified to see one of my pictures in ST. NICHOLAS, as it is the first magazine I ever read, and I suppose I owe to it more and greater pleasure than to any other publication in the world."

(See next page

(St. Nicholas for 1917—Continued)

UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS

By Joseph B. Ames

Author of "The Treasure of the Canyon," "The Courage of a Coward," etc.

This fine story sets forth in a strong and vivid light the actual life of the great Boy-Scout organization, and the effects upon its members of the discipline and useful knowledge which it supplies. The military drill is of very minor importance in comparison with the steadfast habits of self-control which are emphasized and inculcated, and the value of this training in turning out a body of well-equipped, high-minded citizens who will be a great force in the American life of the future. From the opening scene in which the young hero, through his quick wit and special Boy-Scout knowledge, rescues a little lad from death by a broken electric wire, to the final instalment in which the whole local organization saves many lives at a time of sudden emergency, the story is a record of praiseworthy effort, of thrilling adventure, that will delight every boy-reader of the magazine.

It was written, moreover, under the special auspices of the American Boy Scout Organization, and is officially endorsed by the leaders of the movement as an accurate and comprehensive presentation of its purposes and methods.

A third serial which will bring joy to all girl-readers of the magazine will be a new "mystery-story"

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

Author of "The Boarded-up House" and "The Sapphire Signet"

No contributions to the magazine in recent years have been more popular than the two stories named above, and the young readers' interest in their mysterious happenings grew with every chapter. Into this third narrative Mrs. Seaman has woven an even more perplexing and fascinating mystery which will keep the interest of her big audience on edge from first to last.

Of single articles and short stories there will be literally no end, for the generous limit of pages assigned to them can hardly contain them all. The following are some of the good offerings of this class:

"Akbar and Birbal"

By Arthur Guiterman

No single contribution of recent years has received a more rapturous welcome, both from older readers and the boys and girls, than Mr. Guiterman's fascinating story of the Oriental potentate and his shrewd and witty counselor, published a year ago. The impatient cry: "Give us more about Akbar and Birbal!" was repeated in many letters from young folk and their parents, who will all rejoice, therefore, in the announcement that these unique tales of Eastern wit and wisdom will be continued, at intervals, during the coming year. The next set of "Akbar and Birbal" stories will appear in the January number.

The Great Upheaval

By Albert Bigelow Paine

An intensely interesting story relating the experiences of Mr. Paine while sojourning in Switzerland when the Great War began. Rich in amusing and exciting incidents.

Motoring Through the Golden Age

It will be good news to all readers, old and young, to learn that Mr. Paine is expected to contribute to ST. NICHOLAS during 1917, under the above title, several articles of European travel and adventure, illustrated with many unique pictures and photographs.

(See next page 

(St. Nicholas for 1917—Continued)

The January number of ST. NICHOLAS will contain

A biographical sketch of exceptional interest and assured popularity, entitled

THE SINGER OF A THOUSAND SONGS

It is a delightful tribute (with many beautiful pictures, including two exquisite drawings by W. Graham Robertson, the English artist) to the famous Kitty Cheatham, who has "sung her way into the hearts of countless little folk—and big folk, too," and who is preëminently the world's "singer of childhood for children."

It is but half the mission of ST. NICHOLAS, however, to interest, amuse, and entertain its readers. It is as careful every year to provide contributions that will renew their highest ideals, and enlarge in every way their vision of the meaning and value of life, and incite them to noble endeavor. To this end the magazine has laid before them, each year, numerous biographical sketches recounting the achievements of the world's great men and women, as in Miss Ariadne Gilbert's notable series, "More Than Conquerors." During the coming twelve months there will be an inspiring set of papers, written with the true literary touch and in a spirit of illuminating appreciation by Miss Mary R. Parkman, of Washington. They will be divided into a double series:

HEROES OF TO-DAY

(including)

"The Laird of Skyland" (John Muir).
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"A Modern Viking" (Jacob Riis).
"A Pioneer of the Open" (Dr. Edward L. Trudeau).

HEROINES of SERVICE

(including)

"The Heart of Hull House" (Jane Addams).
"Our Lady of the Red Cross" (Clara Barton).
"The Princess of Wellesley" (Alice Freeman Palmer).
"A Maiden Crusader" (Frances E. Willard).

The above are already in hand for early numbers of the magazine and will be followed by many others—"brief, crisp narratives, which may be read or told in about twenty minutes, presenting vividly the struggle for achievement and the triumph in service, along various lines, of heroes and heroines who have fought their fight in the patient modern way. Each narrative is not merely a chronicle of facts and events, but a vital, clearly visualized human story that is not only absolutely authentic and interesting in itself, but also significant in its relation to some important phase of modern effort and the life of to-day."

Nor does the magazine ever neglect the very important feature of Practical Mechanics for Boys; and, following the notable series of papers, "With Men Who Do Things" and "On the Battle-front of Engineering," by A. Russell Bond of "The Scientific American," there will appear during 1917 a set of pages, each month, telling, with special diagrams and illustrations,

"HOW TO MAKE IT" *By* Joseph S. Newman

an experienced writer and leader in the field of handicraft and electrical work for boys who are or wish to become mechanical experts.

(See next page 

(St. Nicholas for 1917—Continued)

ST. NICHOLAS DEPARTMENTS

Nature and Science

On the practical side, ST. NICHOLAS in every number, by special articles of information and through its "Nature and Science" department, keeps its readers abreast of the times in the fields of invention and industrial achievement, while to these features will be added, in 1917, a set of pages devoted to mechanics for boys, and lessons in every-day handicraft of many kinds.

The Watch Tower

"The Watch Tower," a department of current history, conducted by S. E. Forman, author of "Advanced Civics," "American History," etc., keeps the young readers of the magazine informed concerning the most important events that are happening in all parts of the globe. The young folk thus have the great advantage, under the guidance and explanation of an experienced educator, of beholding history in the making; and the department has met with a very warm and popular appreciation from teachers and schools in all parts of the country.

St. Nicholas League

This department, with its monthly competitions in prose-writing, verse, photography, drawing, and puzzles, provides a fine incentive to youthful endeavor and is really a great school made up of voluntary members, who write numberless letters of gratitude for the inspiration and benefit it has brought them, and for the beautiful badges won in these friendly contests with other girls and boys in every English-speaking country.

Books and Reading

"Books and Reading," conducted by Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne, is also an invaluable aid to its young readers, by acquainting them "with the best that has been thought and said in the world" and leading them into a love of good literature. As for the imaginative element, the magazine abounds with fanciful tales illustrated appropriately by the best artists, and in rhymes, jingles, and pictures that satisfy the natural love, in old and young, of jollity, good cheer, and wholesome fun.

Now is the best time of the year to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS, the best-loved magazine in the world. During this Autumn Season more serial stories are begun than at any other season. Moreover, those who join the great international family of ST. NICHOLAS readers now are sure of getting the wonderful Christmas number, which is of extraordinary richness and size, and which is usually sold out early on the news-stands. Subscribe now.

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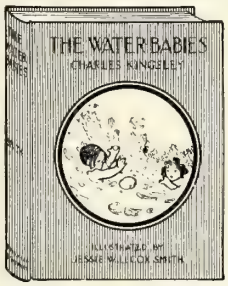
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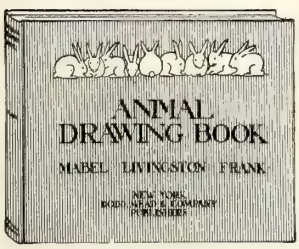
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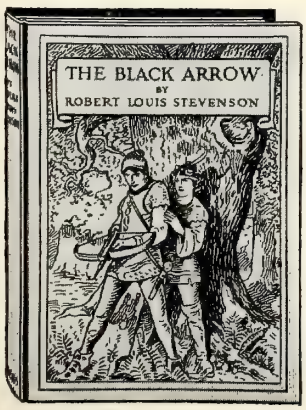
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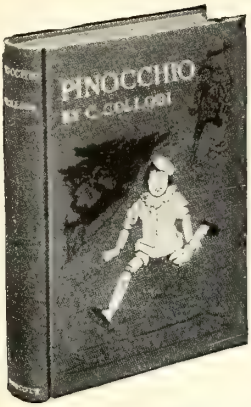
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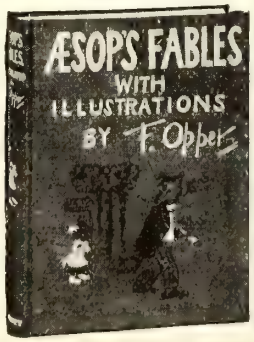
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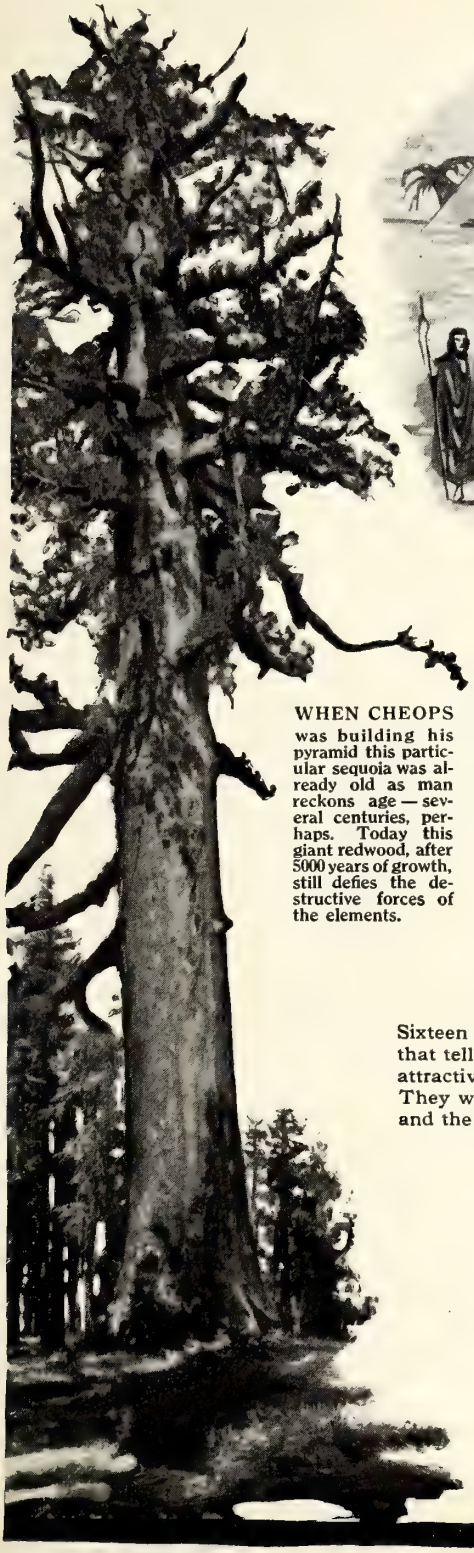
THE BOOK MAN

MANY young people who have a natural love for art are discouraged by their elders and other young people who care nothing for such things. Yet it is a pathway to true and high pleasure, and it is the person who sees nothing in good pictures and good sculpture for whom we should be sorry.

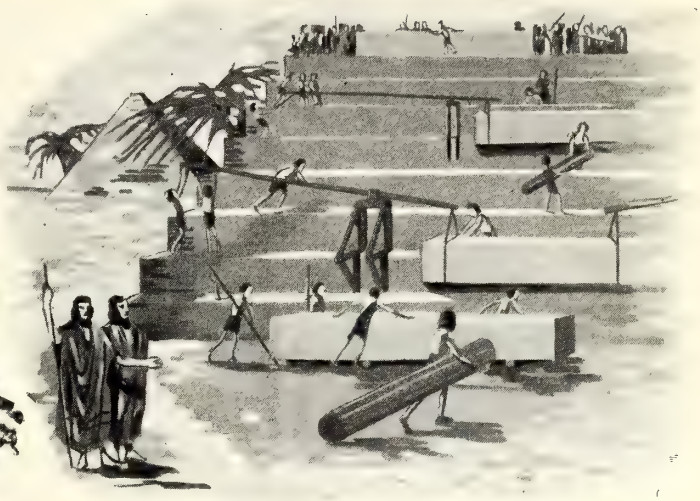
President Eliot said not long ago: "The main object of every school should be, not to provide the children with the means of earning a livelihood, but to show them how to live a happy and worthy life, inspired by ideals which exalt and dignify both labor and pleasure. To see beauty and to love it is to possess large securities for such a life." It is said that good music often heard will give pleasure even to those who did not like it at first; but heard in the light of some explanation as to its meaning, the pleasure will be doubled. It is much the same with painting and sculpture and architecture. If we study carefully even such reproductions as can be given in a book or the pages of a magazine, and learn something about what they mean and how they were produced and what they represent, we shall be well started toward some real appreciation of great art. Every true and vital thing we learn about any good work of art helps us to judge correctly all other works of art.

I am quoting the opinions of Mr. Charles L. Barstow, the author of three compact, informative, readable, and lavishly illustrated handbooks, "Famous Pictures," "Famous Buildings," and "Famous Sculpture," each of which is well calculated to awaken an appreciation of the art in question and to provide a general elementary knowledge of its history.

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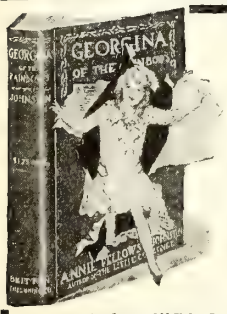
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In "Famous Pictures" Mr. Barstow follows a somewhat different method of arrangement, in order best to bring out the special characteristics of this art. He groups the great paintings of the world according to general divisions of type, in each group giving the pictures in the order in which they were produced and showing in relation to these groups how the art of painting in general has grown and developed. Thus he discusses successively Portraits, Pictures of Child Life, Animal Pictures, Landscape Painting, Legendary and Historical Subjects, Sacred and Religious Subjects, Decoration, and Genre and Still-life, winding up with a brief capitulation of all the principal historic schools of painting and a glossary of technical terms. In each case he describes what the type consists of and where, when, and why it has chiefly flourished, and discusses the work of the greatest artists in the field in question, with illuminating comments on their lives and methods, and a sufficient number of anecdotes to make these great artists familiar personalities to the reader. The pictures scattered through the text at almost every page serve to keep the eye constantly awake to the real meaning of the written text.

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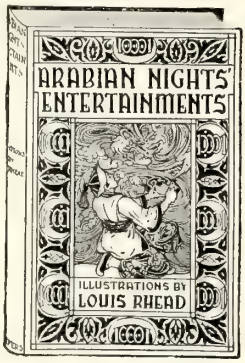
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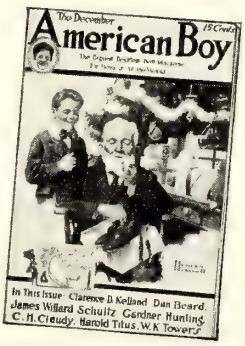
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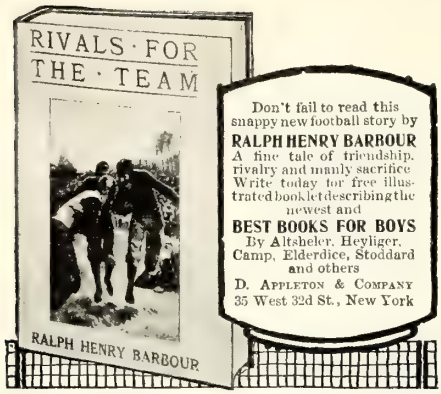
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of ST. NICHOLAS

published monthly *at* New York, N. Y.,

For October 1, 1916

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Before me, a *Notary Public* in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared WILLIAM FAYAL CLARKE, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the *Editor* of the ST. NICHOLAS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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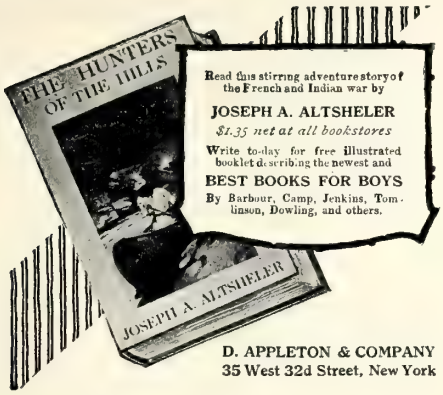
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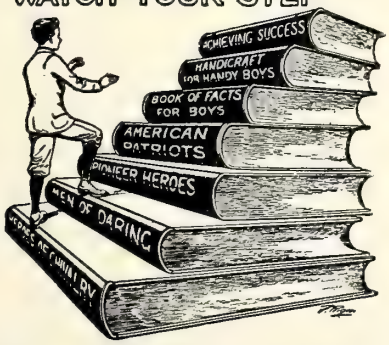
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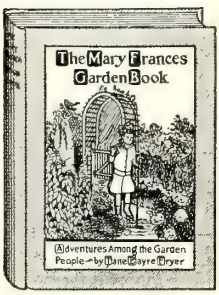
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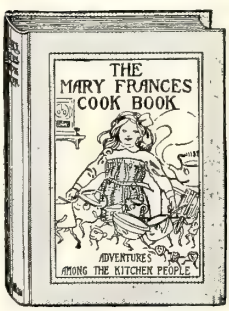


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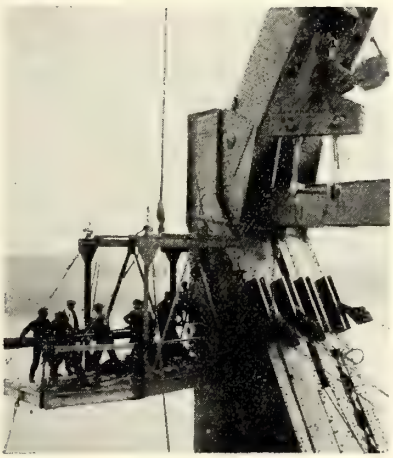
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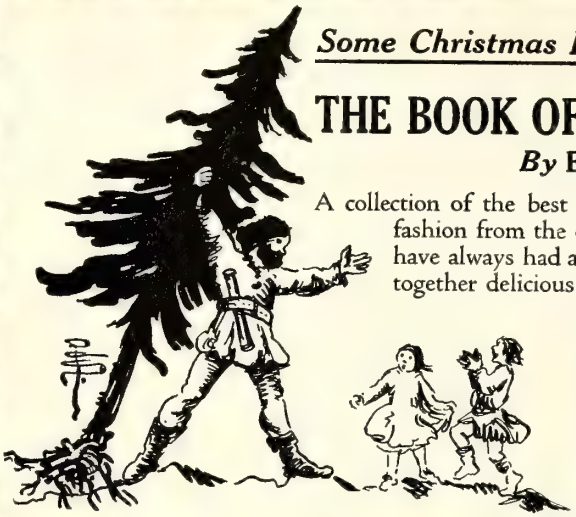
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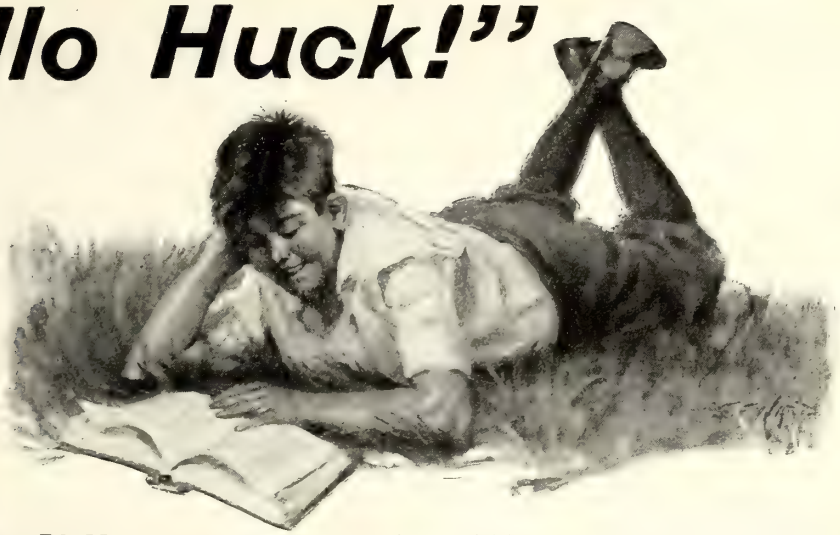
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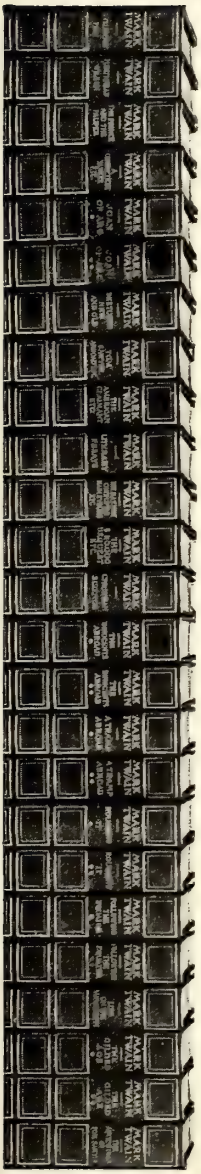
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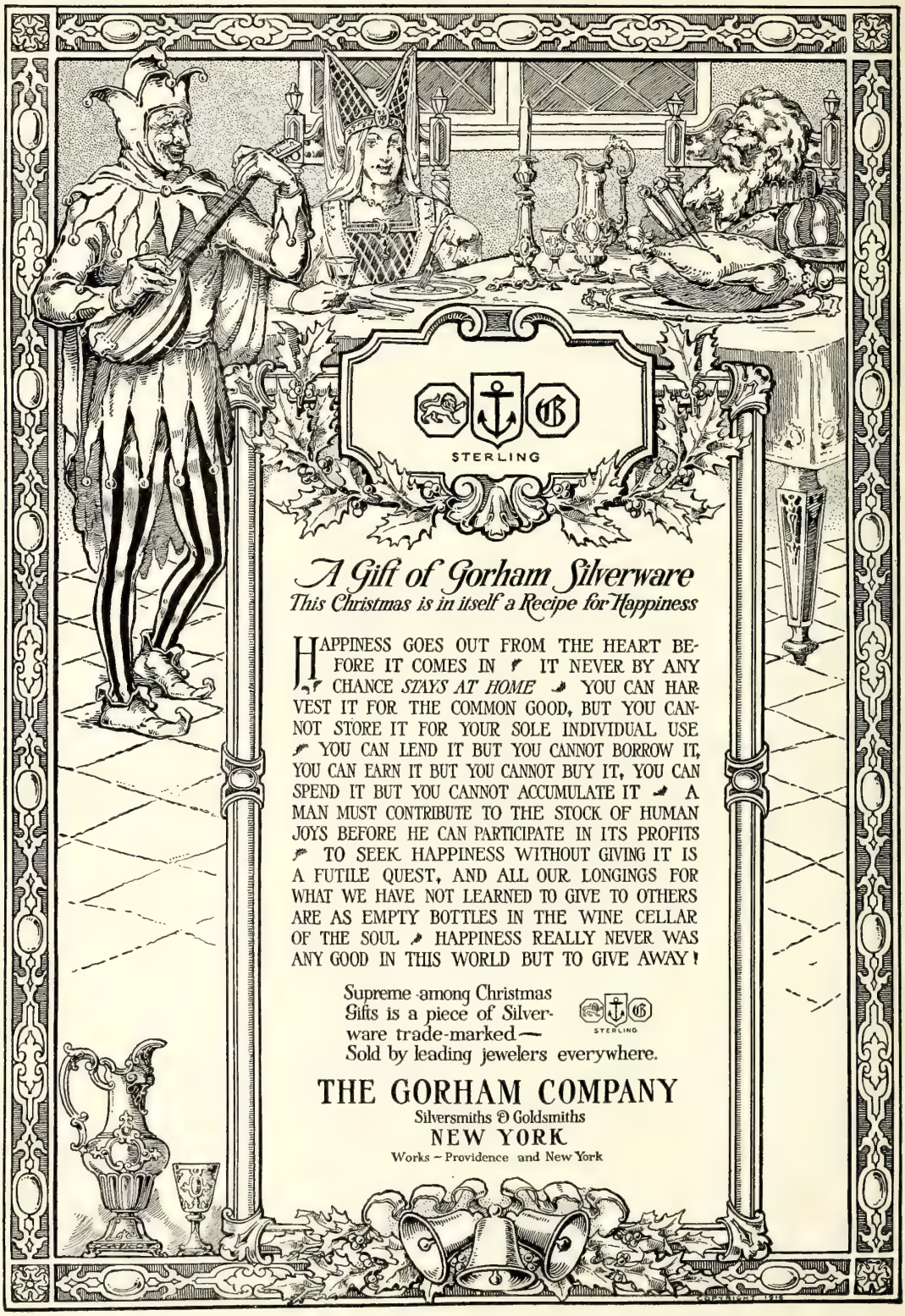
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(SEE "JIM WILSON'S CHUM," PAGE 111.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLIV DECEMBER, 1916 NO. 2

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BETTY'S BEST CHRISTMAS

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," etc., etc.

IT was a long, long time ago, in the early days of the Civil War, when two little cousins lay under the shade of a broad beech-tree in Kentucky, and asked each other, for all the world like little girls of the present day, "What can we do next?"

They had swung on the willow-boughs that hung above the creek where it ambled sleepily between its banks of fern and mint; they had climbed the hay-loft and jumped off until they were tired. Now, in the heat of the afternoon, they lay on the grass, eating large slices of bread and jam and trying to think of something to do next.

"I know what I 'd say if you were n't a goody-goody!" said Betty, a fair-haired, blue-eyed person of nine, with red lips that pouted when they were n't smiling, and eyes that could dance while the tears still stood in them.

"I 'm *not* a goody-goody!" said the older girl, indignantly, "only with Daddy sick in the hospital and Aunty and Grandmother both away, I think we ought to mind Mammy."

"There 's always some reason!" said Betty, with a rebellious toss of her curls. "They 've been telling us that the Yankees would get us if we did this or that, until I 'most wish they would!"

"They would n't hurt me," said Jane, proudly, "because my father is a Union man."

"Well, your grandfather ain't, or Mother, or me, or Mammy. We would n't be Yankees for anything!"

A troubled expression crossed Jane's delicate, serious face. She was only eleven, but the tragedy of the terrible war had already thrown its sinister shadows across her life. Her little home in the North had been broken up, her mother was off in a distant hospital nursing the dear father who had given his right arm for his country, and she was here at Hollycrest, her mother's old home in Kentucky, where she hardly dared mention her father's name. "Rebels" and "Yankees"! How she hated the words! It made her just as angry to hear her grandfather called the one, as it did to hear her father called the other.

"I know what I am going to do," announced Betty, whose thoughts had gone back to that forbidden something that started the argument. "I 'm going over to the office."

The office was a one-room log-building across the road, where Grandfather kept his books and papers and fled for refuge when the big house became too noisy with the coming and going of kith and kin. It was the one place on the estate forbidden to the children, and, by a strange law of nature, also the most fascinating.

Betty was a person who always suited the action to the word, and before Jane could remonstrate she was leading the way across the yard. As they passed the milk-cellar they encountered an obstacle. In fact, they encountered two of them. Two woolly little colored girls, who had been sliding down the slanting door, disentangled themselves from the bunch in which they had

landed, and demanded in one breath: "Whar you-all gwine at?"

"Not any place you can go," said Betty, with a superior air.

"Kin too! Can't I, Miss Jane?" asked the blackest of the little girls, whose name was Lily White. Then as she saw them about to slip off, she added: "I bet I knows whar you-all 's gwine. You gwine slip in Marse Jim's office! Ef you don't take me 'long, I 'm gwine tell Mammy on you!"

Mammy's voice could be heard from the depths of the milk-cellar singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." A word from her would put an end to the expedition.

"Well, we can't take Rose," said Betty, impatiently; "what you going to do with her?"

They all looked at the fat little darkey, who stood stolidly awaiting the verdict. If it was favorable, all would be well; if unfavorable, she was prepared to make trouble.

Rose was only four, but she had found a way of getting everything she wanted in the world. When things did not go exactly to suit her, she drew in her breath in one long piercing shriek, and held it. Held it until her eyes rolled back in her head, and her short kinky hair stood on end, and Mammy had to be summoned to shake her and dash water in her face. Even Betty, who was in the habit of having her way about most things, had to give in to Rose.

"Oh, well," she said, "bring her along. But if we play Indian, she 's got to be the white child that 's scalped."

The little procession made its way round the big white house, with its pillared porticoes, down the oleander-bordered avenue, and across the road. The door of the office was always locked, but the windows were often left open, and it was easy for the nimble Betty to scramble over the low sill and lend a hand to the others. It took all three of the older girls to get the fat little Rose up and over, especially as she helped herself not at all, but hung like a bag of meal, half in and half out.

"Marse Jim 'll be comin' back heah an' ketchin' us, fus' thing you know!" panted Lily.

"He won't either!" said Betty; "he 's gone to town for the day, and he won't come back till he brings Grandmother and Mother from the quilting-bee. Come on; let 's see what 's in the secretary!"

Of all the forbidden things in the office the most alluring was the secretary. The top part was a bookcase, filled with queer, musty old volumes, and the lower part looked like a chest of drawers. But if two of you pulled very hard on the top knobs and pressed up as you pulled, a shelf opened out into a writing-desk and revealed all sorts of mysteries. There were dark little pigeonholes, and a secret drawer lined with velvet that none of the children could open except Betty, and she would n't do it unless you hid your eyes and crossed your heart and body. There was a queer, two-walled inkstand, and one side held red ink that would n't come off your fingers no matter how hard you rubbed.

"Let 's paint Rosie's face with it," cried Betty, "and stick rooster-feathers in her hair, and play she 's a Indian chief!"

The experiment was tried, but the red ink made no show on Rosie's chubby black cheeks, and the project was abandoned in favor of a more daring scheme.

"I wish we could reach those big books on the top shelf," said Betty, jumping up and down in the leather chair; "they 're bound volumes of the old magazines, and they 've pictures in them."

"Miss Jane, she could reach 'em ef we wuz to put de hassock on toppen de writin' desk," suggested Lily.

Jane did not want to do it, but she did n't want to be left out of the play, either; so she climbed up on the secretary while four black hands and two white ones steadied the hassock. By hooking one finger over the edge of one of the uniform volumes she was able to bring it crashing down in their midst.

They knelt on the floor around it while Betty turned the pages. The first five minutes proved disappointing; then suddenly the pictures took on a personal interest. There were fashion-plates of quaint ladies in frilled petticoats over wide hoop-skirts, with lace mantillas and small dress bonnets; there were adorable little girls in low-necked, short-sleeved frocks, with wide pantalettes and pointed black slippers with ankle-straps.

"Paper dolls!" cried Betty, and even Jane's pulse quickened at the thought.

"Grandfather will never miss them," went on Betty, "besides, he would n't want to read the fashions. Let 's each choose a family and cut them out."

Excitement ran high, for each mother wanted a good old-fashioned family of not less than twelve children, and the volume had to be ransacked to supply the demand. Moreover, there was but one pair of scissors to be found, and argument over them waxed furious until Rose settled things by demanding, with a threatening wheeze, that her order be executed first.

At the end of an hour four large families of paper dolls had set up light housekeeping in the four corners of Squire Todd's private office,

the floor was littered with cut paper, and a large mutilated volume lay face downward on the leather chair.

Suddenly two fair heads and two kinky black ones were raised with a jerk.

"Hush!" cried Jane. "What 's that?"

The furious barking of dogs came up the avenue. "Somebody 's comin'!" whispered Lily, the whites of her eyes gleaming in terror. "Let 's climb outen de winder quick as we kin. I 'll go fust, an' you-all han' me Rosie."

Betty dropped everything and did as she was bidden, following the fat Rosie over the window-sill as fast as her legs would carry her. But the conscientious Jane stopped to pick up some of the litter, and had just succeeded in getting her apron full when the key turned in the lock and the door was flung open.

Grandfather, bareheaded and panting, stood on the threshold. He did n't seem to see Jane at all, but strode to the desk and began dragging papers out of the pigeonholes and drawers.

"Grandfather," began Jane timidly, "I am so sorry—"

But he cut her short. "Child," he said, more sternly than he had ever spoken to her before, "stand there at the window and tell me the moment you hear horses' hoofs."

Jane took her position by the window, and her heart began to thump uncomfortably as she saw him tie up package after package of papers and fling them into an old valise.

"Grandfather," she asked fearfully, "is it—is it—the Yankees?"



"THE LITTLE PROCESSION MADE ITS WAY ROUND THE BIG WHITE HOUSE."

But he did not seem to hear her; his whole mind was bent on the task before him. After a few moments he stopped, as if he suddenly remembered something.

"Jane," he said, "run up to the house as fast as you can and tell the servants to hide—"

A warning finger stopped him.

"I hear horses, Grandfather!" whispered Jane; "they are coming up the Smithfield pike!"

"Watch if they turn this way or go toward town!"

Jane could feel her heart thump, thumping against the window-sill as she leaned out. "They are coming this way," she said, "two—four—no, six of them!"

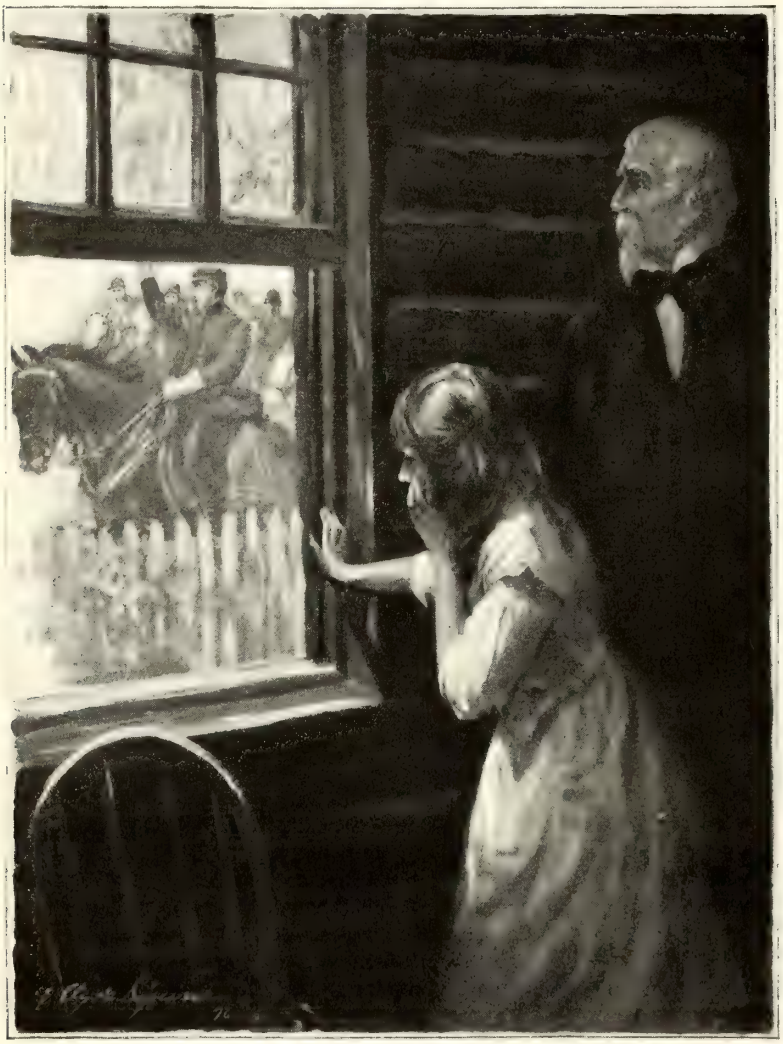
Grandfather flattened himself against the wall, and signaled for Jane to do likewise. The clatter of horses' hoofs was growing louder. They

passed under the window, passed the open door, then turned into the avenue across the road that led up to the house.

"Jane," said Grandfather, and his words came quick and tense, "those men are after me! They must n't know I have been here. Hide the rest of those papers and this money before they come back. Don't tell anybody where you put them. Don't tell that you have seen me!"

He seized the valise, and with three strides to the back window was over the sill and gone.

Meanwhile Betty, scrambling through the lilac-bushes with Lily and Rose, made the exciting discovery that it was n't the family returning from town after all, but a troop of soldiers on horseback, who had reined up at the front porch.



"THE CLATTER OF HORSES' HOOFS WAS GROWING LOUDER."

"Whose place is this?" asked the officer.

"Grandfather's," said Betty.

"What is his name?"

"Squire Todd."

The officer nodded to the man behind him. "I thought so," he said. "We 'll have a look around."

It was at this point that Mammy, attracted by the voices, opened the front door. At sight of the blue-coated soldiers she gathered the children close, like an old hen protecting her chicks.

"Naw, sir, dey ain't nobody at home," she said; "dey ain't nobody 't all at home." Then with growing alarm as she saw the soldiers dismounting she added: "I ain't gwine 'low you-all to come traipsin' through our house when ole Miss ain't here. She won't like it, I tell you! She—"

But the soldiers brushed right past Mammy and went marching through the wide front door without even stopping to wipe their muddy boots on the mat. When they came out, they carried Grandfather's old flint-lock musket and the two dueling-pistols that used to hang in the dining-room but of late had stood behind the hall door, where nobody was allowed to so much as peep at them.

"Any papers?" asked the officer.

"None of consequence," said a soldier.

Then the officer turned to Mammy, "When do you look for your master to return?"

"Not 'fore sunset, Boss. He gwine bring ole Miss an' Miss Sue home f'um de quiltin'-bee."

"You are sure he has n't been here in the last hour?"

"Naw, sir, he ain't been here sence breakfus'. Is he, Betty?"

Betty shook a positive head.

The officer looked at them suspiciously. "Two of you men guard the house," he said; "the rest of us will search the premises."

They circled the grounds several times, looking in the milk-cellar and the smoke-house and the negro cabins and all about; then they came back and got on their horses and rode down the avenue.

"Is that a house over there in the bushes?" asked the officer, with a sharp glance at the small log-building across the road. "Better take a look inside."

One of the soldiers strode through the high grass and flung open the door.

Sitting on the floor was a sweet-faced, demure little girl, apparently absorbed in her paper dolls.

"Are you Squire Todd's daughter?" asked the soldier.

"No, sir," said the little girl, looking up. "I am Captain Mitchell's daughter, of the Fourteenth Massachusetts."

"A good little Yankee, eh?" said the soldier, smiling.

"Yes, sir," said Jane, "my father lost his arm at Chickamauga."

The soldier returned to his chief, and after a brief parley they rode away, two to the north and two to the south.

An hour later, Jane and Betty, hanging anxiously over the big gate at the end of the avenue waiting for Grandmother and Mother to come home, saw two of the horsemen returning, with somebody riding between them.

"Why, it 's Grandfather!" cried Betty, joyfully, and she waved her hand.

But Grandfather looked neither to right nor left. His white hair blew back from his stern white face, and his brows met in a heavy scowl.

"He 's awful mad!" said Betty; "he 's mad at us for cutting his book."

But Jane knew better. In a terrible flash of understanding she knew that he had been captured, that he was being marched away to prison. She wanted to scream out in fear and protest, but because she was the daughter of a soldier, and because she wanted very much to let him know that she had been true to her trust, she scrambled up on the gate-post and shouted out as loud as she could:

"Good-by, dear Grandfather! I 'll take care of everything for you till you come back!"

"Till he came back!" How little either of them dreamed that he was never to come back, and that even if he had, no little Jane would have met him at the gate. For at the end of the dreadful war Jane and her grandfather lay side by side in the old graveyard on the hill-top, and only Betty and her mother and poor crippled grandmother were left in the old homestead at the cross-roads.



"'A GOOD LITTLE YANKEE, EH?' SAID THE SOLDIER, SMILING."

And what a change had come to Hollycrest! The once beautiful garden, with its dancing daffodils and spicy old-fashioned pinks, was trampled under foot; fences were down, outhouses burned. In the house itself every window was broken, and quilts were tacked up to keep out the rain. Mammy no longer sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," as she made fat butter-pats in the cool milk-cellar; Lily and Rose no longer tumbled in the sun. They were all gone, gone with the happy, care-free days that the war had banished forever.

For soon after that fatal day when Grandfather was captured and his old valise found to contain incriminating papers, General Banks's army had marched down from the north, sweeping everything before it. The big house at the cross-roads had been sacked and plundered; every paper of value, every piece of silver, every object of worth had been confiscated. At the end of the war all that Mother had left was the

ruined homestead and a bag full of Confederate money that would purchase nothing.

The only bit of happiness left to the family was Betty, now a tall girl of fourteen. But even Betty's dancing blue eyes grew wistful, and the laugh died on her lips when she saw the shadow that never lifted from Grandmother's face, and the worn look of her dear mother, who was fighting day by day to keep poverty from the door.

"If I could only help!" was Betty's constant cry.

"You do help, dear," said Mother, wearily. "You help in a hundred ways. If it were n't for you, Grandmother and I would n't have the courage to go on."

"But I want to be earning some money!" said Betty. "If I could only go to the art school and learn designing, then I could take care of us all!"

Mother sighed. The art school had been the goal of all their hopes, for Betty had inherited from her artist father a gift for drawing, and had taken all the prizes that her school had to offer. But ambitions and dreams had to give way to the immediate need for food and clothes. And now that winter had come, the problem of keeping warm was looming up biggest of all. All the front part of the house was closed, and only Grandmother's room and the kitchen were lived in.

Day after day Betty tried to think of some way she could make some money; but everybody in the neighborhood was poor like themselves, and there seemed nothing for a girl of fourteen to do. And then one day a happy thought came to her. She had seen at school a set of hand-painted paper dolls that had come from New York, and the idea occurred to her that perhaps, if she made some very pretty ones, she could sell them, too.

Without saying anything to anybody about her plan, she took her paint-box after lunch and went down to the little log-house across the road, the only spot about the place that had been left untouched since the old days. For an hour she worked, only at the end of it to tear up all that she had done. She could paint the little figures with real daintiness and skill, but it took a more experienced hand than hers to make the drawing sufficiently accurate. Very much discouraged, she was about to give up, when another happy thought popped into her head, this time a veritable inspiration!

Jumping up, she ran over to the old secretary, and, reaching up to the top shelf, took down one of the dusty volumes of the bound magazines that had never been disturbed since the day five years ago when Grandfather was marched away to prison.

There they were! The quaint old-fashioned ladies in frilled petticoats over wide hoop-skirts, with their lace mantillas and dress bonnets; and smiling little girls, low-necked and short-sleeved, with wide pantalettes showing below their knees.

All the afternoon Betty worked furiously, cutting the figures out and mounting them with great care on cardboard. Then came the fun of coloring them, and the result was even more charming than she had dreamed. When a set of six was finished, she sat looking at them for a long time, then she went over to the secretary and rummaged until she found a long envelope. This she addressed to the aunt in Massachusetts whose picture Grandmother kept on her bureau, but whose name was never mentioned. Betty wrote:

Dear Aunt Fan: Will you please see if you can sell these paper dolls for me, and get some orders for more? They are just like the ones Jane and I used to play with, and I thought maybe the little Boston girls might like them as much as we did. Mother would n't like it if she knew I was writing this, so please don't tell her.

Your loving niece,

Betty Todd.

Every day after that for a week Betty watched for the mail-carrier, and got to the letter-box before he did; but he always shook his head and passed on. Just when she was giving up hope, a letter came. It ran:

Dear Betty: Your letter was the first word I have had from Hollycrest for over two years, and it warmed my heart! It brought back the happy days before the war when my darling Jane was living and my family held me dear. Indeed I can sell your dolls for you. A friend wants twenty sets for her kindergarten, provided you can get that number finished in time for Christmas.

Your loving aunt,

Fannie Todd Mitchell.

Betty was so excited over the order that she scarcely thought of the rest of the letter. One hundred and twenty paper dolls to be made, and Christmas only a month off!

That afternoon, as soon as school was over, she rushed home to begin her task, but Mother met her at the door.

"Betty," she said, "I hate to ask you, dear, but you will have to help me with the ironing to-day."

A quick protest sprang to her lips, but one look at her mother's tired face made her get out the ironing-board and fall to work with what patience she could muster. Every afternoon it was the same way; sometimes the dishes had to be washed, sometimes an errand had to be run, and sometimes, hardest of all, she had to sit by the

hour playing checkers with Grandmother, trying to help her forget the terrible sorrows that had come to her in her old age.

But whenever a spare moment came, she fled to the office and worked like mad, cutting and pasting and tinting until her fingers grew numb with the cold.

Now and then a crowd of boys and girls, with their skates slung over their shoulders, would pass on the road below, and Betty would lift her head long enough to send a wistful glance after them. But there was no time these days for play: all she asked was time for work. If she could only make some money to help Mother pay those terrible bills over which she cried until her pillow was wet every night!

When all the volumes but one had been ransacked, Betty met with a disappointment that brought her air-castle tumbling about her in ruins. On opening the musty book she found the fashion-plates already cut out! It was the very volume she and Jane had been playing with on the day the soldiers had taken Grandfather away.

Aunt Fan's condition had been that she should send the full number, and here at the last minute she found herself one set short.

Her head went down on the table, and she sobbed as if her heart would break. How could she have forgotten to make allowance for that volume? There had been more than enough plates to start with, but she had destroyed all but the prettiest ones, thinking she had more than enough to choose from. And now all her hard work would go for nothing. Mother would find no gold-piece under her plate on Christmas morning, the bills would come in, and then—

She flung back her curls with resolution, and something of Grandfather Todd's rebel spirit flashed in her eyes. She would n't give up! She would search every book in that old secretary until she found something she could use! Snatching up the volume before her to put it back on the shelf, she saw something flutter out from its pages and fall on the floor at her feet. Betty had thought so much about money lately that she was almost afraid she was dreaming now; but when she stooped and put out her hand, her fingers actually touched a twenty-dollar bill, very old and soft.



"'GOOD-BY, DEAR GRANDFATHER! I 'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING FOR YOU.'"

For a moment she stood looking at it in bewilderment, then her eyes flew back to the book in her hand. With a quick-drawn breath she began feverishly turning its pages. Wherever the fashion-plates had been cut out lay row after row of neatly piled bills, and at the very back, as if it had been thrust there hurriedly, a sheaf of loose papers.

Betty tumbled the treasure, book and all, into

her apron, and sped to the house as if she had wings on her feet.

"Mother! Mother!" she kept shouting every step of the way.

Mrs. Todd straightened her tired back above the ironing-board as the impetuous figure burst into the kitchen.

"Look what I 've found, Mother!" cried Betty, breathlessly. "In one of Grandfather's old books. It 's money! Heaps and heaps of money!"

Mrs. Todd touched the bills with trembling fingers. "In a book?" she kept repeating, like one dazed.

"Grandfather must have hid it there when he thought the soldiers were coming," said Betty.



"BETTY, TIRED BUT HAPPY, TRUDGED UP THE SNOWY AVENUE."

"Count it, Mother, quick! Will there be enough to pay what we owe?"

But Mrs. Todd was not thinking about the money; she was examining the papers with growing excitement.

"Why, these are bonds!" she cried, "for thousands and thousands of dollars! And they 've been there all this time and we never knew! Oh, my little girl, my little girl!"

And Mother, who had been so brave during all the years of poverty, broke down completely, now that relief was in sight, and buried her head on Betty's shoulder. Then the story of the paper dolls came out, and Grandmother had to be told, and Aunt Fan's letter was produced and cried over and laughed over in the same breath.

And in the midst of the excitement, with Mother preparing to take the money and papers to the bank, and Grandmother actually writing to Aunt Fan for the first time since Lee's surrender, Betty suddenly remembered her unfinished task!

The sudden good fortune that had dropped from the skies would have made many a girl forget all about those six paper dolls. But Betty was not one to be easily turned aside from an undertaking. Rushing back to the office, she searched in the scrap-basket until she found enough pieces to get together one more little family. The last pink rose was painted on the last bonnet by the flickering light of a candle, and the twenty sets, neatly packed, were addressed and slipped into the mail-box before Betty, tired but happy, trudged up the snowy avenue in time for supper.

On Christmas morning, for the first time in years, a huge log crackled merrily on the stone hearth in the dining-room; Grandmother occupied her old place at the head of the table and poured the coffee; while Lily White, a tall girl now, flew back and forth from the kitchen, bearing plates of crisp brown batter-cakes and piles of hot beaten biscuit. And on the table in the corner were presents, beautiful presents that had come from Boston for everybody down to Mammy and fat little Rose, who had come back to live in the cabin under the hill.

"And the best of all is this!" cried Mother, with eyes as bright as Betty's own. And she held up a shining gold-piece, and a card on which was written:

For dearest Mother. The first money I ever earned.



CHRISTMAS IN THE SQUARE

BY CECIL CAVENDISH

WHEN all the town was white with snow,
And all the sky was gray,
And every window in the shops
With pretty wares was gay,
They brought the stately Christmas tree
To the Great Square, that we might see,
And sing sweet carol, catch, and glee
To welcome Christmas Day.

At every corner posts were set
(Such was the quaint design),
And at the top of every post
A little tree of pine;
And from the trees long garlands hung,
With tiny crystal lamps were strung,
And in the winter breezes swung,
A wavering golden line.

The Christmas tree was gay with lights,
And, though the winds might blow,
Deep blue, and gold, and cherry-red
They shone with steady glow.
But when 't was lighted in the day
With all its wreaths and garlands gay,
It seemed the work of elf and fay
A-shining in the snow!

Folks far from home at Christmas time
With nothing else to do
But wander down the busy streets
The city's sights to view
In wintry sun and frosty air,
Might stand at last in the Great Square,
And find themselves beholding there—
A Christmas dream come true!



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"LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD." PAINTED BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS.

JIM WILSON'S CHUM

BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL

Uncle Ike Wilson was a born rover. In his early days he ran away from his father's farm in England, being possessed by that inborn desire of so many English lads to go to sea.

This adventurous spirit, the desire to get out of the ordinary rut of life, the contempt for prosaic routine, even though it brought ease and plenty, and the determination to "do something," carried off Uncle Ike over sixty years ago, first as "scrub" on a small square-rigged wind-jammer, and later almost all over the world. At length he grew tired of the fo'c's'le, as so many others have, but nowhere did he find a place where it seemed possible to obtain on land a position with freedom enough for him.

Finally, having sailed from Spain with a cargo of salt for Labrador, whence his captain intended to bring fish for the West Indies, he thought he had found the poor-man's paradise. Here was all the land he wanted, free to all comers. Here were fish in the sea and rivers, birds and bear and deer for food and furs, no taxes to pay, no social inequalities to remind him of his humble origin. Here men seemed free and equal, simple-minded, hospitable, while their livelihood depended only on their own resourcefulness.

So it happened that when the time came for the ship to sail, Ike was nowhere to be found, as he had taken care to remove himself far into the forest, where searching for him would be like hunting a needle in a haystack.

In due time Uncle Ike married, though somewhat late in life, and had one son. In order to have "plenty of room" such as he needed for his trapping he had made his winter home far beyond the head of one of the many inlets of the coast; and as he was exceedingly clever at all kinds of woodcraft and animal lore, he had done remarkably well. His house, isolated though it was, had become proverbial for its generous hospitality. The numerous komatik teams which "cruise" the coast in winter—dogs being our only means of traction—never failed to make a little extra detour, sure of a good meal and a warm corner under Uncle Ike's hospitable roof.

It is not therefore remarkable, as his wife was the daughter of an old settler on the coast, that their son Jim should possess more than the usual quota of those natural abilities that go to make a valuable scout.

At the time of this story, Jim was still only fourteen years old. His hardy physical life had toughened his muscles, and already inured him to endure circumstances under which a "softy" would be about as useful as a piece of blotting-paper. From his sailor father he had learned those valuable handicrafts which help out so invaluably in a tight corner. It was no trouble to him to hit the same spot twice with his ax, or to tie a knot that would neither come loose nor jam.

It was the very middle of winter. The snow lay deep on the ground, and everything everywhere, except the tops of the trees, was buried out of sight. On the barrens, wind-swept and hard-packed, the least mark on the surface might be visible for days; but in the woods the drift only left light snow many feet deep, where any mark, or even an object, became hidden in a few minutes.

On the days between his long rounds over his fur-path it was Uncle Ike's custom to go into the woods and "spell" out such fire-wood as was necessary to keep the stove going at home. This incident occurred on one of these occasions. The old man had left at the first streak of dawn, as was his invariable habit, and had taken with him his team of six as stout dogs as ever helped to haul a sledge over ice. It was a glorious morning, and Jim had been allowed to go off on his little fur-round of some half-dozen traps—all his own. The price of whatever pelts he got was placed in his special stocking, that he might learn the value of things when he came to have a rifle and hunting-kit of his own.

Sundown is early in a Labrador winter, and Jim did not get home till so late that, with all his knowledge of the country, he was glad enough to see the twinkle of the cottage lights through the darkness as he sturdily trudged along the last mile homeward. For it had "turned nasty," the wind had shifted to the east, and it was snowing hard, which added greatly to the darkness of the evening. But that night Jim noticed neither weariness nor difficulty, nor did he feel the extra weight of the burden he was carrying on his back. To-day success had crowned his skill, and he was dragging home the very first otter he had ever caught all by himself. What a surprise it would be for Mother and Father! What a good time would be his by the crackling fire as the storm raged outside and he sat toasting his legs and telling of his adventure!

As he expected, a truly rapturous greeting awaited him when at length he entered the

door, additionally demonstrative, he thought at first, because of his large otter. Soon he found, however, it was because Mother had been anxious, as neither of "her men" had returned and now she had at least one wanderer safe. Aunt Rachel was no longer a strong woman physically. Of late a weakness, strange altogether to her younger days, had forced her unwillingly to recognize that only by much resting between "spells" could she keep pace even with the few domestic duties which her small house made necessary.

"Get your things, Jim, and we 'll have tea on the table by the time Dad comes. Cut more wood, please. We 'll have an extra fire to-night. Dad will be cold after his long day's work."

"Right you are, Mother," said the tired Jim, forgetting his aching bones in the excitement of the occasion. He was outside in a minute, ax in hand, looking for another log or two.

Soon another hour had passed by. Still no sign of Uncle Ike. Everything stood ready, and the kettle was puffing out greetings from the hob.

"Better get tea, Jim. Dad may be kept by something. But he 's always home before now."

The wind was howling outside, and Aunt Rachel's face was paler than usual, in spite of the firelight. Something must be wrong with Ike. The house was miles away from any neighbor, and it was utterly impossible on a night like this to seek help that way. Yet if anything had happened to her husband, he could never live till daybreak.

"What 's that, Jim?" she suddenly cried out. "Surely that 's a dog outside!"

Jim, whose ears had not been so spry just for the moment owing to his being in the midst of his long-delayed supper, listened a minute. "That 's White Fox's whine, Mother. I 'd know it anywhere." And jumping up, he ran to the door, as he supposed, to welcome his father. But no father answered his call from the darkness; only a great, snow-covered furry animal leapt up and kissed his face. "Down, Fox, down! Where 's Dad?" But for answer all he got was a whine and what he took to be an invitation to follow her, White Fox having been the trusted leader of their team for three years past.

"Mother, it 's White Fox all right. She 's got no harness on. I 'll go and see if the others are back, too."

A moment later and Jim was in from the dog-pen. "They 're all home but one, Mother. There 's Jess and Snowball and Spry and Watch, all of them with their harnesses on and their traces chewed through. Father must be in the woods somewhere. But where 's Curly, and how did they come to leave her behind?"

The anxiety was becoming almost too much for the poor woman. No help could be got from outside, and she could n't travel fifty yards in that snow, herself, with the thermometer at twenty below zero. Jim was tired and young, ever so young to go out into the dark and storm and be of any use. She had him safe, anyhow. Surely it would only make matters worse to send him out again.

Jim had fed the dogs, and by all the laws of dogdom they should now be curled up and fast asleep in their cozy little house. But he had hardly closed the door when a scratching and the familiar whine outside said plainly that White Fox was not satisfied, and wanted something which they had failed to give her.

Again Jim went to the doorway. The bitter blast and snow drove into the porch and through into the house; but the great woolly figure of the dog showed up in the open space in the light which streamed from the cottage. As Jim looked into the eyes of almost his only real chum he could plainly understand her meaning, reading the message as well as if it were written.

"She does want me to go with her, Mother," he called from the porch. "What shall I do? I 'm sure she has left Father somewhere, and wants me to go and help her fetch him home."

"Shut the door and come in, Jim. I don't think I dare let you go. You and your father are all I have on earth, and if you got lost too, I should never live through it." There was a momentary silence as the boy, with thoughtfulness beyond his years, stood listening.

Then once again came the familiar whine, ringing through the darkness of the night. White Fox had not given up her attempt to convey her message merely because she had met with two rebuffs. She knew well enough that the team would follow her if only she could persuade Jim to answer her call.

Still, absolute silence reigned in the cottage. Neither mother nor son spoke. Then again came the long piteous wail of the dog, and it seemed to the alert ears of the woman that now there was a tinge of disappointment in it.

It was she who broke the silence. "You must go, Jim. There is no help for it. That call would haunt me to my dying day if I left anything that could be done, undone. God knows best, and it is He surely, and not White Fox, Who is calling. Get on your things, boy. Take your father's lantern, and God help you!"

Jim was already half into his little oilskin suit, his storm cap, skin mits, and moccasins, while his mother packed up a few little things which might be necessary in case an accident had

happened. Indeed, he was already moving to the door when she called him back again. "Jim," she said, "it may be the last time I 'll ever see you alive. Kiss me once more, and then we 'll just kneel down and ask God, Who loves you better than I can, to be with you to-night and bring you safe back with Father."



"AGAIN CAME THE LONG PITEOUS WAIL OF THE DOG."

It was no set prayer that welled up from the soul of the poor woman; whether, indeed, it even took the form of words, she has long since forgotten. All that Jim remembers is that for some minutes he, of all people, actually cried, though he did n't exactly know why.

At last the door had closed behind him, and—marvel of marvels!—Aunt Rachel, weary and exhausted, fell asleep in her chair, and in the God-given rest was able to economize her store of strength to meet the ordeal she had yet to face.

Jim, meanwhile, had found a spare harness and put on White Fox, tying the trace around his waist. Then he called out the rest of the team, tying their traces together and hitching them onto his arm. Having no idea of where he was going, there was only one thing he could do, and that was to follow the dog. So, closing his eyes, as seeing was out of the question and they were safer that way from twigs and branches after they got among the woods, he plowed his way as rapidly as he could, following all the time the tugging of White Fox's trace by keeping a strong grasp on the line.

Fortunately for all concerned, the spot of woods which Uncle Ike had selected for his winter's cutting was less than two miles from the house, and one mile of that was over a frozen lake, where, although the full blast of the storm made the cold the more bitter and hard to stem, yet the drift was packed, or altogether cleared away by the violence of the wind. Through the drogues of woods in the narrow gulches the young snow was so soft that the boy had almost to swim, and but for the tug, tug of White Fox's trace he could never for an instant have kept his direction, or even made progress. But White Fox stood twenty-seven inches to the shoulder and scaled nearly a hundred pounds, actually heavier than the boy himself, while every ounce of her was made up of bone and iron muscles.

One other element told strongly in the boy's favor, and enabled him to accomplish what must otherwise have been an almost impossible task: it never entered his head that the dog could be mistaken. He trusted White Fox as implicitly as he would his mother. Of course his chum knew

better than any one else on earth what to do. If he could only last out and do his part, he knew well it was mere child's play to the dog.

Once and again, as he floundered through a deeper drift than usual, he became completely stalled, and it seemed impossible ever to extricate himself. He was nearly fagged out, and the cold and dark made the temptation to rest just for a minute almost irresistible. The excitement of the first hour had enabled him to call into play at once all his reserve strength, but now he felt he must sleep—only a moment of course, but just a minute's nap. In those deep drifts not even White Fox could have hauled so heavy a load. All she could do now was to return to her lagging master and kiss his face, incidentally running to and fro and hardening a path for him on which he could crawl out of the bog of snow.

As once more they plowed along on their way scarcely a sound was audible; just the moaning of the storm, and now and again a rare whimper or snarl from one of the dogs as another got in his road. Indeed, the silence and darkness were almost visible, when suddenly, quite close at hand, a dog's call resounded from the bush, and White Fox leaped in the direction with such violence as to fling the boy clean off his feet, rolling him over once more in the deep snow.

But that he no longer noticed. That was Curly's sharp bark! Picking himself up and bracing himself for the effort, Jim shouted with all his might, "Father! Father! Father!" But the only answer was a howl in unison from all the dogs and the soughing of the storm through the firs and spruces of the grove they had entered.

Only for a moment, however, was there any doubt what to do. And again it was White Fox who brought the solution, for she hauled off into the bush at the side of the path, and began burrowing down into the snow. Jim followed, not without a sinking feeling at his heart, and in less than a minute he was kneeling over the prostrate body of his father.

"Father! Father! It 's me—Jim!" But still no answer. Yes, he was breathing—breathing loudly. And warm, too, where Curly had evidently been cuddled up against him. There was only one chance. Could he find the wood-sledge? If so, he might be able to save his father's life.

Curly was bubbling over with joy, and probably connecting Jim's arrival with the chance for some supper, after all. She was dancing all around and entangling her trace around Jim's legs, and positively forcing him to notice it. Seizing it with his hands, he followed it along. It seemed never to end, though really it was only thirty feet long, but it was entangled again and again in the bushes, and over it all the deep snow had fallen. True to the guess that the dog was still fast to the sledge, he found it at last, the sharp upturned bow jabbing right into his hand from the drift as he groped after it.

It must have taken another full hour to dig it out and haul it alongside Uncle Ike, to drag the limp and helpless body onto it, and then to so fix the lashings that his father could not fall off on the homeward journey.

A team of dogs going home on a night of that kind is almost as irresistible as a traction-engine, and Jim's only trouble was to keep the sledge right side up. That he somehow succeeded is actually certain, for in the early hours of the morning Aunt Rachel was roused by the sound of the dogs outside, and positively rushing into the night, she fell on the pitiful burden they had brought to her little cottage.

It was now her chance to call on her reserve strength, and that she certainly must have done. Buoyed up by his success, Jim's endurance did not fail him, either, and guided by the intuitive knowledge of a good housewife, the two were soon chafing Uncle Ike's half-frozen limbs as he lay before a gorgeous fire, rolled in warm Hudson Bay "four point" blankets.

Soon a little nourishment was forced between his lips, and he opened his eyes and gave the anxious watchers a smile of recognition.

Uncle Ike was never quite able to remember how it all happened. He had reached the clump, tied up his team, and was cutting away, when suddenly he felt odd, dropped his ax, and could no longer stand upright. However, he had sufficient mental power left to reason that his only chance lay in reaching his sledge. The dogs instantly answered his call, but they were all fast to the komatik and were unable to reach him, as that was purposely tied to a stump. That was all he knew, except that one dog at last got near him as he lay, and, cuddling up close to him, kept him from freezing to death. The others in their excitement had chewed through their traces, or, as White Fox had done, succeeded in slipping their harnesses.

Then White Fox must have hurried home for help, and the other dogs that could get loose had followed her as they were always used to do.

No, White Fox was not forgotten. Jim says that before he lay down to sleep he could not help just going out to give Curly some supper and taking a few extra little tidbits for White Fox. But he found her as peacefully asleep as if she had done nothing unusual; and she slept that night as many a "better-off" being has never known how to.

THE ORIGIN OF A PROVERB

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Crofton Chums," etc.

WHAT I am going to tell you about happened many years ago, so many that you could n't count them on your toes and fingers if you were twins. It happened in the Kingdom of Faraway, which, as you doubtless remember, lies between Hereabouts and Justbeyond. The capital of Faraway is the royal city of Tingalingo, a very wonderful city indeed, filled with beautiful houses and crowned by a golden palace, wherein, at the time of my story, good King Acorn the First lived and ruled. He was a very kind and just and wise monarch, and was greatly loved by all his subjects, as was also his lovely Queen Goldenheart.



"SO EVERY ONE TOOK SPECIAL PAINS TO BE HAPPY AND GAY."

And so when one day the bells in the palace towers rang merrily, and the royal heralds rode forth to announce the birth of an heir to the throne, all Tingalingo rejoiced. King Acorn was so pleased that he decreed a period of celebration to last seven days, during which all loyal subjects were to dance and sing and be merry. Moreover, declared the edict, any one found with a long face would be instantly banished. So every one took special pains to be happy and gay, and never before was there such dancing and singing and merry-making, since of course nobody wanted to be banished. At the end of the time you could n't have heard a sound from one end of the kingdom to the other, for all the people were so tired from being happy that they fell right to sleep and did n't wake up for three days!

But up at the palace there was noise a-plenty. It seemed that the royal baby had just made up his royal mind to be bad right from the start. He cried and he cried and he *cried*, and the seven royal nurses and their seven assistants shook golden rattles in front of him, made all the funny faces they knew how to make,—and some of them were extremely funny indeed!—sang all the lullabies they had ever heard of, and did everything they could to make him stop crying; but all to no purpose. The louder the seven royal nurses and the seven assistant nurses shook the golden rattles, the louder Prince Nimblenod cried, and the lullabies and the funny faces had no effect at all.

I can assure you things got to a truly awful state at the palace! Nobody was able to sleep a wink, and everybody went about looking terribly worried.

At last the King issued a proclamation: any one who would make Prince Nimblenod stop crying was to receive thirty bags of gold, which, since the King, besides being a just king was also a wise one and knew the value of money, was considered very generous. So almost in a twinkling the palace courtyard was filled with persons who believed they could earn the reward. One by one they were conducted to the royal nursery where the prince lay in a beautiful gold cradle, surrounded by the seven royal nurses and their seven assistants, and kicked his royal heels in the air and cried just as hard as he knew how. They tried all sorts of ways. Some sang, some danced, some stood on their heads, some walked on their hands, and some turned somersaults.

It was a very funny scene, and every one, including the King and the Queen, laughed until their sides shook. Every one, that is, except the royal baby. He just lay in his golden crib and



"IT SEEMED THAT NOTHING COULD STOP HIM."

howled and howled and *howled*. It seemed that nothing could stop him, and finally the King and the Queen and the Prime Minister and the Lord High Chamberlain and the First, Second, and Third Lords of the Treasury, and the Exalted Keeper of the King's Bees, and the thirty-three ladies in waiting, and—oh, the whole court of Faraway stopped laughing, and grew very much disturbed, and wrung their hands, and cried, "Oh dear! what shall we do?"

When, at last, all the persons who had come to seek the reward had each one sung or danced or turned somersaults without success, the King smote his hand with a royal thump on the arm of the throne (much to the distress of the Queen, who was very careful of the royal furniture), and said crossly:

"We never heard such nonsense! Do you mean to tell us that not one among you is able to stop a baby from crying? Eh? What? Why does n't somebody say something? Why does n't somebody *do* something? We are very much displeased—very much displeased indeed!"

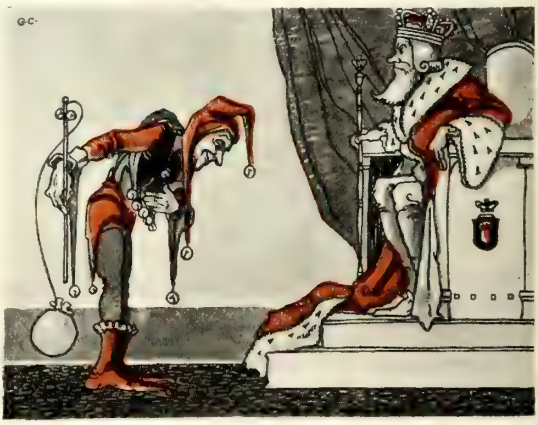
Whereupon the Court Jester, whose name was Addlepate, arose from the step of the throne and bowed low before the King with "May it please Your Majesty!" He was a very sad-faced fellow, owing possibly to the fact that his parents, intending him for the position of court jester, had made him sleep each night in a bureau-drawer so that he would grow up a dwarf.

"Your Majesty," said the Jester, making a very comical face, "it may be that a pin is sticking into Prince Nimblenod."

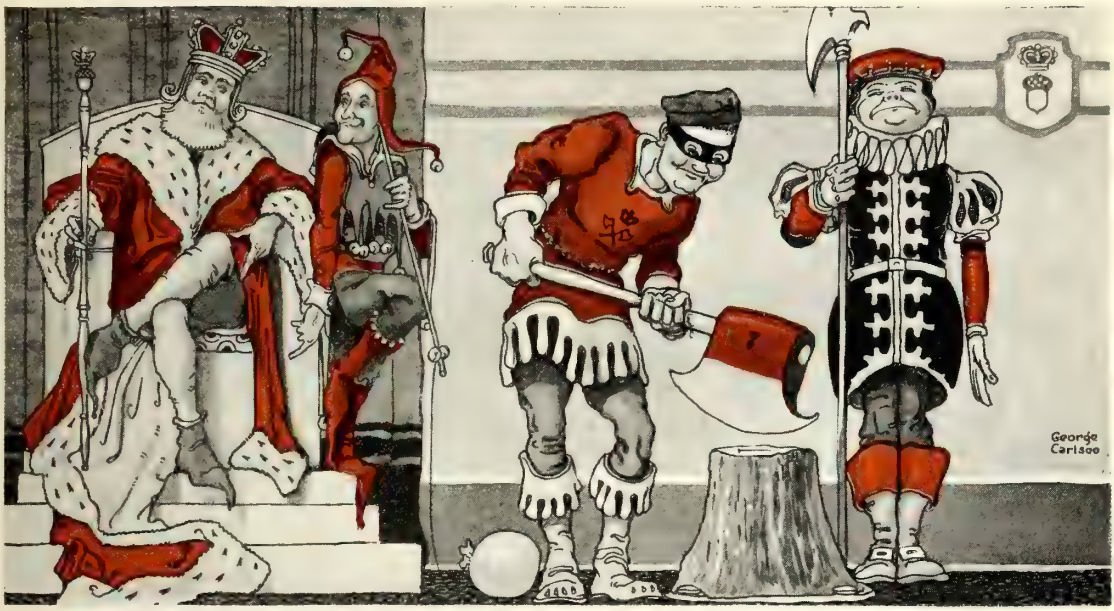
"Ha!" said the King. "We feel certain that that is it! Why did n't some one think of it before? Examine the Prince at once!"

So the seven royal nurses, aided by their seven assistants, hurried to the cradle and made the examination; and sure enough, there was a pin sticking right into the royal baby's princely tum-tum! Did you ever!

When they informed the King, he instantly shouted in a ter-r-rible voice, *"Behead it!"* So



"THE COURT JESTER AROSE AND BOWED."



"SO THE PIN WAS PROMPTLY BEHEADED BY THE ROYAL EXECUTIONER."

the pin was promptly beheaded by the royal executioner. And while the beheading was going on the Jester twitched the King's sleeve.

"Your Majesty," said Addlepate, making a perfectly ridiculous grimace which almost sent the thirty-three ladies in waiting into hysterics, "referring to the thirty bags of gold—"

"To be sure!" replied the King. And he summoned the First Lord of the Treasury and instructed him to deliver the reward forthwith to the Jester.

When he was surrounded by the thirty bags of gold and had signed a receipt for them, Addlepate was very pleased, and every one shook hands with him, and told him he was a fine fellow, and invited him to dinner or luncheon. Every one, that is, except the good King Acorn. Times were hard just then, and thirty bags of gold were not to be sneezed at. But, being a just king, he stood by his bargain. Subsequently, however, being also a wise king, he called the royal executioner to him.



"WHEREUPON ADDLEPATE SIGHED WITH RELIEF."

"Tie those thirty bags of gold to this varlet and drop him into the moat," he said. "Afterward restore the gold to the royal treasury and advertise for a new jester."

"Your gracious Majesty," said Addlepate, with rare presence of mind, "I have long been convinced that the possession of wealth does not make for happiness, and that poverty is the natural heritage of genius. Consequently, Your Majesty, I had determined to devote to charity the treasure which your bounty so generously bestowed upon me, and would request Your Majesty to take charge of it and dispose of it at your pleasure."

"H-m," said the good King Acorn, *"h-m!* A very wise resolve. We will attend to the matter. Remove the gold."

Whereupon Addlepate, watching the disappearance of his wealth, sighed with relief. Then he sighed again, this time with regret, and observed sadly, "A fool and his money are soon parted!"

A saying which has survived to this day.

Peggy and her Sixpence

By Robert Emmet Ward
Illustrated by W. M. Berger

Tell a tale o' sixpence—
Or, if you would rather,
Sing this song o' sixpence
And Peggy and her father
(Stories must be made to sing
When they're all in rhyme!)



Peggy was a little girl
Once upon a time.
That, you know, means long ago,
And somewhere far away—
In England, maybe, and no doubt
In Mother Goose's day!

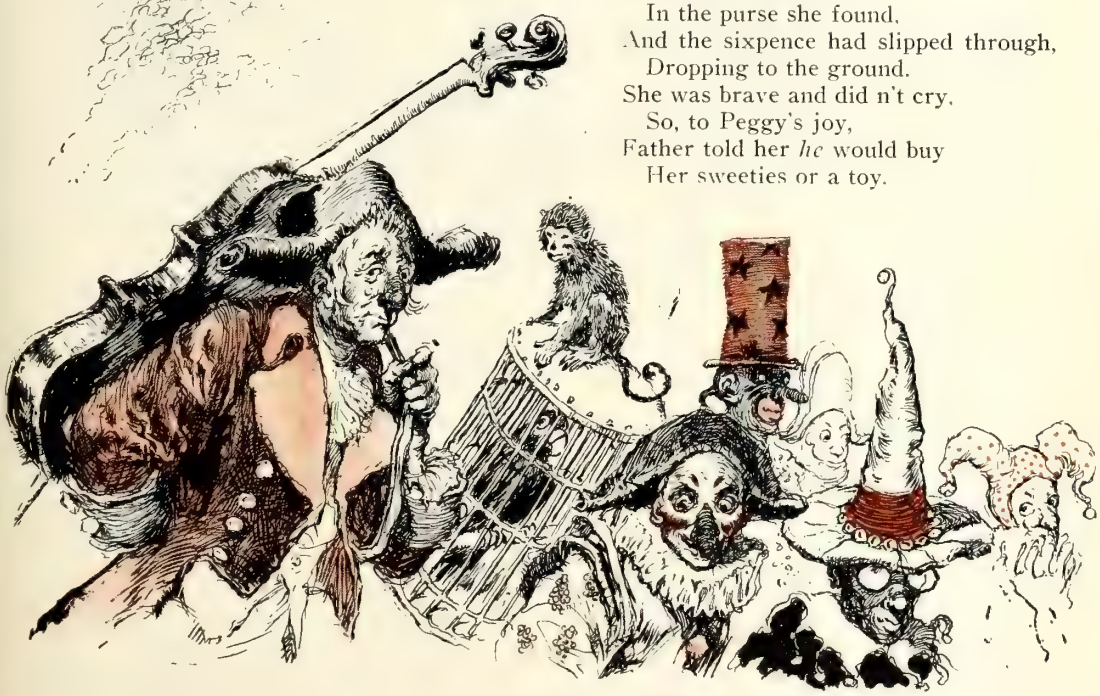


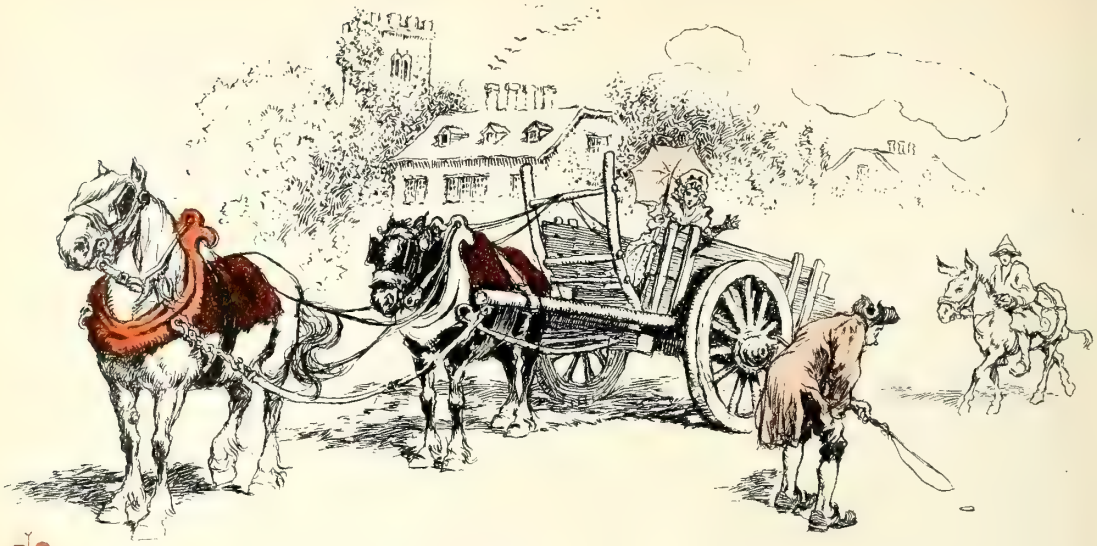


Tell a tale o' sixpence
Shining-bright and new!
Father brought it from the bank,
Just for Peggy, too!
She was going to the Fair,
Much to her delight:
How she 'd spend her sixpence there
Peggy dreamed all night.



But alas! next morning,
Half-way to the Fair,
Peggy, looking in her purse,
Found it was n't there!
Just a tiny little slit
In the purse she found,
And the sixpence had slipped through,
Dropping to the ground.
She was brave and did n't cry,
So, to Peggy's joy,
Father told her *he* would buy
Her sweeties or a toy.





Tell a tale o' sixpence!
Riding in to town,
Who should find a sixpence
But kindly Farmer Brown?
Said he, smiling, "I must pass
Such good luck along!"
Tossed it to a flower-lass
Selling in the throng.
Said the flower-lass, "I will share
Kindness such as that!"
And dropped the coin she ill could spare
In a lame man's hat.





Tell a tale o' sixpence!
That poor lame man went
Over to the baker's shop
And his sixpence spent.
Said the baker, "Here 's a new
Sixpence, I declare!
Tommy, son, this is for you;
Spend it at the Fair."

Tell a tale o' sixpence!
The baker's little boy
Bought a whistle at the booth
Where Father bought a toy.
Peggy saw it, standing by,
Thought it very strange

That a sixpence just like hers
Should be in Father's change!
Just suppose, in such a case,
What *your* dad would do!
Peggy had the toy, of course,
And the sixpence too!

But I 'm sure that neither she nor Father was aware
'T was the very one she 'd lost, going to the Fair!





A TALE OF STORIED BETHLEHEM TOWN

BY KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

SOMETHING touched his forehead, something cool and soothing that dulled the ache behind his temples, and slowly Bayard opened his eyes. A girl was bending over him, her velvet-soft fingers stroking the hair back from his brow; and although her eyes were as clearly blue as those of the maidens of his native Virginia, she spoke to him in a strange tongue, and her dress was that of the East. Where was he, and what did it mean? And whence came this mild-faced stranger with her snowy veil and smock of scarlet linen? Then the man beside her gave an exclamation he recognized as Syrian, and his brain began to clear. Gradually he remembered all that had happened: the departure from Jerusalem by the Joppa Gate, the rest by Philip's Well, and then the attack at sundown. Again he heard the yells of the Bedouins and the cries of the frightened pilgrims as the turbaned riders bore down upon them, and he saw the stampede of horses toward the Jordan jungle until his own mount reared and sent him into the air, after which all was blackness. Yes, it was quite clear now. These strangers had found him and restored him to consciousness.

Their dress told that they were natives of the country, and he wished he knew their language that he might thank them. He tried to express his gratitude by signs, and to his surprise the man said in broken English: "Now that God has delivered you from the Bedouins, may He preserve you still further. You shall go with us to Bethlehem, where Rebekah and her mother will nurse you back to health."

"Bethlehem!" the boy exclaimed in amazement. "Where am I now? Our party left Jerusalem to visit Jericho and the ford of the Jordan."

"You are very far from there," the Syrian added, speaking with the precision of one using a foreign tongue, "between Mar Saba and the Dead Sea. We came this way with our wood train, and so found you. Do you suffer, my friend?"

"No," Bayard answered as he pulled himself into a sitting position, "my head aches and I have sprained my arm, I think. I feel stiff and sore, but I 'll soon be all right. Where are the others of my party?"

"I know not," came the gentle reply; "you were alone when we found you, and tracks in the sand told it was the Bedouins. But have no fear for your companions," he added, seeing the alarm in the boy's face, "the desert people seldom harm travelers; the Arab values life highly, and is no more eager to take it than he is to lose his own."

Then, speaking some words to his daughter in Syrian, he rose and left them.

Bayard watched him go down over the ridge, leading a donkey from whose sides bulged so many goat-skin bags that they seemed grotesque humps upon its body.

"He goes to fill the water-bags," the girl said

pleasantly, "and when he comes back we will be on the way. So let me bind your head with moist linen, that the sun makes it not to ache." And tearing a strip from her veil, she folded it into a snug bandage.

Bayard watched her slender, capable fingers, wondering at hearing her speak English. Palestine began to seem less foreign than it had seemed before. His idea of the inhabitants of the country had been that they were a half-civilized people, for the thought that any beside swarthy Turks and Arabs dwelt in that storied land had not occurred to him. But here was a blue-eyed Syrian girl who spoke to him in his own language. She told of her school-days in Bethlehem and of going with her father on his wood-gathering expeditions, for although he was a curio-maker by profession, the income from his trade was so meagre that he spent part of each year gathering driftwood along the Jordan and selling it in the towns. She asked Bayard about himself and his home, and laughed so merrily whenever she could not think of the word needed to express her idea that the boy forgot his discomfort and talked as fast as she did. Her eyes were bright with interest as he described the journey from Virginia; sympathetic as he told of his mother having become ill as soon as they reached Jerusalem, which kept his father at the hotel with her while he joined another party for local trips; and indignant at hearing of the Bedouin attack. But most of all she wanted to know about his home and school life in Virginia, for, like all Syrian girls, she had lived much in a dream land, and had spent many an hour wondering about that vague region Orientals call the New World; and to learn that American young folk have many of the same thoughts and ambitions, the same trials and disappointments as the sons and daughters of Palestine was a revelation to her. She began to realize that although they came from opposite ends of the earth, they were not really strangers, but members of one great family, links far removed from each other, yet each one a part of the mighty chain of human brotherhood. And sitting there on the sand in the gold of the Syrian sun, she listened to Bayard's words as a child listens to a fairy tale.

"So you will be doctor!" she exclaimed in her quaintly accented English. "How very nice iss that! Sometimes I see those fine men from the Jerusalem hospitals, and I think what a grand thing it iss to be healer."

They were so interested in the many things they talked about that it seemed only a few minutes until the father returned with the donkey and water-bags, although in reality it was nearly an hour. He unstrapped the wood-load from one of the animals in the train, and helped Bayard into its place, after Rebekah had made a sling for his aching arm. Then they started on their way, sometimes along a well-marked trail between maroon-colored rocks and clumps of thorn-bush, sometimes over stretches of trackless desert, the man walking beside him while Rebekah went ahead with the train. A quaint picture she made on the foremost donkey, her scarlet smock like blood against the snow of her veil. As they moved up and down over ridges and across pockets carpeted with yellow sand Bayard strained his eyes at every distant object, dreading lest it be a group of desert brigands; but his companions seemed to have no fear. Several times they passed Bedouin encampments, but the Syrian called out a greeting, which was returned, and they went on unmolested. Now and then they stopped to eat of the dried figs and goat's cheese they carried in a skin bag, and toward evening came to the edge of the desert, where they camped for the night beside a gulch, at the bottom of which a thin line of water purled on its way to the Jordan. In winter and spring, the Syrian said, it was a raging torrent, but now, like most of the streams of Palestine during summer and autumn, it was almost dry.

At dawn they were on their way again, and, leaving the waste of rock and thorn-bush behind, came into cultivated, populous country. On every side were billows of lustrous green where olive orchards tufted the hillsides, and fig, hawthorn, carob, and apricot-trees spread out their leaves to the sun. It seemed to Bayard that they would never reach Bethlehem, and bruised and sore as he was from his fall, he ached with every step his donkey took. At sundown, however, they came to the crest of a hill, and, nestling among well-tilled terraces at its base, were picturesque-looking houses, their yellowish-red brick a rich magenta in the afterglow.

"Bethlehem!" the Syrian exclaimed; and tired as the boy was, the sight thrilled him, for the veiling eastern twilight had touched the roofs and vineyards with exquisite pastel tints, and beyond on a hillside, where the sheep seemed moving shadows, a shepherd called to his flock. He thought of the army of pilgrims that has journeyed there through the long march of the ages, emperors and peasants, men of every century and every land, yet brothers in the common desire to behold the birthplace of the Nazarene.

The eastern gloaming is very beautiful, and people miss not a moment of it by shutting themselves indoors. The Bedouin in his desert encampment dreams outside his tent in this period

of gossamer light, while in town and village young and old sit on the housetops or stroll along the narrow, shadowy streets, thanking God or Allah, according to his religion, for the miracle of twilight time. So, as they neared Bethlehem, Bayard saw the white veils of women float above the roofs, while throngs of merry-eyed children hurried out to meet them, until, at last, they reached the house of the curio-maker, where Bayard was glad indeed for a bit of fresh Arabian bread and a good night's sleep.

The next morning a messenger took word to his father at Jerusalem that he was safe, and, aside from being stiff and sore, was none the worse for the experience.

"Only," he added, as a postscript to the letter, "when you get ready to take a trip, don't choose a donkey for your mount."

A week had passed since Rebekah and her father found the unconscious stranger on the desert, and still he stayed on in Bethlehem, for upon receiving the letter his father had hurried up from Jerusalem to assure himself of his son's safety. It was then decided that Bayard should remain with the Syrian family until his mother was well enough to travel, for although he might easily have gone back to the city, he was well contented where he was. He went to the mission-school with the boys, where they learned English just as he learned French and German at home, and was surprised to find that some of his favorite athletic sports, games he supposed were of English or American origin, were as familiar to these Syrian lads as to his comrades in Virginia. And one day when Rebekah's young cousin invited him to go to see a "chugan" game, he recognized it as a modified form of football, which he learned had originated in the Orient and was introduced into Europe by the Crusaders.

Sometimes he went with Rebekah about her daily tasks: now to the wells where the girls filled their water-jars, now to the fallow fields from which peasants were gleaning the aftermaths. Long, long ago Ruth and Boaz had swept their scythes along those selfsame swathes, and beaten out the grain with their flails of carob-wood as they joined in the songs of the reapers. Here, too, David had wandered in his boyhood; and years later, to a well within a walled garden, his followers had crept one night, breaking through the enemy's ranks at the risk of their lives because they had heard their captain exclaim, "Oh, that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!" Storied soil, every inch of it, and the old tales seemed lovelier than ever as he heard them from the lips of the lustrous-eyed Syrians.

Often they sat on the roofs in the evening looking toward the moon-bathed Hebron hills, and as the nights grew cooler the family gathered around a fire of Jordan driftwood and told stories; for the modern Syrians, like the Hebrews of old, are children at heart and never tire of listening to tales. Especially fond they were of the Indian stories Bayard knew, but they were just as much delighted when he told of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit, or sang the songs of the dark-faced, dark-eyed toilers in the cotton fields and peanut-patches along the banks of the James.

One night the Syrian came home late, and his earnest face told that something was wrong.

"What is it?" Rebekah asked as she went over and leaned against him in a caressing way.

"Sorrow for Bethlehem, my daughter," he answered gently.

At his words the old grandfather gave a gasp. Well he knew the stories handed down from the fathers of persecutions suffered by the Christian Syrians there; for although the serene faces of the people and the quiet, shadowy streets suggest peace and repose, the town of the Nativity has had a turbulent history.

"It was through the hot temper of Abd-el-Itti the curio-maker," the younger man said, as he added a bit of wood to the brazier and set it to snapping in the flame. "He is good of heart, but quick of tongue; and because of this, all Bethlehem must suffer."

Just what started the trouble no one knew, and very likely it was due to a misunderstanding, but Abd-el-Itti had had a dispute with the commander of the Turkish guard of Bethlehem, and in the anger it aroused, the Syrian had spoken words a Moslem regards as an unforgivable insult. So a proclamation had gone forth that there would be no Christmas service in the town, and just what that meant only the people who lived there knew.

Since time immemorial the Holy Night service had not been omitted. It was as much a part of life there as the fields and shadowy streets and Hebron hills beyond were part of it, and pilgrims came half-way across the world to meet in the zeal of their faith at the cradle of that faith. The softly glittering lamps in the clerestory of the Church of the Nativity had shone down on the faces of men and women of every degree and every nationality, who had sought the Syrian town in memory of the time "when shepherds watched their flocks by night." Think of the sorrow of those who had journeyed so far, and think, too, of the poverty it would bring the townsfolk! These strangers bought the

souvenirs they made, fancy articles of mother-of-pearl, coral, and Jordan-wood; and when word went forth that there would be no Christmas service in the birthplace of the Nazarene, they would not come in such vast numbers and the chief means of livelihood would be taken away. But far more grievous than the thought of material loss was the idea of having to surrender their ancient right to worship, of being deprived of the thing they held most sacred. Nothing so terrible had happened in several generations.

The trouble of the townsfolk touched Bayard deeply, for as he came to know them well he had grown very fond of them, especially of Hamzi and his daughter Rebekah, who had cared for him when he was suffering and helpless, and were so gentle and kindly disposed toward all the world that it seemed impossible they could be punished unjustly.

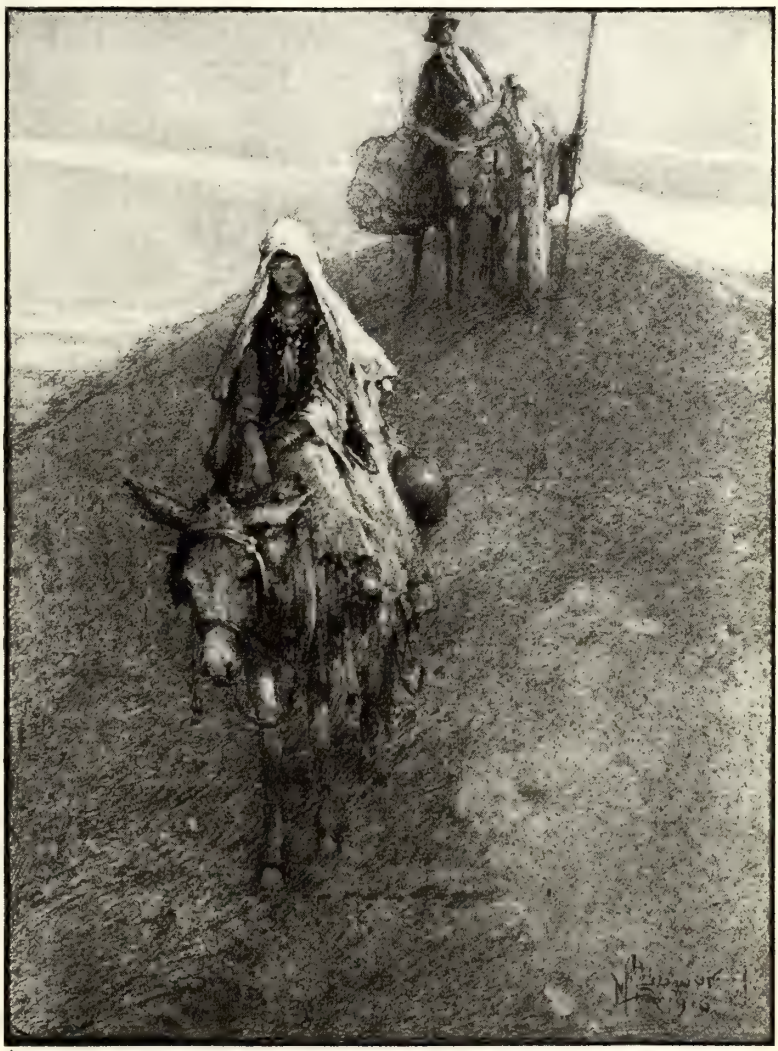
"Have you appealed to the pasha?" he asked.

The Syrian nodded.

Yes, they had, but that official would do nothing; he declared it should rest wholly with the commander of the guard, and if in his judgment they merited punishment, it should be meted out to them. He reasoned that they were entirely too proud, for it is a well-known fact that nowhere in Palestine are there such nobly-demeanored and self-respecting people as those of modern Bethlehem. Without doubt they needed disciplining, and who was better fitted to decide the matter than one who lived among them? So the commander should be free to act according to his will, even to the extent of taking from them their right to worship as they had been wont to do, as well as their chief means of support.

"Only a miracle can save us," said the man, sadly; "only if sight can be restored to the commander's only daughter, who has been blind since childhood, will the edict be withdrawn. But we cannot hope for that," the curio-maker added, "for the best Jerusalem physicians have looked at Fatima's eyes, then shaken their heads and gone away."

The situation seemed hopeless, and they went to bed that night with heavy hearts. Yet Bayard felt that something could be done, although he had a vague, indefinite idea as to how it might be accomplished.



"A QUAINT PICTURE SHE MADE ON THE FOREMOST DONKEY."

Syrian families rise early, and shortly after dawn Rebekah and Bayard were on their way to the well. They were less talkative than usual as they filled the jars, for thoughts of the Turkish edict had silenced them.

"I am going to send a message to my father," the boy remarked as they walked back through the town, "and ask him to work through the

American consul at Jerusalem to influence the pasha."

Rebekah shook her head.

"It will be useless," she said sadly. "Turkish officials are what you call stubborn, and my people have found that they are not to be persuaded, even by the great of other lands."

But Bayard, with all an American boy's confidence in the power of his Government, believed it could be accomplished.

They had almost reached the market-place when they saw a messenger hurrying along the Jerusalem road.

"I wonder if he has any word for me!" the lad exclaimed in alarm, fearing that his mother might be worse. And they waited for him to come near.

Yes, the man had a letter. As Bayard read it his face brightened, so Rebekah knew it contained pleasant news.

"It is something nice, yes?" she asked in her naïve way.

Her companion nodded.

"Indeed it is," he replied. "My uncle has just arrived in Jerusalem, and I am going there this very day."

Then the Syrian girl's eyes widened sadly, for the Virginia boy's sojourn in her home had been a joyous event for her. Thousands of Americans and Europeans came to Bethlehem every year, but they seemed strangers in everything the word implies, while Bayard had given her glimpses into the life of the West that was like opening the gate into another world. It would be very lonely when he went away, and they could have no more walks together to the places he found so fascinating, no more of his stories by the fireside.

Noticing her grave face, her companion divined something of what was passing through her mind.

"Don't look so mournful!" he exclaimed. "My uncle is a great surgeon, and perhaps he can help Fatima—and Bethlehem."

But Rebekah did not enthuse. Were there not skillful surgeons in the Jerusalem hospitals, and had not the best of them shaken their heads and gone away? But as the boy talked more about it, her doubt gave way to hope.

"And you believe he will try?" she asked in a voice that quivered.

"I know he will," Bayard answered; "and I am going this morning to ask him."

But suddenly her face clouded.

"We have no horses!" she cried. "Every one of the donkeys is gone with our neighbor Hamzi to bring back curio-rock from the Hebron hills."

"Never mind about that," Bayard answered; "I have my legs, and am not afraid to use them."

They hurried to the house with the news, and Rebekah's father said he would go with the boy. So half an hour later the two went past the well beside the gate, going up to Jerusalem over the road the patriarchs had traveled.

It is barely six miles from the birthplace of the Nazarene to the city of His crucifixion, but the trip requires the time of one of much greater distance, for although in places the road is passably good, on the whole it is rough and billowy, and several steep hills are along the way. They stopped only once, on the hill of Mar Elyas beside the Well of the Magi, where tradition states the three kings rested and the star reappeared to guide them to the manger. Here is to be had a view unsurpassed in all the Orient, and Bayard looked around in admiration, for eastward, splendidly blue under the glowing Syrian sky, the Dead Sea shimmered at the foot of the mountains of Moab—glittering yellow desert meeting glittering turquoise water, green of olive, of carob, of fig and apricot-tree along fertile valley and upland, while on the far red hills that, viewed closely, were places of devastation, herds of wild goats drowsing in the sun or cropping skeletons of springtime herbage seemed snowy creatures on fields of carnelian. Back at the end of the road, but distinct from the ridge, Bethlehem dreamed among her terraces, while southward, gorgeous in the purple haze that wrapped her like a mantle, lay Jerusalem with her domes and seven gates, her splendid Church of the Sepulcher, her magnificent Mosque of Omar, her Golgotha and Church of the Crusaders, and the Green Hill outside the Damascus Gate. At sight of the Holy City they hastened their steps, and pressed on rapidly to the Jaffa Gate, whence they hurried to the hotel.

Bayard said he knew his uncle would try to help the Turkish girl and the townsfolk, and he was not mistaken. That afternoon a carriage bore them with the surgeon and a white-uniformed nurse from the English Eye Hospital back to Bethlehem, and great was the excitement when word went forth, and the townsfolk stood around the commander's house, wondering and hoping.

It seemed ten hours—twelve that they waited there in suspense, Rebekah and Bayard with the rest, although it was not half that long. Then a man came out to say the surgeon believed Fatima would see, and the commander said if this really came to pass, he would revoke the edict. The American boy's face gleamed with confidence, and the soft eyes of the Syrian girl grew wonderfully bright.

And revoke the edict he did, for he was convinced that ere long light would come to the Turkish girl. The Bethlehemites might worship this Christmas, just as they had worshiped through centuries past in the church where Crusaders once knelt; and as the surgeon's carriage rolled back toward Jerusalem the blessings of both Turk and Syrian followed it.



"WHERE DAVID ONCE TENDED HIS SHEEP."

Then the days seemed golden. Bayard's family decided to remain in Palestine and meet at Bethlehem for the Christmas festivities; and almost before the young people realized, the season of the Nativity was at hand. The streets began to be thronged with people, and never had the boy imagined so many different costumes were to be seen in one place. They varied from city-made American and European clothing to the quaint dress of peasants, while Turkish guards moving in and out among them, and wondering-eyed Bedouins, come in from the desert to see the strangers who had traveled so far, made it seem that here East and West really met. The housewives prepared cakes and sweetmeats, and opened jars of pomegranate jelly for the Christmas feast, and young and old made gifts for each other in memory of those brought by the Magi to the Babe. Then came Holy Night, and the chimes rang out the signal for the service. Townsfolk and pilgrims filled the church to overflowing, and stood in a solid phalanx in the streets without, while shepherds left their flocks untended on the hills, believing God would care for them on this night of nights. When the last prayer was over, and Bayard stood with his relatives under the clear Judean sky watching the simple, dark-robed herdsmen move toward the pastures where slept their white charges, the boy touched the great surgeon's hand and said, "Think of it! Through you Bethlehem has been able to keep her Christmas!"

At dawn on Christmas morning they stood on the housetops and heard the shepherds chant from the fields, and all day long songs of pilgrims echoed through the streets. Rebekah was strangely silent, so much so that Bayard wondered if she were unhappy; and late in the afternoon she crept over to where his uncle sat watching the play of light on the hills out Hebron way, where David once tended his sheep, and where, long before his time, the wandering Abraham pitched his tent.

"Do you think, if I work very hard, that I can be nurse like the one who help you heal Fatima?" she asked in her quaint English.

The great surgeon smiled.

"Do you really want to?" he questioned.

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed in a voice that quivered. "It is wonderful to bring light to those who cannot see."

The big warm hand caught her own in a firm grasp.

"Yes, Rebekah," the man replied, "you shall have your wish."

The next day Bayard and his people returned to Jerusalem, and with them went the Bethlehem girl. The youths and maidens she had known from childhood called to her as they drove away from the house of the curio-maker, and some of her closest friends waved good-by to her and Bayard from the well beside the gate, for the boy who had been their companion was going home. The carriage moved rapidly, and soon they reached Jerusalem and the English Eye Hospital, where Rebekah was to begin her course of training. And when the good-bys were over and the Americans were driving toward the Jaffa Gate, beyond which lay the Mediterranean and the ship that would bear them home, Bayard looked back and saw in the doorway the companion of his happy weeks in Bethlehem, watching them go farther and farther from her, the snow of her Syrian veil standing out clearly when her face was no longer visible.

Time passes in Syria just as anywhere else, but customs change little and the old stories are told again and again. So each year when the season of Nativity comes round and mothers all over the world tell of the song and the star and the pearl-winged host that appeared to the wondering shepherds, the Bethlehem women have still another story, of an unconscious stranger on the desert near Mar Saba and a western miracle-maker who brought light to the commander's daughter, but for which there might be to-day no Christmas service in the hallowed birthplace of the Nazarene.





THE NIGHT WATCH

BY ALICE PACKARD PALMER

Now come right here, my pretty puss,
With breast so white and glossy;
With perky ears and quirky tail,
And nose turned up so saucy.
Please sit quite still; don't scratch or bite,
But listen to my humming,
For I shall sing of Christmas time,
And Christmas is a-coming.

Around your neck this bell I 'll hang
On ribbon red and pretty;
And when you hear the big church-bells
Peal out through all the city,
You frisk about, and ring *your* bell,
And ring it hard; yes, very;
For everybody, even cats,
At Christmas must be merry.

You must be good the night before,
And stay close by my stocking.
Don't go to sleep, but lie quite still,
And when you hear a knocking,
Or any funny little noise
As though 't were Santa creeping
A-down the chimney black and big,
Just purr to him your greeting.

And Santa Claus will stroke your fur—
Of course he 'll love my kitty.
Then when he sets his great pack down,
Indeed, 't will be a pity
If you don't run and frisk about,
And set your bell a-ringing,
And *wake me up,* so *once* I 'll see
St. Nick and what he 's bringing!





"HEROES OF TO-DAY" AND "HEROINES OF SERVICE"

BY

MARY R. PARKMAN

JOHN MUIR, THE LAIRD OF SKYLAND

Climb the mountains and get their good tidings.
Nature's peace will flow into you
As sunshine into trees;
The winds will blow their freshness into you,
And the storms their energy;
While cares will drop off like autumn leaves.

JOHN MUIR.

A SMALL Scotch laddie was scrambling about on the storm-swept, craggy ruins of Dunbar Castle. He was not thinking of the thousand years that had passed over the grim fortress, or of the brave deeds, celebrated in legend and ballad, that its stones had witnessed. He was glorying in his own strength and daring that had won for him a foothold on the highest of the crumbling peaks, where he could watch the waves dash in spray, and, with outflung arms and face aglow with exultation, feel himself a part of the scene.

Little John Muir loved everything that was wild. The warnings and "skelpings" of his strict father could not keep him within the safe confines of the home garden. The true world was beyond—the salt meadows, with nests of skylarks and field-mice, the rocky pools along the shore where one might find crabs, eels, and all sorts of interesting scaly creatures. But above all, there were the rocky heights where one might climb

Sometimes the truant was sent to bed without his supper. But even then he made opportunities for climbing feats. In company with his little brother David, John played games of "scootchers" (dares) in which the boys crept out of their dormer-window and found congenial mountaineering exercise on the slate roof, sometimes hanging from the eaves by one hand, or even—for an instant—by a single finger.

It was only on Saturdays and during vacations, however, that these lads could taste the delights of roving. When eight years old, John entered the grammar-school. Here he studied Latin and French, besides English, history, geography, and arithmetic. In regard to the methods employed, this doughty Scotchman used to say, with a twinkle: "We were simply driven point-blank against our books like a soldier against the enemy, and sternly ordered: 'Up and at 'em! Commit your lessons to memory!' If we failed in any part, however slight, we were whipped."

From the school playground the boys loved to watch the ships at sea and guess where they were bound. In stormy weather, that brought the salt spume from the waves over the wall, they often saw the brave vessels tossed against the rocky shore Many of John's school-books showed ships at full sail on the margins, particularly the one that stirred his imagination most—the reader which told about the forests of America, with their wonderful birds and sugar-maple trees.

One evening, when John and David were loyally trying to forget dreams of voyages to magic lands and master their lessons for the next day, their father came with wonderful news.

"Bairns," he said, "you need na learn your lessons the nicht, for we 're gaen to America the morn!"

How the words sang in their hearts! "America the morn!" Instead of grammar, a land where sugar-trees grew in ground full of gold; with forests where myriads of eagles, hawks, and pigeons circled about millions of birds' nests; where deer hid in every thicket; and where there was never a gamekeeper to deny a lad the freedom of the woods!

Only their grandfather looked troubled, and said in a voice that trembled more than usual;

"Ah, puir laddies! Ye 'll find something else ower the sea forby gold and birds' nests and freedom frae lessons. Ye 'll find plenty of hard, hard work."

But nothing could cast a shadow on their joy. "I 'm gaen to Amaraka the morn!" they shouted to their envying, doubting schoolmates.

It took six weeks and a half for the old-fashioned sailing-vessel to cross the Atlantic. The father had taken three of the children, John, David, and Sarah, to help him make a home in the wilderness for the rest of the family. The spot selected was near Kingston, Wisconsin, then settled only by a few scattered, hardy pioneers. Here, with the help of their nearest neighbors, they built in a day a cabin of rough, bur-oak logs.

This hut was in the midst of the woods which fringed a flowery meadow and a lake where pond-lilies grew. The boys had not been at home an hour before they discovered a blue-jay's nest with three green eggs, and a woodpecker's hole, and began to make acquaintance with the darting, gliding creatures of springs and lake.

"Here," said John Muir, "without knowing it, we were still at school; every wild lesson a love lesson, not whipped but charmed into us."

Soon farm life began in earnest. Fields were cleared and plowed; a frame house was built on the hill; and the mother with the younger children came to join these pioneers. It would seem that the long days of unceasing toil—planting, hoeing, harvesting, splitting rails, and digging wells—that retarded the growth of the active lad would have completely quenched the flickerings of his wild, eager spirit. But he managed to absorb, in the most astonishing way, the lore of woods and fields and streams, until the ways of birds, insects, fishes, and wild plant-neighbors were as an open book to him.

It was not long before his alert mind began to hunger for a real knowledge of the books which in his childish days he had studied without understanding. He read not only the small collection of religious books that his father had brought with him from Scotland, but also every stray volume that he could borrow from a neighbor.

When John was fifteen, he discovered that the poetry in the Bible, in Shakspere, and in Milton could give something of the same keen joy that a Sunday evening on a hilltop made him feel, when sunset and rising moon and the hushed voices of twilight were all mingled in one thrilling delight. All beauty was one, he found.

The noble lines echoed in his memory as he cradled the wheat and raked the hay. The precious opportunities for reading were stolen five minutes at a time when he lingered in the kitchen with book and candle after the others had gone to bed. Night after night his father would call with exasperated emphasis: "John, do you expect me to call you every night? You *must* go to bed when the rest do."

One night as he descended on the boy with more than usual sternness his anger was somewhat disarmed when he noticed that the book in question was a Church history. "If you *will* read," he added, "get up in the morning. You may get up as early as you like."

That night John went to bed wondering how he was going to wake himself in order to profit by this precious permission. Though his was the sound sleep of a healthy boy who had been splitting rails in the snowy woods, he sprang out of bed as if roused by a mysterious reveille long before daylight, and, holding his candle to the kitchen clock, saw that it was only one o'clock.

"Five hours to myself!" he cried exultingly. "It is like finding a day—a day for my very own!"

Realizing that his enthusiasm could not suffice to keep him warm in the zero weather, and that his father would certainly object to his making a fire, he went down cellar, and, by the light of a tallow dip, began work on the model of a self-setting sawmill that he had invented.

"I don't think that I was any the worse for my short ration of sleep and the extra work in the cold and the uncertain light," he said; "I was far more than happy."

When his sawmill was tested in a stream that he had dammed up in the meadow, he set himself to construct a clock that might have an attachment connected with his bed to get him up at a certain hour in the morning. He knew nothing of the mechanism of timepieces beyond the laws of the pendulum, but he succeeded in making a clock of wood, whittling the small pieces in the moments of respite from farm-work. At length the "early-rising machine" was complete and put in operation to his satisfaction. There was now no chance that the weary flesh would betray him into passing a precious half-hour of his time of freedom in sleep.

Even his father seemed to take pride in the hickory clock that he next constructed. It was in the form of a scythe to symbolize Time, the pendulum being a bunch of arrows to suggest the flight of the minutes. A thermometer and barometer were next evolved, and automatic contrivances to light the fire and to feed the horses at a given time.

One day a friendly neighbor, who recognized that the boy was a real mechanical genius, advised him to take his whittled inventions to the

State Fair at Madison. There two of his wooden clocks and the thermometer were given a place of honor in the Fine Arts Hall, where they attracted much attention. It was generally agreed that this farm-boy from the backwoods had a bright future.

A student from the university persuaded the young inventor that he might be able to work his way through college. Presenting himself to the dean in accordance with this friendly advice, young Muir told his story, explaining that except for a two-month term in the country he had not been to school since he had left Scotland in his twelfth year. He was received kindly, given a trial in the preparatory department, and after a few weeks transferred to the freshman class.

During the four years of his college life John Muir made his way by teaching school a part of each winter and doing farm-work summers. He sometimes cut down the expense of board to fifty cents a week by living on potatoes and mush, which he cooked for himself at the dormitory furnace. Pat, the janitor, would do anything for this young man who could make such wonderful things. Years afterward he pointed out his room to visitors and tried to describe the wonders it had contained. It had, indeed, looked like a branch of the college museum, with its numerous botanical and geological specimens and curious mechanical contrivances.

Although he spent four years at the State University, he did not take the regular course, but devoted himself chiefly to chemistry, physics, botany, and geology, which, he thought, would be most useful to him. Then, without graduating, he started out "on a glorious botanical and geological excursion which has lasted," he said, in concluding the story of his early life, "for fifty years and is not yet completed."

He journeyed afoot to Florida, sleeping on the ground wherever night found him. "I wish I knew where I was going," he wrote to a friend who asked about his plans. "Only I know that I seem doomed to be 'carried of the spirit into the wilderness.'"

Because he loved the whole fair earth and longed to know something of the story that its rocks and trees might tell, he wandered on and on. After going to Cuba, a siege of tropical fever, contracted by sleeping on swampy ground, caused him to give up for a time a cherished plan to make the acquaintance of the vegetation along the Amazon.

"Fate and flowers took me to California," he said. He found there his true Florida (Land of Flowers), and he found, also, what became the passion of his life and his life work—the noble mountains, the great trees, and the marvelous Yosemite. Here he lived year after year, climbing the mountains, descending into the cañons, lovingly, patiently working to decipher the story of the rocks, and to make the wonder and beauty which thrilled his soul a heritage for mankind forever.

He lived for months at a time in the Yosemite Valley, whose marvels he knew in every mood of sunshine, moonlight, dawn, sunset, storm, and winter whiteness of frost and snow. He would wander for days on the heights without gun or any provisions and implements except bread, tea, a tin cup, pocket-knife, and short-handled ax.

Once, on reading a magazine article by an enthusiastic young mountain-climber, who dilated upon his thrilling adventures in scaling Mount Tyndall, Mr. Muir commented dryly: "He must have given himself a lot of trouble. When I climbed Tyndall, I ran up and back before breakfast."

At a time when trails were few and hard to find, he explored the Sierra, which, he said, should be called, not the Nevada, or Snowy Range, but the Range of Light. When night came, he selected the lee side of a log, made a fire, and went to sleep on a bed of pine-needles. If it was snowing, he made a bigger fire and lay closer to his log shelter.

"Outdoors is the natural place for man," he said. "I begin to cough and wheeze the minute I get within walls."

Never at a loss to make his way in the wilderness, he was completely bewildered in the midst of city streets.

"What is the nearest way out of town?" he asked of a man in the business section of San Francisco soon after he landed at the Golden Gate in 1868.

"But I don't know where you want to go!" protested the surprised pedestrian.

"To any place that is wild," he replied.

So began the days of his wandering in pathless places among higher rocks "than the world and his ribbony wife could reach." "Climb the mountains, climb, if you would reach beauty," said John Muir, the wild, eager spirit of the lad who had braved scoldings and "skelpings" to climb the craggy peaks of Dunbar shining in his eyes.

When his friends remonstrated with him because of the way he apparently courted danger, he replied: "A true mountaineer is never reckless. He knows, or senses with a sure instinct, what he can do. In a moment of real danger his whole body is eye, and common skill and fortitude are replaced by power beyond our call or knowledge."

It was not entirely the passion for beauty that took this lover of the sublime aspects of nature up among the mountains and glaciers—"up where God is making the world." It was also the passion for knowledge—the longing to know something of the tools the Divine Sculptor had used in carving the giant peaks and mighty cañons.

"The marvels of Yosemite are the end of the story," he said. "The alphabet is to be found in the crags and valleys of the summits."

Here he wandered about, comparing cañon with cañon, following lines of cleavage, and finding the key to every precipice and sloping wall in the blurred marks of the glaciers on the eternal rocks. Every boulder found a tongue; "in every pebble he could hear the sound of running water." The tools that had carved the beauties of Yosemite were not, he concluded, those of the hidden fires of the earth, the rending of earthquake and volcanic eruption, but the slow, patient cleaving and breaking by mighty glaciers, during the eons when the earth's surface was given over to the powers of cold—the period known as the Ice Age.

"There are no accidents in nature," he said. "The flowers blossom in obedience to the same law that keeps the stars in their places. Each bird-song is an echo of the universal harmony. Nature is one."

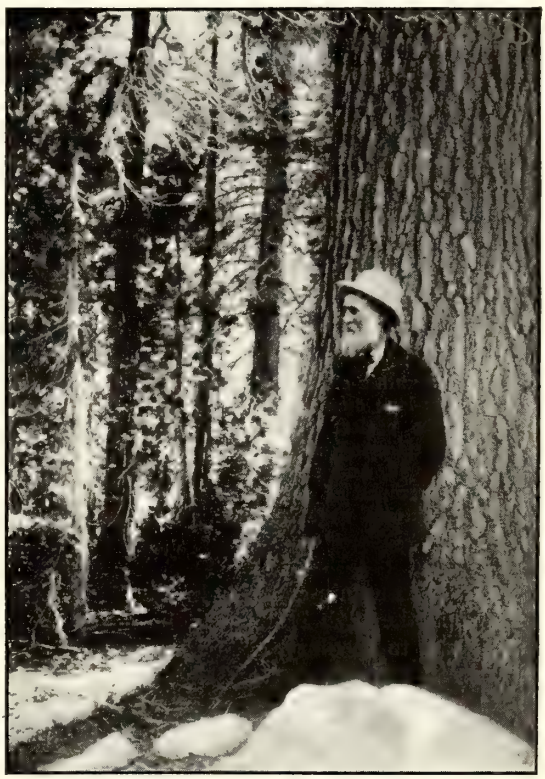
Because he believed that Nature reveals many of her innermost secrets in times of storm, he often braved the wildest tempests on the heights. He spoke with keen delight of the times when he had been "magnificently snow-bound in the Lord's Mountain House." He even dared to climb into the very heart of a snow-cloud as it rested on Pilot Peak, and it seemed that the experience touched the very springs of poetry in the soul of this nature-lover. He found that he had won in a moment "a harvest of crystal flowers, and wind-songs gathered from spiry firs and long, fringy arms of pines."

Once in a terrible gale he climbed to the top of a swaying pine in order to feel the power of the wind as a tree feels it. His love for the trees was second only to his love for the mountains. His indignation at the heedless destruction of the majestic Sequoias knew no bounds. "Through thousands and thousands of years God has cared for these trees," he said; "He has saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining and leveling tempests and floods, but He cannot save them from foolish men."

It was due mainly to his untiring efforts that the "big trees" of California, as well as the wonderful Yosemite Valley, were taken under the protection of the Nation to be preserved for all the people for all time.

He discovered the petrified forests of Arizona, and went to Chile to see trees of the same species which are no longer to be found anywhere in North America. He traveled to Australia to see the eucalyptus groves, to Siberia for its pines, and to India to see the banyan-trees.

In order to make a livelihood that would permit him to continue his studies of nature in the mountains, Mr. Muir built a sawmill where he prepared for the use of man those trees "that the Lord had felled." Here during the week he jotted down his observations or sketched, while he watched out of the tail of his eye to see when the great logs were nearing the end of their course. Then he would pause in his writing or sketching just long enough to start a new log on its way.



JOHN MUIR AMONG HIS BELOVED TREES.

Sometimes he undertook the work of a shepherd, and, while his "mutton family of 1800 ranged over ten square miles," found time for reading and botanizing.

A very little money sufficed for his simple needs. Indeed, Mr. Muir once declared that he could live on fifty dollars a year.

"Eat bread in the mountains," he said, "with love and adoration in your soul, and you can get a nourishment that food experts have no conception of."

He spoke with pitying scorn of the money-clinking crowd who were too "time-poor" to enjoy the keenest delights that earth can offer.

"You millionaires carry too heavy blankets to get any comfort out of the march through life," he said; "you don't know what it is you are losing by the way."

When there was a home and "bairnies" to provide for, he managed a fruit-ranch; but he was often absent in his beloved mountains weeks at a time, living on bread, tea, and the huckleberries of cool, glacial bogs, which were more to his taste than the cherries or grapes that he had to return in time to harvest.

Mr. S. Hall Young, in his interesting narrative "Alaska Days with John Muir," gives a graphic account of the way John o' Mountains climbed:

> Then Muir began to *slide* up that mountain. I had been with mountain-climbers before, but never one like him. A deer-lope over the smoother slopes, a sure instinct for the easiest way into a rocky fortress, an instant and unerring attack, a serpent glide up the steep; eye, hand, and foot all connected dynamically; with no appearance of weight to his body—as though he had Stockton's negative-gravity machine strapped on his back.

In all his mountain-climbing in the Sierras, the Andes, and the high Himalayas, he never knew what it was to be dizzy, even when standing on the sheerest precipice, or crossing a crevasse on a sliver of ice above an abyss of four thousand feet. He said that his simple laws of health gave him his endurance and his steady nerves; but when we think of the wee laddie in Scotland, hanging from the roof by one finger, or balancing himself on a particularly sharp crag of the black headland at Dunbar, we believe that he was born to climb.

"I love the heights," he said, "where the air is sweet enough for the breath of angels, and where I feel miles and miles of beauty flowing into me."

He never ceased to marvel at the people who remained untouched in the presence of Nature's rarest loveliness. "They have eyes and see not," he mourned, as he saw some sleek, comfortable tourists pausing a moment in their concern about baggage to point casually with their canes to the Upper Yosemite Falls, coming with its glorious company of shimmering comets out of a rainbow cloud along the top of the cliff, and passing into another cloud of glory below.

All of Mr. Muir's books—"The Mountains of California," "Our National Parks," "My First Summer in the Sierra," and "The Yosemite"—are splendid invitations to "climb the mountains and get their good tidings." "Climb, if you would see beauty!" every page cries out. "If I can give you a longing that will take you out of your rocking-chairs and make you willing to forego a few of your so-called comforts for something infinitely more worth while, I shall fulfil my mission."

Read his story of his ride on the avalanche from a ridge three thousand feet high, where he had climbed to see the valley in its garment of newly-fallen snow. The ascent took him nearly all day, the descent about a minute. When he felt himself going, he instinctively threw himself on his back, spread out his arms to keep from sinking, and found his "flight in the milky way of snow-stars the most spiritual and exhilarating of all modes of motion."

In "The Yosemite," also, we learn how a true nature-lover can meet the terrors of an earthquake. He was awakened at about two o'clock one moonlit morning by a "strange, thrilling motion," and exalted by the certainty that he was going to find the old planet off guard and learn something of her true nature, he rushed out while the ground was rocking so that he had to balance himself as one does on shipboard during a heavy sea. He saw Eagle Rock fall in a thousand boulder-fragments, while all the thunder he had ever heard was condensed in the roar of that moment when it seemed that "the whole earth was, like a living creature, calling to its sister planets."

"Come, cheer up!" he cried to a panic-stricken man who felt that the ground was about to swallow him up; "smile and clap your hands now that kind Mother Earth is trotting us on her knee to amuse us and make us good."

He studied the earthquake as he studied the glaciers, the scarred cliffs, and the flowers, and this is the lesson that it taught him:

> All Nature's wildness tells the same story: the shocks and outbursts of earthquakes, volcanoes, geysers, roaring waves and floods, the silent uprush of sap in plants, storms of every sort—each and all, are the orderly, beauty-making love-beats of Nature's heart.

Read about his adventure in a storm on the Alaska glacier with the little dog, Stickeen. You will note that he had eyes not only for the ice-cliffs towering above the dark forest and for the mighty glacier with its rushing white fountains, but also for the poor "beastie" who was leaving blood-prints on the ice when the man stopped to make him moccasins out of his handkerchief. As you

read you will not wonder that this man who could write about Nature's loftiest moods could also write that most beautiful and truly sympathetic of all stories of dog life.

The last years of John Muir's long career were, like the rest, part of "the glorious botanical and geological excursion" on which he set out when he left college. The names that he won—"John o' Mountains," "The Psalmist of the Sierra," "The Father of the Yosemite"—all speak of his work. Remembering that he found his fullest joy in climbing to the topmost peaks, we have called him "The Laird of Skyland." Going to the mountains was going home, he said.

The Muir Woods of "big trees," near San Francisco, and Muir Glacier in Alaska are fitting monuments to his name and fame. But the real man needs no memorial. For when we visit the glorious Yosemite, which his untiring efforts won for us and which his boundless enthusiasm taught us rightly to appreciate, we somehow feel that the spirit of John Muir is still there, in the beauty that he loved, bidding us welcome and giving us joy in the freedom of the heights.



CLARA BARTON, OUR LADY OF THE RED CROSS

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

"The Vision of Sir Launfal."—LOWELL.

"A CHRISTMAS baby! Now is n't that the best kind of a Christmas gift for us all?" cried Captain Stephen Barton to the assembled family.

No longed-for heir to a waiting kingdom could have received a more royal welcome than did that little girl who appeared at the Barton home in Oxford, Massachusetts, on Christmas Day, 1821. Ten years had passed since a child had come to the comfortable farm-house, and the four big brothers and sisters were very sure that they could not have had a more precious gift than this Christmas baby. No one doubted that she deserved a distinguished name, but it was due to Sister Dorothy, who was a young lady of romantic seventeen and something of a reader, that she was called Clarissa Harlowe, after a well-known heroine of fiction. The name which this heroine of real life actually bore and made famous, however, was Clara Barton; for the Christmas baby proved to be a gift not only to a little group of loving friends, but also to a great nation and to humanity.

The sisters and brothers were teachers rather than playmates for Clara, and her education began so early that she had no recollection of the way they led her toddling steps through the beginnings of book-learning. All other interests, however, paled before the stories that her father told her of great men and their splendid deeds. She was only five years old when Brother David taught her to ride. "Learning to ride is just learning a horse," said this daring youth, who was the "Buffalo Bill" of the district.

"How can I learn a horse, David?" quavered the child, as the high-spirited animals came whinnying to the pasture bars at her brother's call.

"Catch hold of his mane, Clara, and just feel the horse a part of yourself—the big half for the time being," said David, as he put her on the back of a colt that was broken only to bit and halter, and, easily springing on his favorite, held the reins of both in one hand, while he steadied the small sister with the other by seizing hold of one excited foot.

They went over the fields at a gallop that first day, and soon little Clara and her mount understood each other so well that her riding feats became almost as far-famed as those of her brother. The time came when her skill and confidence on horseback—her power to feel the animal she rode a part of herself and keep her place in any sort of saddle through night-long gallops—meant the saving of many lives.

David taught her many other practical things that helped to make her steady and self-reliant in the face of emergencies. She learned, for instance, to drive a nail straight, and to tie a knot that would hold. Eye and hand were trained to work together with quick decision that made for readiness and efficiency in dealing with a situa-

tion, whether it meant the packing of a box, or first-aid measures after an accident on the skating-pond.

She was always an outdoor child, with dogs, horses, and ducks for playfellows. The fuzzy ducklings were the best sort of dolls. Sometimes when wild ducks visited the pond and all her waddling favorites began to flap their wings excitedly, it seemed that her young heart felt, too, the call of large, free spaces.

"The only real fun is to do things," she used to say.

She rode after the cows, helped in the milking and churning, and followed her father about, dropping potatoes in their holes or helping weed the garden. Once, when the house was being painted, she begged to be allowed to assist in the work, even learning to grind the pigments and mix the colors. The family was at first amused and then amazed at the persistency of her application as day after day she donned her apron and fell to work.

They were not less astonished when she wanted to learn the work of the weavers in her brothers' satinet mills. At first, her mother refused this extraordinary request; but Stephen, who understood the intensity of her craving to do things, took her part; and at the end of her first week at the flying shuttle Clara had the satisfaction of finding that her cloth was passed as first-quality goods. Her career as a weaver was of short duration, however, owing to a fire which destroyed the mills.

The young girl was as enthusiastic in play as at work. Whether it was a canter over the fields on Billy while her dog, Button, dashed along at her side, his curly white tail bobbing ecstatically, or a coast down the rolling hills in winter, she entered into the sport of the moment with her whole heart.

When there was no outlet for her superabundant energy, she was genuinely unhappy. Then it was that a self-consciousness and morbid sensitiveness became so evident that it was a source of real concern to her friends.

"People say that I must have been born brave," said Clara Barton. "Why, I seem to remember nothing but terrors in my early days. I was a shrinking little bundle of fears—fears of thunder, fears of strange faces, fears of my strange self." It was only when thought and feeling were merged in the zest of some interesting activity that she lost her painful shyness and found herself.

When she was eleven years old, she had her first experience as a nurse. A fall which gave David a serious blow on the head, together with the bungling ministrations of doctors, who, when in doubt, had recourse only to the heroic treatment of bleeding and leeches, brought the vigorous young brother to a protracted invalidism. For two years Clara was his constant and devoted attendant. She schooled herself to remain calm, cheerful, and resourceful in the presence of suffering and exacting demands. When others gave way to fatigue or "nerves," her wonderful instinct for action kept her, child though she was, at her post. Her sympathy expressed itself in untiring service.

In the years that followed her brother's recovery Clara became a real problem to herself and her friends. The old blighting sensitiveness made her school-days restless and unhappy in spite of her alert mind and many interests.

At length her mother, at her wit's end because of this baffling, morbid strain in her remarkable daughter, was advised by a man of sane judgment and considerable understanding of child nature, to throw responsibility upon her and give her a school to teach.

It happened, therefore, that when Clara Barton was fifteen she "put down her skirts, put up her hair," and entered upon her successful career as a teacher. She liked the children and believed in them, entering enthusiastically into their concerns, and opened the way to new interests.

"When the boys found that I was as strong as they were and could teach them something on the playground, they thought that perhaps we might discover together a few other worth-while things in school hours," she said.

For eighteen years Clara Barton was a teacher. Always herself learning while teaching others, she decided in 1852 to enter Clinton Liberal Institute in New York as a pupil for graduation, for there was then no college whose doors were open to women. When she had all that the Institute could give her, she looked about for new fields for effort.

In Bordentown, New Jersey, she found there was a peculiar need for some one who would bring to her task pioneer zeal as well as the passion for teaching. At that time there were no public schools in the town or, indeed, in the State.

"The people who pose as leaders are too proud and too prejudiced to send their boys and girls to a free school, and in the meantime all the children run wild," Miss Barton was told.

"We have tried again and again," said a discouraged young pedagogue. "It is impossible to do anything in this place."

"Give me three months, and I will teach for that time free," said Clara Barton.

This was just the sort of challenge she loved. There was something to be done. She began with six unpromising gamins in a dilapidated, empty building. In a month her quarters proved too narrow. Each youngster became an enthusiastic and effectual advertisement. As always, her success lay in an understanding of her pupils as individuals, and a quickening interest that brought out the latent possibilities of each. The school of six grew in a year to one of six hundred, and the thoroughly converted citizens built an eight-room school-house where Miss Barton



CLARA BARTON.

remained as principal and teacher until a breakdown of her voice made complete rest necessary.

The weak throat soon made it evident that her teaching days were over; but she found at the same time in Washington, where she had gone for recuperation, a new work.

"Living is doing," she said. "Even while we say there is nothing we can do, we stumble over the opportunities for service that we are passing by in our tear-blinded self-pity."

The over-sensitive girl had learned her lesson well. Life offered moment by moment too many chances for action for a single worker to turn aside to bemoan his own particular condition.

The retired teacher became a confidential secretary in the office of the commissioner of patents. Great confusion existed in the Patent Office at that time because some clerks had betrayed the secrets of certain inventions. Miss Barton was the first woman to be employed in a Government department; and while ably handling the critical situation that called for all her energy and resourcefulness, she had to cope not only with the scarcely veiled enmity of those fellow-workers who were guilty or jealous, but also with the open antagonism of the rank and file of the clerks, who were indignant because a woman had been placed in a position of responsibility and influence. She endured covert slander and deliberate disrespect, letting her character and the quality of her work speak for themselves. They spoke so eloquently that when a change in political control caused her removal, she was before long recalled to straighten out the tangle that had ensued.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Miss Barton was, therefore, at the very storm-center.

The early days of the conflict found her indeed at the Capitol, binding up the wounds of the Massachusetts boys who had been attacked by a mob while passing through Baltimore, and who for a time were quartered in the Capitol. Some of these recruits were boys from Miss Barton's own town and had been her pupils, and all were dear to her because they were offering their lives for the Union. We find her with other volunteer nurses caring for the injured, feeding groups who gathered about her, and reading them the home news from the Worcester papers.

Meeting the needs as they presented themselves in that time of general panic and distress, she sent to the Worcester "Spy" appeals for money and supplies. Other papers took up the work, and soon Miss Barton had to secure space in a large warehouse to hold the provisions that poured in.

Not for many days, however, did she remain a steward of supplies. When she met the transports which brought the wounded into the city, her whole nature revolted at the sight of the untold suffering and countless deaths which were resulting from delay in caring for the injured. Though it was against all traditions, to say nothing of iron-clad army regulations, her flaming ardor, her rare executive ability, and her tireless persistency won for her the confidence of those in command, and she obtained permission to go with her stores of food, bandages, and medicines to the firing-line, where relief might be given on the battle-field at the time of direst need. The girl who had been "a bundle of fears" had grown into the woman who braved every danger and any suffering to carry help to her fellow-countrymen.

People who spoke of her rare initiative and practical judgment had little comprehension of the absolute simplicity and directness of her methods. She managed the sulky, rebellious driv-

ers of her army-wagons, who had little respect for orders that placed a woman in control, in the same way that she had managed children in school, and they soon became her devoted friends and helpers.

An incident that occurred at Antietam is typical of her quiet efficiency. According to her directions, the wounded were being fed with bread and crackers moistened in wine, when one of her assistants came to report that the entire supply was exhausted, while many helpless ones lay on the field unfed. Miss Barton's quick eye had noted that the boxes from which the wine was taken had fine Indian meal as packing. Six large kettles were at once unearthed from the farm-house in which they had taken quarters, and soon her men were carrying buckets of hot gruel for miles over the fields where lay hundreds of wounded and dying. Suddenly, in the midst of her labors, Miss Barton came upon the surgeon in charge sitting alone, gazing at a small piece of tallow candle which flickered uncertainly in the middle of the table.

"Tired, Doctor?" she asked sympathetically.

"Tired indeed!" he replied bitterly; "tired of such heartless neglect and carelessness. What am I to do for my thousand wounded men with night here and that inch of candle all the light I have or can get?"

Miss Barton took him by the arm and led him to the door, where he could see near the barn scores of lanterns gleaming like stars.

"What is that?" he asked amazedly.

"The barn is lighted," she replied, "and the house will be directly."

"Where did you get them?" he gasped.

"Brought them with me."

"How many have you?"

"All you want—four boxes."

The surgeon looked at her for a moment as if he were waking from a dream; and then, as if it were the only answer he could make, fell to work. And so it was invariably that she won her complete command of people as she did of situations, by always proving herself equal to the emergency of the moment.

Though, as she said in explaining the tardiness of a letter, "my hands complain a little of unaccustomed hardships," she never complained of any ill, nor allowed any danger or difficulty to interrupt her work.

"What are my puny ailments beside the agony of our poor shattered boys lying helpless on the field?" she said. And so, while doctors and officers wondered at her unlimited capacity for prompt and effective action, the men who had felt her sympathetic touch and effectual aid loved and revered her as "The Angel of the Battle-field."

One incident well illustrates the characteristic confidence with which she moved about amid scenes of terror and panic. At Fredericksburg, where "every street was a firing-line and every house a hospital," she was passing along when she had to step aside to allow a regiment of infantry to sweep by. At that moment General Patrick caught sight of her, and, thinking she was a bewildered resident of the city who had been left behind in the general exodus, leaned from his saddle and said reassuringly:

"You are alone and in great danger, Madam. Do you want protection?"

Miss Barton thanked him with a smile, and said, looking about at the ranks, "I believe I am the best-protected woman in the United States."

The soldiers near overheard and cried out, "That 's so! that 's so!" And the cheer that they gave was echoed by line after line until a mighty shout went up as for a victory.

The courtly old general looked about comprehendingly, and, bowing low, said as he galloped away, "I believe you are right, Madam."

Clara Barton was present on sixteen battle-fields; she was eight months at the siege of Charleston, and served for a considerable period in the hospitals of Richmond.

When the war was ended and the survivors of the great armies were marching homeward, her heart was touched by the distress in many homes where sons and fathers and brothers were among those listed as "missing." In all, there were 80,000 men of whom no definite report could be given to their friends. She was assisting President Lincoln in answering the hundreds of heart-broken letters, imploring news, which poured in from all over the land when his tragic death left her alone with the task. Then, as no funds were available to finance a thorough investigation of every sort of record of States, hospitals, prisons, and battle-fields, she maintained out of her own means a bureau to prosecute the search.

Four years were spent in this great labor, during which time Miss Barton made many public addresses the proceeds of which were devoted to the cause. One evening in the winter of 1868, while in the midst of a lecture, her voice suddenly left her. This was the beginning of a complete nervous collapse. The hardships and prolonged strain had, in spite of her robust constitution and iron will, told at last on the endurance of that loyal worker.

When able to travel, she went to Geneva, Switzerland, in the hope of winning back her health and strength. Soon after her arrival she

was visited by the president and members of the "International Committee for the Relief of the Wounded in War," who came to learn why the United States had refused to sign the Treaty of Geneva, providing for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers. Of all the civilized nations, our great republic alone most unaccountably held aloof.

Miss Barton at once set herself to learn all she could about the ideals and methods of the International Red Cross, and during the Franco-Prussian War she had abundant opportunity to see its practical working on the battle-field.

At the outbreak of the war in 1870 she was urged to go as a leader, taking the same part that she had borne in the Civil War.

"I had not strength to trust for that," said Clara Barton, "and declined with thanks, promising to follow in my own time and way; and I did follow within a week. As I journeyed on," she continued, "and saw the work of these Red Cross societies in the field accomplishing in four months under their systematic organization what we failed to accomplish in four years without it —no mistakes, no needless suffering, no waste, no confusion, but order, plenty, cleanliness, and comfort wherever that little flag made its way—a whole continent marshaled under the banner of the Red Cross—as I saw all this and joined and worked in it, you will not wonder that I said to myself, 'If I live to return to my country, I will try to make my people understand the Red Cross and that treaty.'"

Months of service in caring for the wounded and also the helpless victims of siege and famine were followed by a period of nervous exhaustion from which she but slowly crept back to her former hold on health. At last she was able to return to America to devote herself to bringing her country into line with the Red Cross movement. She found that traditionary prejudice against "entangling alliances with other powers," together with a singular failure to comprehend the vital importance of the matter, militated against the great cause.

"Why should we make provision for the wounded?" it was said. "We shall never have another war; we have learned our lesson."

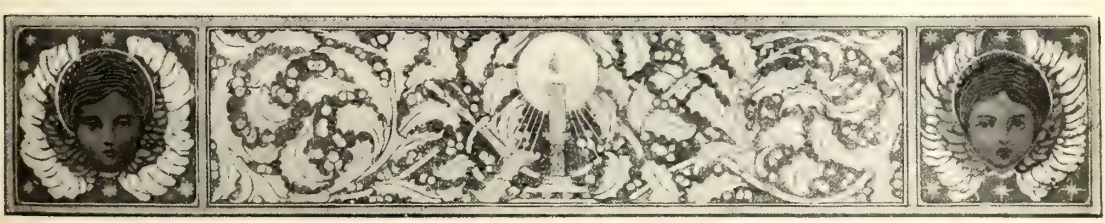
It came to Miss Barton then that the work of the Red Cross should be extended to disasters such as fires, floods, earthquakes, and epidemics —"great public calamities which require, like war, prompt and well-organized help."

Years of devoted missionary work with preoccupied officials and a heedless, short-sighted public at length bore fruit. After the Geneva Treaty received the signature of President Arthur on March 1, 1882, it was promptly ratified by the Senate, and the American National Red Cross came into being, with Clara Barton as its first president. Through her influence, too, the International Congress of Berne adopted the "American Amendment," which dealt with the extension of the Red Cross to relief measures in great calamities occurring in times of peace.

The story of her life from this time on is one with the story of the work of the Red Cross during the stress of such disasters as the Mississippi River floods, the Texas famine in 1885, the Charleston earthquake in 1886, the Johnstown flood in 1889, the Russian famine in 1892, and the Spanish-American War.

The prompt, efficient methods which she devised and followed in the relief of the flood sufferers along the Mississippi in 1884 may serve to illustrate the sane, constructive character of her work: supply centers were established, and a steamer chartered to ply back and forth carrying help and hope to the distracted human creatures who stood "wringing their hands on a frozen, fireless shore —with every coal-pit filled with water." For three weeks she patrolled the river, distributing food, clothing, and fuel, caring for the sick, and, in order to establish at once normal conditions of life, providing the people with many thousands of dollars' worth of building material, seeds, and farm implements, thus making it possible for them to help themselves and in work find a cure for their benumbing distress.

"Our Lady of the Red Cross" lived past her ninetieth birthday, but her real life is measured by deeds, not days. It was truly a long one, rich in the joy of service. She abundantly proved the truth of the words: "We gain in so far as we give. If we would find our life, we must be willing to lose it."



The King Who Changed his Mind

by Ellen Manly





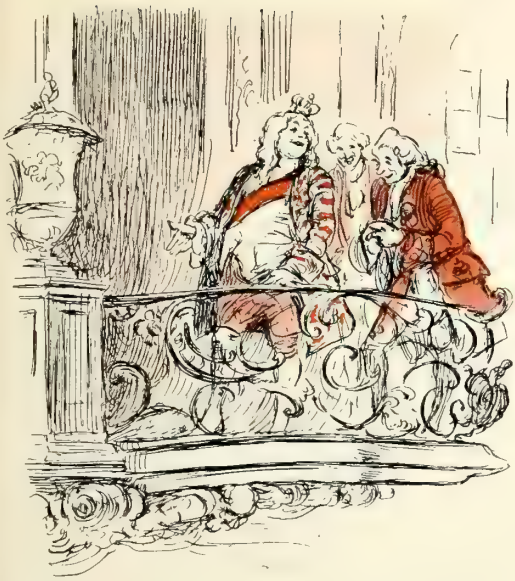
I

Gonifer, King of Dongaree,
A liberal monarch and wise was he,
Of a disposition both mild and kind
When all things suited his royal mind.
With a land at peace, and a conscience
clear,
He had reigned serene for many a year.

II

Now never a day had the king been ill,
And he prided himself on an iron will;
So little he knew of pain or care
That he failed his people's woes to share.
"'T is the duty of all," he was wont to say.
"Whatever befall, to be brave and gay.
Small need that any should groan or sigh
When 't is fully as easy to laugh as cry!"





III

Day by day, from his palace high,
He watched the folk as they passed it by.
Amid the throng of the young and glad
There were faces long, and faces sad,
And many a look of pain was there,
And many a sign of want and care.

IV

But the king, with a careless laugh, would say:
"What fools be these as they go their way!
Let each consider that all is well,
And the cheerful news to his neighbor tell.
Why pay any heed to trifling ills?
The world goes much as each one wills!"

V

But alas! one day the king fell ill!
He shivered and shook with a grievous chill,
And he ached from the tip of the kingly nose
'Way down to the ends of the royal toes;
And as for his temper—oh dear me!
It was truly as bad as bad could be!



VI

The court physician he came in haste:
Compounded a dose of a horrible taste,
And ordered a monstrous silvered pill.
The terrified queen she made with skill
A beautiful poultice, big and hot,
But 't was never applied to a suitable spot:
For the patient frankly did confess
There was nothing on earth he wanted less.



VII

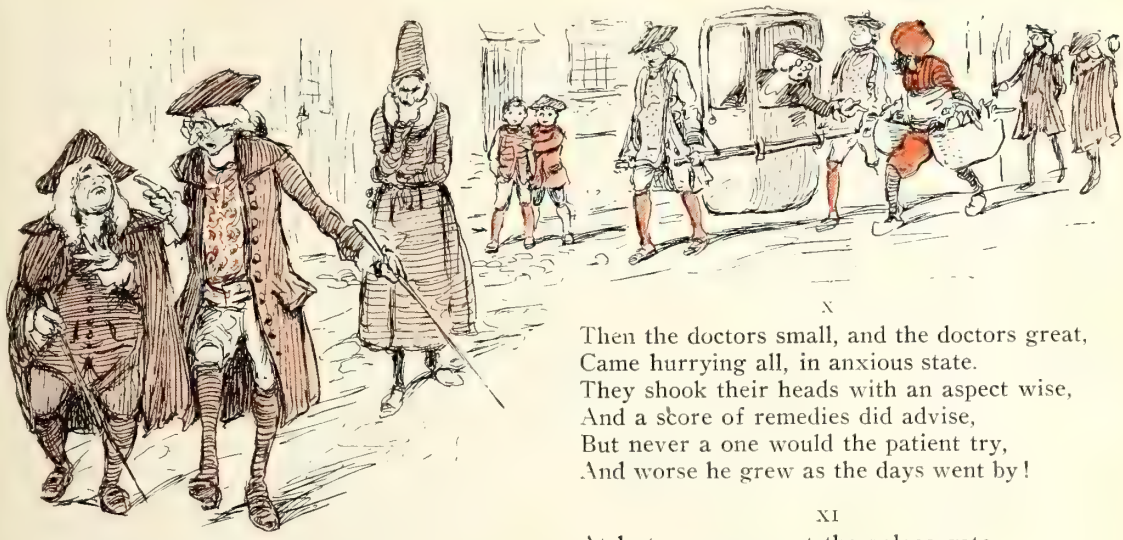
Then all in vain did the cook prepare
The invalid's meals with tact and care,
Whatever he deemed might please the most –
Oatmeal porridge, or nice dry toast,
Hominy gruel, or barley stew,
None of these tempting foods would do!
One never would think such hasty things
Could be said by one of the best of kings!

VIII

There were fretful days, with doleful moans,
There were wakeful nights, with dismal groans,
And apace the royal temper grew,
Till the nurses scarce knew what to do.
The queen gave way to her anxious fears,
And her ladies all dissolved in tears;
The cook vowed strong he would leave ere long,
And everything at the court went wrong!







IX

The desperate king at last declared:
"The half of my kingdom shall be shared
With the man of skill, whoever he be,
That can change this state of affairs for me!
Through the length of the land let this be known,
And we wager a cure will soon be shown!"

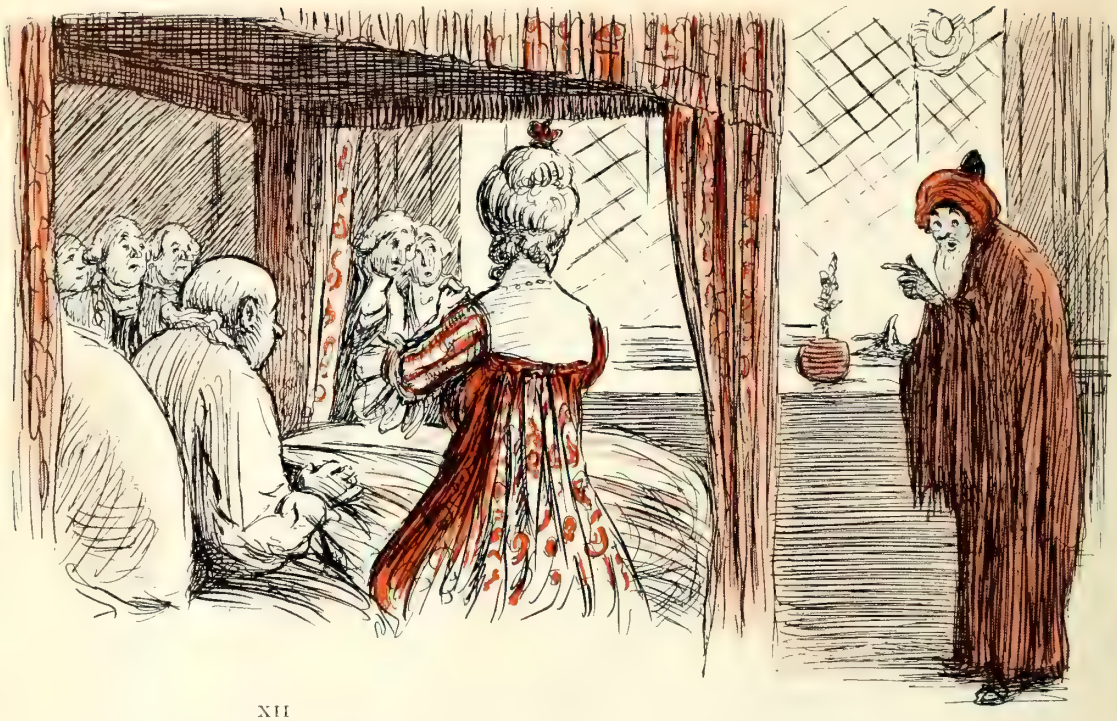
X

Then the doctors small, and the doctors great,
Came hurrying all, in anxious state.
They shook their heads with an aspect wise,
And a score of remedies did advise,
But never a one would the patient try,
And worse he grew as the days went by!

XI

At last, one morn, at the palace gate
A feeble old man was seen to wait.
A tiny plant in an earthen jar
He had brought with him from a country far,
And he craved for a moment's space to see
The afflicted ruler of Dongaree.





XII

They ushered him in, without delay,
Where the sick and suffering sovereign lay.
Then the stranger said, as he bowed him low:
"An Your Majesty please, I here can show
A wonderful plant, of virtue rare,
That will ease the pain it is yours to bear.
'T is no new thing that I boldly bring,
But an old and potent charm, O King!

XIII

"I place this jar in the window nigh,
To readily catch your royal eye.
Whatever is brought you, promptly take
With never a word, or the charm will break.
Then fix your gaze on the magic tree,
And count three hundred and thirty-three,
And long ere the plant a foot hath grown
Will the grievous aches and pains have flown."

XIV



"This seemeth a jest," the king replied,
"But 't is worth a test, and it shall be tried."
Then possets and pills he meekly took,
And he greeted the cook with a patient look,
And groans and sighs he quite forbore
As he counted the magic numbers o'er,
Till the weary nurses smiled to see
His look intent on the tiny tree.

XV

The charm it charmed from the very first day,
And the queen was glad, and the cook did stay,
And all of the court rejoiced to see
The cure of the King of Dongaree,
Who rose at last from the bed of pain
A wiser man, to his subjects' gain.

. . . . . .





XVI

THAT selfsame year on the Christmas Day
The bells ring loud, for the land is gay,
As a wonderful gift the people see
From Gonifer, King of Dongaree—
A gift from a monarch strong and glad
To the sick, the poor, the old, the sad!

XVII

From a lofty hill where the breezes blow
It looks on the crowded streets below.
Where neat white beds stand row on row,
The watchful nurses come and go;

The sunshine falls through the windows high
Where the sick and suffering helpless lie,
And in every window, fair to see,
Is a flourishing, green little *Patience Tree!*.




Ye Bellman—
"Twelve O'clock, All's Well, and
A Merrie Christmas!"

UNDERSTOOD BETSY

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "Hillsboro People," "The Bent Twig," etc.

Chapter II

BETSY HOLDS THE REINS

You can imagine, perhaps, the dreadful terror of Elizabeth Ann as the train carried her along toward Vermont and the horrible Putney Farm! It had happened so quickly—her satchel packed, the telegram sent, the train caught—that she had not had time to get her wits together, assert herself, and say that she would *not* go there! Besides, she had a sinking notion that perhaps they would n't pay any attention to her if she did. The world had come to an end now that Aunt Frances was n't there to take care of her! Even in the most familiar air she could only half breathe without Aunt Frances! And now she was not even being taken to the Putney Farm! She was being sent!

She shrank together in her seat, more and more frightened as the end of her journey came nearer, and looked out dismally at the winter landscape, thinking it hideous with its brown bare fields, its brown bare trees, and the quick-running little streams hurrying along, swollen with the January thaw which had taken all the snow from the hills. She had heard her elders say about her so many times that she could not stand the cold, that she shivered at the very thought of cold weather, and certainly nothing could look colder than that bleak country into which the train was now slowly making its way.

The engine puffed and puffed with great laboring breaths that shook Elizabeth Ann's diaphragm up and down, but the train moved more and more slowly. Elizabeth Ann could feel under her feet how the floor of the car was tipped up as it crept along the steep incline. "Pretty stiff grade here!" said a passenger to the conductor.

"You bet!" he assented. "But Hillsboro is the next station, and that 's at the top of the hill. We go down after that, to Rutland." He turned to Elizabeth Ann: "Say, little girl, did n't your uncle say you were to get off at Hillsboro? You 'd better be getting your things together."

Poor Elizabeth Ann's knees knocked against each other with fear of the strange faces she was to encounter, and when the conductor came to help her get off, he had to carry the white, trembling child as well as her satchel. But there was only one strange face there—not another soul in sight at the little wooden station. A grim-faced old man in a fur cap and heavy coat stood by a lumber-wagon.

"This is her, Mr. Putney," said the conductor, touching his cap, and went back to the train, which went away shrieking for a near-by crossing and setting the echoes ringing from one mountain to another.

There was Elizabeth Ann alone with her much-feared Great-uncle Henry! He nodded to her, and drew out from the bottom of the wagon a warm large cape, which he slipped over her shoulders. "The women folks were afraid you 'd git cold drivin'," he explained. He then lifted her high to the seat, tossed her satchel into the wagon, climbed up himself, and clucked to his horses. Elizabeth Ann had always before thought it an essential part of railway journeys to be much kissed at the end and asked a great many times how you had "stood the trip."

She sat very still on the high lumber-seat, feeling very forlorn and neglected. Her feet dangled high above the floor of the wagon. She felt herself to be in the most dangerous place she had ever dreamed of in her worst dreams. Oh, why was n't Aunt Frances there to take care of her! It was just like one of her bad dreams—yes, it was horrible! She would fall, she would roll under the wheels and be crushed to— She looked up at Uncle Henry with the wild, strained eyes of nervous terror which always brought Aunt Frances to her in a rush to "hear all about it," to sympathize, to reassure.

Uncle Henry looked down at her soberly, his hard, weather-beaten old face quite unmoved. "Here, you drive, will you, for a piece?" he said briefly, putting the reins into her hands, hooking his spectacles over his ears, and drawing out a stubby pencil and a bit of paper. "I 've got some figgering to do. You pull on the left-hand rein to make 'em go to the left and t' other way for t' other way, though 't ain't likely we 'll meet any teams."

Elizabeth Ann had been so near one of her wild screams of terror that now, in spite of her instant absorbed interest in the reins, she gave a queer little yelp. She was all ready with the explanation, her conversations with Aunt Frances having made her very fluent in explanations of her own emotions. She would tell Uncle Henry about how scared she had been, and how she had just been about to scream and could n't

keep back that one little— But Uncle Henry seemed not to have heard her little howl, or, if he had, did n't think it worth conversation, for he—oh, the horses were *certainly* going to one side! She hastily decided which was her right hand (she had never been forced to know it so quickly before) and pulled furiously on that rein. The horses turned their hanging heads a little, and, miraculously, there they were in the middle of the road again.



"UNCLE HENRY LOOKED AT HER, EYING HER SIDEWISE OVER THE TOP OF ONE SPECTACLE-GLASS."

Elizabeth Ann drew a long breath of relief and pride, and looked to Uncle Henry for praise. But he was busily setting down figures as though he were getting his 'rithmetic lesson for the next day, and had not noticed. Oh, there they were going to the left again! This time, in her flurry, she made a mistake about which hand was which and pulled wildly on the left line! The horses docilely walked off the road into a shallow ditch, the wagon tilted—help! Why did n't Uncle Henry help! Uncle Henry continued intently figuring on the back of his envelop.

Elizabeth Ann, the perspiration starting out on her forehead, pulled on the other line. The horses turned back up the little slope, the wheel grated sickeningly against the wagon-box—she was *sure* they would tip over! But there! somehow there they were in the road, safe and sound, with Uncle Henry adding up a column of figures. If he only knew, thought the little girl, if he only *knew* the danger he had been in, and how he had been saved! But she must think of some way to remember, for sure, which her right hand was, and avoid that hideous mistake again.

And then suddenly something inside Elizabeth Ann's head stirred and moved. It came to her, like a clap, that she need n't know which was right or left at all. If she just pulled the way she wanted them to go—the horses would never know whether it was the right or the left rein!

It is possible that what stirred inside her head at that moment was her brain, waking up. She was nine years old, and she was in the third A grade at school, but that was the first time she had ever had a whole thought of her very own. At home, Aunt Frances had always known exactly what she was doing, and had helped her over the hard places before she even knew they were there; and at school her teachers had been carefully trained to think faster than the scholars. Somebody had always been explaining things to Elizabeth Ann so industriously that she had never found out a single thing for herself before. This was a very small discovery, but an original one. Elizabeth Ann was as excited about it as a mother-bird over the first egg that hatches.

She forgot how afraid she was of Uncle Henry, and poured out to him her discovery. "It 's not right or left that matters!" she ended triumphantly; "it 's which way you want to go!" Uncle Henry looked at her attentively as she

talked, eying her sidewise over the top of one spectacle-glass. When she finished, "Well, now, that 's so," he admitted, and returned to his arithmetic.

It was a short remark, shorter than any Elizabeth Ann had ever heard before. Aunt Frances and her teachers always explained matters at length. But it had a weighty, satisfying ring to it. The little girl felt the importance of having her statement recognized. She turned back to her driving.

The slow, heavy plow-horses had stopped during her talk with Uncle Henry. They stood as still now as though their feet had grown to the road. Elizabeth Ann looked up at the old man for instructions. But he was deep in his figures. She had been taught never to interrupt people, so she sat still and waited for him to tell her what to do.

But although they were driving in the midst of a winter thaw, it was a pretty cold day, with an icy wind blowing down the back of her neck. The early winter twilight was beginning to fall, and she felt rather empty. She grew very tired of waiting, and remembered how the grocer's boy at home had started his horse. Then, summoning all her courage, with an apprehensive glance at Uncle Henry's arithmetical silence, she slapped the reins up and down on the horses' backs and made the best imitation she could of the grocer's boy's cluck. The horses lifted their heads, they leaned forward, they put one foot before the other—they were off! The color rose hot on Elizabeth Ann's happy face. If she had started a big red automobile, she would not have been prouder. For it was the first thing she had ever done all herself—every bit—every smitch! She had thought of it and she had done it. And it had worked!

Now for what seemed to her a long, long time she drove, drove so hard she could think of nothing else. She guided the horses around stones, she cheered them through freezing mud-puddles of melted snow, she kept them in the anxiously exact middle of the road. She was quite astonished when Uncle Henry put his pencil and paper away, took the reins from her hands, and drove into a yard, on one side of which was a little low white house and on the other a big red barn. He did not say a word, but she guessed that this was Putney Farm.

Two women in gingham dresses and white aprons came out of the house. One was old and one might be called young, just like Aunt Harriet and Aunt Frances. But they looked very different from those aunts. The dark-haired one was very tall and strong-looking, and the white-haired one was very rosy and fat. They both looked up at the little, thin, white-faced girl on the high seat, and smiled.

"Well, Father, you got her, I see," said the brown-haired one. She stepped up to the wagon and held up her arms to the child. "Come on, Betsy, and get some supper," she said, as though Elizabeth Ann had lived there all her life and had just driven into town and back.

And that was the arrival of Elizabeth Ann at Putney Farm.

The brown-haired one took a long, strong step or two and swung her up on the porch. "You take her in, Mother," she said. "I 'll help Father unhitch."

The fat, rosy, white-haired one took Elizabeth Ann's skinny, cold little hand in her soft, warm, fat one, and led her along to the open kitchen-door. "I 'm your Aunt Abigail," she said. "Your mother's aunt, you know. And that 's your Cousin Ann that lifted you down, and it was your Uncle Henry that brought you out from town." She shut the door and went on, "I don't know if your Aunt Harriet ever happened to tell you about us, and so—"

Elizabeth Ann interrupted her hastily, the recollection of all Aunt Harriet's remarks vividly before her. "Oh yes, oh yes!" she said. "She always talked about you. She talked about you a lot, she—" The little girl stopped short and bit her lip.

If Aunt Abigail guessed from the expression on Elizabeth Ann's face what kind of talking Aunt Harriet's had been, she showed it only by a deepening of the wrinkles all around her eyes. She said, gravely, "Well, that 's a good thing. You know all about us then." She turned to the stove and took out of the oven a pan of hot baked beans, very brown and crispy on top (Elizabeth Ann detested beans), and said, over her shoulder, "Take your things off, Betsy, and hang 'em on that lowest hook back of the door. That 's *your* hook."

The little girl fumbled forlornly with the fastenings of her cape and the buttons of her coat. At home, Aunt Frances or Grace had always taken off her wraps and put them away for her. When, very sorry for herself, she turned away from the hook, Aunt Abigail said: "Now you must be cold. Pull a chair right up here by the stove." She was stepping around quickly as she put supper on the table. The floor shook under her. She was one of the fattest people Elizabeth Ann had ever seen. After living with Aunt Frances and Aunt Harriet and Grace the little girl could scarcely believe her eyes. She stared and stared.

Aunt Abigail seemed not to notice this. Indeed, she seemed for the moment to have forgotten all about the new-comer. Elizabeth Ann sat on the wooden chair, her feet hanging (she had been taught that it was not manners to put her feet on the rungs), looking about her with miserable, homesick eyes. What an ugly, low-ceilinged room, with only a couple of horrid kerosene lamps for light; and they did n't keep any girl, evidently; and they were going to eat right in the kitchen like poor people; and nobody spoke to her or looked at her or asked her how she had "stood the trip"; and here she was, millions of miles away from Aunt Frances, without anybody to take care of her. She began to feel the tight place in her throat which, by thinking about hard, she could always turn into tears, and presently her eyes began to water.

Aunt Abigail was not looking at her at all, but she now stopped short in one of her rushes on the table, set down the butter-plate she was carrying, and said "There!" as though she had forgotten something. She stooped—it was perfectly amazing how spry she was—and pulled out from under the stove a half-grown kitten, very sleepy, yawning and stretching, and blinking its eyes. "There, Betsy!" said Aunt Abigail, putting the little yellow-and-white ball into the child's lap. "There is one of old Whitey's kittens that did n't get given away last summer, and she pesters the life out of me. I 've got so much to do. When I heard you were coming, I thought maybe you would take care of her for me. If you want to, enough to bother to feed her and all, you can have her for your own."

Elizabeth Ann bent her thin face over the warm, furry, friendly little animal. She could not speak. She had always wanted a kitten, but Aunt Frances and Aunt Harriet and Grace had always been sure that cats brought diphtheria and tonsilitis and all sorts of dreadful diseases to delicate little girls. She was afraid to move for fear the little thing would jump down and run away, but as she bent cautiously toward it the necktie of her middy blouse fell forward, and the kitten in the middle of a yawn struck swiftly at it with a soft paw. Then, still too sleepy to play, it turned its head and began to lick Elizabeth Ann's hand with a rough little tongue. Perhaps you can imagine how thrilled the little girl was at this! She held her hand perfectly still until the kitten stopped and began suddenly washing its own face, and then she put her hands under it and very awkwardly lifted it up, burying her face in the soft fur. The kitten yawned again, and from the pink-lined mouth came a fresh, milky breath. "Oh!" said Elizabeth Ann under her breath. "Oh, you *darling!*" The kitten looked at her with bored, speculative eyes.

Elizabeth Ann looked up now at Aunt Abigail and said, "What is its name, please?" But the old woman was busy turning over a griddle full of pancakes and did not hear. On the train Elizabeth Ann had resolved not to call these hateful relatives by the same name she had for dear Aunt Frances, but she now forgot that resolution and said, again, "Oh, Aunt Abigail, what is its name?"

Aunt Abigail faced her blankly. "Name?" she asked. "Whose? Oh, the kitten's? Goodness, child, I stopped racking my brain for kitten names sixty years ago. Name it yourself. It 's yours."

Elizabeth Ann had already named it in her own mind, the name she had always thought she *would* call a kitten by if she ever had one. It was Eleanor, the prettiest name she knew.

Aunt Abigail pushed a pitcher toward her. "There 's the cat's saucer under the sink. Don't you want to give it some milk?"

Elizabeth Ann got down from her chair, poured some milk into the saucer, and called, "Here, Eleanor! Here, Eleanor!"

Aunt Abigail looked at her sharply out of the corner of her eye and her lips twitched, but a moment later her face was immovably grave as she carried the last plate of pancakes to the table.

Elizabeth Ann sat on her heels for a long time, watching the kitten lap the milk, and she was surprised, when she stood up, to see that Cousin Ann and Uncle Henry had come in, very red-cheeked from the cold air.

"Well, folks," said Aunt Abigail, "don't you think we 've done some lively stepping around, Betsy and I, to get supper all on the table for you?"

Elizabeth Ann stared. What did Aunt Abigail mean? She had n't done a thing about getting supper! But nobody made any comment, and they all took their seats and began to eat. Elizabeth Ann was astonishingly hungry, and she thought she could never get enough of the creamed potatoes, cold ham, hot cocoa, and pancakes. She was very much relieved that her refusal of beans caused no comment. Aunt Frances had always tried very hard to make her eat beans because they have so much protein in them, and growing children need protein. Elizabeth Ann had heard this said so many times she could have repeated it backward, but it had never made her hate beans any the less. However, nobody here seemed to know this, and Elizabeth Ann kept her knowledge to herself. They had also evidently never heard

how delicate her digestion was, for she never saw anything like the number of pancakes they let her eat. *All she wanted!* She had never heard of such a thing!

They still did not ask her how she had "stood the trip." They did not indeed ask her much of anything, or pay very much attention to her beyond filling her plate as fast as she emptied it. In the middle of the meal Eleanor came, jumped into her lap, and curled down, purring. After this Elizabeth Ann kept one hand on the little soft ball, handling her fork with the other.

After supper—well, Elizabeth Ann never knew what did happen after supper until she felt somebody lifting her and carrying her up-stairs. It was Cousin Ann, who carried her as lightly as though she were a baby, and who said, as she sat her down on the floor in a slant-ceilinged bedroom, "You went right to sleep with your head on the table. I guess you 're pretty tired."



"'DO YOU KNOW,' SAID AUNT ABIGAIL, 'I THINK IT 'S GOING TO BE REAL NICE, HAVING A LITTLE GIRL IN THE HOUSE AGAIN.'"

Aunt Abigail was sitting on the edge of a great wide bed with four posts, and a curtain around the top. She was partly undressed, and was undoing her hair and brushing it out. It was very curly and all fluffed out in a shining white fuzz around her fat, pink face, full of soft wrinkles; but in a moment she was braiding it up again and putting on a tight white nightcap, which she tied under her chin.

"We got the word about your coming so late," said Cousin Ann, "that we did n't have time to fix you up a bedroom that can be warmed. So you 're going to sleep in here for a while. The bed 's big enough for two, I guess, even if they are as big as you and Mother."

Elizabeth Ann stared again. What queer things they said here. She was n't *nearly* as big as Aunt Abigail!

"Mother, did you put Shep out?" asked Cousin Ann; and when Aunt Abigail said, "No! There! I forgot to!" Cousin Ann went away; and that was the last of *her*. They certainly believed in being saving of their words at Putney Farm.

Elizabeth Ann began to undress. She was only half awake, and that made her feel only about half her age, which was n't very great, the whole of it, and she felt like just crooking her arm over her eyes and giving up! She was too forlorn! She had never slept with anybody before, and she had heard ever so many times how bad it was for children to sleep with grown-ups. An icy wind rattled the windows and puffed in around the loose old casings. On the window-sill lay a little wreath of snow. Elizabeth Ann shivered and shook on her thin legs, undressed in a hurry, and slipped into her night-dress. She felt just as cold inside as out, and never was more utterly miserable than in that strange, ugly little room, with that strange, queer, fat old woman. She was even too miserable to cry, and that is saying a great deal for Elizabeth Ann!

She got into bed first, because Aunt Abigail

said she would keep the candle lighted for a while and read. "And anyhow," she said, "I 'd better sleep on the outside to keep you from rolling out."

Elizabeth Ann and Aunt Abigail lay very still for a long time, Aunt Abigail reading out of a small worn old book. Elizabeth Ann could see its title: "Essays of Emerson." A book with that name had always laid on the center-table in Aunt Harriet's house, but that copy was all new and shiny, and Elizabeth Ann had never seen anybody look inside it. It was a very dull-looking book, with no pictures and no conversation. The little girl lay on her back, looking up at the cracks in the plaster ceiling and watching the shadows sway and dance as the candle flickered in the gusts of cold air. She herself began to feel a soft, pervasive warmth. Aunt Abigail's great body was like a stove.

It was very, very quiet, quieter than any place Elizabeth Ann had ever known, except church, because a trolley-line ran past Aunt Harriet's house and even at night there were always more or less bangings and rattlings. Here there was not a single sound except the soft, whispery noise when Aunt Abigail turned over a page as she read steadily and silently forward in her book. Elizabeth Ann turned her head so that she could see the round, rosy old face, full of soft wrinkles, and the calm, steady old eyes which were fixed on the page. And as she lay there in the warm bed, watching that quiet face, something very queer began to happen to Elizabeth Ann. She felt as though a tight knot inside her were slowly being untied. She felt—what was it she felt? There are no words for it. From deep within her something rose up softly—she drew one or two long, half-sobbing breaths—

Aunt Abigail laid down her book and looked over at the child. "Do you know," she said, in a conversational tone,—"do you know, I think it 's going to be real nice, having a little girl in the house again."

Oh, then the tight knot in the little unwanted girl's heart was loosened indeed! It all gave way at once, and Elizabeth Ann burst suddenly into hot tears—yes, I know I said I would not tell you any more about her crying; but these tears were very different from any she had ever shed before. And they were the last, too, for a long, long time.

Aunt Abigail said, "Well, well!" and, moving over in bed, took the little weeping girl into her arms. She did not say another word then, but she put her soft, withered old cheek close against Elizabeth Ann's, till the sobs began to grow less, and then she said: "I hear your kitty crying outside the door. Shall I let her in? I expect she 'd like to sleep with you. I guess there 's room for three of us."

She got out of bed as she spoke and walked across the room to the door. The floor shook under her great bulk, and the peak of her nightcap made a long, grotesque shadow. But as she came back with the kitten in her arms Elizabeth Ann saw nothing funny in her looks. She gave Eleanor to the little girl and got into bed again. "There, now, I guess we 're ready for the night," she said. "You put the kitty on the other side of you so *she* won't fall out of bed."

She blew the light out and moved over a little closer to Elizabeth Ann, who immediately was enveloped in that delicious warmth. The kitten curled up under the little girl's chin. Between her and the terrors of the dark room loomed the rampart of Aunt Abigail's great body.

Elizabeth Ann drew a long, long breath—and when she opened her eyes, the sun was shining in at the window.

(To be continued.)

THE MEANING OF IT

BY FLORENCE M. OSBORNE

A–bundle of letters for Sant–A,
M–uch whispering upstairs and dow–N,
E–vergreen boughs from the woodlan–D,
R–ibbon-tied parcels from tow–N;
R–ed holly-berries and green mistleto–E,
Y–ule-log all ready to burst into glo–W.
X–tra good things in the pantr–Y,
M–ysterious sounds here and ther–E,
A–box full of goodies from Grandm–A,
S–tockings hung up by the stai–R.

THE GLORY OF THE WORLD

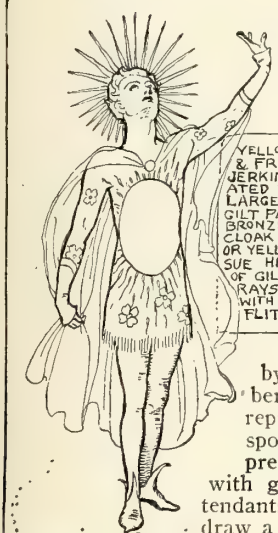
BY CAROLYN WELLS

A Christmas Play

Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan







YELLOW TIGHTS & FRINGED JERKIN DECORATED WITH A LARGE SUN IN GILT PAPER OR BRONZE PAINT; CLOAK OF GOLD OR YELLOW TISSUE HEADDRESS OF GILDED WIRE RAYS TOUCHED WITH DIAMOND FLITTER

SCENE: Home of Father Time and Mother Earth. The background should be a large map, or a distant landscape effect showing sky and sea and mountains. On one side is the great desk and arm-chair of Father Time. In the desk's pigeonholes are papers and plans, and on the desk are globes, maps, astronomical instruments, weather-glasses, clocks, calendars, almanacs, and charts all piled up in hodgepodge confusion. On the other side is Mother Earth's work-table and chair. The wall on her side of the stage is more or less bedecked with flowers and growing plants, and on her table are heaped piles of finished and unfinished flowers, leaves, branches, watering-pots, seed catalogues, and garden implements.

(In order to save space, the twenty-six characters are not listed here, but are described in the order of their appearance. Many of the parts, such as Gold, Folly, Education, for example, may be taken by either a boy or a girl. Also, if it is desired to give parts to a large number of players, the Stars, Flowers, Christmas attendants, and others may be represented by several children. They may speak in concert, or one may be spokesman for all. The costumes and setting may be elaborate or simple, as preferred. If not convenient to have music, the song numbers may be spoken with good effect. The two principal characters may or may not have attendants, such as heralds and pages. They are effective to open a door or draw a curtain for the entrance of the characters, but are not necessary.)

THE CURTAIN RISES ON AN EMPTY STAGE

(Enter Father Time, with long white beard, hour-glass, and scythe. He leans his scythe against the wall, sets hour-glass on desk, and, sitting down, looks over his papers and records. A telephone on his desk rings.)

TIME. Hello! Who 's this? What 's that? Hello!
Oh, yes,—I 'll see—yes, certainly,—that 's so!
I 'll have to ask my wife; she 's just stepped out;
I 'll call her; she is somewhere round about.
Hey, Mother Earth! Where have you gone, my dear?

(Enter Mother Earth, made up as a fat little old lady with white hair. She wears a brown dress and light-green apron, a light-green cap, with flowers in it (and big spectacles, if desired). She is carrying a lot of flowers and vines, which she throws on her table. She hovers over Father Time.)

EARTH. What is the matter, Father Time? I 'm here.
TIME. The almanac man has telephoned to know
If we can promise him more frost and snow.



GOWN OF SILVER TISSUE. ANGEL SLEEVES OF PALE BLUE CHIFFON. LONG FLOWING HAIR OF PALE GOLD. SILVER CRESCENT ON HEADBAND. PALE GREEN POPPY BUD.



LONG GATHERED DRESSES OF ROYAL BLUE GAUZE, SPRINKLED WITH GILT STARS. BLUE CAPS WITH PALE BLUE CHIFFON VEILS & CARDBOARD STARS







EARTH. Surely, my dear, just give him all he wants.
I am so busy making my spring plants,
I scarcely have a moment— (*She sets to work.*)
TIME (*telephoning*). Hello! Yes?
Oh, as to those eclipses—well, I guess
There will be three this year—why, the first date—
Say February tenth—yes—that 's first-rate!
EARTH (*taking telephone*). Almanac Man, the spring will be, this year,
A little late; I am behind, I fear.
My violets are not finished, but I 'll try
To have them done on time— All right. Good-by.

(*Hangs up receiver.*)

TIME AND EARTH. (*Air: Silver Threads Among the Gold.*)

Darling, we 're not growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
May shine on our brow to-day,
But our life can't pass away.
For, my darling, don't you see, you see,
Years are naught to you and me?
We are always in our prime,
Mother Earth and Father Time.

Though the ages past are gone,
And new centuries come on,
As we view each passing year
Old age we may never fear.
For, my darling, don't you see, you see,
Years are naught to you and me?
Naught to us means death or birth,
Father Time and Mother Earth.

EARTH. Thank goodness! All the leaves are done. See, these
Are blossoms for the budding apple-trees.
TIME. They 're simply splendid! Pink and softly curled,—
Your spring will be the Glory of the World!
EARTH. Oh, I don't know. Do you think spring is best
Of all?
TIME. Let 's put it to a formal test!
Let each one make a claim, and we shall see
What the real Glory of the World may be.

(*Father Time and Mother Earth seat themselves at back of stage, and the various claimants enter in turn, bow to the pair, and make their speeches. After which, each takes his place in prearranged groups. Enter together Sun, Moon, and Stars.*)

SUN, MOON, AND STARS (*in concert*). Let down the bars
To Sun and Moon and Stars!
From creation's birth
We are the glory of the earth.
In every clime
We are the glory of all time.
By day, by night,
The Glory of the World is light,—our light!
TIME. 'T is true. Light is a great and glorious boon;
You have a strong case, Sun and Stars and Moon.

(*Enter together Snow, Wind, and Rain.*)

SNOW, WIND, AND RAIN (*in concert*). We follow in your train,
Snow, Wind, and Rain.
When tempests dash
And thunders crash,—
Wild storms by elemental forces hurled,—
We are the Glory of the World!

(*Enter Aurora Borealis and Rainbow.*)

AURORA BOREALIS AND RAINBOW (*in concert*). But stay; we, too,
Belong with you!
Aurora Borealis, I. (*Bowing.*)
And I, the Rainbow of the sky. (*Bowing.*)
Our beauty fills the broad expanse
As o'er the heavens we gleam and glance;
Light, color, beauty, all combine.
The Glory of the World we shine.



AURORA BOREALIS WEARS A HEAD-DRESS MADE OF CARD-BOARD CUT IN POINTED RAYS AND WITH TWO OPENINGS CUT IN THE FRONT WHICH ARE BACKED WITH YELLOW SILK. THE HEAD-DRESS IS COVERED WITH PINK FLITTER. VEIL OF PINK NET HANGS FROM THE INSIDE OF HEAD-DRESS. PINK CLOTH WAIST TRIMMED WITH SWAN'S-DOWN. PLEATED SKIRT OF CHANGEABLE PINK-AND-YELLOW SILK. DEEP PINK STOCKINGS BANDED WITH SWAN'S-DOWN.

RAINBOW MAY CARRY A BOW MADE ON A FAN-SHAPED WIRE FRAME COVERED WITH WHITE CHIFFON PAINTED IN THE PRISMATIC COLORS. THE POTS OF GOLD HUNG ON THE ENDS ARE LIGHT GILDED BASKETS FILLED WITH NUGGETS OF GILDED COTTON. DRESS OF YELLOW CHIFFON, FROM THE LONG SLEEVES OF WHICH FALL SIX TRAILING SCARFS IN THE RAINBOW COLORS. STRINGS OF RHINESTONES FOR RAIN MAY HANG OVER THE GOWN.



EARTH. Glories of air and sky and land and sea,
You are most beautiful, it seems to me;
To you we must award the palm, of course,
Fair children of the Elemental Force!

TIME. Stay, Mother Earth! Methinks 't would be more wise
To try some others ere we give the prize.

(Enter Flowers.)

FLOWERS. *(Air: The Campbells are Coming.)*

The flowers are coming in laughing spring,
With brown bees humming and birds a-wing.
The flowers are coming, the thrushes will sing,
The flowers are coming, in spring, in spring!

The flowers are the Glory of all the World,
The flowers are the Glory, gay-hued, dew-pearled,
The flowers are the Glory, we tell you the story,
The flowers are the Glory of all the World!

The flowers are blooming in summer-time,
The air perfuming in every clime.
The flowers are glowing with colors fair,
And softly blowing in summer air.
(Repeat chorus.)

TIME. Well, I am certain this old world of ours
Would not be glorious without the flowers.

EARTH. Indeed, that 's true! These bonny little faces
Serve to make glad the world's dark, dreary places.
My little posies, come, wait here by me,
And see who our next visitor may be.

(Flowers group themselves around Mother Earth.)

(Enter Harvest.)

HARVEST. Father Time and Mother Earth,
To you I owe my birth.
Year after year, when leaves grow sere,
I come, a happy autumn maiden,
With fruits and crops well laden.
Your child am I,
For Father Time and Mother Earth
Alone could give me birth.
I bring the harvest of the field and vine,
The Glory of the World is mine.

TIME. Harvest, you have a glory all your own;
Not easily may your claim be o'erthrown.

(Enter Toil.)

TOIL. *(Air: Battle Hymn of the Republic.)*

Of all the gifts bestowed on man, the noblest one is toil;
Whether building toward the heavens, or delving in the soil.
In the joy of work accomplished he forgets all weary moil,—
The toiler working on.

Toiling is the greatest glory,
Toiling tells the sweetest story,
Glory to the toiler, glory!
The Glory of the World!

We sing the song of labor, and we work from morn till night;
Our hearts are full of gladness, and our faces brave and bright;





HARVEST SHOULD BE A DARK-HAIRED GIRL. BRIGHT YELLOW SKIRT STENCILED IN FRUIT DESIGN. PLUM-COLORED CHIFFON WAIST. LEOPARD SKIN WOULD ADD TO THE EFFECT. BASKET OF FRUIT ON HEAD, RESTING ON TURBAN OF RED CHIFFON. BUNCH OF GRAPES OVER LEFT EAR. SHEAF OF WHEAT AND SICKLE MAY BE CARRIED. TAN-COLORED SANDALS.

TOIL CARRIES A BASKET AND PITCHFORK OR OTHER IMPLEMENT. TAN-COLORED HAT. DULL BLUE SMOCK. SAGE GREEN CORDUROY KNEE-BREECHES. TAN-COLORED SANDALS AND LEG-BANDS OVER GRAY-BLUE STOCKINGS.



We know our work is worthy, and we work with all
our might,
The toiler working on.
(*Repeat chorus.*)

EARTH. Aye, noble Toil, well do I know thy worth;
Without thee, man gets naught from Mother Earth.

(*Enter Art.*)

ART. Peace, all ye lesser glories, list to me!
I have achieved what ye may never be.
Past ages, present days, and future years
Grant me the homage of their smiles and tears.
I am immortal, even as Time is fleet.
Chaplets and bays are flung at my fair feet.
I hold men's souls in thrall; I sway each heart.
The greatest Glory of the World is Art.

TIME. Fleet, call you me? To mortals it may
seem
That I glide by like a swift-passing dream.
But to old Time there is no fast nor slow,
As round and round the age-long cycles go.

(*Enter Liberty.*)

LIBERTY. (*Air: Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.*)

O Liberty, greatest of glories!
O cause that all heroes hold dear!
Writ large in the world's greatest stories,
The deeds of our patriots appear.
Our country unites to applaud thee,
For thee is our banner unfurled,
And nations forever will laud thee,
The Glory of all the whole World!

For liberty, martyrs have perished;
For liberty, lives have been lost;
But liberty's name has been cherished,
Whatever the hardship or cost.
O Liberty, all hearts adore thee;
For thee are all banners unfurled;
The glory of ages streams o'er thee,
The Glory of all the whole World!

EARTH. O Liberty! Thou fairest, loveliest queen!
No greater glory ever may be seen.
To thee I give the palm—
TIME. Wait, wait, my dear!
Another applicant is drawing near.

(*Enter Fame.*)

FAME. Goddess of Fame am I. To one and all,
Luring, I sound my silver trumpet-call.
Mortals obey and follow where I lead;
My beckoning finger all the guide they heed.
For my fair sake they trample 'neath their feet
Hearth, home, and kindred, friends and lovers sweet;
Fling away wealth, cast aside life's fair toys,
In breathless race to win my radiant joys.

ART HOLDS HER PALETTE IN LEFT HAND, AND MAHL-STICK IN RIGHT. SHE WEARS CLASSICAL GOWN OF SOFT WHITE MATERIAL. HER CLOAK MAY BE OF RICH BROCADE, OR OF UNBLEACHED MUSLIN STENCILED IN A BOLD PATTERN IN GOLD, BLACK, & EMERALD-GREEN. GOLD SANDALS ON FEET AND CHAPLET ON HEAD COMPLETE THE COSTUME. A VEIL OF ORIENTAL GAUZE MAY FALL FROM THE WREATH.



To read their names writ deathless on my scroll,
The Glory of the World, Fame's honor roll!

TIME. Aye, and Fame is all-glorious! I incline
To think her glories all the rest outshine.
How thrills the soul to hear of lustrous fame
Crowning the memory of a noble name!
To her I will award—
EARTH. Now, now, my friend,
Pause yet a moment,—this is not the end!

(*Enter Youth.*)
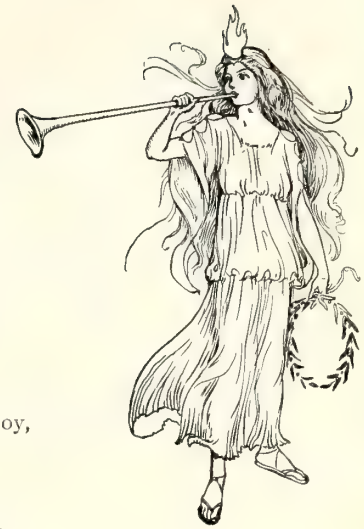
YOUTH. (*Air: Maryland, my Maryland.*)

When hearts are young and life is gay,
Golden youth, O golden youth!
The world is like a flower of May,
Golden youth, O golden youth!
The days are just a fairy spell,
The hours chime like a sweet-toned bell,
The greatest glory,—all will tell,
Golden youth, O golden youth!



LIBERTY IS GARBED IN THIN BLUE SILK WAIST, DOTTED WITH GOLD STARS AND CONFINED BY GOLD RIBBON AND A SHIELD. LONG SKIRT OF RED-AND-WHITE STRIPED MATERIAL. THE STRIPES MAY BE MADE OF RIBBON. BLUE CAP ON HEAD WITH GOLD STARS & GILDED WREATH. SHE MAY CARRY A RED CAP OF LIBERTY ON STAFF, AND A BROKEN CHAIN IN RIGHT HAND. GILDED SANDALS.

FAME WEARS WHITE GRECIAN ROBE, FLESH-COLORED STOCKINGS, AND GILDED SANDALS. SHE CARRIES A LONG SILVER TRUMPET AND A WREATH OF GILDED LEAVES. A FLAME, CUT FROM CARDBOARD AND GILDED OR COVERED WITH GOLD FLITTER, MAY BE WORN FASTENED TO THE SILVER HEAD-BAND.



When hearts are young, all life is joy,
  Golden youth, O golden youth!
The world is just a lovely toy,
  Golden youth, O golden youth!
A magic harp by fairies strung,
A glorious chime with silver tongue,
The greatest glory ever sung,
  Golden youth, O golden youth!

EARTH. Oh, hearts of golden childhood! Hearts of youth!
Ever art thou most glorious, of a truth.
Swift-passing youth, a treasure rich and rare,
Of all the glorious gifts thou art most fair.
TIME. But stay! who comes? Some mighty potentate
Alone could wear such robes of royal state!

(*Enter Gold.*)

GOLD. The Glory of the World! Avaunt! Have ye forgotten me,
Gold, the great monarch of mankind, ruler of land and sea?
For me men fight and rob and slay, for me commit all crime!
Thus hath it been from earth's first day, and will be for all time!
For me men toil, for me they work, they scheme, they plan, they pray;
For me they struggle all day long, then turn night into day.
For me they tread the busy marts, in raging vortex swirled;
They know my power! They worship me, the Glory of the World!
TIME. 'T is true! The mighty power of glittering gold
Claims all mankind as subjects. Young or old,
Or good or bad, or ill or well, all bow—
EARTH. Say *nearly* all! *Some* scorn him, anyhow.
And too, gold, rightly used, is good and fine.
Gold, in itself, is glorious, *I* opine.

(*Enter Folly.*)

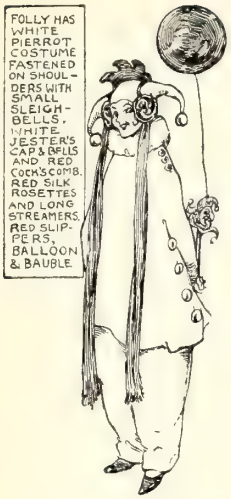
FOLLY. (*Air: Jingle Bells.*)

I 'm Folly, as you see; I 'm naught but mirth and glee;
This dull old world can't get along without a glimpse of me.



YOUTH MAY BE REPRESENTED BY TWO FIGURES. THE GIRL MAY WEAR A PRETTY LIGHT SUMMER FROCK, AND CARRY A SKIPPING-ROPE. THE BOY MAY BE IN A BASE BALL SUIT, AND HOLD A HERALD'S TRUMPET AND BANNER. HE TYPIFIES SPORT, WITH A BAG OF GOLF-CLUBS ON ONE SHOULDER, AND ON THE OTHER SIDE A LARGE CANVAS POCKET CONTAINING A TENNIS-RACKET, FOOT-BALL, BASEBALL BAT AND MITT, AND A BRIGHT-COLORED SWEATER.







I dance across the miles, a thing of joy and smiles,
And every one is welcome to my merry tricks and wiles.

Cap and bells, cap and bells,
Folly's wand is twirled,
Folly laughs and Folly chaffs,—
The Glory of the World!

I 'm Folly's very self, a merry, tricksy elf,
And everybody seems to love my pretty little ways;
And surely every one will welcome Folly's fun,
To cheer him as he plods along through dull and dreary days.

(*Repeat chorus.*)

EARTH. O Folly, pretty Folly,
You 're so frivolous and jolly,
I love you to distraction, though I can hardly say
That I think you 'll be victorious
In this contest for the glorious;
But come and stay here near me, for I love you, anyway!

(*Enter Learning, wearing the cap and gown.*)

LEARNING. Hush, idle chatterers! hearken, Father Time!
Mother Earth, listen to my claim sublime.
Learning am I; fair Education's self.
All knowledge to be found on wisdom's shelf,
From ancient sagas to most modern lore,
Books of the future and the tomes of yore,
All, all are mine. Of every age and nation
The Glory of the World is Education.
TIME. Right, O Sir Learning! Education shows
A glory that undimmed forever glows.
Knowledge is power, knowledge is life and light,
What other glory may shine forth so bright?

(*Enter Charity.*)

CHARITY. Sweet Charity am I. In pity's name
The Glory of the World I justly claim.
What greater, nobler effort can be made
Than to our fellow-creatures to give aid?
The soul that is by Charity impelled
Soars skyward, as on angels' wings upheld.
Charity with its twofold blessing thrills
Both giver and receiver. And it fills
All hearts with love and joy and sympathy.
The Glory of the World is Charity.
TIME. Charity is a great, a blessed grace;
May it not well deserve the highest place?
EARTH. Indeed, it may. Yet pause ere you decide;
For by your word you ever must abide.
TIME. So many claimants! What am I to do?
Dear Mother Earth, pray how does it strike you?
EARTH. I 'm just bewildered! Each one is so splendid,
With all their gladness and their goodness blended.
TIME. And yet we must make choice. It seems to me
The greatest glory is—
EARTH. Wait! Let me see—
Are there no others?
TIME. I 'll just look outside.
Perhaps—



CHARITY WEARS SIMPLE GRAY DRESS, CLOAK, AND VEIL. A SHELL FOR WATER, A BASKET FOR FOOD, AND A NOSEGAY OF BRIGHT FLOWERS COMPLETE THE COSTUME.

GOLD HAS GILDED SLIPPERS & GOLD-COLORED STOCKINGS. YELLOW JERKIN TRIMMED WITH SEQUINS. CLOAK MAY BE BURLAP, STENCILED IN BOLD SYMBOLIC FIGURES, OR IT MAY BE RICH GOLD BROCADE.





SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS HAS WHITE VELVETEEN MEDIEVAL GOWN WITH LONG POCKET-SLEEVES FILLED WITH GIFTS. GOWN STENCILED IN HOLLY. GOLDEN GIRDLE, HOLDING RED HEART-SHAPED PURSE. HORN OF PLENTY & STAR & HALO OF GILDED CARDBOARD. RED VELVET CLOAK.
JACK FROST IN WHITE CANTON FLANNEL, SPRINKLED WITH DIAMOND-DUST. COTTON SNOW BALLS WITH FLITTER THICKLY DUSTED.
SLEIGH-BELLS IN SILVER-GRAY TIGHTS & POINTED JERKIN; BELLS ARE ON EVERY POINT, AROUND HEAD, ON BREAST AND UP EACH LEG. REINS & WHIP ARE CARRIED.

(Enter, with a hurrah, the Christmas Group: Spirit of Christmas, Jack Frost, Sleighbells, Plum Pudding, and two tiny tots arrayed as Santa Clauses.)

CHRISTMAS GROUP *(in concert)*. We are the Christmas Time! We think that we
The Glory of the World will prove to be!
CHRISTMAS SPIRIT. I am the Christmas Spirit. I am Love
Sent down to Earth and Time from heaven above.
I stand for Christmas peace, joy, and good-will;
Presents I scatter, Christmas trees I fill;
Greetings I offer, Christmas carols sing,
I wreathe the holly and the joy-bells ring!
And through my efforts, like a golden gleam,
The Christmas Spirit flows, a shining stream
Of love and joy and peace and happiness
That all mankind will comfort, cheer, and bless.
The Christmas Spirit radiates love and mirth.
Now, tell me, Father Time and Mother Earth,
Is there a combination yet above
The glorious happiness of mirth and love?
TIME. I say there 's not! I vote for Love and Mirth,—
The Glory of the World! Eh, Mother Earth?
EARTH. Yes, I agree. O Christmas Spirit, hear!
You are the Glory of the World, my dear!

Final Chorus, by all on stage.

(Air: The Recessional)

Hail, Christmas Spirit, best of all!
Glory of all this world of ours!
Let laughter ring through festal hall,
Bedecked with holly and with flowers.
Spirit of Love, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Teach us that better we may live,
Imbue us with thy generous ways;
And help us lovingly to give
On this, the gladdest of glad days.
Spirit of Love, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Hail, Christmas Spirit, once again!
All hail thy love and merry cheer!
Let peace on earth, good-will to men
Ring in our hearts all round the year.
Spirit of Christmas, teach us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

(CURTAIN)



PLUM PUDDING WEARS A FULL SUIT OF ROMPERS, MADE OF ROUGH BROWN CLOTH, AND STUFFED OUT QUITE ROUND. CAP OF SAME, DECORATED WITH LARGE HOLLY SPRAY. RAISINS OF PLUM-COLORED SILK.

UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS

BY JOSEPH B. AMES

Author of "The Treasure of the Canyon," etc.

Chapter III

THE SILVER LINING

"Say, fellows, did you hear about Jimmy Warren's kid brother?" eagerly inquired Court Parker, skipping up to a group gathered about the school steps next morning.

From force of habit, expectant grins wreathed several faces. *"Huh!"* grunted Dad Gibson, suspiciously. "What 's the joke?"

"Joke!" repeated the latest comer, indignantly. "There is n't any joke. What gave you that idea? It came pretty near being serious, I can tell you. One of the electric feed-wires got loose in the storm yesterday, and hung down in front of Jimmy's house on Pine Street. Before anybody else saw it, that crazy kid Georgie had to go out and grab hold of it with both hands."

He paused an instant for breath, and a concerted exclamation went up from the crowd that had gathered swiftly about him. "Gee!" exclaimed stout Harry Vedder. "And the current still on, I s'pose?"

"Of course it was! Dad told me how many volts. I forget. Anyhow, Georgie got hold and could n't let go. They said he yelled to beat the band, and then went clean out. A crowd got around right away, but nobody seemed to know what to do. One man ran in and started 'phoning for 'em to turn off the current; and while he was gone, what do you think happened? A kid with a bunch of papers came along, and jumped right in and grabbed hold of Georgie to pull him off the wire. They said that when the current hit him it was like being kicked by a horse. He went clean across the street and banged his head an awful whack on the curb. He got up sort of groggy, but he must have been a game one, for he came right back, wrapped some newspapers around his hands, and had Georgie loose in a jiffy!"

"Great!" came in an appreciative chorus. Then one of the third-grade boys piped up curiously, "But what good was the newspaper?"

"Insulation, of course," spoke up Sherman Ward, from the outskirts of the group. He was tall enough to look over the heads of most of the fellows, and spoke with a certain authority. "If he had n't used them he 'd have got the shock, as he did the first time. That 's some idea, though, fellows. I don't believe I 'd have remembered, right off the bat, that paper was a non-conductor. Who was he, Court?"

"Nobody knows; that 's the funny part of it." Court thrust back a dangling lock of brown hair with a characteristic gesture. "It was pretty near dark, and everybody was excited, and all that, Mrs. Warren told Dad when he was over this morning. She said she only noticed that he was n't so very tall and carried his papers in a bag over one shoulder. She forgot all about him till after they 'd got the kid into the house and the doctor had come. Then when she sent somebody out to see, the chap had gone."

At once the throng of boys was plunged into a fever of interested speculation. The idea of an unknown appearing suddenly out of the darkness, doing his spectacular stunt, and slipping away again without revealing himself appealed tremendously to the imagination. The fact that he was a boy and quite possibly one of themselves vastly increased the interest. One after another the various fellows with paper routes were suggested, but for the most part as quickly dismissed. One was too tall, another delivered in a different part of town, two more were part of the present assemblage and reluctantly denied any connection with the affair.

"Maybe it was that fellow Tompkins," doubtfully suggested Bob Gibson, when most of the other possibilities had been exhausted. "He goes past Pine Street, does n't he?"

A sudden low laugh touched with scorn, from the outskirts of the circle, turned all eyes to where Ranny Phelps leaned against the iron railing.

"You 're quite a joker, are n't you, Bob?" commented the blond chap, with a flash of his white teeth.

Gibson sniffed. "I don't see anything so awful funny in that," he retorted. "He does go past Pine Street about every night; I 've seen him often."

"Quite possibly," agreed Phelps, suavely. "I never said he did n't, you old grumbler. He probably went past last night, but take my word for it he did n't turn in. You don't suppose that thickhead would have the gumption to do what this chap did, or the wit to know about paper being a non-conductor, and all that? Not in a thousand years!"

Bob's mouth set stubbornly; he was one who

never lost a chance to argue. "I don't see it at all!" he retorted. "Just because you say so does n't make him thick. I noticed you picking on him last night, and I tell you right now that anybody might seem—"

"He did n't *seem* brainless—he *was*," interrupted Phelps with cool, scornful certainty. "A fellow who could manage to fall over his feet as many times as he did in that simple little drill, and make as many breaks—"

He paused suddenly and bit his lips. At the farther edge of the wide circle the face of Tompkins himself had loomed all at once into his surprised consciousness, and something in the boy's level, unsmiling, somber glance brought a twinge of shame to Ranleigh's heart. For an instant he stood silent, striving to resume his usual cool nonchalance. Then he turned away with a shrug.

"But after all," he drawled, "it 's hardly worth while arguing about. Who 's got that seventh problem in Geom? It 's a sticker, all right."

It was well enough done to deceive most of the fellows about him, particularly since the sound of the last bell started the crowd up the steps and into the school building. But Court Parker had noted the direction of Ranny's glance, and a gleam of indignation flashed into his eyes. For a moment he stood biting his lips; then his face cleared and he pounced on Tompkins.

"Well, were you, Tommy?" he demanded airily.

"Was I what?" countered the other, briefly.

"The hero—the chap who leaped into the breach and saved Georgie Warren from a—a—an electrocutive finish." Court's metaphors might be mixed, but his vocabulary seldom lacked originality. Tompkins merely shrugged his shoulders and frowned a bit.

"Is it likely?" he asked, with a touch of bitterness. "Even if I 'd had the chance, I 'm too thick to—"

"Rot!" cut in Court, swiftly. As they went up the steps he flung an arm impulsively around the other's shoulders. "Don't you worry about anything Ranny Phelps says. Nobody ever pays any attention to him, anyhow. I do wish I knew who that plucky chap was, though. It was a corking thing to do. You have n't heard any one say, have you, Tommy?"

Tompkins hesitated an instant, an odd indecision in his face. A few minutes ago he might have found a boyish pride and pleasure in his friend's surprise at learning his part in the affair. Now he merely shook his head. "Those I 've heard—talking about it, did n't seem to know," he returned shortly.

"Humph! Well, I guess I 'll have to start my mighty brain working and do the Sherlock Holmes stunt," decided Court, philosophically. "Say! Won't Jimmy be crazy, though, to be away at school with all this happening to his own family. I can just see him squirm!"

As they entered the coat-room his volatile mind leaped to another topic. "There 's one good thing, old top; you can come out for the troop team now. That 'll be great! Don't forget there 's practice right after school this aft."

Dale slapped his cap on a hook and turned away. "I 'm not coming out," he said gruffly, making for the door.

Court's eyes widened. "Not coming out for football?" he repeated amazedly.

"No!"

"Why not, for goodness' sake?"

"I don't want to," was the almost ungracious retort.

Court sniffed incredulously. "Tell that to your grandmother! Have n't I seen you play often enough to know better? Wait a second." At the entrance of the coat-room he caught Tompkins by the arm, and, whirling him around, stared into his face. "If you think for a minute," he went on with some heat, "that anybody— You old idiot! You make me sick with your silly notions. I 'll—I 'll settle you, though."

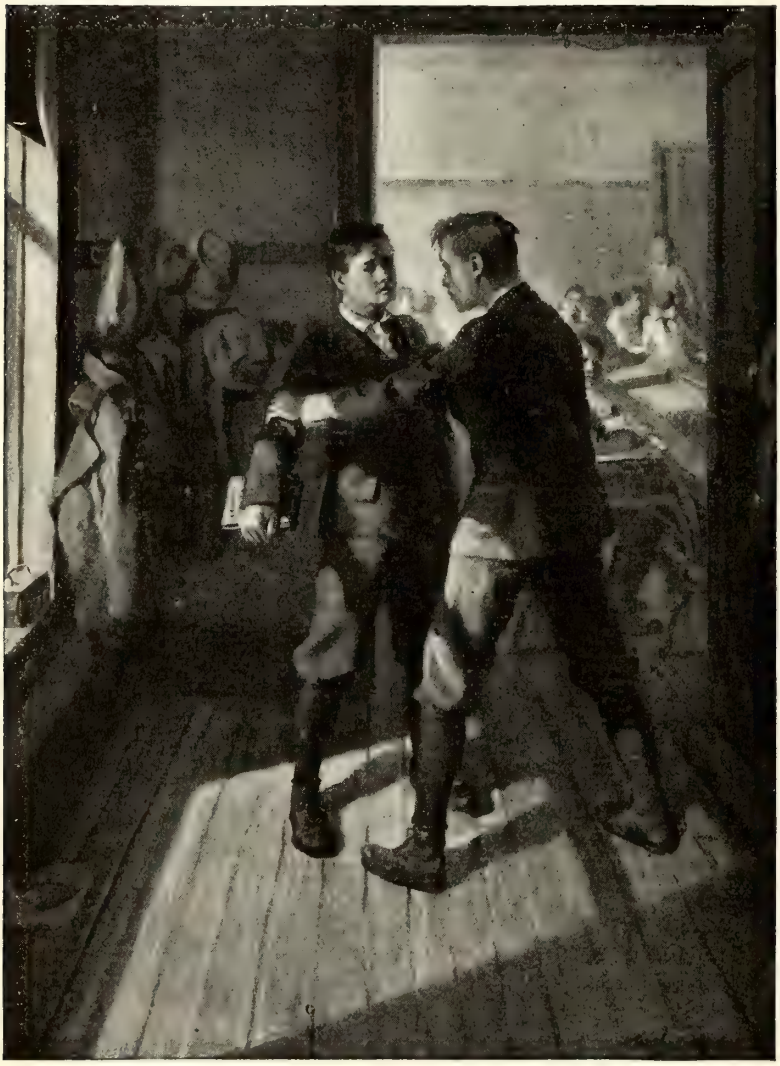
With which cryptic and somewhat fragmentary comment, he slapped Dale briskly on the back and slipped into his seat, leaving the other to seek his own place on the farther side of the room, unconsciously heartened a bit by his fellow's friendliness. But a moment later his forehead wrinkled perplexedly. Court had a little habit of impulsively settling the affairs of nations offhand, and his last remark seemed to indicate that something of the kind was in his mind at present.

"Well, whatever it is, he won't get me to come out for the team," decided Tompkins, his jaw squaring stubbornly. "They don't think I 'm good enough for them, and I 'm not going to force myself where I 'm not wanted."

Those few words overheard just before had opened afresh the wound of the night before and confirmed Dale's conviction that he was not wanted in Troop Five. With the exception of one or two of the boys who had been friendly before, he felt that the scouts agreed with Ranny Phelps in resenting his presence in the crack troop of Hillsgrove. Because his father was a working-man, because he himself sold papers to eke out the family income, because, in short, he was poor and had come to meeting in rather shabby clothes instead of a natty uniform, they looked down on him as an interloper who had no business to be there. He would merely be in-

viting further slights by appearing on the football field and trying for a position on the troop eleven.

"I can just see Sherman Ward's expression if I did!" he thought bitterly. "He 's the niftiest one of the lot, with his father owning the iron works and about half the town besides. He would n't waste much time on me, I guess!"



"AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE COAT-ROOM HE CAUGHT TOMPKINS BY THE ARM."

Taken all in all, Dale failed to pass either a pleasant or a profitable morning. He tried to keep his mind on the lessons, but that was n't easy. He had not yet decided whether or not to remain in the troop, and this question seemed so much more vital and important than arithmetic problems or dates in ancient history that his thoughts returned to it again and again. He hated the idea of staying where he was n't wanted, and yet to leave now would look as if he were a coward, afraid to face the jibes and sarcasms of the fellows who did n't like him.

The end of the morning session found the problem still unsolved. Dale was a little slow putting his books away, and when he came to look for Parker, who usually walked home with him, Court was nowhere to be seen. As he left the building he noticed a bunch of high-school boys from upstairs laughing and fooling on the corner. Ranny Phelps was among them, and several other members of Troop Five, and unconsciously the tenderfoot paused for an instant and half turned as if to seek the other exit. A second later his lips tightened and a dull flush came into his cheeks. He never went home that way, why should he take it now? Swiftly he turned back, and with head high in a desperate effort to look unconscious, he started briskly down the walk. He was within a dozen feet of the jolly group when all at once there came a hail from behind.

"Hi, Dale!"

Astonished, he turned at the call to see Sherman Ward coming down the school steps. For a moment it seemed as if he must have been mistaken, but the older chap quickly settled that doubt.

"Wait a minute, kid," he went on; "I want to talk to you."

In an instant Dale's interest in the throng at the corner vanished. Surprised, curious, a little on the defensive, he watched the approach of the senior patrol-leader.

"I forgot to speak to you last night about football," Sherman began at once with brisk, casual friendliness. "You play, don't you?"

"A—a little," stammered Dale, dazed by the absence of what he had so fully expected in the other's manner.

"What position?"

"Er—tackle, and—and half-back—sometimes."

"You ought to make a pretty good back if you 've got speed," mused the older chap, his glance appreciatively taking in the boy's sturdy build and good shoulders. "The season 's well along and the team 's made up, but we need more weight. Troop One 's the only team we 're afraid of, but we 've simply got to lick them and nab the pennant. I 'll try you out this afternoon. Practice at three-thirty sharp in the field back of my place. We 'll go right over from school. You go this way, don't you?"

The throng at the corner had broken up, and the two were practically alone. Dale nodded and mechanically fell into step. He had been steeling himself for something so very different that in a second his defenses were swept entirely away. Ward's perfect assurance of his readiness to play made even hesitation seem the action of a selfish cad unwilling to do his best for his troop. Besides, Dale did not want to refuse—now.

"How is it you never thought of being a scout before?" asked Ward, as they cut across corners toward Main Street. "Was n't there any troop where you came from?"

Dale shook his head. "No; and after we got here Father—did n't want me to join. He—he did n't seem to understand about it, and so—"

He paused; Ward nodded comprehendingly. "Sometimes they don't," he said. "Well, it 's all right now. You 're in, and you don't look like a chap who 'd stay a tenderfoot long, especially with a scoutmaster like Mr. Curtis. He 's a corker, all right, and does everything to help a fellow along. I should n't wonder if you 'd be ready for second-class exams as soon as the month is up."

Dale's eyes brightened. "I 'll certainly try 'em, anyhow. I can pass a lot of the tests now, I think, and I 'm going to bone up on the others hard."

"That 's the boy!" smiled Sherman. "If I can help you in anything, let me know. Well, this is my corner. So long. Don't forget practice at three-thirty sharp."

With a wave of his hand he turned down Main Street, leaving Dale to stare after him for a moment or two, an odd expression on his freckled face.

"Why, he 's—he 's not a bit what I— He 's just like—" He ended with a deep-drawn breath and turned homeward, head high and shoulders squared.

Somehow the blue of the sky seemed suddenly deeper, the sunshine brighter than it had been before. The crisp, clean autumn air had a tang in it he had not noticed until this moment. He drew it into his lungs in great gulps, and his eyes sparkled.

"The pants 'll do," he murmured to himself; "so will the jersey. I have n't any decent shoes, but I 've played in sneakers before. And there 'll be time to deliver the papers after five."

Chapter IV

on the gridiron

Ranny Phelps left the school building that afternoon in a distinctly disagreeable mood. He had been feeling vaguely irritable all day, but since noon there had developed grouchy tendencies, as Court Parker termed them, and he was ready to flare up at the slightest provocation. On the way down-stairs he had flown out at Harry Vedder, one of his particular followers, for no other reason than that the stout youth expressed an indolent conviction that the new tenderfoot could play football better than he could drill, and that he would probably show up on the field. The blow-up, instead of relieving pressure, as such things often do, seemed to deepen Phelps's discontent, and seeing Ward on the walk just ahead of him, he yielded to a sudden impulse and hastily caught up with him.

"Look here, Sherm," he began hastily, "you 're not really thinking of—of—using that nut Tompkins, are you?"

The football captain glanced sidewise at him —a cool, level stare. "Why not?" he asked briefly. "He 's a member of the troop, is n't he?"

Ranny realized his mistake, but temper kept him to it. "Oh, yes! yes, of course," he snapped petulantly. "Unfortunately he is, but I don't see why you should encourage him. If he 's shown that he—he—is n't wanted, he may have the wit to—to—"

Conscious of Ward's prolonged, quizzical glance, the blond chap faltered, and then, furious at himself and with his companion, he went on angrily: "You need n't look like that. You know yourself he 's the extreme limit. Look at him now!" He waved one hand jerkily toward a group ahead, which included the boy under discussion chatting eagerly with Parker and Dad Gibson. "He 's a disgrace to the troop with that horrible-looking suit, all rags and frayed, and—and his hair bushing all over his collar; I don't believe it 's been cut in months."

"Well, what of it?" inquired the taller chap composedly, as Ranny paused for breath. "What 's his hair or his clothes got to do with his being a good scout?"

"Everything!" snapped Ranny, biting his lips and striving to keep down his temper. "A fellow

that amounts to anything will—will keep himself decent looking even if he is—poor. Besides he—You saw him last night; could n't do the simplest thing without making a show of himself. Take my word for it, he 'll never amount to anything. He 's a dead loss, and I wish— I can't think what you see in—"

He broke off with grating teeth, maddeningly conscious of the futility and ineffectiveness of his words. It was n't at all the sort of thing he had meant to say. He realized that temper had deadened judgment, and that the whole must sound excessively silly and childish. He fully expected his companion to greet the outbreak with open ridicule, but when he looked up, he discovered with mingled annoyance and relief that Ward was n't listening at all. Instead, he was staring at the group ahead with an expression of such frank curiosity and interest that instinctively Ranny followed the direction of his schoolmate's eager glance.

Eight or ten boys, mostly upper-grade grammar-school students and about half of them scouts, were bunched together at the corner of a cross-street. Apparently they had been halted by a man of middle age who was talking with considerable animation, the while keeping one hand on the shoulder of Dale Tompkins, who looked exceedingly sheepish and uncomfortable. As Ranny stared, puzzled, he was amazed to see Court Parker leap suddenly at his classmate with a piercing yell, clutch him about the waist, and execute a few steps of a wildly eccentric war-dance. Then he thumped the tenderfoot violently on the back, and finally the whole crowd flung themselves on the boy in a body. As Ward and Phelps hastily approached, the victim was engulfed by numbers, but his vehement, embarrassed protests sounded intermittently above the din.

"Aw, quit it, fellows! Lay off, won't you? It was n't anything. I— Cut it out—do!"

"Here 's the missing hero!" called Court Parker, shrilly. "Where 's the leather medal?" Suddenly he slid out of the throng and faced the newcomers, his eyes shining. "What do you know about Tommy?" he demanded. *"He 's* the mysterious guy who rescued Georgie Warren last night. Fact! Mr. Pegram was there and saw him. He was the one who 'phoned the company to shut off the current, you know. Says Tommy was cool as a cucumber and had all kinds of nerve. And this morning he never let out a peep about it, even when I asked him. Some kid, eh, Sherm?"

Ward grinned. "The secretive young beggar!" he exclaimed. "By jinks! That ought to mean a medal, sure! And he a tenderfoot only a week!"

He moved forward toward the throng, eager for further details. Ranny did not stir. His face was blank, and his mind, usually so active, failed for a second or two to take in the meaning of what he had heard. When at length he realized the truth, a sense of grudging admiration stole over him. From one of those present at the affair last night he had had an unusually vivid account of the accident. He understood the risks the hitherto unknown rescuer had run, and fully appreciated his nerve and resourcefulness. For a flashing second he was filled with an impulse to follow Ward's example and add his brief word of congratulation to the chorus, but the impulse was only momentary. In a second or two he had crushed it back, passed the noisy group, and headed toward the football field alone.

How absurd he had been even to think of such a thing! The details had probably been greatly exaggerated. Doubtless, Tompkins had merely blundered into the affair and done the right thing through sheer fool luck. At any rate, he still remained precisely the same individual whose presence Ranny had considered a blot on the appearance of the troop and likely to injure its "tone." There seemed to him no reason why this latest development should alter his treatment of the fellow a particle.

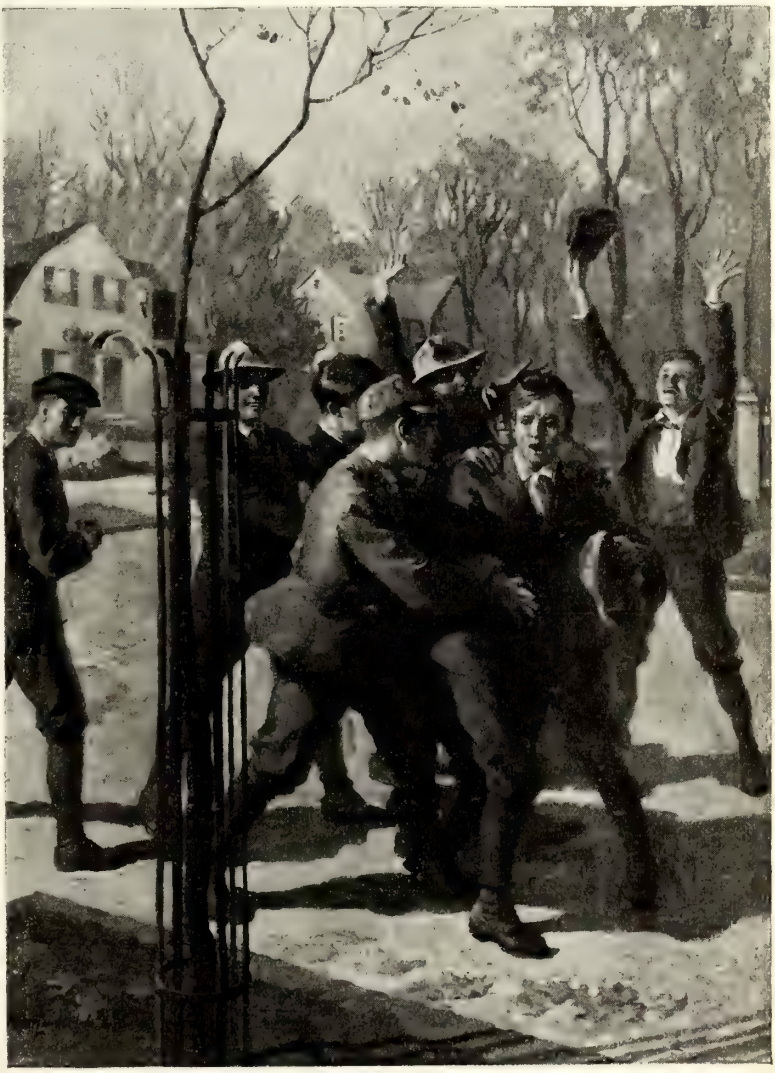
Ward and the rest reached the field not long after Phelps, and no time was lost in commencing practice. Tompkins was started off with the scrub, an organization composed mostly of scouts who were too small or lazy or indifferent or unskillful to make the regular eleven, together with a few outsiders who had been persuaded into lending their aid merely for the fun of the game. It was a motley crowd, and Sherman had his hands full holding them together. One or two, to be sure, were stimulated by the hope, which grew fainter with each day of practice, that they might supplant some member of the regular team in time to play in *the* game of the season, the struggle with the redoubtable Troop One, which would end the series and decide the championship. But the majority had no such dominating incentive. Their interest flagged continually, and it was only by a constant appeal to their scout spirit, by rebuke and ridicule, interspersed with well-timed jollying, that they could be kept to the scratch. When Dale Tompkins was given the position of right tackle, the boy whose place he had taken openly rejoiced, and not a few of his companions viewed the escape with envy.

The regulars started with the ball, and the

first down netted them eight yards. The second plunge through the line was almost as successful; the third even more so. The scrub played apathetically, each fellow for himself. They lacked cohesion, and many of the individuals opposed the rushes half-heartedly and without spirit. Little Saunders, the scrub quarter, while working at full pressure himself, seemed to have grown discouraged by past failures to spur the fellows on. Occasionally he snapped out a rasping appeal for them to get together and do something, but there was a perfunctory note in his voice which told how little faith he had in their obeying.

To Ward, playing at left half on the regulars, it was an old story which had ceased, almost, to fret him. He had come to feel that the utmost he could hope for was to keep the scrub together and gain what practice was possible from their half-hearted resistance. Keeping his eye on Tompkins, he noted with approval that the boy was playing a very different sort of game. He flung himself into the fray with snap and energy, tackling well, recovering swiftly, and showing a pretty knowledge of interference. But it was soon apparent that his work failed more or less because of its very quickness. At every rush he was a foot or two ahead of the sluggish Vedder at guard or the discouraged Morris playing on his right. He might get his man and frequently did, but one player cannot do all the work of a team, and the holes in the line remained as gaping as before.

The regulars scored a touchdown and, returning to the center of the field, began the process anew. There was a sort of monotonous iteration about their advance that presently began to get a little on Sherman's nerves. The crisp, shrill voice of Court Parker calling the signal, the thud of feet over the turf, the crash as the wedge of bodies struck the wavering line and thrust its way through it and on, on, seemingly to endless distance in spite of the plucky efforts of the boy at right tackle to stop it—it was all so cut and dried, so certain, so unvaried. Now and again would come the tired, ill-tempered snap of Saunders's "Get into it, fellows! Wake up, for the love of Pete!" Occasionally, from left end, Ranny Phelps would make some sarcastic reference to Ward's "great find," to which, though it irritated him, the captain paid no heed. He was still watching critically and beginning to wonder, with a little touch of anxiety, whether Tompkins was going to be engulfed in the general slough of inertia. In this wise the play had progressed half-way toward the scrub's goal-posts when suddenly a new note was injected into the affair.



"'AW, QUIT IT, FELLOWS! IT WAS N'T ANYTHING.'"

"Steady, fellows. Let 's get together. It 's

just as easy to fight back as to be walked over—and a lot more fun. Hold 'em, now!"

The voice was neither shrill nor snappish, but pitched in a sort of good-natured urgency. One guessed that the owner of it was growing weary of being eternally buffeted and flung aside. Ranny Phelps greeted the remark with a sarcastic laugh.

"Great head!" he jeered. "You must be quite an expert in the game. Why don't you try it?"

Dale Tompkins raised his head and dashed one hand across a dripping forehead. "That 's what we 're going to do," he smiled; "are n't we, Morris, old man? Come ahead, Vedder; all we need is a little team-work, fellows."

Stout Harry Vedder merely grunted breathlessly. But somehow, when the next rush came, his fat shoulders dropped a little lower and he lunged forward a shade more swiftly than he had done. Wilks, the weakest point in the opposing line, caught unexpectedly by the elephantine rush, went down, and Tompkins brought the man with the ball to earth by a nice tackle.

"That 's the stuff," he gasped as he scrambled up. "Good boy! I knew you 'd do it. Again, now!"

The regulars scored another touchdown, but it took longer than the first. Insensibly the line in front of them was stiffening. The backs got into the game; the left wing, stirred by a touch of rivalry, perhaps, began to put a little snap into their work. By the time the regulars had forced the pigskin for the third time over their opponent's goal-line, the scrub seemed actually to be waking up. Vedder grumbled continually, but nevertheless he worked; many of the others blustered a bit to cover their change of tactics. It was as if they were doubtfully testing out Tompkins's statement that it was more fun to fight back than to be walked over, and finding an unexpected pleasure in the process.

Amazed at first, Sherman Ward lost no time in helping along the good work. After the third down he gave the scrub the ball and urged them to make the other fellows hustle. They took him up with a will. Saunders's perfunctory bark became snappy and full of life; more than one of the hitherto grouchy players added his voice to the general racket. But through it all, the good-natured urgence of Dale Tompkins, with that underlying note of perfect faith in their willingness to try anything, continued to stir the fellows to their best efforts. The swiftly falling autumn twilight found the regulars fighting harder than they had ever done before to hold back the newly galvanized scrub. To the latter it brought a novel sensation. For the first time on record they were almost sorry to see the end of practice.

Streaking across the field to the shed which had been fixed up for a dressing-room, they laughed, and joked, and vehemently discussed the latter plays.

"Wait till to-morrow!" shrilly advised one of the scrub. "We won't do a thing to you guys, will we, Tommy?"

"That 's the talk!" agreed Tompkins, smilingly. "We 'll make 'em hump, all right."

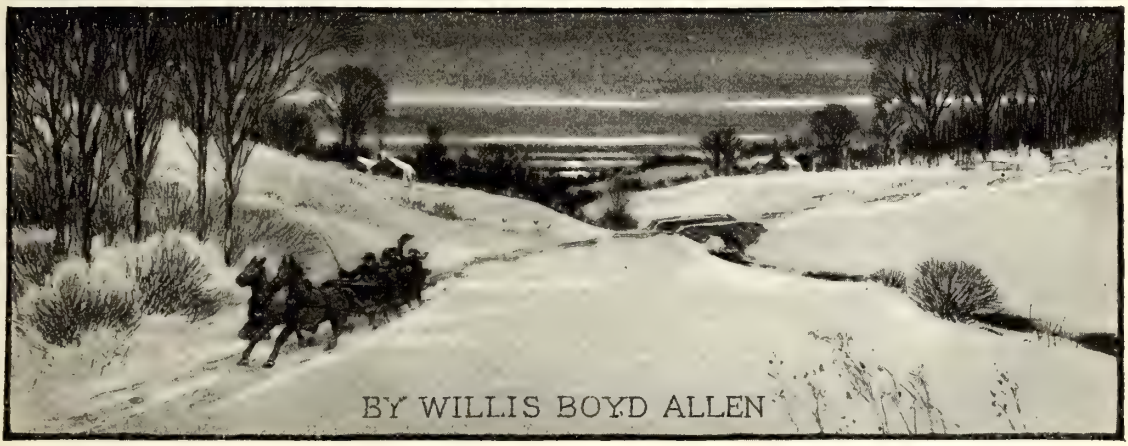
He seemed quite unconscious of having done anything in the least out of the ordinary. On the contrary, he was filled with grateful happiness at the subtle change in the manner of many of the fellows toward him. It was n't that they praised his playing. Except Sherman, who briefly commended him, no one actually mentioned that. But instead of Tompkins, they called him Tommy; they jollied and joshed him, argued and disputed and chaffed with a boisterous friendliness as if he had never been anything else than one of them. And the tenderfoot, hustling into his clothes that he might make haste to start out with his papers, glowed inwardly, responding to the treatment as a flower opens before the sun.

From the background Ranny Phelps observed it all with silent thoughtfulness. Quick-witted as he was, it did not take long for him to realize the changed conditions, to understand that he could not longer treat the new-comer with open, careless insolence as a fellow who did not count. But far from altering his opinion of Tompkins, the new developments merely served to strengthen his dislike, which speedily crystallized into a determination to do some active campaigning against him.

"With a swelled head added to all the rest, he 'll be simply intolerable," decided Phelps. "I guess I 've got a little influence left with the crowd in spite of all this rot." His eyes narrowed ominously as they rested on Harry Vedder chatting affably with the cause of Ranny's ill temper. "I 'll start with you, my fat friend," he muttered contemptuously under his breath. "You need a good jacking-up before you indulge in any more foolishness."

(To be continued.)

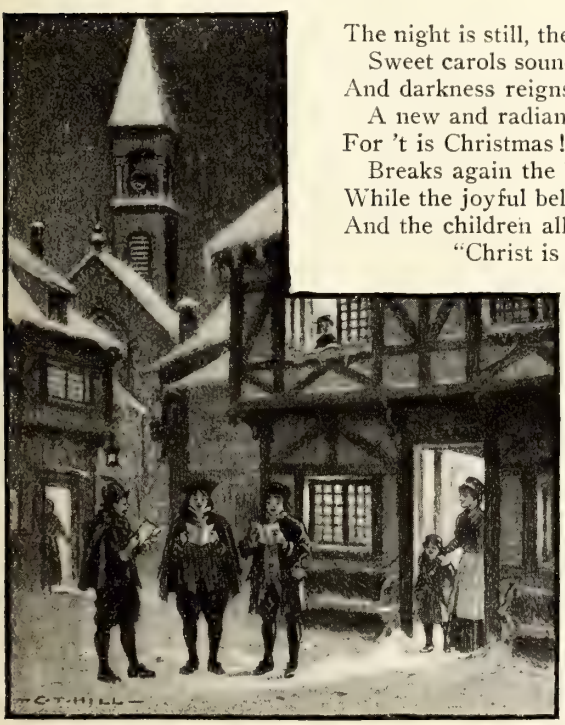
Merry Christmas



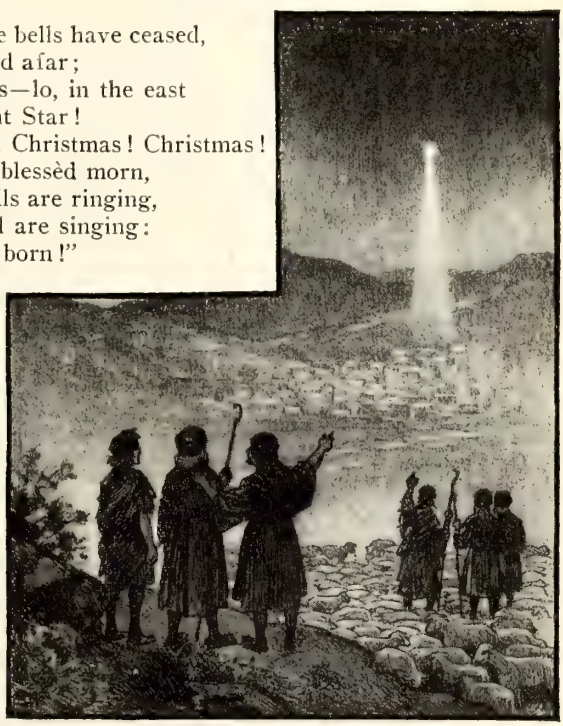
BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

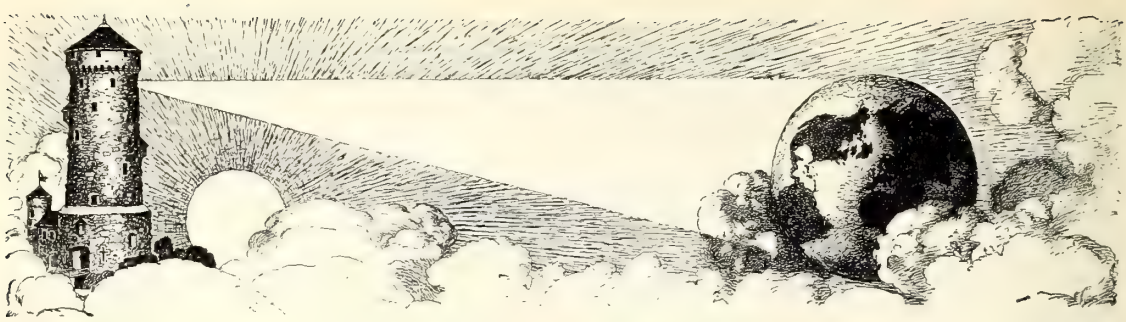
THE long year darkens to its close,
The fields are white and bare;
Low rides the sun, the day is done,
But joy is in the air:
For 't is Christmas! Christmas! Christmas!
Though the skies be dark and drear;
And in snowy belfries swinging
All the Christmas bells are ringing,
Far and near!

Deepens the gathering gloom of night
Above the wintry snow;
The frosty stars are all alight,
The fireside is aglow:
For 't is Christmas, merry Christmas!
Hark! the sound of little hoofs
Sets our pulses all a-tingle
As we hear the sleigh-bells jingle
On the roofs!



The night is still, the bells have ceased,
Sweet carols sound afar;
And darkness reigns—lo, in the east
A new and radiant Star!
For 't is Christmas! Christmas! Christmas!
Breaks again the blessèd morn,
While the joyful bells are ringing,
And the children all are singing:
"Christ is born!"





THE WATCH TOWER

BY S. E. FORMAN

Author of "Advanced Civics," "A History of the United States," etc.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION —A CLOSE CONTEST

On Monday night, November 6, the long and exciting Presidential campaign came to an end, and the next day the voters of the country, about sixteen millions in number, at the polls in forty-eight States expressed their choice for President.

The election of November 7 proved to be a very close and unusual contest. By midnight of that date it was announced and was generally believed that Mr. Hughes had won. But on the morning of the 8th, returns from Western States made it evident that the result was still in doubt; and on November 10 (when this is written) the newspapers declare that the first statements of the result of the election have been entirely reversed and that, by carrying the two doubtful States of California and North Dakota, in addition to those that had already gone Democratic, President Wilson has been re-elected.

But it must not be supposed that anybody voted directly for this or that candidate. For we do not elect our President by a direct vote, although a great many people are under the impression that we do. We must elect our President in the manner prescribed by the Constitution of the United States, and that great law provides that he shall be elected not by the people of the country at large, but by the States, each State casting as many votes as it has senators and representatives in Congress. Under this rule Delaware, with its two senators and one representative, is entitled to cast three votes for President, while New York, with its two senators and forty-three representatives, is entitled to forty-five. Each State selects for itself the persons who are to cast its vote for President. The men or women elected for this purpose are called *electors*.

How are these Presidential electors chosen? This question is settled by the legislatures of the different States, each legislature having the right to say how the electors shall be appointed or elected. Congress can fix, and has fixed, the *time*—the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November—upon which all the electors must be chosen, but here its power ends; the *manner* of choosing the electors rests entirely with each state legislature, which may appoint the electors itself, or may give their appointment over to some other body, or may call upon the people of the State to elect them. If the legislature of South Carolina, for example, had cared to do so, it could itself have assembled on the day of the recent election and chosen nine Presidential electors, and the people of the State would have had nothing to do with the matter. But while the different States may select the electors in different ways, as a matter of fact they all select them in the same way; for every State elects its Presidential electors in a body, by a popular vote. In each State the names of the persons who are candidates for electors are printed on a ballot, and those who receive the highest number of votes are elected.

And so we see that the election which was held on November 7 was not one general election for all the country, but forty-eight different state elections. And the millions of votes cast were not for the Presidential candidates, but for 531 Presidential electors, who in due time will elect the President. How they will do this will be told in a future number of The Watch Tower. They will have power to elect any person they choose, even though that person was not one of the candidates. But every elector voted for on November 7 was nominated by a political party, and is morally bound to vote for the candidate of the party that elected him. In all our history no elector has ever proved unfaithful to his party.

UNCLE SAM AS A DOCTOR

Ever since our National Government was first founded (in 1789) Uncle Sam has served as the doctor to certain classes of people. Of course, he has always given medical treatment to his men in the Army and Navy. But he has done much more than this. As early as 1798 he established a hospital at which sick and disabled seamen might receive treatment, and he has never ceased to render medical aid to mariners. To-day he supports more than a score of marine hospitals, located at our principal ports, and more than a hundred relief stations where sick seamen may be cared for. In these hospitals and relief stations many thousands of patients are treated every year. But Uncle Sam's medical services are not confined to the treatment of seamen. Through one of his bureaus at Washington he acts as a public physician. This bureau is known as the Public Health Service. In it more than fifteen hundred persons—physicians, nurses, attendants—are employed in public-health work. Many of these are employed in carrying out quarantine regulations, for at all our seaports, excepting New York and Baltimore, the quarantine service is under the control of Uncle Sam's officers. Many of the workers in the Public Health Service go out into different parts of the country and assist in preventing the spread of contagious diseases. For example, Uncle Sam's physicians take every precaution to keep the bubonic plague from entering the United States. The germs of this deadly disease are carried from place to place by a certain kind of flea which is found on the body of rats. So at any seaport where the plague is likely to enter, officers of the Health Service wage a fierce war against rats. They cause the buildings along the wharves to be rat-proofed, and they encourage the destruction of the rodents in many ways. Even the ropes by which vessels are moored are provided with guards which prevent the rats from passing from ship to shore or from shore to ship.



Photograph by Brown Brothers, N. Y.

UNCLE SAM'S NAVAL HOSPITAL IN BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.



A VESSEL AT HER PIER PROTECTED WITH RAT-SHIELDS.

The Public Health Service is also waging a war against trachoma. This is a disease of the eye which, if not cured promptly, will lead to total blindness. In those parts of Kentucky, West Virginia, and Virginia which lie in the Appalachian region great numbers of persons have been sufferers from trachoma because medical aid has not been near at hand. But Uncle Sam's doctors are now going out into this region and conducting an active campaign against this disease. For its treatment they have established little hospitals at convenient places, and thousands of sufferers have found relief.

But the physicians of the Public Health Service are not content merely to fight contagious diseases. They are taking measures to do things that will preserve the health of the people and

protect them from ailments that may be avoided. As an instance, the wise men of the service have found that in many rural communities the teeth of children are neglected and that this neglect is largely responsible for many cases of heart-disease, rheumatism, and other chronic affections. So Uncle Sam's health-officers are looking after the children's teeth. They have bought some thousands of tooth-brushes, and have sent men and women out into the rural districts to show boys and girls how to care for their teeth and to urge upon parents the necessity of training their children in the habit of using the tooth-brush daily and thoroughly. Bad teeth would be a handicap on our future citizens, and Uncle Sam is trying to do all he can to remove this danger.

THE GREAT WAR

In the last number of The Watch Tower it was said that at the beginning of October the Germans on the western front were giving the Allies all the trouble they wanted, while on the eastern front they were giving them more than they wanted. What was true at the beginning of October was also true a month later, for early in November there had been but few significant or decisive changes. In the east, it is true, the army under Mackensen made a destructive onset upon the Roumanians, but in order to do this it was necessary to bring into service nearly half a million of soldiers who would otherwise have been employed against the Allies in the west and at other points. So far as Roumania is concerned, there seemed to be no great advantage for either side. On the western front conditions were, on the whole, satisfactory to the Allies, yet there was little hope that the German troops could be forced back completely over the territory which they had conquered, for their defenses are massive in character and include a system of sixty parallel trenches. But the leaders of the Allies say that these trenches must be carried, and they are preparing to do this even though they admit that it will take two years to accomplish the task. So we are told that the war may last at least two years longer.

PROTECTING THE NATION'S FORESTS

In the Rocky Mountain region, from Montana to New Mexico, and on the Pacific Coast ranges, from Washington to Southern California, there are more than 150,000,000 acres of forest-land which is still in the possession of the National Government. The national forests, therefore, cover an area five times as great as the State of Pennsylvania. In recent years these boundless stretches of forest-lands have been an especial object of Uncle Sam's attention and care. For the development of their resources and for their protection he spends every year nearly five million dollars and employs the services of nearly four thousand persons. Most of the forest work of the Government is done by the Forest Service, one of the divisions in the Department of Agriculture. The chief aim of the Forest Service is to manage the forest-lands in the way best suited to make them of the most use to the most people. Through its efforts, lumbermen are encouraged to settle in the forests in places where timber may be cut and can be sold at a profit. For Uncle Sam will sell the timber of the forests to anybody who will pay a fair price for it. But he will sell only ripe timber; that is, trees that have attained their full growth. When the timber on a given area has been sold, a forest officer marks the trees that are to be cut, and every tree that



Courtesy of The Forest Service.

A FOREST OFFICER FIGHTING FIRE WITH A SADDLE-BLANKET — WALLOWA NATIONAL FOREST, OREGON.

has not been marked must be left standing. The younger trees are left to seed the ground and form the basis of a second crop of timber. In this way Uncle Sam makes sure that his forest-land will always be covered with trees.

The Forest Service also regulates the use made of the grazing-lands of the national forests, for within the limits of the forest domain there is a great deal of good pasture. Altogether, more than seven million sheep and goats and nearly two million horses and cattle browse upon the open ranges where there is grass and water. But the pasture-ranges are carefully supervised by the forest officers, who will not allow them to be overcrowded with stock or overgrazed.

One of the most interesting and useful tasks of the Forest Service is to protect the forests from fire, which may be more destructive than the ax. Sometimes, when it has gained headway and become uncontrollable, it sweeps along for hundreds of miles, devouring everything in its path. But the Forest Service has developed a system for fighting fires. Scattered over the forest domain are rangers, who act as firemen and who fight fires in the forest as promptly and as bravely as it is fought by trained firemen in a city. The rangers cannot prevent the breaking out of fire, for most of the fires are kindled by lightning—a match struck by the hand of Nature; but the firemen of the forest can put out a fire quickly if they can reach it in time. And this is what they try to do. At high and commanding points throughout the length and breadth of the forest-lands there have been established lookouts, where rangers with eager eyes watch day and night, summer and winter, for the outbreak of fire. Most of the lookouts are on top of mountains, but in some places it has been necessary to build lookout towers. Sometimes the ranger can detect a fire just breaking out a hundred miles away. As soon as a man in the lookout sees that a fire has started, he telephones the news—for all the parts of the national forest are connected by telephone—to other rangers in other lookouts, and soon, by means of instruments and charts, the precise location of the fire is determined. Then near-by rangers and settlers rush to the scene and put the fire out. Often boy scouts camping in the neighborhood lend a helping hand. Within a year, of a total of five hundred fires, two hundred were confined within an area of less than one fourth of an acre, and nearly all within an area of less than ten acres. If these five hundred fires had not been checked, but allowed to sweep along at their will, they would have caused an enormous destruction of life and property, and would have brought loss to the whole country. So the watchers in the lonely lookouts and the firemen of the forest are performing a service the value of which is beyond our power to compute.



Courtesy of The Forest Service.

FIGHTING A FOREST FIRE IN THE OREGON NATIONAL FOREST.

THE STORY OF A REAL CHRISTMAS DAY

BY MAY RICHARDSON

When I was a little girl, an article about a Christmas Party given to some poor children was to me one of the most interesting contributions in a beloved bound volume of St. Nicholas that belonged to my eldest brother.

Now that I am a "big girl," I hope there may be room in the 1916 Christmas number of St. Nicholas for a story—a really, truly story—of what some Baltimore "boys and girls," from four to twenty-odd years old, are doing to carry the true Christmas spirit—the Spirit of Service—to their less fortunate little brothers and sisters down Poverty Way, by giving them a great big Christmas Party.

The story of the little folks' trip to the Opera House, on Christmas morning, recounts only the incidents of one great day in the club's history; but it will show how very much in earnest we are.

And our work and efforts are so wonderful to me, that I am sure some of the many thousands who love St. Nicholas can hardly fail, as they read the record here presented, to feel the prompting "Go thou and do likewise." Who knows? Perhaps, ere long, there will be many such Christmas Clubs in our generous and favored land.—M. R.

Do St. Nicholas boys and girls know that, in a certain American city, Santa Claus has a partner, a very, very active one, who goes to work the day after Christmas to get ready for the next Yule-tide? This partner has another name, too,—The Christmas Club,—and has enlisted one hundred and fifty boys and girls as helpers—just the same kind of fun-loving young people as you are, who have made the acquaintance of the good fairies "Willing Heart" and "Helping Hand."



"A LITTLE GUEST."

The headquarters of this Christmas Club are not at the North Pole, but in the city of Baltimore; and although the club is only two years old, it gives a wonderful birthday party every Christmas to hundreds of children. Six hundred were bidden in 1914, and a thousand in 1915.

The party is n't in honor of Santa Claus. It is given in memory of the birthday of the blessèd Lord Jesus, and is celebrated in just the way He loves,—for the guests come from the "byways and hedges," the "least of these," to whom Christmas was only a name until the advent of the Christmas Club.

It was to appease not only hungry little bodies but soul-hunger also that the Christmas Club was organized; for its members knew, too, that under dirt and ragged clothes were baby hearts whose birthright is the same faith that "Santa Claus will come to-night if you 're good" as you or I have had.

With this knowledge the members went to work.

"We want our club to be known as Santa Claus' Partner, and to spread the true Christmas spirit of service," they said; and realizing that you "never can get along without Mother and Father," their parents were admitted as honorary members. Many very little folk wanted to help, too, so a junior branch was formed.

What to give the children was the next consideration.

"We will give them nothing we would not want ourselves," was the slogan, so this was the outcome:

To each child, an American flag.

To each child, a filled stocking containing: the mate, a box of chocolates, a toy, an orange, an apple, a bag of nuts, another toy. The stocking then to be tied and topped off with a big red pompon.

And, in addition, to each boy, a tarlatan bag of marbles and a drum, and to each girl, a bisque-head doll (washable), perfectly dressed as an infant in order to teach a twofold lesson. First, it would be a concrete example for the ignorant mother to follow in dressing her own wee one; and, secondly, it would carry the symbolic idea that the first Christmas present was a baby.

The distribution of these gifts, it was decided, should be preceded by a Christmas entertainment about forty minutes in length, and to contain only such features as would entertain and cheer children of from four to twelve years of age.

So it was that the older members, accompanied by some of "the Honoraries," journeyed down into certain city byways, where they found children without food, without clothes, without



AFTER THE BIG CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE THEATRE.

warmth, among them many a tiny Mary who had never seen a flower growing; or a wee Georgie, fast going blind because of a crippled side; or Maggie with the tubercular hip; each case seemingly more helpless than the preceding one.

So it was that clothes were collected, cleaned, and mended, food and fuel got together, and almost daily pilgrimages made where dampness, dirt, and darkness abound.

So it was that a new dress-suit was sacrificed for crippled Georgie's surgical braces, and a pink silk party dress supplied Mary's flowers and Maggie's treatment, for the Christmas Club boys and girls were fast finding it a privilege to be "Happiness Makers."

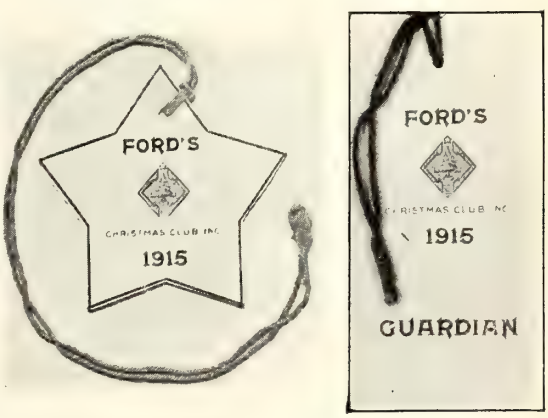
So it was that they discovered the truth of the old adage, "Begin your web, and God will supply you with the thread," for every one seemed to lend a hand.

With dues, donations, and a benefit, money was raised; through the kindness of Messrs. Ford, their theatre was offered for the Christmas party distribution; and the Musical Union promised a fine big orchestra, particularly in honor of the little blind kiddies who wanted to come, " 'cause we can hear, lady, if we can't see"; the United Railways and Electric Company offered transportation to and from the theatre; and even the big-hearted, hard-working stage-hands gave their services to "make them kids happy!"

So it was that, instead of just a few, six hundred children were invited to the first Christmas party given by Santa Claus' Partner.

But in spite of the wonderful time those kiddies had, the club could not forget the anxious little faces that "did n't git in," and they went to work harder than ever, with the result that last year, "on Christmas Day in the morning," one thousand happy little hearts stormed Ford's Opera House, each with a yellow star badge securely fastened on jacket or dress—the star that would say "Open Sesame!" to those big doors at the magical hour of ten.

With each little group of ten children was a caretaker,—a toil-worn mother or relative just as anxious to see the show as the kiddies,—convulsively clutching a white badge with the word "Guardian" stamped upon its face.



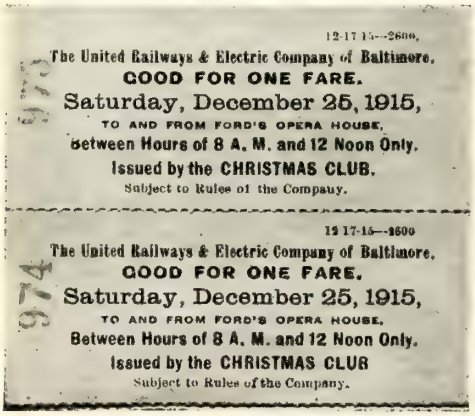
EVERY CHILD HAD A YELLOW STAR—EACH GUARDIAN A WHITE BADGE.

These guests were n't at all stylish, for, in spite of the bitter cold weather, they were on hand long before the appointed time; but friendly policemen and firemen were there to change the excited mass into an almost endless line of Santa Claus seekers. And these strong officers of the law it was who gently carried the little cripples —the maimed, the halt, and the blind —to places far down at the front. And among these was Georgie,—in his shining braces,—with the film gone from the bright eyes that were to see their first Christmas tree.

As each child entered the theatre he or she received a little American flag; and when all were seated, the auditorium presented a wonderful picture of waving flags and bobbing heads, keeping time to "the band."

How that orchestra did play, and how those children did sing! If you have ever doubted the patriotism of Young America, you should have heard that mighty chorus of a thousand little voices as they sang, with matchless harmony, their country's song, while a thousand tiny little hands frantically waved as many "Star-Spangled Banners."

The entertainment opened with the telling of the old, old story, and the boyish minister closed



THE UNITED RAILWAYS COMPANY GAVE 2500 "FREE" RIDES TO BRING THE GUESTS TO THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

with the question, "Do you know what day this is?"

"Christmas Day!" they shouted; and yea, verily! it *was* a Christmas Day.

Reverently each little head was bowed as each little guest tried to follow in the Lord's Prayer, and reverently the sound of subdued childish voices rose through the auditorium. And then, when the grand old Christmas carols had been sung, and the very short addresses made, the



HOME AGAIN!—AND HAPPY!

lights went out, and from the darkness a voice floated carrying the words of the beautiful song:

"Toyland, Joyland,
Little girl- and boy-land."

Over the children's heads it rose:

"Once you dwell within it, you will ever happy be."

Like a wave, a suppressed murmur passed through the house; little hands gripped those next to them, for—*the curtain was going up!*

Can you, boys and girls, to whom the rise of a theatre-curtain is no novelty, remember the creepy little chills that went chasing up and down your spine when you saw it lift for the very first time, to reveal the mysterious Land of the Unknown that lay behind it? If you can, you may realize what a supreme moment it was to these little waifs to know they were on the very threshold of Fairyland and would "dwell within it" for a while.

A spotlight gave a glimpse of motionless toys, —French dolls, sailors, a jack-in-the-box,—but not until the clock struck twelve did they move. Then, on the magical twelfth stroke, the lights flared up, the toys came to life, the children

screamed with glee, and from the dance of the wee Jack Frosts to the march of the big Tin Soldiers, the audience sat entranced. But Christmas bells were ringing, and at last the toys paused in their frolicking to ask:

"Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?"

And as if in answer, from the rear of the darkened stage a drop-curtain rose, revealing a little boy-angel in the heart of a shadowy tree. A light gleamed on his big white wings, his short white smock, bare legs, and latcheted sandals.

Out of the tree he came, straight down the hemlock-covered incline, and straight into the children's hearts, carrying the message of love and purity as only a little child can.

And as he sang the Christmas story, over his head the lovely "Star" shone out; and when he stretched his arms toward the children, as if begging them to take the Christ-child in, his brave little voice rose in triumph:

"Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing."

Lo, he was gone! And suddenly, at the foot of the Christmas tree, stood—*Santa Claus!* Surely, in the cry that welcomed him were "the hopes and fears of all the years," as over and over and over again the mighty chorus shouted the beloved name; and when, high above the din, a boyish treble called, "I knowed you 'd come, Santa! I knowed you 'd come!" the good old Saint could only hold out his arms to that sea of uplifted, childish faces, and with broken voice say, "God bless the Christmas Club!"

But Santa Claus' Partner was waiting with the gifts; so across the stage, through an aisle formed by these "Willing Hearts" and "Helping Hands," the little guests passed. And if you think it was tiresome work to dress all those dollies, you should have seen those hungry-armed "little mothers" clasp them! If you think it was a tedious task to make all those marble-bags, you should have seen those boy-hands clutch them! If you think that filling all those stockings was weary labor, you should have seen those shining eyes! If you think those kiddies did n't appreciate the work of those who made the pretty costumes and acted the Christmas play for them, you should have heard Katie from Duncan Alley say to Katharine from Charles Street, "Gee, you 'se was lovely!"

And if you think that, after the last "Merry Christmas" had been said, and the last child but one waved through the stage-door, the Christmas Club had n't had the best time of all, you should have lingered with those around the tree, stripped of all its glory but the Star, and have heard their eager plan to "invite *fifteen hundred* next year!"

And the Child who was still there, perhaps you would have seen Him, with radiant, holy face, smile upon them, from the heart of the tree, His benediction:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."





BABY BEAVERS

BY GEORGIA M MC NALLY

THE baby beaver is the miracle of the whole animal world. He is the only youngster I know of who has a natural desire for hard work. This unusual little fellow is industrious from the time he gets control of his muscles. While he is as full of fun as a young chipmunk, the habits of his forefathers and his natural instinct for work mark him as a rather serious-minded infant.

Usually five are born in a litter. Before the baby period is over, the mother brings them twigs about the size of a lead-pencil. They sit up on their haunches, hold the twigs in their little hands, and eat the bark.

In appearance, the baby beaver is a soft reddish-brown ball of fur, instead of being covered with coarse chestnut hair as are the old beavers. He is about the size of a rat. His eyes are as bright as new shoe-buttons, and his little paws are very active for his age. Long before he is out of childhood, he begins gnawing on bits of wood with his new teeth and exercising his jaws on everything he can reach. He carries small sticks in his mouth as soon as he begins to swim, and long before he is full-grown he begins gnawing trees.

The building instinct is strong in him. He leads the mammals of the world in mechanical and engineering skill. Our beavers are architects, carpenters, masons, lumbermen, log-cutters, and dam-builders, and are the most versatile animals known. They are always on the job, and pay no attention to the unions.

The most expert lumber-jack is inferior to the beaver as a tree-feller. He cuts down trees in the most scientific way. He can fell a tree so it will fall toward the pond where he wishes to construct his home, thus saving himself unnecessary work.

After the trees are felled the construction work begins. He works chiefly by night, for he is a nocturnal prowler. The moon is his lantern, the quiet of the night his inspiration, his sharp teeth are his hatchet and chisel, and his little paws are his means of conveyance, his spade, his hammer, and his trowel. His hard, flat, hairless, and scaly tail is a propeller when swimming and a balance when he is cutting timber, for he stands on his hind legs while gnawing down trees.

The beaver is a strict vegetarian and his diet consists chiefly of barks, tender shoots, and water-plants. The trees which furnish the bark he most likes are the cottonwood, poplar, elm, willow, birch, aspen, and box-elder. The bark of the oak, ash, and hickory he does not eat.



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

BABY BEAVERS AT HOME.

To flood low ground, the beavers sometimes

have to build a dam exceeding fifty feet in length. They usually lay it out with the curve facing upstream. The foundation is built of poles, four or five feet long by an inch or two thick. These they lay crosswise, filling all crevices with mud.

The beaver digs up mud with his fore feet, then holds it close to his breast with his fore legs, swims to where he has started his dam, and, having deposited it in its proper place, beats the mud down with his paws—*not with his tail* as has been believed.



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

BEAVERS AT WORK.

Then he builds his house. This is a well-constructed, two-story affair of neatly trimmed poles, from which the bark has been peeled, and logs two or three feet long, with all spaces plastered full of mud. The entrance is under water, with a water-tight living-room well above high-water mark. The cellar is used for storing food. The size of the house is four or five feet high and fifteen or eighteen feet in diameter. The exterior is not handsome,—it resembles a last year's hen's nest,—but it deceives his enemies as to his whereabouts and is warm and comfortable within.

The beaver builds his dams and houses to protect himself and his family. He has many enemies who seek him for food and for his beautiful fur. When his home is attacked, he makes his escape under deep water, and we are very glad that he has the cunning to protect himself from vicious marauders.

The beaver is the largest gnawing animal (rodent) in North America. The average beaver is about three feet six inches long from tip to tip, and weighs about thirty-five pounds. One huge specimen caught in eastern Canada weighed fifty-three pounds.

The adult beaver is soft grayish-brown in color, covered with coarse chestnut hair that is waterproof. He has small brown eyes and long orange-colored incisors, little funny ears, and a face resembling a squirrel.

Mr. Beaver spends most of his time in the water, but is an air-breathing mammal. He is found from Texas, throughout the Rocky Mountains, Sierras, and Cascades, northward to the northern limit of trees, and throughout Canada and New England.

A CANADA BEAVER

THE picture on the next page, taken only some eight hundred miles from the Arctic Circle, shows one of Nature's wildest and wariest animals unconsciously posing for his photograph. It is three in the morning of a northern Canadian summer day, and in this latitude the early-rising sun is just peeping over the eastern horizon. The stiff and weary camera-man, after many days of observation, located a likely spot and sat through the hours of mosquito-infested dark for several mornings, waiting for the dawn, before he was fortunate enough to capture this picture of one of the beaver-colony testing his teeth. Scientists and the Indians claim that the great number of trees cut down by these little animals is not al-

together due to industry, but to the necessity of keeping their teeth worn down, as they grow very fast and would otherwise disable the animal.

Even in the farthest wilds, where the sight of man should not cause great alarm, the beaver still remains the shyest of wilderness creatures. Doing most of their work at night or in the early hours of the day, they flash under water and into their dome-shaped homes on the slightest sign of the approach of a strange object.

In Canada's Northland, where some of the world's greatest fur shipments come from, the beaver-skin was long one of the most valuable of furs. During the early part of the last century a rude system of exchange in which the beaver-skin figured as the medium was put into effect by the traders there, and on this same valuation much trade is still carried on to-day between the Hudson's Bay factors and the Indians. One beaver is equal to so much tea, lead, powder, tobacco, and other necessaries and luxuries of the wild. Rude bits of stick having a one-beaver valuation are used. When an Indian comes to trade his fur pack for goods from the store, it is valued at so many beaver, and, the bargain made, the factor hands over so many one-beaver sticks till the full price of the pack is paid. The Indian then, in turn, chooses what he requires from the store, paying for his purchases with these sticks.



A MEMBER OF THE BEAVER-COLONY TESTING HIS TEETH.

Like the buffalo and many other wild animals that formerly existed in large numbers upon the North American continent, the number of beavers is rapidly diminishing with the inroads of civilization. To-day, in western Canada, stringent laws forbid the hunting or taking of the animals. In the province of Manitoba, south of the forty-fourth parallel, none can be taken at any time; in Saskatchewan the close season exists until the first of December, 1920. A seizure of twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of illicitly taken beaver-skins was made in Ontario in the spring of 1914, a large fur-house standing the loss by being found out.

Among the Indians of the north country, particularly the Chippewyan tribe, the beaver is held in great veneration. To this day, before killing a beaver, they first apologize to the animal for the necessity of so doing, which no doubt soothes the victim's feelings. This custom is probably closely connected with an ancient tribal legend told to the writer recently while at Fond du Lac, which is as follows:

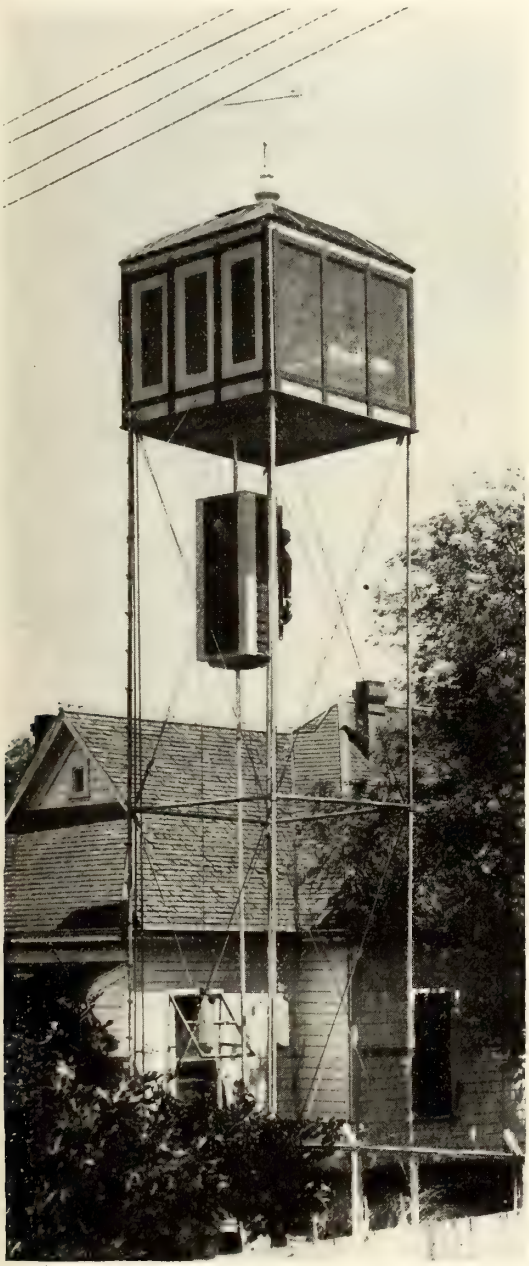
On the north shore of Lake Athabasca there is a large dome-shaped rock known throughout the surrounding country as Beaver Lodge. Directly across the lake from the rock is a considerable patch of red rock, which the Indians use to make paint. According to the Indians, in the early days of the earth the beavers were the ruling race and men were their slaves. As the years rolled on, the slaves became more intelligent, finally revolting against their masters. A great fight followed, and the king of beavers, under the fierce attack, was forced to fly from the identical beaver lodge on Lake Athabasca which was then his home. He was badly wounded, but, diving from his lodge, he swam under water until he reached the opposite shore, where he died, after having lost so much blood that it stained all the rocks there a permanent red which remains to this day and makes the finest of pigment.

Francis J. Dickie.

A SLEEPING-PORCH ON TOP OF A TOWER

A novel sleeping-porch has been devised and tried out with great success by Mr. L. H. Gregory of Winters, California. It consists of a screened chamber, about ten feet square, on top of a forty-foot steel tower. At this height the occupant of the room, which contains a single bed and a couple of chairs, gets the benefit of every breeze that blows, and is above the troublesome vapors which arise from the ground on damp evenings.

Access to the bedchamber is by means of a small, electrically-operated elevator, which enters the apartment through a trap-door in the floor. The trap-door closes automatically and keeps out mos-



quitos and flies when the elevator is at the foot of the tower.

Mr. Gregory's invention has not only resulted in the complete cure of a bad case of insomnia, aggravated by tossing restlessly on a hot bed in a hot room during the summer months, but the abundance of fresh air at night has also been instrumental in building up his general health.

His first idea was to build a tree bungalow, but as there were no trees on his place large or strong enough to support such a structure, he conceived the plan of the steel tower. The tower is so strongly constructed that the occupant of the room never feels the slightest fear of being blown over, even when a very strong wind is blowing. Besides affording an ideal sleeping-place, the tower bedroom is also an excellent place in which to read, and from it there are fine views of all the surrounding neighborhood.

ROBERT H. MOULTON.

TURNING LIGHT ON THE SUN—IS IT TOO HOT TO BURN?

SOME of the scientists connected with the Smithsonian Institution in Washington have been throwing light on the sun. Paradoxical as this may seem, it is not more paradoxical than their discovery that the sun is not a burning ball because it is too hot to burn!

They explain it in this way: At six thousand degrees centigrade, the estimated temperature of the sun's surface, almost all chemical compounds can neither exist nor form. Without chemical compounds, you cannot have combustion. Thus, wood is a chemical compound. When it burns, the combustion is merely the process of oxygen and other air elements uniting with the elements in the wood, which in turn are rearranging themselves into new compounds. At six thousand degrees of heat, matter can exist only in its basic elements, such as carbon, potassium, and the like, nor will the intense heat permit these elements to unite to form combustible compounds. Therefore, the scientists argue, the sun is too hot to burn.

What then, they ask, causes its heat? Here the wise men fall to quarreling, some asserting that radioactivity is the secret of the sun's warmth, while others maintain that the heat results from pressure brought about by the contraction of the sun's mass about its own center of gravity. The latter theory boasts of the more adherents, but it is by no means established as a fact. Indeed, when submitted to the test of mathematics, there seems to be a fatal objection, for, by a long and complex calculation the contractionists estimate the sun's age at seventeen million years; but as geology tells us the earth is older than this, the sun would then be younger than the earth, an obvious impossibility.

However, for our own peace of mind, let us adopt the contraction theory, since it implies that

as ages merge into future ages the sun, instead of cooling, will grow even hotter. It is roughly estimated that a cubic yard of earth weighs a ton and is a wagon-load. A cubic yard of sun-stuff weighs only five hundred pounds. It could be lifted by three husky men. So there is plenty of room yet for the contraction of the sun, keeping up its heat.

And what wonderful heat it is! It comes to us through ninety-three million miles of interplanetary space, the temperature of which is two hundred and seventy-three degrees below the freezing-point, and yet it arrives in such a flood that it radiates five thousand horse-power of energy upon each earth-acre at noon on a clear day.

That is a great deal of horse-power. For years one of the great problems for the Government has been the final disposal of the enormous quantity of water-power in the streams which are under Federal control. Yet the total of this available water-power is only sixty million horse-power. The sun radiates much more energy than that every bright day in an average county.

If we could only utilize this great power, or half of it, or a quarter of it, the fuel problem would be solved for all time. Thus far, however, the most successful efforts have succeeded in utilizing only about four per cent. of the sun-energy received by experimental solar engines. Writing for the Smithsonian's latest annual report, A. S. E. Ackermann, of England, describes his solar engine set up near Cairo, Egypt, five boilers on end receiving the concentrated rays reflected by mirrors having an area of 13,269 square feet, and developing energy at the rate of sixty-three usable horse-power per acre.

ROBERT F. WILSON.

A REMARKABLE SOAP-BUBBLE

AT a recent meeting of the Royal Institution, London, Sir James Dewar exhibited a remarkable soap-bubble that he had blown a month before, and which was still as perfect as when formed. It is described as a glowing sphere of iridescent color, showing no signs of "blackness," which is the prelude of collapse. The longevity of the bubble is described by Lord Rayleigh as a case of suspended gravitation, which is due to the fact that it was blown in and with clean air, free from motes or small particles of solids, which, so far as soap films are concerned, appear to be the seeds of decay.—SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.



DIGGING UP THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.



Christmas Eve



By
Walter Taylor Field

Illustrated
By
Blanche Fisher Wright

I. ELEVEN O'CLOCK

I WONDER if it 's Christmas yet. I went to bed at eight.
I 've slept a hundred hours, I guess, and still I have to wait.
It 's just as dark as dark can be, and not a single ray
Of light comes through the curtains, yet it surely must be day.

The stockings are all hanging up along the chimney-shelf,
And mine is next the fireplace—I hung it there myself.
Hark! Somebody is walking there, and it must surely be
That Santa Claus has come at last. I 'll peek downstairs and see.

My sakes! He 's been and filled them, and they are hanging there
With that delightful lumpy look that Christmas stockings wear!
There 's Mother—and she 's peeking in! I think it 's just too bad
That she can't wait till morning comes, to see what luck she 's had.

She 's often said to me that if I peeked before 't was light,
I 'd only find some coal and things—for peeking is n't right.
She 's taking lots of risks, I think, just after what she 's said;
But *I 'm* not peeking anyhow; I 'm going back to bed.



"IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DREAM, I GUESS."

II. THREE O'CLOCK

I had a funny dream just now. I dreamed that Santa Claus
Came up the stairs, and through the door, and then, without a pause,
Tiptoed to where I lay asleep, all snuggled up in bed;
He was a stumpy little man; his cheeks were round and red;

His whiskers were as white as snow; his nose was short and wide;
He wore a long fur overcoat with pockets on the side,
And sticking from the pockets there were dolls, and pop-corn strings,
And wooden guns, and jumping-jacks, and, oh, all sorts of things!

He crept across the bedroom floor without a bit of noise,
And took a pack from off his back all bulging out with toys;
And then he sat upon the bed and whispered in my ear,
"What is the number of the skates you 're wanting now, my dear?"

I jumped right up and shouted, "Eights!" but Santa Claus had gone;
He took his pack and left no track, and I was all alone.
It must have been a dream, I guess. I 'd like to take one peep,
But still it 's dark as anything, so I must go to sleep.

III. FIVE O'CLOCK

Hello! I am awake again! It 's surely Christmas now!
I can't see daylight, but I know it 's morning, anyhow.
And there 's the clock! It 's striking five! Now if it is n't day,
It ought to be—at five o'clock; that 's all I 've got to say!

Why, in the summer-time at five it 's light as anything,
And we get up and walk about, and hear the robins sing;
The sun is late this time of year,—that, any one can see,—
But just because the sun is late, 's no reason I should be.

So here I go right down the stairs and to the chimney-place.
My! See how full my stocking is! There is n't any space
For those big bundles on the floor. And there! I wonder who—
A pair of skates! They 're number eights! I knew my dream was true!

Here is a box of building-blocks, and here 's a train of cars,
And here 's a sled all painted red, with blue and yellow stars.
Hurrah for Santa Claus, I say! My stocking 's almost burst.
"Oh, Merry Christmas, Mother! There! you see I said it first!"





"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY HENRY M. PICKEN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

As the month comes round in which the good St. Nicholas, for whom this magazine was named, makes his annual visit, the members of THE LEAGUE (which also bears his name) are always eager to do their share in honor of our cheery patron Saint. This year, however, we purposely chose to let him remain in the background for once, and, in selecting Yule-tide subjects, asked our young poets to celebrate "The Spirit of Christmas," the prose-writers "A Historic Christmas," and the young artists "Christmas Carols."

Right nobly have they all risen to the occasion, as every reader of the following pages will testify. And so, with most hearty thanks and congratulations to these clever young contributors,—as well as to their comrades of the camera, who seem almost to have outdone themselves, if that were possible,—our beloved LEAGUE proudly brings to a close another twelvemonth of triumphant effort and great success, and wishes to each and all "A Very Merry Christmas!" and "A Happy New Year!"

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 202

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Emily Ross** (age 14), Nebraska. Silver badges, **Grace Becker** (age 15), Texas; **Evelyn Fenlon** (age 11), Pennsylvania; **Mary Regina McNally** (age 12), New York; **Grace Bassett** (age 13), Connecticut.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Elisabeth Gerould** (age 11), New Hampshire; **Rachel E. Saxton** (age 17), New York; **Ann Elizabeth Sheble** (age 13), Pennsylvania.
Silver badge, **Helen Allerton Winans** (age 16), New York.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Louise S. May** (age 17), New York; **Bessie Harper Doogue** (age 16), Massachusetts.
Silver badges, **Henry M. Picken** (age 16), New York; **Alice Sniffen** (age 15), Virginia.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Lillian Eddy** (age 14), Virginia; **Miriam Johnson** (age 15), Colorado.
Silver badges, **Carmen McKercher** (age 17), Kansas; **Jack Chapman** (age 15), Colorado; **Clarendon E. Seibert** (age 12), New York; **Osgood V. Tracy** (age 14), New York; **Joseph Coburn Smith** (age 15), District of Columbia.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Frances M. Segner** (age 14), Pa.; **Edward Russell Stabler** (age 10), Conn.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Hugh Warren Kite** (age 13), Massachusetts.
Silver badge, **Dorothy R. Stewart** (age 16), New Hampshire.



BY CARMEN MCKERCHER, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)
(The oldest house in the United States, at St. Augustine, Fla.)



BY ROBERT MCGRATH, AGE 15.
(Washington's home, Mount Vernon.)

"A HISTORIC SPOT."

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

BY ELISABETH GEROULD (AGE 11)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1916)

When the air is filled with the driving snow,
That piles in drifts so high;
When the babbling brook is sheathed in ice,
And the wild wind rushes by,
Then the shortest day in the year draws near,
And then Christmas-tide is nigh.

The yellow flames from the Yule log leap
Up the chimney black and wide;
Their fitful glare in the cool, crisp air
Shines on to the snow outside.
The chimes ring clear, and Christmas is here,
With the spirit of Christmas-tide.

The tapering green of the Christmas tree
Is laden with candles bright.
Their yellow glow on the soft white snow
Shines merrily through the night.

The flickering candles are burning low,
The Yule log is charred and gray,
But a spirit of giving is everywhere—
The spirit of Christmas day.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY

BY GRACE BECKER (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

Long years ago, when the "Land of the Gods," beautiful Greece, was in the midst of her glory, the far-reaching and mighty Persian Empire stretched her terrible arms toward the states nestling amid the rocks and gulfs of the Mediterranean. Xerxes, in the pride of his power,



"BUSY." BY JACK CHAPMAN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

demanded earth and water from each state, only to be met with refusal. The Greeks, terrified by the news of an enormous army, led by Xerxes, at that moment crossing the Hellespont on a bridge of boats, held a council. Success could come to them only in courage, not numbers.

On the way there were narrow passes for the Persians to encounter, and the Greeks selected the world-famed Pass of Thermopylæ for defense. And so it happened that noble Leonidas, king of Sparta, with four thousand Greeks from different states guarded the pass against an army a hundred times their size.

When the vast horde reached the pass, Xerxes laughed at the handful there to meet him. Four days he waited for them to take the offensive, and when they did not, he attacked. Two days they fought, and the Greeks seemed as impregnable as a pillar of stone.

Then, at night, a wretched Greek betrayed to the Persians a narrow mountain path that led them through; and when the Greeks awoke, they beheld a glittering mass of arms below them. There was no hope now, so brave Leonidas sent the allies home, remaining with



"A HISTORIC SPOT." BY BETTY LOWE, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.) (Tell's chapel, Lake Lucerne.)

only his three hundred Spartans, and seven hundred Thespians, bravest of all the Greeks, who pledged themselves to die at their post.

Bravely they fought and nobly they died; for by the time their little band lay slain, with not one left to tell the tale, over twenty thousand Persians had perished.

This happened more than two thousand years ago, but the name of Leonidas has lived, and that brave example has nerved many a heart. Truly, that battle, a defeat, was worth many times more than victory!

A HISTORIC CHRISTMAS

BY HELEN FURST (AGE 11)

King John of England was celebrating Christmas with his courtiers at Winchester. The Yule log was burning brightly, and all sorts of jests were heard.

John was moody notwithstanding all this. It was the year 1214, and his reign had hardly been what might have been called a success. Most of it, so far, had been taken up in quarrels. He had lost his European possessions through a conflict with Philip of France.

The feast was supposed to last several days, but John and his courtiers left the day following Christmas.

When they arrived at London, they were greeted by a brilliant pageant. This pageant was composed of barons and their followers, all dressed in full armor. This procession was the outcome of two indignant meetings. At the first meeting, held at St. Albans, and the second, held at St. Edmunds, they resolved to come before the king at Christmas and force him to sign a charter giving the English people their long-neglected rights.

When John saw the procession, he wavered; and when he saw the document, he asked to be allowed to consider it till Easter. The barons were angry, but they withdrew and waited till Easter.

However little they accomplished on Christmas, it was the first attempt to bring about the signing of the Magna Charta.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

BY HELEN ALLERTON WINANS (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

'T was night—dark, dark, storm-swept, and Christmas eve.
The leaden sky, low-piled with scudding clouds,
The bleak, chill wind that whined and roared,
Whirling the sleet and snow to earth,
Then lifting it again in sudden rage
To dash it 'round in seething, eddying clouds—
All this bespoke the terrifying struggle,
The furious, angry clash of wind and weather.

And then a silence fell upon the earth.
So still it was, the moaning wind could scarce be heard
Sobbing and sighing fitfully
'Mid the snow-laden branches of the pines.
Clear shone the moon, and cold and bright;
Soft fell the beams, like silver-dust,
And sent their mystic, wavering finger-marks
Across the hills and vales, pearl-like, all wrapped in snow.

The tower clock had chimed its last faint notes,
When from the clouds she glided to the earth,
A spirit clad in pure and snowy robes,
Gold-tinted with the light from heaven's gate.
The spirit Christmas, fair and wise,
She was an angel sent to calm the storm,
To cheer the saddened hearts of mortal men,
And bid the world awake to greet the day.



"BUSY." BY CLARENDON E. SEIBERT, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY

BY EMILY ROSS (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1916)

To me the most interesting episode of history is that campaign of the Civil War when Stonewall Jackson, with barely fifteen thousand men at his command, defeated four divisions of the Union Army, led McDowell a merry chase from Fredericksburg to the Shenandoah Valley, threatened Washington, and saved Richmond.

Jackson was ordered to the Shenandoah to keep McDowell's army of forty thousand from reaching Major-General McClellan, who was preparing to march on the Confederate capital, and at the same time perform the almost impossible feat of holding in check the armies under Frémont, Banks, Milroy, and Shields. The combined Federal forces thus arrayed against Jackson numbered eight times his little army; yet with a brilliant series of movements, so swift as to gain for his command the title of "foot cavalry," he quickly succeeded in defeating each army in turn.

The Union troops under Banks, falling back before his advance, succeeded, by tremendous exertion, in crossing the Potomac. Jackson was now marching on Washington, and it was high time for that city to be alarmed. A call for men to defend the capital was sent to the governors of the Northern States. The President took military command of all railroads, and three generals, Banks, Frémont, and McDowell, were ordered to catch the dashing leader of this invading army.

Jackson was now thoroughly alarmed, so a rapid retreat was begun. He was brought to bay at Cross Keys, June 8th, by Frémont, who was repulsed. The next day, at Port Republic, Shields struck him, but was hurled back five miles.

Having now accomplished his mission, Jackson with his "foot cavalry," by a series of clever movements, slipped through the fingers of the three generals, and, completing the journey by rail, rolled merrily into Richmond, just in time to join Lee in the seven-days' battle before that city.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY
A HISTORIC CHRISTMAS

BY EVELYN FENLON (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

My favorite episode in history is Washington crossing the Delaware and the battle of Trenton, which followed. When I think of the bravery of those twenty-four hundred ragged, hungry and frozen soldiers starting on that perilous journey on the river filled with floating ice, to fight men so much their superior in number and equipment, more than ever I am proud of being an American. Washington and twenty-four hundred picked men crossed the Delaware on rafts. When they reached the New Jersey shore, they proceeded to march toward Trenton. It was Christmas eve, and the Hessian soldiers were drinking and merrymaking. A Tory woman saw the Americans crossing and sent a note to the Hessian commander, telling him that he would soon be attacked; but he was interested in a game of cards that they were playing, and thrust it in his pocket unread. Soon the Americans came up and took them by surprise, and they were compelled to surrender. This turned the tide of the Revolution. It has been said, "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions," but this exploit showed that He is sometimes with the weak.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

BY RACHEL E. SAXTON (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1914)

M for the mistletoe, High, high above;
E for eatables, All of us love;
R for riddles, Puzzling us sore—
Right selections of Presents galore;
Y for Yule log, Yule-tide, too,
Happiest season for me and you.

C for the candles, Never so bright;
H for the holly, Elect for this night;
R for rhymes Whose measures tell
Infinite joy, Yes, peace as well;
S means Santa, Eminent friend,
True to the children, A saint to the end;
M for many gifts, Ready to send.
A means *all* of us wish *all* of you
Season's greetings both fond and true.



BY JULIET THOMPSON, AGE 15.
(Shakespeare's Birthplace.)



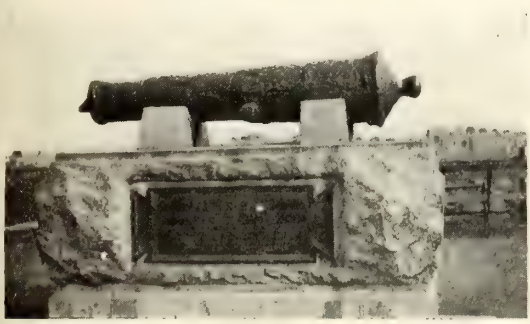
BY FLORENCE MARKWARD, AGE 10.
(Gen. Lee's Headquarters, Gettysburg.)



BY WILLIAM D. BARBOUR, AGE 13.
(Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C.)



BY CAROLINE STEIN, AGE 15.
(Washington's Headquarters, Valley Forge.)



BY GERALD H. LOOMIS, AGE 17.
(McGown's Pass, New York.)



BY MARIAN LAURENCE, AGE 14.
(Magdalen College, Oxford.)

"A HISTORIC SPOT."

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY

BY ELINOR E. COLBY (AGE 13)

HARK! not a sound could be heard all over the city of Geneva. Every one was asleep, even the burghers, for it was one of the longest and coldest nights of the winter. But what was that? A dim figure crept out of the darkness and toward the city walls, then another and another, until there seemed to be no end to their number. Nearer they crept to the walls, up went the ladders without a sound, a low whistle, and up the ladders started the head foemen.

Did I say every one was asleep? It was not so, for an old dame, who lived near the wall, felt uneasy for some reason, and, rousing herself, crept to the window and looked out. Could she believe her eyes? There under her window were French foemen scaling the wall, to sack and capture the city of Geneva! What could she do? She was too old to warn the city. Ah! Quickly she hobbled across the room to the fireplace, where hung a huge kettle of chocolate brewing for the next day's feast. Hurriedly she lifted the kettle from the fire and hobbled back to the window, then, down poured the scalding chocolate on the heads of the soldiers! Loud their cries rang out, and in a minute the whole city was aroused. The foemen were beaten back and the city of Geneva was safe.

Many were the honors showered upon the brave de-

fenders of the city, but still more were showered upon the old dame who saved the city with her pot of boiling chocolate.

This is the reason why merry masqueraders troop the streets of Geneva on the night of January twelfth, "Escalade Day."

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

BY ANN ELIZABETH SHEBLE (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1916)

Down the city highways, where the silent snow is falling,
Comes a lovely strain of silv'ry music—hark!
It is the Christmas angel softly, sweetly calling,
Calling to the children through the dark.

She is a lovely spirit, and her wings are shining white,
A messenger of happiness, not pain.
She is striving to be with us, and to give us of her light,
So we must prepare our hearts for her again.

There are rosy children smiling, gently smiling in their dreams,
For they know that she is passing in the street.
They are with her in the spirit, darling little ones, it seems,
And they follow her with eager, willing feet.

So listen when the music through the silence of the night
Comes ringing in an old, well-known refrain—
Sometimes happy and familiar, sometimes sad, and sometimes bright;
We have heard it oft before and shall again.

As long as there are children, little children in the world,
There will be a Christmas angel gliding quietly around.
And forevermore on Christmas eve her music may be heard,
While the stars are coldly shining, and the snow is on the ground.

A HISTORIC CHRISTMAS

BY MARY REGINA MC NALLY (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

Timmy Tittlemouse scampered from his hole as soon as the last light had winked out on Christmas night.

Bobby Brown had received a new history for Christmas. In his enthusiasm he had discarded his old one. It lay on the nursery floor.

"Sniff!" said Tittlemouse; "I smell something sweet!" He poked under the history whence the pleasing aroma had issued. To his dismay, he found all his poking fruitless. The piece of candy was stuck fast to the cover. He had n't had any sweeties for his Christmas. He must get this.

A thought struck him. He scampered to the top of the book; he gnawed through the cover; then he nibbled the first chapter.

"Humph!" said Timmy; "Columbus discovered America! The world is a sphere! I don't care; I 'm going to get my sweetie!"

He continued thus destructively until he had gnawed a few more chapters.

"So settlers came to America; a certain Sir Walter Raleigh never had a successful colony; Jamestown settled 1607; Plymouth 1620; New Amsterdam 1623. Well, after I 'm through I 'll know enough history!"

He continued nibbling.

"Washington fought in the Revolution; first President. Gracious! I eat nothing but Washington and the spirit of 'seventy-six. America won independence from England; 1812, second war with England; war with Mexico—United States successful. Oh dear," sighed poor Timmy, "there are enough wars to fill my brain!"

After some vigorous chewing he cried: "Goody! I 'm finished! I 've eaten and read enough history to last a lifetime—the Civil War, Spanish American, all sorts of political trouble! But for a reward I have my candy." He started to munch contentedly—when in came the cat!

Safely in his hole again, Timmy sighed pessimistically, "Well, even if I 've lost my candy, I 've certainly had a historic Christmas!"



BY MIRIAM JOHNSON, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JAN., 1915)



BY OSGOOD V. TRACY, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY JOSEPH C. SMITH, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"BUSY"



BY MARIAN T. LEIGH, AGE 16.
(Statue of Washington, New York, where he took his oath of office.)



BY ELIZABETH WHEELER, AGE 17.
(Plymouth Rock, where the Pilgrims landed.)

"A HISTORIC SPOT."



BY LILLIAN EDDY, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON AUG., 1916.)
(The house where President Lincoln died, opposite Ford's Theater.)

MY FAVORITE HISTORICAL EVENT

BY MARGARET STAPLETON (AGE 13)

My favorite historical event is a scene in French history. It is where La Fayette leads Marie Antoinette to the balcony, where she stands before a mob made desperate by years of hunger and oppression. There has been much trouble, and the king and queen are in great danger. The king has decided to go to Paris. La Fayette, still loyal to his queen, steps up to her and asks, "And what shall you do, Madame?" "I shall go with the king," she answered bravely. "Then come with me"; and leading her to the balcony before which the angry French mob has gathered, he presents her to the people. There she stands, queen of all France, in danger of death, for in the crowd there are guns pointed at her. Then La Fayette with grave courtesy bends and kisses his sovereign's hand. The angry shouts die away, and in their place come cries of *"Vive la Reine!"*

Once more the monarchy has been saved.

This is my favorite episode, because it shows the true courage of a queen whom too many have blamed.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY

(*The Boston Tea-party*)

BY ELIPHALET WICKES (AGE 11)

Not an ordinary tea-party—no. This one was attended by forty-two men. The Atlantic was the tea-pot, and an English ship the tea-room. Also, those forty-two time-honored guests left their manners at home. Yet all this happened in Boston!

This is how it happened:

The Townshend Acts had been repealed, all except a rather small duty on tea. The governor of Massachusetts, who represented the king there, was determined that the tea should be brought ashore, which did n't suit the colonists.

So on the eve of December 16, 1773, a meeting was held at the Old South Meeting-house. The colonists decided that, at all costs, the tea should *not* be landed.

The night of December 16 has arrived. On board the ship all are peacefully sleeping.

A war-whoop is suddenly raised near the meeting-house! A tribe of Indians, brandishing tomahawks and battle-axes, swarm down to the ship!

The terrified sailors ran to hide as the Indians rushed on deck! Below deck ran the Indians straight for the door of the hold!



"CHRISTMAS CAROLS." BY ALICE SNIFFEN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Crash! Crash!! Crash!!! went the battle-axes. Soon the hold was broken in, and the tea found.

Splash! Splash!! Splash!!! Over the rail and into the harbor the tea was thrown!

After the entire cargo (value $90,000) was gone, *what* do you think happened?

With a grand flourish, the "Indians" flung off their disguise, and there stood the forty-two valorous Puritans!

A HISTORIC CHRISTMAS

BY GRACE BASSETT (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

It was a starlit winter evening, but in the village of Bethlehem all was hurry and excitement. The town was full of people returning from different parts of the country to pay their taxes. The inn was brightly lighted, and there was revelry and merriment inside. A poor man came to the door and asked for lodging. But he was turned away, having been told there was no room except in the stable. So to the stable he and his wife went, with only the peaceful cattle for companions. Before morning, a baby son was born to them.



"CHRISTMAS CAROLS." BY HELEN G. BARNARD, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Out on the hillsides some shepherds were guarding their flocks through the night. Suddenly it became very bright, and an angel spake, telling them of the birth of the baby who was their king. So the shepherds walked back to Bethlehem, taking their lambs with them as presents to the little boy.

As they were going towards Bethlehem, some other travelers were journeying the same way. They came from the East, traveling for miles over the desert in the wake of a wonderful star. They were very wise astronomers, who had seen this star, more large and brilliant than any other. So they followed it for many miles, watching for it to stop. The star still moved on, until just over a poor stable it stood still. The great men stopped also, and, taking their rich offerings, went in to worship the child.

There were the shepherds kneeling before the manger, where, on the fragrant hay, the baby was lying. The cattle looked in wonder at these sharers of their dwelling—a poor carpenter and his wife, some plain shepherds, and three Eastern kings, all in silent adoration of this innocent child Jesus, asleep in the manger. And so began the first Christmas in the world's history.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

BY LEILA KARAGHEUSIAN (AGE 13)

Joyful bells across the snows;
Tidings of cheer the north wind blows;
The fire crackles and spurns the blast;
The candles on the tree are burning fast;
The rooms are decked with holly bright;
The mistletoe shines like a light;
Every heart, that is far and near,
Feels that Christmas day is here.

PEACE HAS HER VICTORIES

BY BARBARA W. BURKS (AGE 13)

A little pup strolled forth one day
  Adventures for to find;
He had no home; he had no friends,
  For Fate had not been kind.

He came across a little kit,
  And she was homeless, too.
The pup, he growled; the kit, she yowled;
  As pups and kits will do.

Then puppy said, "Oh, Pussy-cat,
  Why should we scrap and row?
We both are friendless in the world,
  Why can't we be friends now?"

The pup and puss together, then,
  Went walking down the street.
A little girl espied them both,
  And cried, "Oh, are n't they sweet!

'A pup and pussy side by side!
  I never saw them so!
I 'll take them home, and Mother dear
  Will surely not say 'no.' "

The pup and puss are happy now,
  Forgot, their miseries.
And both agree that every day
  Peace has her victories.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY LOUISE S. MAY, AGE 17.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1916.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Elizabeth Gray
Julia A. Coveney
Gertrude H. Hardy
Christina Phelps
Hester Meigs
Tracy Higgins
Alice Bever
Narka Nelson
Blanche I. Graham
Maxine McBride
Elizabeth M. Abbott
Elise N. Locke
Bernard M. Pincus
Barbara Heininger
Douglas H. Schneider
Carol Crowe
Marion Richter
Lois Meier
Louise A. Jackson
Evelyn H. Randall
Annie Hall
Chester F. McSpadden
Fannie M. Bouton

VERSE, 1

Frances C. Hamp
Frances MacR. Gray
Diana H. S. Wertheim
Annette Auslander
Mabel C. Warren
Louise Durst
Frances Ellsworth
Alice Hanna
Harold Richardson
Marion L. Letcher
Mildred A. B. Eicker
Mary S. Benson
Agnes MacDonald
Sara B. Smith
Dorethea Küwnick
Ruth Beatty
Pearl Robertson

Natalie M. Rud
Margaret D. Reese
Dorothy C. Walsh
Margaret Foldes
Florence White
Helen Brown
Betty Watlington
Betty Upham
Virginia Deardorff
Amelia L. Bush
Edith Fletcher
Elizabeth F. Cornell
Ethel S. Polhemus
Constance Curran
Esther Stewart
Catharine M. French
Lucia K. Sherman
Lea Pottlitzer
Gwendolyn Longyear
Janet D. Turnbull
Hope Deming Warner
John T. Taylor, Jr.
Lillie W. Conn
Janet Scott
Evelyn Heymann
Norwood F. Belden
Urling Valentine
Katharine J. Miller
Gioconda Savini
Alice Knoche Cobb



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER" BY JUNE WELLMAN, AGE 13.

Elizabeth Peirce
Beatrice Lowenthal
Yvonne N. Smith

DRAWINGS, 1

Elaine Saulsbury
John Ramsey
Marian Allardt
Marie Thérèse Marique
Elizabeth Mouat
Dorothy F. Hodge
Constance Sawyer
Margaret Kendall
Samuel Cherry
Arthur H. Palmer
Alfreda Mally
Margaret J. Sanders
Leona Harmon
Keith Hepburn
Walter Berndt
Helen Davies
John O. Logan
Marguerite Munger
Dorothy Heirominus
Alta I. Davis
Ruth Trappam
Gretchen Hercz
Loretta Bogue
Austin V. Helfenstein
Alice Winchester
Hester B. Curtis
Carola Kip
Howard Armstrong
Crawford Buell
Carolyn B. Allison
Ruth A. Williams
Eleanor H. Newell
Margaret Wyer
Fred E. Foth
Carolyn Francis
Anna Pratt
Martha L. Bartlett
J. Spencer Brock, Jr.
Helen Goodell
Janet MacKay
Frederic W. Taylor
Kathleen Scudder
Marion Gifford
Madelaine R. Brown
Anne Carvey
Ruth B. Scrivener
Dorothea A. Worman
Frances Knoche Marlatt
Kathryn Annette Lyon
Jacqueline Apollonio
Elizabeth R. O'Kane
Mary C. Hamilton
Heyltje Stewart
Louis Burt
Dorothy Marshall
Ruby E. Merrill
Bernice Cohen
Helene Beauchamp
Elinor Raas
Cecil Bull
Emily Pendleton
Katherine A. Frederic
Theone Lindeman
Veda E. Falkenhainer

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Edith West
Harriet Dow
Mary R. Steichen
F. Brice Johnson
Alice B. Lee
Katharine Stebbins
Henry M. Justi, Jr.
Glenn Johnson
Louise Richardson
Dorothy H. Leach
Elbert Dalton
Barbara Willoughby
Isabel McIsaac
C. Everett Rhodes
Catherine Gordon
Paul Sinclaire
Mary Nesmith
Thomas H. Logan
Josephine E. Joy
Blanche Wadleigh
Dora Miller
Gertrude M. Smith
Easton B. Noble
Jane Palmer
Mary E. Arostegin



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY BESSIE H. DOOGUE, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1916.)

PUZZLES, 1

Betty Lowe
Eleanor Pelham Kortheuer
Henrietta M. Archer
Edward M. Weyer, Jr.
Alberta Mooney
Helena Van de Carr
Joe Earnest
Catherine Briggs
Hope D. Warner
Margaret Mathews
Katherine Hamilton
Helen A. Morgan
Katharine H. White
Lucy Dorothy Thurston
Jeannette K. Finnemore
Ethel J. Earle
Donald V. Weaver
Richard L. Purdy
Dorothy Hawes
Ruth E. Foster
Helen Wood
Blanche L. Ford
Lavina Skeer
Janet G. Johnson
M. and H. Cohen
Janet Sprague
Fern Griffith
Doris E. Wilson
Ruth D. Hayden
Hazel Wilson
Cornelia B. Hussey
Curtis Deupree
Edith Behrens
Frances Ryman
Francesca Savini
Kathryn Logan
Eleanore M. Chamberlain
Katharine B. Buel
Richard M. McLaughlin

PUZZLES, 2

Helen Franc

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 206

THE ST NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 206 will close **December 24** (for foreign members **December 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **April.**

Verse To contain not more than twenty-four lines Subject, "Under the Snow "

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words Subject, "Somebody's Mistake."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blueprints or negatives Subject, "A Prize of the Camera."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "In Uniform," or a Heading for **April.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST NICHOLAS Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of THE RIDDLE-BOX

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in *a few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*— if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles." Address: **The St. Nicholas League,** 353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

TERIJOKI, FINLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is only the second year we have had you; and we left home in May, so that we only got a few numbers of you.

I am longing to get home, first, so that I can join THE LEAGUE, and, second, so I can find out the end of "The Boarded-up House."

I simply love "The Sapphire Signet," and when I told one of my friends about it and how exciting it is, she said she would never have the patience to wait a month; but I think she would just have to if she once started any of those stories. I think the funniest part of "The Sapphire Signet" is *Alexander's* slang.

We spent the winter in Petrograd. The place is just full of churches, and, to me, most of them smell like cold cream.

In the cathedral of Petrograd there is a lovely pearl ikon. In Baedeker's "Russia" any reader of ST. NICHOLAS will find a description of it. It is called the Kazan Cathedral.

Your very interested reader,
NANCY PATTEN (age 11).

LYME, CONN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I 'm sure some of your readers would be interested to know that I am very well acquainted with Mark Twain's Hartford house. It is very near ours, and the grounds almost touch each other. One of my dearest friends lives there now, so I feel quite intimate with the place. I went to school there for several years, and Mark Twain's billiard-room is where I struggled with arithmetic and scribbled compositions!

I have done all sorts of things in that house, from "dressing up" in the drawing-room, to climbing in under the roof through a little door in the wall! And outside, on the grounds, everything from tag to wading in a muddy pond. Mr. Warner's house is very near us, too, and a little way down the street is Harriet Beecher Stowe's house. I like you *so* much, and I wish there was even more to read in every number!!!

Affectionately yours,
GRACE BASSETT.

NICHOLLS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You cannot imagine how I enjoy the arrival of your magazine each month and look forward to it many weeks before it is due. It has given me more pleasure than any other magazine I ever read. I think the pictures on the covers are beautiful. July had the prettiest one yet.

I have lived in the country for almost two years now, and was in the Lower Coast storm of 1915, which was the third record storm in the world. Though it did much damage to property and upset houses, there was only one life lost near us. The water from the Gulf came in and ran over the front levee at the river, which is eight and one half feet high. That was on the twenty-ninth of September; and we had another on the fifth of July, just a day late in celebrating the Fourth. The September storm was accompanied by a hundred-and-twenty-five-mile-an-hour wind, while that of July had an eighty-mile-an-hour wind, with water up to the floor of the houses.

I think "The Sapphire Signet" was splendid, and I cannot congratulate your magazine enough for having put "The Boys' Life of Mark Twain" in it, for I think it very fine. I hope you will continue THE WATCH TOWER, NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS, and "On the Battle-front of Engineering" in your magazine.

I have two grown sisters and two small brothers who are interested in your magazine almost as much as I am.

With congratulations on an instructive, and, well, just splendid magazine, I am,

Your ardent reader,
MILDRED WILLIAMS (age 12).

YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you for the past six years. Mother gave me the two bound volumes for nineteen hundred and ten. Then I received you as a Christmas present for one year. Since then I have bought you from the news-stand with my allowance.

How hard it is to wait for each new number to appear on the news-stand! Father has promised to give you to me for a Christmas present this year.

I enjoy all the stories, short as well as serial. My small brother is greatly interested in the stories for little folk and the "Wonder-Box" tales, one of which Mother is reading to him now. Father is a baseball enthusiast, and liked to read the baseball articles. Mother always looks at the advertisements. So our ST. NICHOLAS is thoroughly read.

Sister and I are always so anxious to read you that Mother said we might read only one story at a time.

Your interested reader,
ELIZABETH CLELAND (age 13).

BLUEFIELD, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I love to read the letters in your magazine, and I thought maybe the other readers would like to hear about the queer spring that I visited at Sweet Chalybeate this summer. It has three different kinds of mineral waters in it,—magnesium, iron, and alum,—and they all come out of the same rock but in different places. The spring is a beautiful orange-colored rock, covered partially with moss.

I have been taking ST. NICHOLAS for not quite a year, but I love it just as if I had taken you for years and years. My aunt gave me a copy when I was in Chicago, and I read it first on the Interurban as I was going from the city to our apartment. I told my father about it when I came home, and he got it for me; and I 've been reading and saving them ever since. I 'm going to have them bound.

Your loving little reader,
MARY H. MANN (age 9).

NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.

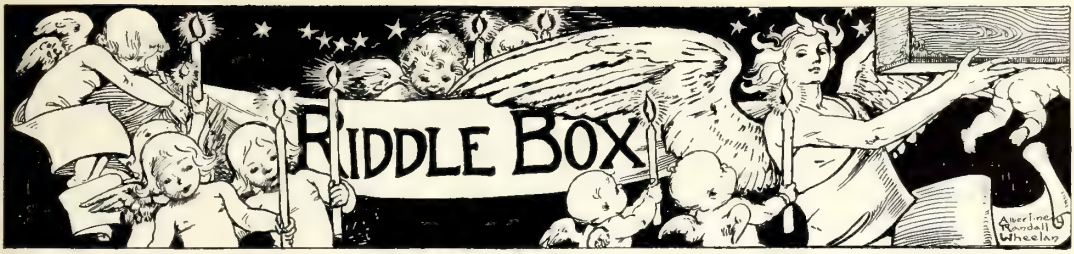
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you the things in you that I enjoy the most. I am going to choose two things which I have n't seen mentioned yet.

While nearly every one praises the stories, I admire and enjoy the reproductions from the paintings of children by Lydia Field Emmet. Also the painting, in the September ST. NICHOLAS, "Millicent," by Mrs. M. L. Waller.

The second thing which interests me most is the poetry by Clara Platt Meadowcroft about *Griflet* and *Little Prince Beaumain*.

Even if these are the two things I like best, I always look forward to the stories.

Sincerely yours,
A LOVER OF PICTURES.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. November. Cross-words: 1. Ninefold. 2. Oak-apple. 3. Vaporous. 4. Escorial. 5. Middling. 6. Brandish. 7. Endymion. 8. Rotation.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Erase. 2. Raven. 3. Avert. 4. Serve. 5. Enter.

TRANSPOSITIONS. William Bradford. 1. Thaw, what. 2. Coin, icon. 3. Halt, lath. 4. Dale, lade. 5. Mite, item. 6. Nail, anil. 7. Acme, mace. 8. Nabs, bans. 9. Leer, reel. 10. Wary, awry. 11. Tend, dent. 12. Wolf, flow. 13. Peon, open. 14. Dire, ride. 15. Rood, door.

DIAGONAL. Hamlet. Cross-words: 1. Hearth. 2. Banner. 3. Gimlet. 4. Hauled. 5. Millet. 6. Carpet.

DIAMOND. 1. A. 2. Ape. 3. Apple. 4. Elk. 5. E.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "It is the Puritans' Thanksgiving Eve . . . the sweetest holiday of all the year."

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Inkerman. 1. Quire. 2. Lance. 3. Baker. 4. Queen. 5. Forty. 6. Comet. 7. Slate. 8. Penny.

HEXAGON. Election, Presidential. Reading downward: 1. P. 2. Orb. 3. Every. 4. Lasts. 5. Emits. 6. Caddy. 7. Trend. 8. Inner. 9. Otter. 10. Neigh. 11. Bag. 12. L.

DOUBLE TRANSPOSITIONS. 1. Dear, read, dare. 2. Grab, brag, garb. 3. Reap, pare, pear. 4. Shoe, hose, hoes. 5. Care, race, acre. 6. Star, rats, arts. 7. Lose, sole, sloe. 8. Time, mite, emit. 9. Lime, mile, Emil. 10. Save, vase, aves. 11. List, slit, silt. 12. Pate, peat, tape. 13. Hear, hare, rhea. 14. Spin, nips, pins.

A MARTIAL ACROSTIC. Cross-words: 1. Syracuse. 2. Marathon. 3. Monmouth. 4. Hastings. 5. Bouvines. 6. Rossbach. 7. Saratoga. 8. Waterloo. Diagonal, Santiago. From 1 to 10, Washington; 11 to 21, Marlborough; 22 to 27, Cæsar; 28 to 34, Sherman; 35 to 39, Cyrus; 40 to 43, Otto; 44 to 46, Ito; 47 to 52, Thomas.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 24 from Marshall A. Best—Arnold Guyot Cameron—Hugh Warren Kite—Nancy Hough—Dorothy R. Stewart—Frances Knoche Marlatt—Katharine Howard White—Helen L. Young—Dorothy Manheim—Helen A. Moulton—Helen H. McIver—Elizabeth Lee Young—Barbara Haines.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 24 from Mary G. White, 9—Florence Helwig, 9—Malcolm D. Brown, 9—"Allil and Adi," 9—George Goodyear, 9—Emily Hayne, 9—"Midwood," 9—Constance Caldwell, 9—Claire A. Hepner, 9—Francis W. Bronson, 8—Sara M. MacCloskey, 8—Anna S. Larner, 8—Charles F. Dery, 8—"St. Anna's Girls," 8—Orrin G. Judd, 8—Alice Poulin, 7—Elise Ludlam, 7—Ramona Feely, 6—No name, 5—John S. Littell, 5—Heyltje Stewart, 4—Whitney Ashbridge, 3—Florence Noble, 3—Mary C. Spencer, 2—H. Taylor, 1—S. R. Bradley, Jr., 1—M. A. Talley, 1—W. E. Hinrichs, 1—J. G. Johnson, 1—M. Bogart, 1—I. Michaels, 1—B. L. Jacobs, 1.

ZIGZAG

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell a welcome word.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. That which fetters. 2. A phantom. 3. A feminine name. 4. A piece of furniture. 5. Ballads. 6. Tall. 7. Droll. 8. A social entertainment. 9. Portion.

LAURA F. LACY (age 13), *League Member.*

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of twenty-two letters and am Lyman Beecher's definition of eloquence.

My 11–22–1 is to observe. My 8–17–20–12 is to wind. My 2–13–3–18 is a northern, web-footed bird. My 14–21–10–6–19 is sorrow. My 4–5–15–7–16–9 is a fruit.

JAMES H. SIMPSON (age 11), *League Member.*

A CHAIN OF DIAMONDS



IN solving this puzzle, follow the accompanying diagram, though there are ten connected diamonds instead of three.

I. 1. In disbeliever. 2. An aëriform fluid. 3. To sew loosely. 4. A pen. 5. In disbeliever. II. 1. In disbeliever. 2. Conclusion. 3. To penetrate. 4. A lair. 5. In disbeliever. III. 1. In disbeliever. 2. A grassy field. 3. Tears. 4. Consumed. 5. In disbeliever. IV. 1. In disbeliever. 2. To add to. 3. Dexterity. 4. A tree. 5. In disbeliever. V. 1. In disbeliever. 2. A boy. 3. Filmy fabrics. 4. Moisture. 5. In disbeliever. VI. 1. In disbeliever. 2. Opening. 3. A title of respect in India. 4. To fasten. 5. In disbeliever. VII. 1. In disbeliever. 2. The native form of a metal. 3. Ample. 4. An organ. 5. In disbeliever. VIII. 1. In disbeliever. 2. Method. 3. Valleys. 4. Nevertheless. 5. In disbeliever. IX. 1. In disbeliever. 2. An emmet. 3. To entrap. 4. To essay. 5. In disbeliever. X. 1. In disbeliever. 2. Also. 3. To follow. 4. Proper. 5. In disbeliever.

When the ten connecting diamonds have been rightly guessed, the ten central letters (indicated by stars) will spell the name of a popular personage.

RUTH KATHRYN GAYLORD (age 15), *Honor Member.*

CHANGED HEADS

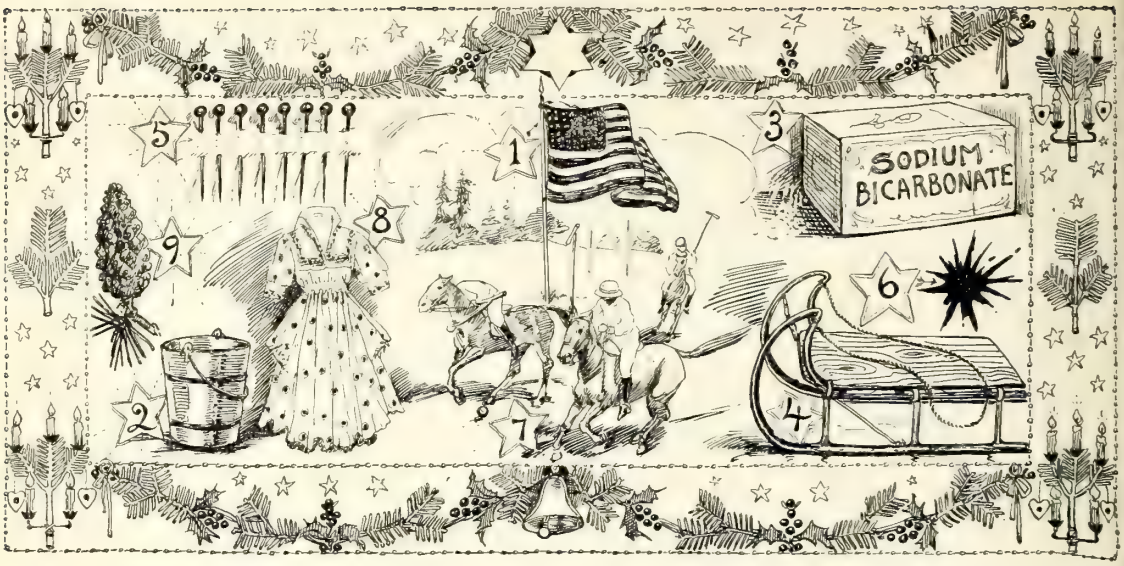
EXAMPLE: I am a sound. Change my head and I become, in turn, a hard substance, solitary, the fruit of the pine, and to sharpen. Answer, Tone, bone, lone, cone, hone.

I. I am a privilege. Change my head and I become, in turn, darkness, illumination, the sense of seeing, close, a combat, and power.

II. I am a part of a chair. Change my head and I become, in turn, a bag, an instrument of torture, a carriage, a small nail, a bundle, and want.

III. I am part of an apple. Change my head and I become, in turn, to be absorbed, knowledge, toward the front, additional, painful, to perforate, rent, and assumed.

JANE H. PALMER (age 13), *League Member.*



ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC

In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the nine objects are rightly named, and placed one below another, the last row of letters will spell the name of a famous man who was born on December 29.

ADDITIONS

Example: Add a division in music to a series, and make a vehicle. Answer: Bar-row.

1. Add a demand to capable, and make capable of being demanded. 2. Add to contract to epoch, and make bulk lost in shrinking. 3. Add a sound made by cats to a pursuer, and make one who buys. 4. Add a common little verb to suitable, and make proper. 5. Add a monument to a hard substance, and make an object sometimes seen in a churchyard. 6. Add to expire to a small sleigh, and make one who engraves dies. 7. Add a farmer's implement to a human being and make a rustic. 8. Add a human being to a head-covering and a light brown color, and make the island on which New York City is situated. 9. Add vivacity to water craft, and make contrivances for safety on the ocean.

When these additions have been made, and the nine nine-letter words have been written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the subject of many poems.

ALBERTINA L. PITKIN (age 14), *League Member.*

CHARADE

My *first* is a food, somewhat dry we should find;
My *last* is a cry of a mournful kind;
And my *whole*, when you guess, you will then understand,
Though a ring, 't is not meant to be worn on the hand.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

TRANSPOSITIONS

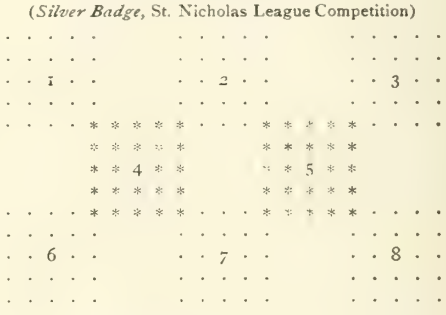
(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1. Transpose among, and make a female servant. 2. Transpose a part of the face, and make a measure of length. 3. Transpose a jar, and make to rescue. 4. Transpose to rush with violence, and make a fish. 5. Transpose to flay, and make colored fluids. 6. Transpose final, and make a sailor. 7. Transpose to crush, and make to counterfeit. 8. Transpose small cubes used in playing games, and make frozen. 9. Transpose to jump, and make wan. 10. Transpose a device for lighting, and make a tree. 11. Transpose duration, and make a paragraph.

When these transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the new words formed will spell the name of a noble river. EDWARD RUSSELL STABLER (age 10).

CONNECTED SQUARES

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. 1. A fruit. 2. Entreaties. 3. Fruit. 4. A young insect. 5. A composition.

II. 1. Pure. 2. A cuplike spoon. 3. Margins. 4. Vigilant. 5. Cozy abodes.

III. 1. Impress. 2. A bone of the leg. 3. A deep chasm. 4. Vapors. 5. Faded.

IV. 1. To long. 2. Invest. 3. To muddle. 4. Guided. 5. Wants.

V. 1. An animal. 2. To lift. 3. Relieves. 4. Occurrence. 5. Nuisances.

VI. 1. Burdened. 2. Apart. 3. A funeral hymn. 4. Bordered. 5. Necessities.

VII. 1. A fragment. 2. Reason. 3. Gossip. 4. Immersed in water. 5. The hero of the battle of Lake Erie.

VIII. 1. Serious. 2. A musical drama. 3. Started. 4. To efface. 5. In India, the wife of a raja.

FRANCES M. SEGNER (age 14).

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Let us send you booklet and liberal samples of Cream. Enclose 2c stamp for postage.

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ERECTOR Toy

Hello Boys!

What is ***The Gilbert Institute of Erector Engineering?***

Well—space will not permit me to tell you all about it here. You must write for my free, handsome book which contains the whole interesting story. However, the following will give you an idea as to what a big thing it is:

You know the great yearly prize contests that I have held—giving away Automobiles, Motorcycles, Canoes and hundreds of other valuable gifts for the best models built by boys.

Now—I am going to continue to give these prizes, and in addition—all boys who send me photographs or drawings of acceptable models of *any* Gilbert Toys, will be given free enrollment in ***The Gilbert Institute of Erector Engineering.***

Just think what this means to you!

You will become a member of the greatest Toy-Engineering university of the world. You will have an opportunity, just as the men who go to college have—of winning honors, degrees and diplomas that you will be proud of all your life. You will receive other valuable gifts, too, as you show your ability and determination to "go in to win." And you will have loads of fun while you are doing it.

Listen: ***"The Gilbert Institute of Erector Engineering"*** will confer on boys who show that they deserve it, Three Degrees, with handsome diplomas, suitable for framing.

The First Degree—"Erector Engineer."

The Second Degree—"Erector Expert Engineer."

The Third Degree—"Erector Master Engineer."

ERECTOR

"The Toy Like Structural Steel"

The Valuable Awards Given to Boys who Win the Third Degree

If you succeed in winning the Third and Highest Degree of "Erector Master Engineer," you will receive the following:—

1. A handsome Diploma ready for framing, conferring upon you the Degree and Title of "Erector Master Engineer."
2. A beautiful gold "E. M. E." Fraternity Pin.
3. The offer of a salaried position during the holiday season, following your winning the "Third Degree." This position is with our Demonstration Corps at a salary of $10.00 per week for three weeks. So you see you have a chance to earn back far more than the cost of your Toys.
4. A recommendation for a position with any firm, indicating that you are the type of boy who is likely to make good, and who has won highest standing in ***The Gilbert Institute of Erector Engineering.***

Remember: It is possible for only a few hundred boys each year to win the Third and Highest Degree of "Erector Master Engineer"—so when you succeed you will have good reason to be proud, because all your friends will know that you are the type of boy who is certain to succeed as a man. Of course, all Canadian boys are eligible to compete in the Erector Prize Contest and for free membership in ***The Gilbert Institute of Erector Engineering*** as the U. S. A. boys are. In fact, both these opportunities are open to boys of the entire world.

Get the complete story of ***The Gilbert Institute of Erector Engineering!*** It's in the big Free Book.

Fill out the coupon which appears at lower right-hand corner of the next page; mail it back to me, and I will send you your free copy of this beautiful book which tells all about it, as well as the valuable rewards, which go to boys who succeed. Mail back the coupon now.

ALFRED C. GILBERT, President
The A. C. Gilbert Company, New Haven, Conn.

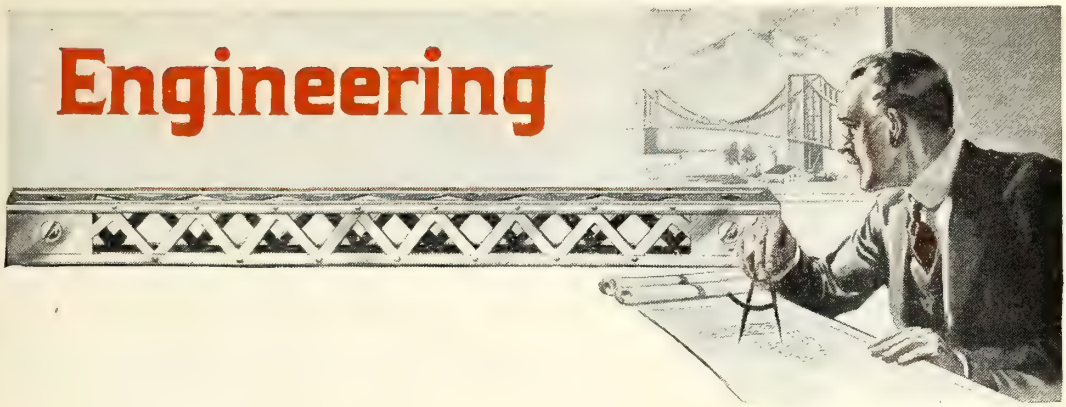
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I am giving away thousands of dollars in prizes for the best Erector or other construction toy models every year.

The First Prizes are a handsome Saxon automobile, and a beautiful Shetland Pony. Other prizes are Motorcycles, Bicycles, Canoes, Camping Outfits and hundreds of other valuable gifts.

Go after these prizes, boys!

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Erector is the toy for the "live-wire" boy—the boy who has imagination and ability. With a set of **Erector,** he can build models of the world-famous engineering feats like the Brooklyn Bridge, the Panama Canal, the Great Skyscrapers of New York City, the Eiffel Tower, and hundreds of other things such as Machinery, Automobiles, Aeroplanes, Battleships, Engines, Printing Presses, Steam Shovels, Farm Implements, etc.

If you already own a set of **Erector,** you will be interested in the new 1916 sets, and the new manuals which show how you can build bigger and finer models.

Get These Big Exclusive Advantages!

The Only Actual Structural Steel Toy.
The lapped, interlocking edges (an exclusive patented feature) enable you to build four-sided or square columns.
Each piece is stamped accurately out of steel.
Each part scientifically made; correct in design and proportion.
More parts for building strongest and largest models.
Every essential engineering part.
Anything mechanical can be duplicated with **Erector.**
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A sturdy Electric Motor comes with most sets and will lift 200 pounds when properly geared. Scientifically constructed by experts. More than a toy. Operates with Reversing Switch Base, Control Switch, Multi-Geared Motor-Box.
Three big Manuals, showing over 500 exceptional mechanical models. In addition to these illustrated thousands of other models can be built, depending upon your originality and skill.



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The most popular set made. Contains every essential engineering part for building thousands of models. Has big girders, large and small wheels, shafting, base plates, angle irons, pinions, pulleys, gears, nuts and bolts, and the great electric motor. Also included is our beautifully illustrated Manual No. 7 showing how to build all kinds of models. Packed in a handsome, hardwood cabinet. All for only **$5.00.** Price in Canada **$7.50.**

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Do you own **Erector** or any other construction toy?

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Send for FREE "ERECTOR TIPS"

Fill in coupon below and mail to me, and I'll send you a free copy of my boys' magazine **"Erector Tips,"** which tells you all about my toys, Erector Toy Engineering, and the $5,000 Prize Contest. I will also include my new book *"How to Become an Erector Master Engineer."*



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130 Fox Street
New Haven, Conn.

Please send me a free copy of November **"Erector Tips"** telling all about **Erector** Toy Engineering and the $5000 Prize Contest. Also, a free copy of your new book, "How to Become a Master Engineer."

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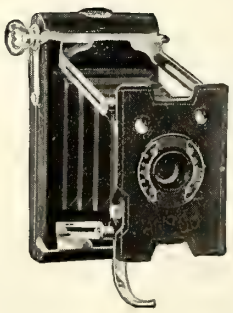


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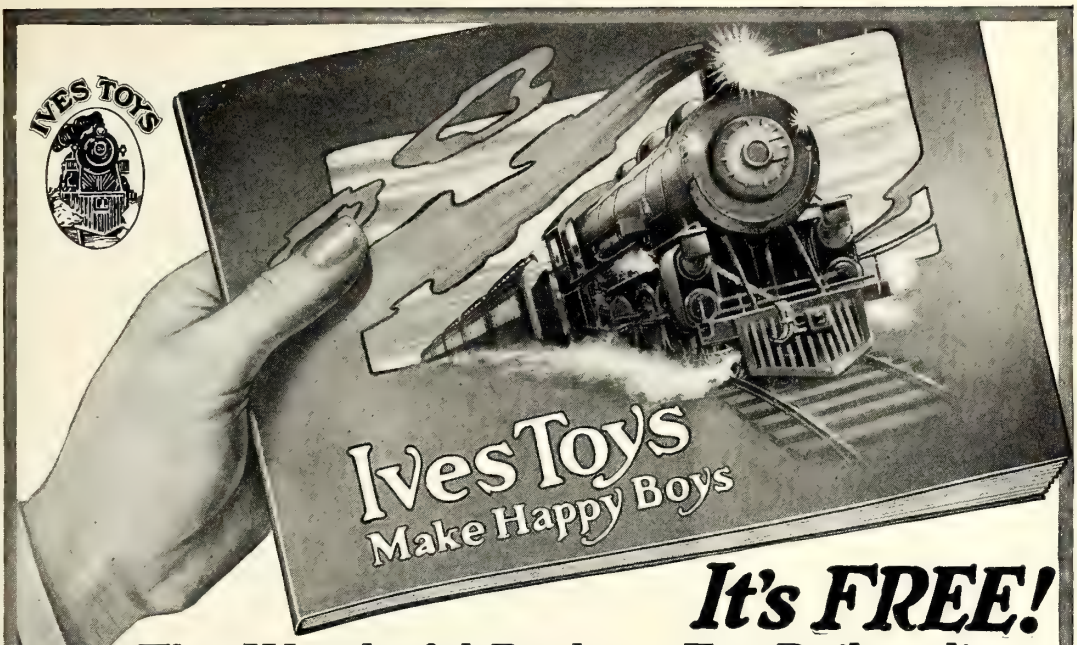


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This Wonderful Book on Toy Railroading

Get this dandy book—*absolutely free*. It will tell you how to get the finest Christmas present you ever had. It tells all about Ives Trains and Railroad Systems—and all about Struktiron, the wonderful structural toy with which you can build bridges, derricks, turntables, elevators, and hundreds of other things.

The book shows electric trains and mechanical trains, with fine, big locomotives, that run on real tracks, with real cars behind them, made just like the finest railroad cars. There are switches and signals that work and stations and tunnels. The book is chock full of pictures. Use the coupon below to get it and a set of 12 fine Poster Stamps—both FREE.



Ives Toys

Make Happy Boys

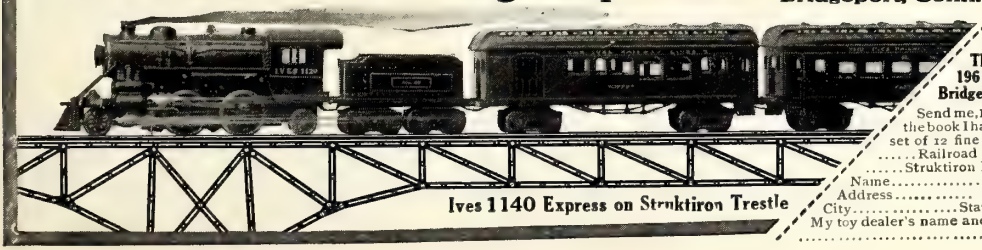


With an Ives Railroad System you become a real railroad superintendent. Open the box and take out the beautiful shiny cars. Pull the lever in the engine and off she goes down the track, just like real.

Think of the fun in turning on an electric switch and checking or increasing the speed of the train, sending it on to a siding or stopping it at a station, when your chum sets the signal for it to stop.

Think of building the steel framework of buildings and bridges with IVES STRUKTIRON—just as the real workmen build them! It's the best fun there is, boys. It's simply great. Write now for the big railroad book and the poster stamps.

The Ives Manufacturing Corporation 196 Holland Ave. Bridgeport, Conn.



Ives 1140 Express on Struktiron Trestle

MAIL THIS COUPON

The Ives Mfg. Co.
196 Holland Ave.
Bridgeport, Conn

Send me, FREE of charge, the book I have checked and set of 12 fine Poster Stamps.

.....Railroad Book
.....Struktiron Book

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
My toy dealer's name and address is
.....



Cook Dolly's Christmas Breakfast on this Little Electric Range

JUST suppose that you got this little stove for Christmas—what a wonderful gift that would be! You just connect it to the electric-light socket and turn the switch—and then put on the skillet, kettle, or the baking pan in the oven. For you can fry eggs and bake little pies and cook lots of things on a

Western Electric
Junior Range

The heat is made by the electricity. It is absolutely safe. The range will help you learn how to cook. And that will please both Father and Mother. Ask them for a Junior Electric Range for Christmas.



One-eighth actual size

A Cook Book Free

Write to our nearest office for a Junior cook book, and we will tell you where to get one of these ranges.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED

New York	Chicago	Kansas City	San Francisco
Buffalo	Milwaukee	St. Louis	Oakland
Newark	Cleveland	Minneapolis	Portland
Philadelphia	Detroit	St. Paul	Seattle
Boston	Indianapolis	New Orleans	Los Angeles
Pittsburgh	Savannah	Houston	Denver
Cincinnati	Birmingham	Dallas	Salt Lake City
Richmond	Atlanta	Oklahoma City	Omaha

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

May Every Boy's Dream Come True This Christmas

Dreaming of the bike he wants—the Christmas present that would please him most—that he hopes Dad or Mother will give him.

And he wants that Christmas bicycle equipped with the

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE



The Brake that Brought the Bike Back

Because it makes his ride delightfully safe, easy, and wholesome—fun without fatigue—speed without spills—excellent exercise without wearisome work.

Because he knows the New Departure is the heart of the modern bicycle and never fails to give perfect control of speed on any road or hill and halves the pedaling no matter how long the ride.

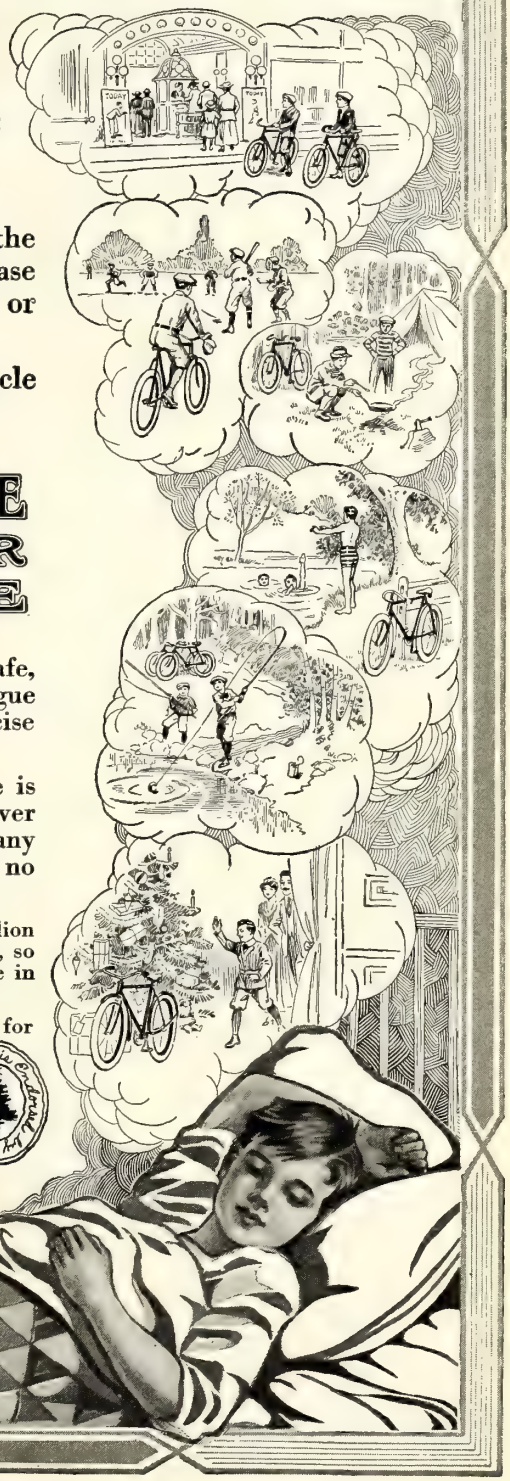
That is why it is the choice of over five million riders. So simple it cannot get out of order, so strong it will outlast the wheel. Handsome in design, heavily nickel plated, cannot rust.

Tell Father or Mother you want a bicycle for Christmas equipped with the New Departure and take them around to see the handsome new models shown by the dealer in your city.





The New Departure Mfg. Co.
105 MAIN STREET
BRISTOL, - - - CONN.





Here Comes Christmas!

Just think!—The Christmas Holidays are but a few weeks off. And with the Holidays come the snowy nights that are full of skating, coasting, sleigh-riding and snow-shoeing. How easy it will be to put on your skates by the bright light of your EVEREADY. How easy to find your bob after dinner is over and the fellows are whistling outside.

There is no limit to the uses for your EVEREADY. You simply *must* have an EVEREADY this Christmas. And don't forget Mother and Dad. There are 76 different styles from 75 cents up. At hardware, drug, stationery and electrical stores everywhere.

Canadian National Carbon Co. Limited
Toronto, Ontario

American Ever Ready Works of National Carbon Co.
Long Island City, New York

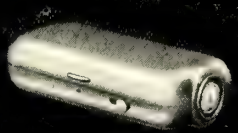
EVEREADY

The light that says "There it is!"

EVEREADY SEARCHLIGHT
26 Styles
75c. to $4.00



Eveready Vest Pocket Light
18 Styles, Nickel and Silver Plated
75c to $1.50



Eveready Pistol Light
Two Styles
$1.50 Each



Eveready House Light
For Mother
Two Styles
$2.00 and $3.50



Christmas Morning

By Claire Briggs



DO not laugh, gentle reader. You are witnessing the keenest tragedy of boyhood. The young man who has just picked the trousers off the Christmas tree, had reasonably hoped for a King Air Rifle instead. Now behold him filled with disappointment and mortification as his chums "present arms"—the handsome Kings they wished for and got.

No *regular* Dad would play a shabby trick like this on *his* boy! No. To the hardware store he'd go, and let Sonny pick out just the King to fit his size. The prices are 25c to $2.50.

500 SHOT REPEATER, No. 22 King is a big favorite. Lever action. Automatic loading. Nickeled barrel. Walnut stock. Light, strong, accurate. At your dealer's or direct from factory, prepaid, for

$1.25



SEND FOR THE BRIGGS BOOK

—full of cartoons of boys having fun with Kings; containing story of the air rifle and how it is made, and listing the full King line with prices.

Send 2c stamp to Dept. D

THE MARKHAM AIR RIFLE CO.
Plymouth, Michigan.

KING AIR RIFLES



How About *Your* Children's Feet

Are you going to risk putting your children's tender, growing feet into shoes that in a few years will give them corns, bunions, callouses, fallen arches and ingrown nails?

Or are you going to insist on roomy, sensible Educators designed by famous experts to give children's feet a chance to grow *naturally*?

Made for Men, Women, Children

See how good Educators are for your children and you'll get them for the whole family.

But before you buy, be sure that ***Educator*** is branded on the sole. That mark is your *guarantee* of the correct orthopaedic shape.

Send today for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," a free book of startling foot information by scientists.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE ®

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



MUSIC NOTES

THE singing of carols has come to us from the Middle Ages, when they were widely popular on the entire continent of Europe in connection with great Christian festivals. Christmas-carol singing is especially associated with England, and even now it is a custom in many parts of that country for groups of men and boys, who are called "waits," to go about the villages on Christmas eve, singing carols in the open air. A collection of carols was printed at Worde, England, in 1521; and at Queen's College, Oxford, the students still sing, on every Christmas day, the famous "Boar's Head Carol" from a fragment of one of those ancient books. The French also sang carols, only they were called Noëls, and a collection was published in France early in the sixteenth century. One of the most popular Christmas carols, and one which you have probably heard, is "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," which was written, in 1703, by an Englishman.

Other music sung all over the land at the Christmas season is taken from Handel's wonderful oratorio, "The Messiah." The impressive "Hallelujah Chorus" is perhaps the best known and most used of these selections. A very interesting story is told of an incident which occurred at the first performance of the oratorio in London in 1743. The king, George II, was so overwhelmed with the grandeur of the "Hallelujah Chorus" that he rose from his seat and remained standing until the number was finished. The entire audience followed the king's example, of course, and a custom was established which continues to this day. By the way, we know of a boy who is going to get as many records as possible of selections from "The Messiah" and make them his Christmas gift to the family.

* * *

Grand opera used to be closed to those who could not visit certain of the large cities during the operatic season. But great inventors have since made it possible for any one to enjoy the world's best music. For nowadays through the phonograph or the player-piano grand opera is heard all around the world. As you read these words some opera is being "sung" or played in an Eskimo's igloo, in the palaces of kings, in shattered houses behind

(*Continued on page 48.*)

Santa Claus Suggests
Parker Safety-Sealed Fountain Pens



No. 14 — Sterling Silver. Price $5.00. Name plate for engraving monogram or initials. 18 Karat. —same, $6.00. Fitted with ring for chain attachment. Exclusive design. An especially appropriate gift. Handsome case with each pen.





No. 70—Collapsible. Price $12.50. Unique. Beautiful. Both cap and barrel covered with 18 Karat Gold Plate. Monogram engraved on end of cap looks stunning.

For Christmas—What better gift than a Parker Safety-Sealed Self-Filler—the highest developed fountain pen in the world.

For the business man or woman, the student, scholar, traveler—for the boys at the front and abroad—for Milady's desk or purse—there is no gift more appropriate or personal.

During every day of the year and for many years to come it will be a continual reminder of your thoughtfulness and good judgment. You, yourself, will like this pen as you like your best friend.

See your nearest Parker Dealer. Write us for free catalog.

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
SAFETY-SEALED
SELF-FILLER

Here is the only pen in the world with no holes in the wall from which ink can escape to soil hands, clothing, fine linens, ladies' dainty dresses and purses. Carried in any position—flat, upside down—it cannot leak—it is **Safety-Sealed.**

In case of accident to filling mechanism it automatically changes from a self-filler to a non-self-filler.

Fills itself in two seconds by merely pressing a button which, in itself, is **Safety-Sealed.**

PARKER PEN CO
182 Mill Street
Janesville, Wis.

N. Y. Retail Store
Woolworth Bldg.



Monograms Engraved in Colors

Initials or monograms on the fountain, either mounted or plain barrel, add much to the distinctiveness of the gift. Almost any jeweler in your city can do this.

In Attractive Gift Boxes Radiating the Holiday Spirit

Parker Dealers are making a special holiday display of the latest Parker Fountain Pens in dainty Christmas boxes. All sizes and models, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00, and $5.00. Write us for free catalog.

Betty's Christmas Gift

Betty St. Nicholas

I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.
New York City

Dear Dr. Lyon's Co.,
My Christmas box came to-day and I think it is as beautiful outside as it is useful inside. I wish every St. Nicholas reader could have one for Christmas. Of course it doesn't take the place of toys and games but I know I'd miss a lot of fun with them if I did not take good care of my teeth by using "Dr. Lyon's" regularly. So I believe your gift is really the best of all. Won't you please tell every St. Nicholas family about it?

A Merry Christmas from your friend,
Betty.



I. W. Lyon & Sons, Incorporated
ESTABLISHED IN 1866
DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER | DR. LYON'S PERFECT DENTAL CREAM
520 WEST 27TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

To All ST. NICHOLAS Readers, Everywhere:

This useful Christmas box that Betty asks us to tell you about contains three useful articles: first, a full-sized package of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder (or Dental Cream, if you prefer); second, a high quality Dr. Lyon's Tooth Brush with different length bristles; and third, a Tooth Brush Holder.



The contents of this box would cost 60 cents if bought separately, but because it is Christmas-time and because we want to have a share in your Christmas happiness, we will send you one at a cost of only 35 cents. This gift combination represents a very special offer; it can be secured *only* in this box, *only* this Christmas. The little coupon must be used, since the offer is limited to ST. NICHOLAS families. Send 35 cents to-day for your Christmas box; 70 cents for two. (No family can have more than two, because the supply is limited.)

Please write soon, for Christmas is nearly here!



COUPON
I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.
533 West 27th Street, New York City

Please send me { one / two } Christmas { box / boxes } containing tooth brush, holder and { Tooth Powder / Dental Cream } (state which), for which I enclose { 35 cents / 70 cents }

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

MUSIC NOTES

(*Continued from page 46.*)

the trenches, in the forecastle of a tramp steamer far out at sea, in the hold of a submarine on duty, anywhere and everywhere where the love of music exists. It is a rare and lonely submarine which does not contain a phonograph. Most of the time the men have little to do, and time hangs heavily on their hands. They would hardly be able to exist in their narrow confines without their "talking-box." People in far-away climes, those at sea, and all who cannot constantly replenish their stock of records find greater satisfaction in classical compositions than in those that are the popular favorites of the moment. "An operatic selection wears well," such people say; "the more we play it, the better we like it." But, of course, having the newest "hits" is part of the fun of owning a phonograph, and one would not willingly dispense with them.

* * *

One of the operas which many boys and girls like best is Mozart's "The Magic Flute." They like it because its stage-pictures are beautiful and spectacular and always changing, and because the music is varied and not too heavy. Perhaps it should be called a fairy extravaganza instead of an opera. The words, or libretto, describe how the power of certain magic pipes controls the actions of animals, birds, reptiles, the elements of nature, and men. The curtain rises on a rocky landscape with the temple of the *Queen of Night* in the background. In the foreground *Tamino,* an Egyptian prince who has become separated from the friends with whom he is traveling, is seen being pursued by a huge serpent. The prince is very tired and very much frightened, and he faints. Three veiled ladies, attendants on the queen, who from the castle have seen the prince's danger, come out and kill the serpent. While they go back to tell the queen, the prince revives, sees the dead snake, and at the same time hears the sound of a flute. As he hides behind a tree, *Papageno,* a bird-charmer, comes along singing a merry song, and stopping every now and then to play a few notes on his pipe. The prince, supposing that the bird-catcher has killed the serpent, is expressing his gratitude, when the three ladies return and rebuke *Papageno* for his deceit. Then they show the prince a picture of the queen's beautiful daughter, *Pamina,* who, to save her from evil influences, has been taken

(*Continued on page 50.*)



At Night

The INGERSOLLS make a wonderful watch; It's magic as magic can be; it shines in the dark like stars in the sky and shows all the hours to me In daytime it's just like a "regular watch." No watch could be finer or neater. It sells for $2.00 and does all the work of a costly, imported repeater. I put it right under my pillow, and when I wake in the dark of the night, it shows me exactly the time just because it's an INGERSOLL RADIOLITE.





IT SHINES IN THE NIGHT

CHILDREN, ask Daddy what RADIUM is. He may have to look in the EN-CY-CLO-PED-IA to find out, for even the wisest Daddy men know very little about it. It is dug out of the ground, and it takes months to find even the tiniest bit of it. It costs a great deal of money. But just the smallest speck of RADIUM makes the hands and figures of your "RADIOLITE" watch glow like a fire fly for years.

The nicest "RADIOLITE" watches of all are the "RADIOLITE" STRAP WATCH and the "RADIOLITE" TWO-IN-ONE. The Strap Watch you wear on the wrist as the *soldiers* wear them. The Two-in-one stands on the bureau and twinkles across the room at you when you are in bed; in the daytime you can take it out of its case and carry it in your pocket.

Only Ingersoll makes Radiolite Watches. If it is'nt Ingersoll it is'nt Radiolite.

"Radiolite" Two-in-One
A handy timepiece to stand on the bureau, or on a table by the bed. In daytime an ideal watch for desk or pocket.
$2.25

The regular "Radiolite" is $2.00. The Two-in-one is $2.25. The "Radiolite" Strap Watch is $4.00, and the Waterbury "Radiolite," a small, jeweled watch, is $4.00. They all have shining hands and figures.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 315 Fourth Ave., New York City

Reprinted by special permission of John Martin's Book, A Magazine for Little Children

CHILDREN'S SHOES

should be selected with more care than shoes for adults, because the growing foot needs a shoe that not only will allow perfect freedom to the muscles and bones of the foot, but will also support and protect them.

The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."

for children is the ideal shoe for the growing child. In addition to the above mentioned features, the Coward Shoe will outwear ordinary shoes.

See that your children wear Coward Shoes now, and they will escape a multitude of foot ills as they grow up.

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

JAMES S. COWARD

262-274 Greenwich Street, New York

(NEAR WARREN STREET)

Mail Orders Filled **Send for Catalog**

MUSIC NOTES

(*Continued from page 48.*)

from her mother by *Sarastro,* the priest of Isis, and is at present in his palace. *Prince Tamino* falls in love with the picture and says he will rescue the princess. He is given an all-powerful magic flute, and he and *Papageno* start at once for *Sarastro's* palace. Now the scene changes to a room in the high priest's palace, and *Pamina* is discovered in charge of *Monostatos,* a Moor. *Papageno* plays a few notes on his pipe, frightens the keeper away, and tells *Pamina* of the prince's love for her and his desire to rescue her. After many adventures and with the aid of the magic flute they are about to escape, when the high priest stops them. He agrees to re-unite them if they will remain and be purified by the sacred rites. The curtain falls as the priest is separating them and covering their heads with veils. A new scene shows a forest and the Temple of Wisdom. After the priests have assembled, *Sarastro* has the lovers brought before him and calls on the gods Isis and Osiris to give them strength to bear their separation. The lovers are then admitted to the temple and begin their probation. Now comes a lovely scene where *Pamina* is asleep in a bower of roses. The queen comes to her, rising out of the ground, and gives her a dagger, telling her that unless *Sarastro* is killed, *Tamino* can never be hers. When *Pamina* hesitates, her mother threatens vengeance on everybody. During the scene *Sarastro* comes in and vows that he will take revenge on the queen by making her daughter happy. The proving of the lovers carries them through various scenes. *Tamino* has been forbidden to speak to any woman. *Pamina* does not know this, and one day, when she meets him, is so hurt by his coldness that she thinks he no longer loves her. She tries to stab herself with the dagger her mother has given her, but is prevented by three little boys sent by *Sarastro,* who tell her they will take her to *Tamino* who still is true to her. In the meantime poor *Papageno* has become discouraged and decides to hang himself. The three boys save him also, and suggest that he try his magic pipe. As he does so, *Papagena,* his sweetheart, comes in and they sing joyously. The lovers' trials being completed, they are united in the sacred temple. The queen and her train try to prevent the union, but the scene suddenly changes to the Temple of the Sun, and shows *Sarastro* sitting on his throne and the prince and prin-

(*Continued on page 52.*)



A MIAMI-MADE Bicycle Makes an All-Year-Round Christmas

Here are the 4 Lines of MIAMI-MADE Bicycles



The MIAMI-MADE Racycle Pacemaker—A bicycle that you are sure to like. Built for comfort, yet strong enough to withstand the hardest wear.



The MIAMI-MADE Hudson Racer—The machine of racing fame. Used by World's Champions. All types and prices.



The MIAMI-MADE Crimson Flyer—A good all-round bicycle. Will stand up under the severest tests.



The MIAMI-MADE Flying Merkel Roadster—A strictly serviceable bicycle for hard usage in all kinds of weather and under all sorts of conditions.

Just tip it off to Daddy or Mother that you want a bicycle for Christmas, and tell them why.

It's the greatest developer for boys and girls that you could possibly get. It takes you to and from school; it takes you to the playground, and turns running errands into a pleasure. It takes you out into the open air, develops your muscles, lungs and brain.

If your bicycle is MIAMI-MADE you have a bicycle that you can be proud of, and all your friends will gather around and want to get one too. You will have *the* bicycle of the neighborhood.

We have been making bicycles for over 22 years. We know exactly what boys and girls like and want. There isn't any color, any model, any type of bicycle whatsoever that you want that you won't find in the MIAMI-MADE line of bicycles.

Shown on the *left* here is one of the many models of each of the four lines of MIAMI-MADE bicycles. The four lines are the "Racycle," the "Hudson," the "Miami" and the "Flying Merkel." On the *right* are just a few of the special exclusive features of MIAMI-MADE bicycles. Study them over. Then go to the dealer in your city who handles the line you think you'll like best. Pick out the model you like. Try it. Then ask your father or mother to get you *that* bicycle for Christmas.

Be sure they get you a MIAMI-MADE bicycle. These are the *only* kind you'll really want, even if you could see all the bicycles in the world, side by side, and could have your *pick of them all*. If there isn't anyone in your city who sells MIAMI-MADE bicycles, write us and we will send you catalogs. Whatever you do, be *sure* that the bicycle you *get* is MIAMI-MADE.

THE MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. COMPANY
1017-1033 Grand Ave. Middletown, Ohio, U. S. A.
Write for Catalog on the Miami-Made Bicycle You Want

These are Special Exclusive Features of MIAMI-MADE Bicycles

The Crank Hanger

Stronger and heavier than ordinary crank hangers. Friction reduced to a minimum. Every part machined with unerring accuracy. Made of special steel, each part carefully tested and oil-tempered.





Four-Ply Hercules Frame Construction

Built of the finest seamless tubing. The reinforcement is carried back eight inches into the tube, with four plies of steel at the joint all brazed into one solid mass. It can't buckle.



The Musselman Positive Drive Coaster Brake

The only real coaster brake on the market. No springs to break. No parts to wear smooth and slip. Will withstand the severest strain. (8)

Hang up Your Stocking the Holly Wreaths and the Mistletoe



on the Night before Christmas with

Moore Push-Pins

Their dainty glass heads and fine needle points make the work of Christmas decorating the greatest of pleasure. Won't mar the finest woodwork or walls.

And on Christmas morning, have a supply of Moore Push-Pins and Moore Push-less Hangers to hang up the Pictures, Pennants, Clocks, and other wall decorations which Santa Claus is sure to bring to you. All boys and girls need them in beautifying their rooms. Allowed where nails and tacks are prohibited.





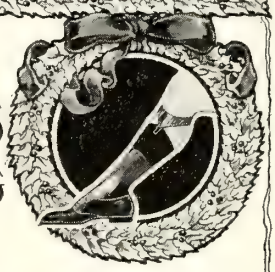
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads, Steel Points.
2 sizes, long and short heads.

Moore Push-less Hangers
The Hanger with the Twist.
For heavy pictures. 4 sizes.

10-cent packets at stores or by mail.
Illustrated booklet and samples free.

MOORE PUSH-PIN COMPANY
Dept. 38. Wayne Junction, Phila., Pa.

FOR HIS STOCKING



Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

will ornament thousands of Christmas trees. Get one of these attractive gift-packages for each of your men-folks. It makes a sensible remembrance that any man will appreciate. The box covers show four beautifully colored designs—the garter colors are black, white, tan, baby blue, marine blue, lavender and gray.

At stores everywhere or by mail postpaid.

Silk, 50 cents Lisle, 25 cents

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON



MUSIC NOTES

(*Continued from page 50.*)

cess beside him. The outwitted queen and her followers sink into the earth.

Richard Wagner, the composer of such famous operas as "Die Walküre" and "Tannhäuser," liked this opera so much that one day he exclaimed enthusiastically: "What godlike magic breathes throughout this work, from the most popular ballad to the noblest hymn! What many-sidedness, what marvelous variety!"

* * *

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, who wrote "The Magic Flute," was a musician almost from the very year he was born. By the time he was five years old he had begun to compose. At the age of six he was a proficient performer on the piano; and when he was twelve, he conducted a Solemn Mass of his own composition. During the same year an operetta, "Bastien and Bastienne," written by him was given at a private performance. Like many of the other great musicians, Mozart was continually combating the intrigues of those who were jealous of his ability, and he knew the bitterness of stinging poverty, but he stuck to his work and overcame these handicaps. It is as an operatic composer that Mozart has attained his widest fame, and music-lovers generally say that he is one of the most interesting persons in musical history. Over six hundred compositions are counted to his credit, and although many of them are probably forgotten by now, he is one of the greatest among the "Masters of Music." It is said that there is no branch of the art that he did not enrich with his genius.

* * *

Some of the phonograph records from "The Magic Flute" are as follows:

Overture.

A Bird Catcher am I. *Papageno.* In German.

Smiles and Tears. *Pamina* and *Papageno.* In Italian and German.

Invocation (Great Isis). *Sarastro.* In Italian, French, and German.

The Queen's Air. *Queen of the Night.* In Italian.

Within these Sacred Walls. *Sarastro.* In Italian, French, and German.

My Happiness has Flown. *Pamina.* In German.

Thou art My Bridegroom. *Pamina* and *Three Boys.* In German.

Papagena, Papageno! By these two characters. In German.

COLONIAL TOYS Make the Best Gift of All

The Dolly Every Little Girl Would Love to Own

It's just like a real baby—moves its tongue—closes its eyes when it goes to sleep—it is jointed so as to sit and lie in natural infant positions. You 'll certainly love



The ZAIDEN Doll

They are not stuffed like ordinary dolls, but have smooth pink bodies like babies, and you can wash them without injury. The legs and arms are jointed with springs instead of the usual rubber that soon wears out.

There are more than fourteen different kinds of ZAIDEN Dolls, so you are sure to get just the one you want.

Make Your Own Toy Soldiers, Indians, Animals, Houses, Farmyards and many other interesting playthings with the



Miniature Toy Factory

This is the toy for the boy or girl who likes to make things. It never gets tiresome, something new can be made every time.

With a set of the Miniature Toy Factory you can make your own toys. A set consists of metal molds, a supply of quick-setting molding material, a box of paints, a spoon, a measure and everything needed to mold and finish the miniature figures. You can quickly make a regiment of soldiers or a band of Indians, build a house or make a farmyard with all the animals in it and paint them any color you wish. The Miniature Toy Factory means real, interesting, instructive fun for boys and girls. There are six different sets at $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00. **Be sure to see Set No. 20.**



Get out your Christmas List right now, and start it with these two splendid Colonial Toys. Then fill out the coupon and mail it to us for the free booklet.

Colonial Toys
Are Built to Last

COLONIAL TOY MFG. CO., INC.
352-62 West 13th Street, New York City

Please send me booklet about COLONIAL TOYS. The best dealer in this neighborhood is

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S. N.-3



BON BONS CHOCOLATES
FRENCH BONBONNIERES

MAILLARD announces a most unusual and attractive Holiday display of exclusive importations.

Novelties, Favors, Toys
Christmas Tree Ornaments
French Bonbonnieres

Fifth Avenue
at Thirty-Fifth Street
NEW YORK



THINGS TO EAT

Of course every one wants receipts for Christmas candies. Here are some that are fun to make. If you give these candies as gifts, judge which will be most appropriate for your different friends. When you pack these goodies in Christmas boxes, be sure and wrap in waxed paper any that are apt to stick together so the boxes will look neat when they are opened.

Christmas Fudge

2 squares of unsweetened chocolate.
2½ cups of sugar.
1 cup of rich milk.
1 tablespoonful of butter.
¼ cup of chopped nuts.
¼ cup of chopped ginger.
1 teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

Grate the chocolate and put it with the sugar, milk and butter in a saucepan; cook until the mixture becomes sugary. Add ginger, nuts, and vanilla; pour into a shallow dish to cool and then cut in inch squares. Pack it in layers with waxed paper between each layer.

Nut Candy

2 cups of sugar.
2 cups of milk.
½ cup of butter.
¼ pound of English walnut meats, chopped.
¼ pound of almond meats, chopped.
1 tablespoonful of vanilla extract.

Put the butter, sugar, and milk in a saucepan over a slow burner until the sugar is nearly dissolved. Then boil until the syrup hardens when dropped in cold water. Take from the fire, add the chopped nuts and vanilla, and beat the mixture until it becomes sugary. Pour it into buttered tins and mark into squares, so that, when it is quite cold, it can be broken into pieces of regular shape.

Old-fashioned Butter-scotch

1 pint of granulated sugar.
3 tablespoonfuls of butter.
3 tablespoonfuls of water.

Put all together in a saucepan over a slow burner, and simmer, without stirring, until it will get brittle when a little is dropped in cold water. It is then done, and should be turned at once into a buttered tin and set aside to cool. Before it is set, mark it with a sharp knife, in pieces one inch long and half an inch wide, so that, when quite cold, it can be easily broken apart. Wrap the squares separately, and pack them loosely in a box.

Candied Orange-peel

Use the skin of four oranges, cut in strips about

(*Continued on page 56.*)







Old Santa is a jolly scout,
He knows what's good for kiddies,
He gives them Necco, fresh and pure—
The best of all tid-biddies.

ISN'T it great when Santa Claus brings Necco Lemon Drops, Fruit Drops, Hoarhound Drops, Sweethearts, Boston Baked Beans, Necco and Hub Wafers!

Every package is filled with delicious joy-drops. Ask Santa to be sure and bring you *Necco Sweets.*

There are seven tasty flavors in each Hub and Necco Wafer package.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.



Eaten on bread crackers, or toast. Fine on saltines.

"Coasting's great—but

BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER

is better!"

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, New York
Ask your dealer



Gail Borden

EAGLE

BRAND

CONDENSED

MILK

THE ORIGINAL

is strictly a "Quality Milk." It is produced with extreme care as a safe and dependable milk for baby when mother's milk fails. At the same time it meets the requirements of the most exacting families for table and cooking use.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Established 1857 NEW YORK

THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page 54.*)

a half an inch wide in the center and pointed at each end. They may be cut with a pair of scissors. Cover them with cold water and put over a hot fire. When the water boils turn down the gas under the kettle and cook slowly until the strips are soft. Make a syrup of half a cupful of water and one cupful of sugar, and boil it until it will thread when dropped from the end of a spoon. Add the orange strips and boil for five minutes. Drain, and roll in fine granulated sugar.

Pop-corn Balls

Make a syrup of one cupful of powdered sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, and three tablespoonfuls of water, which should be put into a kettle and allowed to boil up well. Watch it carefully and try it once in a while, and when it hardens as a little of it is dropped into cold water, stir in four cupfuls of pop-corn. The mixture should be taken from the fire as soon as the pop-corn is added, and stirred until it is cool. Dip it up a spoonful at a time, and form into little balls. Each ball should be wrapped.

Of course your candy-making should be done as near Christmas as possible, so that the sweets will not lose any of their deliciousness by not being absolutely fresh.

* * *

Have you ever heard the saying, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away"? Some boys and girls probably eat more than one apple in a day, and the mothers and fathers and older sisters and brothers of many of ST. NICHOLAS' readers may be among the people who eat an apple every night before going to bed. Can you imagine 49,000,000 barrels of apples? That many were grown in the United States in one year! The value of fresh apples shipped abroad in one year was $7,353,537. It is evident that this fruit is popular with the boys and girls across the water, and that the people there do not raise as good ones as we do.

* * *

It is said that most of the Hawaiian canned pineapple comes to the United States. In one year 1,600,000 cases were shipped to us. It is one of the most delicious, as well as one of the most useful of fruits. Have you ever tried it in your fruit salad or in ice-cream? Then you know what a delicate flavor it adds. It wonderfully improves lemonade or grape-juice punch, and for an attractive dessert nothing can be better looking or more delectable than a slice of the pineapple with some chopped cherries sprinkled over it, a little powdered sugar over both, and a tablespoonful of whipped cream placed in the center. Just try it once and see for yourself.

Winter Days and Summer Days are THERMOS Days

and Christmas is the Best Thermos Day of All!

YOU want to give something that will make people remember you gratefully. That's why a *useful* gift is so much better than one that is merely *beautiful*. That's why so many ST. NICHOLAS readers this Christmas will select Thermos bottles as their best gifts. Thermos bottles are as beautiful as serviceable, and so useful that the giver will be gratefully remembered for weeks and months to come. That's why people call Thermos *"the ideal gift."* Here are a few of the many uses your Thermos present may be put to:

All Boys and Girls
will enjoy a hot or a cold drink at school, when skating or sailing or camping or picnicking or hiking or playing baseball or tennis or any other game—if only someone remembers to give them a Thermos bottle, or lunch kit for Christmas.

Fathers and Mothers
when motoring or golfing or writing or reading, at the desk or in a comfortable chair, will appreciate the thoughtfulness of the Thermos gift giver.

Grandfathers and Grandmothers
will wonder how they ever got along without their own Thermos jugs or carafes, and the constant convenience they will enjoy will make them think thankfully of the giver every time they use the gift.

Aunts and Uncles and Friends and Servants and Everybody
will find many uses, winter and summer, for this easily given and gratefully received Christmas gift.

You all know that Thermos serves you right—food or drink—hot without fire—cold without ice. Keeps hot 24 hours; cold 72 hours. There are imitations, so be sure to find the Thermos name on the bottle you buy. Then everyone will be pleased.

Thermos has won the Grand Prize at every International Exposition

American Thermos Bottle Company
35 West 31st Street **New York City**
In Canada: Toronto
Factory:
Norwich, Conn.







Are These On Your Christmas List?

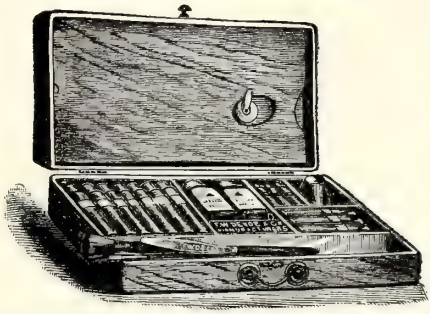
PLASTELINE
Students' Modeling Outfit



MODELING MADE CLEAN AND EASY
WILL NOT STICK TO THE HANDS

Contains five assorted colors of Clay, Modeling Tools, Card Board, Book of Designs and Instructions. Price, 50 cents.

The "Scholar's" Box of Oil Colors and Materials



Polished Wood Box, Size 11 inches long, 6 inches wide, 2 inches deep. Containing 13 Single Tubes of F. W. Devoe & Co.'s or C. T. Raynolds & Co.'s Prepared Artists' Oil Colors; 1 Palette Knife; Bottles of Pale Drying Oil and Spirit of Turpentine; 3 Sable and Bristle Artists' Brushes; Badger Blender; Palette Cup; Mahogany Palette; Tracing and Transfer Papers; 4 studies; and one Academy Board. Complete, Price $2.00

A Complete Water Color Outfit For Young Artists

Many prefer these to oil paints. The 12 water-colors-in-tubes are easy and pleasant to handle. Ask for the Academic. Price, complete in japanned tin box, with cover and mixing section and three brushes, $1.50

Winners of the prize offered in October St. Nicholas were:



Eugenia Dodd
Springfield, Mo
H. R. Hays
Millbrook, N. Y.

Send for complete Catalogue

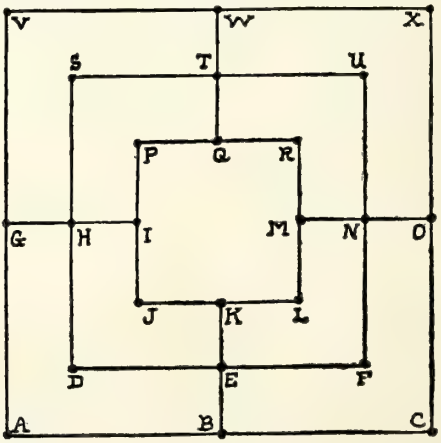


F. W. Devoe and C. T. Raynolds Co.
FULTON STREET NEW YORK CITY

GOOD FUN

EUROPEANS appear to be greater game lovers than Americans, if we are to judge by the number of games played abroad which are almost unknown in America. For example, there is the game which the Germans call "Mill" and the French call "Battle." It is said that Napoleon Bonaparte enjoyed it because it kept his keen mind awake and sharpened that marvelous ability of his to plan strategic military moves. It may be played on a home-made board about the size of a checker-board. Look at the little diagram below, and you will see that the playing surface consists of three squares, one within another, joined on four sides by lines ruled at right angles to the border. The game is played by two people. Each player takes nine checkers of contrasting color. The first object of the game is to get *three men in a row.* Every time this object is attained, the player doing so is permitted to remove any one of his opponent's men except those which occupy a three-in-a-row position. The final object of the game is to eliminate your opponent's men.

First the players place the men on the board, one at a time, in alternate turns. Much depends upon who gets the first move. Suppose we call the two opponents "Black" and "White." We will say Black wins the toss for first move and places a man on the corner marked A, though he may place it upon any letter, that is, upon any point where two lines come together. White may also place one

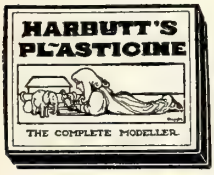


anywhere. Suppose he places his first man on J. Black places one on X; White places his

(*Continued on page 60.*)







The Home Use outfits are sold at popular prices by toy dealers, department stores and stationers. If not at your dealer's, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

The Way Great Artists Learned

The men and women who became great artists had plenty of fun when they were boys and girls. They made models of what they saw—of the animals and flowers and houses and everything about them. You can have the same fun, Boys and Girls. Here is Harbutt's Plasticine, a modelling material. With this you can make models of nearly everything you see. Think of what your parents and friends will say when they see the life-like images you make! You do not need lessons.

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

Mothers—Harbutt's Plasticine is a clean, germ-proof, antiseptic modelling material that needs no water and is not mussy like clay. It is the invention of an eminent European sculptor and educator, Mr. Wm. Harbutt. He also devised a series of outfits with which children could model at home.

Encourage your children to use Harbutt's Plasticine. It teaches them close observation, inventiveness and dexterity. They learn with pleasure because they have fun every moment while they are using this modelling material.

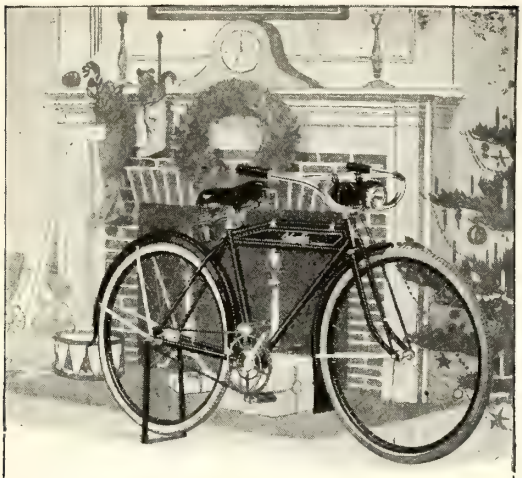
This will solve the problem of amusing your children, especially the restive little invalids in convalescence.

Write for Our Entertaining Booklet "Toys That Teach"

THE EMBOSSING CO.
P. O. Box 598 B, Albany, N. Y.

MAKERS OF Toys that Teach





Fulfill Their Dreams This Christmas

Make them happy for all the year, not merely for the holidays. Give them a gift that will lay the foundation of future health and vigor—a clean gift, a joyous gift and, best of all, a sensible one. Give the children this Christmas a

Columbia Bicycle

You know far better than we can tell, how much this means to a boy or a girl—how every child dreams of owning a bicycle. This is the season of "dreams-come-true" and yours is the joy of fulfilling them.

And, in this connection it is fitting that your choice be the Columbia bicycle. It is the recognized standard of the world, the bicycle you rode yourself when you were young.

Our catalog will show you models for boys and girls of every age. The Columbia Bicycle dealer in your city will show you the actual thing.

Remember the Columbia is one of the world's best bicycles for one of the world's best sports. Models range in price from $26 to $60. Look for the Columbia name-plate.

WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING CO.
43 Lozier Avenue Westfield, Mass.

GOOD FUN

(*Continued from page 58.*)

next on L. Now with White's on J and L, Black must place one on K to prevent White from getting three in a row. Then White places a man on R, and Black blocks his next move by placing a man on M. White places a man on P, and this strategic move makes it impossible for Black to prevent a three-in-a-row combination by White, because White, having a man on three corners of the inner square, may place a man on either Q or I before Black can close both openings. Black, seeing this advantage, may decide to cover position O, thus getting two in a row, and hoping to get three in a row on his next move. White closes his own line at I, and immediately captures and removes Black's man at O, thus shattering Black's hope. So they continue until each side has placed his nine men on the board. Then playing in turn, Black moves a man along the lines from one letter to another immediately adjoining it and in such a way as he believes will give him, at once or soon, a three-in-a-row combination. Unless he must block Black's plans, and unless all the letters adjoining his position are blocked by Black, White then moves out of his three-in-a-row combination on one move, and back again on the next. If he is fortunate enough to do this while Black makes no combination, he again earns the right to remove one of Black's men. So we shall suppose it goes until all but three of Black's men have been captured. *Now* Black is privileged to jump from one letter *to any other letter on the board,* while White, as long as he has more than three men, is restricted to moving from one letter to the one adjoining it. In this way, the apparent loser often becomes the victor if he jumps wisely. He must use his three men to prevent his opponent from forming a "combination," and when he can, he places his men in such positions that he gets three in a row and so is permitted to remove the most dangerous one of his opponent's men. The game is over when one side has only two men left. It sounds rather complex as it is stated here, but any boy or girl can soon learn to play it. The best thing to do is to make a diagram, letter it, and then start in as described above, just to see how it goes. You can start anywhere on the board, but the corners are regarded as strategic starting-points. People of all ages like this game, and the interest never flags because it is seldom, if ever, played twice alike.

* * *

(*Continued on page 62.*)



IDEAL BLERIOT MONOPLANE
Exact Duplicate in Miniature of the famous BLERIOT XI, that made the first successful flight across the English Channel. Flies 75 feet and more. Easy to build. Outfit complete in box ready to put together.....**$4.50**



IDEAL TAUBE MONOPLANE
Exact Scale Reproduction of the famous GERMAN and AUSTRIAN MILITARY machines. Rises from the ground by its own power and FLIES. Outfit complete in box ready to put together.....**$4.50**



IDEAL CURTISS MILITARY TRACTOR Exact Scale Miniature of machines now supplied to the U. S. Army and shipped in large numbers to England. Guaranteed to rise from the ground by its own power and FLY. Outfit complete in box ready to put together.....**$5.50**

How many of these—and *which*—will *you* get for Christmas?

You'll probably get the ones you ask for. Your parents want to give you this gift because they know you'll spend pleasant, profitable hours this winter building these wonderful models, and you'll have great sport flying and racing them.

Thousands of boys this Christmas are going to get

IDEAL MODEL AEROPLANES

If you are one of the lucky boys who already own one, be sure to get another one of our models to complete your squadron.

We send you *all* the parts and you can have lots of fun putting them together, making three-foot model aeroplanes that fly far and fast, and rise from the ground by their own power—*just like the big aeroplanes.*

The aeroplanes that you see illustrated on the upper part of this advertisement are exact models of the big aeroplanes. They fly from 60 to 120 feet. The others, such as the Cecil Peoli Racer, fly from 300 to 1691 feet (the official record).

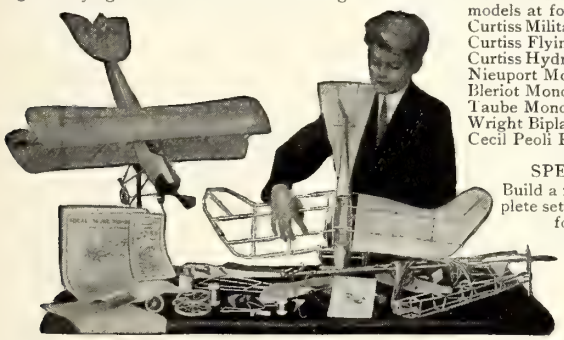
Ideal Aeroplanes afford not only great outdoor sport, but also teach valuable lessons in the great new science of aviation. What you learn today may serve your country in the future.

THEY'RE THE GIFT EVERY BOY WANTS

You can easily build these models by following our simple, easily understood building and flying instructions. Scale drawings and instructions *alone* for "Ideal" 3 ft. models at following prices:

Curtiss Military Tractor 25c
Curtiss Flying Boat - - 25c
Curtiss Hydroaeroplane 35c
Nieuport Monoplane - 25c
Bleriot Monoplane - - 15c
Taube Monoplane - - - 25c
Wright Biplane - - - - 25c
Cecil Peoli Racer - - - 25c

SPECIAL
Build a fleet! Get complete set of above plans for $1.60



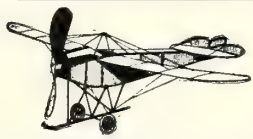
HOW TO GET THEM

Go to the leading toy, sporting goods, or department store in your town. Ask to see "those Ideal Aeroplanes." If your dealer can't give you what you want, send your order to us, enclosing the required amount of money. *We prepay transportation east of the Mississippi River.*

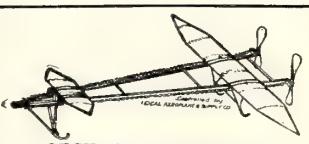
ORDER TODAY so as to make sure of obtaining exactly what you want.

IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.

84-86 West Broadway **New York, N. Y.**



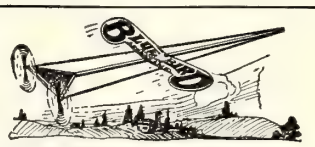
IDEAL NIEUPORT MONOPLANE
Faithful Reduction Model of the famous NIEUPORT Monoplane, one of the leading types now used in the EUROPEAN WAR. Self-rising and flying. Outfit complete in box ready to put together.....**$5.50**



CECIL PEOLI RACER
Mr. Cecil Peoli flew this Racer 2500 feet. (Official Record, 1691 feet.) It is easily constructed and will make beautiful *high* flights of 1000 feet or more. Try to make a record with it. Outfit complete in box ready to put together **$3.50**
Assembled Peoli Racer.....**$8.50**



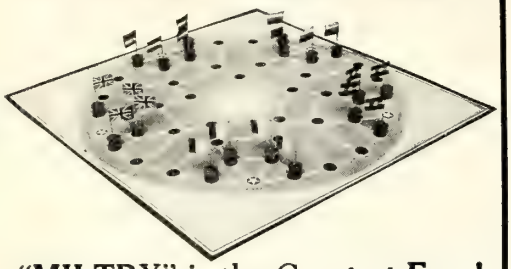
IDEAL Three-Foot RACER
A guaranteed three-foot Aeroplane that will make records for you. Can be put together in less than 15 minutes. Will fly OVER 500 FEET. Outfit including a Multiple Winder complete in box ready to put together.....**$2.50**
Assembled "Ideal" 3 ft. Racer..**$3.50**



BLUE BIRD Racing AEROPLANE
A handsome, graceful 22 inch Flier. Mounts to a height of 100 feet and flies OVER 300 feet straightaway. Packed and delivered with our Patent Multiple Winder, special Foot Gear and illustrated flying instructions, **$1.50**

Get our illustrated 50 page Aeroplane Book, containing full information, prices for parts, complete models, etc. Simply write your name and address on the bottom margin of this page, tear it off, and mail with 5c, and we'll send you a copy of this interesting book.

DO YOU LIKE A BRAINY GAME?



"MILTRY" is the Greatest Ever!

IT'S A MINIATURE BATTLE-FIELD
EACH PLAYER IS A GENERAL

One must watch for opportunities to make frontal attacks, flanking movements, rear guard actions, or take the enemy's capital by storm.

The rules are so simple that even young children delight to play it. Grown-ups, too, like it, because the unexpected situations which develop sharpen their wits.

Handsomely lithographed board, box containing twenty armies with their twenty flags, and rules of the game, postpaid, $1.00.



THE VERY THING FOR CHRISTMAS!

Send for "MILTRY" to

PLAYWELL GAME COMPANY
220 Broadway New York City

Be A Little Artist

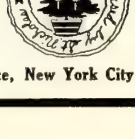
You Don't Need To Know How To Draw To Make Beautiful Pictures With "ART-TOY" TRANSFER PICTURES



It's so fascinating to transfer "ART-TOY" Pictures. Just a Rub with the little "Magic Wand" and it's done. Then there's heaps of fun coloring the pictures with crayons or water colors.

Each original "ART-TOY" Picture can be transferred several times and it makes a dandy game to see who can color the *Same* picture quickest and best.

Entertaining studies of Clowns, Indians, Dolls, Mother Goose, Animals, etc., etc., will keep you and your little girl and boy friends amused for a long time.



JUST WHAT YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

Ask your Dealer, or send 50c. for complete Outfit, including "Magic Wand," Crayons, Water Colors and variety of Pictures.

Transogram Co., Inc., 115 University Place, New York City

GOOD FUN

(*Continued from page 60.*)

This month all boys and girls are looking forward to, and planning for, Christmas. You know that one of the surest ways of being happy yourself is knowing that you have made some one else happy. There are ever so many children whom you can help this year to make glad that it is Christmas, and add much to your own holiday cheer by doing so. Some book or toy which you have yourself enjoyed would give the same amount of pleasure to some other boy or girl who has not had it. Last year, boys and girls in several cities brought scores of toys from their homes to the manual-training schools for the community Christmas trees. Many of these toys were not new and some were even broken, but in the schools they were neatly and strongly mended, freshly painted, and varnished, so that it was hard to believe that they were not new. A ST. NICHOLAS graduate, who is the editor of a children's page on a large newspaper, has for several years distributed hundreds of gifts to the poorer children in her city. These gifts have all been sent to her by readers of her page who believe that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

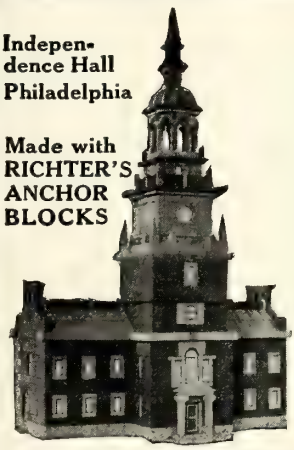
* * *

"Among my most appreciated remembrances at Christmas are the cards and letters I receive, because they bring me such personal wishes of good cheer from friends who, while they cannot send me gifts, want me to know that they are thinking of me." This is the answer one of the older ST. NICHOLAS readers made in response to a request for suggestions for Christmas presents, and we think it is an excellent idea to pass on. If you have not done all your Christmas shopping early, perhaps we can help you to decide about some of your gifts. The useful gift is the most acceptable of all, and need not be considered "too practical" even at Christmas. Mother would be sure to like dainty handkerchiefs, towels for the guest-room, gloves, silk stockings, a piece of odd silver, or a new pillow-cover which has some embroidery on it that has been done by the giver. Father, if he plays golf, will think a great deal of two or three extra golf-balls. If he enjoys reading, you can easily talk books to him, and, without his suspecting your object, find out some new book he would like to own. There are little silver markers for the place in the book he is reading now that would be sure to please him. Has he a fountain pen? For the grown-up sister, a dainty silver holder for a single rose-bud to stand on her dressing-table, a silver

(*Continued on page 64.*)

You can build *anything* in 3 colors — just like real





Independence Hall Philadelphia

Made with RICHTER'S ANCHOR BLOCKS

DID you ever see any of the wonderful bridges, forts, castles, armories and churches made with Anchor Blocks? You cannot imagine what beautiful buildings they are! And what fun it is to build them!

Boys!—and girls, too!—you can build all kinds of things with these stone blocks. One day you will build a tall lighthouse—another day, a bridge with towers on it—or a big church with arches and steeples. You don't merely build skeletons. You build *the real things* in miniature.

Any boy can build with Anchor Blocks. There are very easy designs for the little fellows and bigger designs like real buildings for the older chaps. And you can copy famous buildings and make all kinds of original models too. Anchor Blocks models may be left standing for days, so all your friends can see them, yet are easier to take apart than any other toy. Just knock them over and start a new model. No time wasted with screws, doing the same thing over and over again, until you lose your patience. Anchor Blocks are different. And they do not break or wear out, but last forever!

RICHTER'S ANCHOR BLOCKS

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GET A SET NOW—Go to your toy dealer's and see the different size sets of Anchor Blocks. There are red, buff and blue blocks in every set—and most of them have fine metal parts to make bridges with, too. Every set has a lot of parts in it. You can build hundreds of designs.

Most boys choose set No. 7, shown here. If your toy man has not this set in his store he will get it for you—or tell Father he can order it right from us. Tell him that the quantity on hand this year is limited, so that he can be on the safe side and make sure you will get your set *by ordering it now*. His money will be returned promptly if Anchor Blocks are not perfectly satisfactory.

Outfit No. 7
$5.00
Parcel Post prepaid in Continental United States



Mail This Coupon TO-DAY →

If you would like to know more about Anchor Blocks, tear off, fill in and mail the coupon in the corner. We will send you FREE our beautiful circular printed in four colors. It tells all about Anchor Blocks and shows some buildings made with them, and pictures of several different sets. *Mail the coupon now!*

F. Ad. RICHTER & CO.
Dept. 402
74 Washington Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.

FREE COUPON

Dealer's Name _____

Name _____

Address _____

F. Ad. Richter & Co. Dept. 402
74 Washington St., New York, N.Y.
Gentlemen—Send me your handsome color-circular about Anchor Blocks

NOTE!—If No. 7 set is desired at once enclose money order.

I. D.



Where Christmas Dreams Come True

Did you ever hear stories about a Dream Land, where every wish you had came true? Thousands of boys and girls will find exactly the toys they hoped for, pictured or written about in the pages of our catalog. And no wonder, for we have gone to the ends of the earth to find the things that children love. Here are toys, and sporting goods and books, and everything to make boys and girls the happiest of mortals on Christmas morning. Write a note to Santa Claus' Headquarters, saying you are a reader of St. Nicholas. Then, almost before you know it, this wonderful catalog will be at your house.



A Merry Christmas to All
from
F. A. O. SCHWARZ
Established 1862
303 Fifth Avenue, New York



MAGER
Alphabetic & Numerical
GAME

Absorbing! Enthralling! Educational!

A fascinating and alluring game for small children.

It has an instant and direct appeal to the budding mind and eager fingers of the little one. Before he knows it, he has learned the alphabet, numerals and the formation of words. He never dreams that he has been learning. He really has been playing. No strain—no compulsion—just sheer delight.

Blocks and cards and discs develop his constructive energies and sharpen his perceptive faculties. He crows and coos over it. There is such an endless variety that he never grows tired. And all the time he is having his mind developed in the simple and wholesome way dictated by Nature—that wisest of mothers.

No intelligent parent can afford to be without it. The MAGER GAME costs one dollar. Its worth to your growing child is beyond calculation.

Invaluable to Kindergarten Teacher
Enthusiastically endorsed by educators everywhere.

Sent prepaid to any address, carefully packed in rich crimson and gold-lettered box, on receipt of One Dollar. Address
G. E. MAGER, 1225 Garden Street, Hoboken, N. J.

GOOD FUN

(*Continued from page 62.*)

bonbon dish, or an odd piece for her toilet-set or her writing-desk. Big brother would like a silver pocket-knife for his watch-chain, or gloves, or a thermos kit if he is fond of tramping, or a good leather belt with his monogram. If he has a "den," there are any number of things—letter-holders, letter-openers, a leather box to keep the pack of cards from getting dusty, or perhaps a new waste-basket. When you plan your gifts for the friends of your own age, just think what you would like to have yourself.

Perhaps Mother and Father would like a little help in the way of suggestions too:

FOR GIRLS.

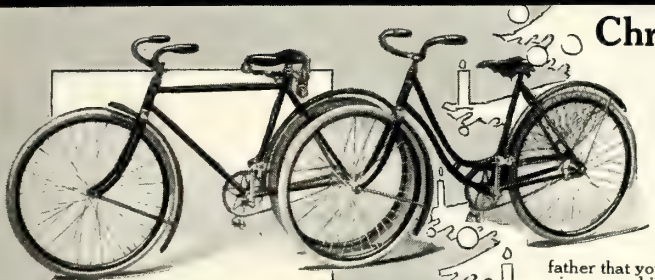
St. Nicholas.
Wrist-watch.
Bicycle.
Toy Range that Cooks.
Sewing-machine.
Books.
Candy.
Camera, and Films.
Gloves.
A Piece of Jewelry.
A Dog or Bird.
A Sewing "Work-basket."
Garden Sets.
Breakfast Set.
Flash-light.
Fountain Pen.
Sweater.
Tennis-racket.
Monogramed Writing-paper.
Dolls.
Silk Hose.
Games.
Skates and Boots.
Toilet Articles.
Furs.
Music Selections.
Doll Carriages.
Soap-bubble Outfits.
Electric Chafing-dish.
Furniture for Room.
Reading-lamp.
Toy Vacuum Cleaner.
House Shoes.
Name Pencils.
Pins.
Modeling Clay.
Paints and Crayons.
Playhouse.
Camp Fire Uniform.
Thermos School-kit.
Motor Wheel.
Phonograph.
Phonograph or Piano "Records."
Doll Clothing.
Doll Furniture and Houses.
Miniature Theaters.
Coaster-brake.
Embroidered Handkerchiefs.
Hair-ribbons.
Pictures.
Sled.
Coat-sweater.
Mackinaw.
Woolen "Muffler."
Hand-bag.
Diary.
Music Books.
Stuffed Animals.
Croquet Set.
Talking Doll.
Pony.

FOR BOYS.

St. Nicholas.
Home Billiard-table.
Toy Railroad and Equipment.
Bicycle.
Fishing-rod.
Blocks.
Watch.
Games.
Rifle.
Automobile.
Toy Factory.
Pocketbook.
Sand-boxes.
Telephone System.
Printing Plant.
Type-writer.
Rubber Heels.
Student-lamp.
Bob-sled.
Neckties.
Coaster-brake.

(*Continued on page 66.*)

IVER JOHNSON



Christmas is Most Here

Make it plain to Santa Claus that you want one of these elegantly finished, snappy-looking Iver Johnson bicycles. These are the easiest-riding juvenile bicycles made. They will last you for many years.

Try this stunt! Tell daddy, rich uncle, or grandfather that you want a "bike" to go on picnics, tours, hikes, to ball games, to school, etc. Send for the Iver Johnson Catalog and put it where he will see it. Pin a note on the page showing a picture of the "Boy Scout" or "Camp Fire Girls" bicycle and write on it, "This is what I want most for Xmas." Send to-day for Free 80-page Catalog on Bicycles, Motorcycles, Firearms.

Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works
358 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
N. Y., 99 Chambers St. San Francisco, 717 Market St.

"Boy Scout"
"Camp Fire Girls"

boast the same extra high-grade seamless tubing, fine bearings, two-piece crank, drop-forged parts, fine enamel and nickel trimmings and equipment as are used in the famous adult Iver Johnson models. ***Price $25***
Other sizes ***$22.50*** and ***$20***



IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS



Just Like the Big Trains

I GO right down into the great railroad yards and study the latest styles of locomotives, cars and semaphores. Then I pattern Lionel Electric Trains after them. Buy Lionel trains and you have ***real trains,*** only smaller in size.

You can buy Lionel trains from your dealer, complete or in single pieces, and think of this—there are so many different kinds of locomotives, passenger cars, freight cars, trolley cars, etc., that there is always something new when you want a change.

Oh! You Christmas Man!

Tell father Christmas will be a failure without a Lionel train. Then send for my big, free catalog showing the complete line with *over a hundred pictures.* Mark what you want, give it to father and urge him to order from your Lionel dealer. He *will!*

J. LIONEL COWEN,
Friend of the Boys

President **THE LIONEL MFG. CO.** 48B E. 21st St. New York City

LIONEL TOYS ELECTRIC



Heavy Service Traction Tire $8.00 a pair. All white or red rubber Motor-cycle fabric, 2 ply.



Overland Thornproof $5.00 a pair. Gray with red top, thornproof oil resisting.



United States Cord Tire $8.00 a pair. All black cord fabric, 2 ply

About That Christmas Bicycle

The pleasure of biking depends on tires.
When you talk about your Christmas bicycle, make up your mind about the tires that you are going to have on it.

UNITED STATES BICYCLE TIRES

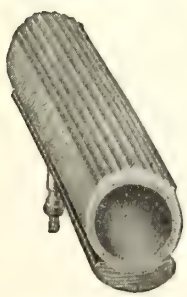
Five Popular Brands

are the tires to specify if you want to avoid trouble and get real fun out of your bicycle. ¶ So when you talk about the Christmas bicycle, talk about United States Tires too.

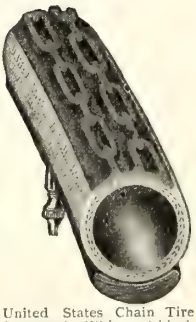
All good dealers sell them. Most manufacturers equip with them.

United States Tire Co.
1790 Broadway, New York

Catalogue free on request.
Sold by dealers everywhere.



Nonpareil $4.50 a pair. Gray, 2 ply fabric.



United States Chain Tire $7.50 a pair. White with black top, Motor-cycle fabric, 2 ply.

GOOD FUN

(*Continued from page 64.*)

Tent.
Fountain Pen.
Fur-lined Gloves.
Bicycle Tire.
Wireless Outfit.
Mackinaw.
Football.
Model Aëroplane.
Skates.
Military Brushes.
Camera, and Films.
Books.
Dog.
Pushmobile.
Flash-light Lantern.
Golf-clubs
Telescope.
Home Gymnasium Equipment.
Toy Circus.
Thermos Bottle.
Motor Wheel or Cycle.
Canoe.
Chest of Tools.
Construction Toys.
Bookcase.
Desk.
Model Boats.
Baseball Outfit.
Coat-sweater.
School Pins.
Name Pencils.
Cuff-links.
Traveling-bag.
Drawing Set.
Postage-stamps.
Rain Coat.
Slicker and Hat.
Rubber Boots.

For Baby there are worsted dolls, all sorts of animals covered with soft material, and there is a little set of "comfy" things consisting of a "double-gown," warm bootees, and a blanket which Mother would appreciate your giving as much as the baby would. There are two big facts for you to remember about your Christmas gifts. First, do not give a present for the sake of giving something. Select things, no matter how small or inexpensive, that you think will be useful, and will give real pleasure to the one who receives it every time he sees it or uses it. Second, wrap your gifts neatly and prettily. A red or green tissue-paper parcel, tied with bright red ribbon, with a sprig of Christmas holly stuck in the bow; or one that has an overcoat of holly-berry paper, tightly sealed with the jolly little "stickers" that bear the merry face of Santa Claus himself, makes the gift seem much more personal and friendly than if it went in just an ordinary bundle.

* * *

Interest in wireless telegraphy is constantly growing, but it is not confined to the boys and men of America by any means. Girls in many parts of the country have taken it up with much enthusiasm, and some have become such expert operators that they have been awarded licenses of the first class. In San Rafael, California, there is a girl fifteen years old who holds a first-grade commercial radio-operator's license from the United States Government. And this is not all. She has made her own apparatus, a ¼-kilowatt set. Instruction in wireless was one of the most popular features in many of the girls' camps during the last summer.



SERSO

A perfect game for all the family. A game that is the greatest Health-Maker in the World. You can have barrels of fun playing SERSO, and at the same time it will make you healthy and strong. ¶ SERSO is a game that makes every one feel better, gives you great exercise, and a wonderfully good time. Is n't that a bully combination? ¶ SERSO is a splendid game for young and old —combining all the fun-making elements with healthy exercises. Father, Mother, Aunt, The Boy, and The Girl, all can play SERSO together and enjoy it. ¶ SERSO is a game of skill which never loses its charm. Each SERSO outfit is equipped for three players. Complete with Mahogany finished wall rack, $5.00. It repays this small outlay many times over in the pleasure it affords to all the family. ¶ Endorsed by over 500 Physical Instructors. Played in the finest homes in America. ¶ Send for illustrated folder.

SERSO COMPANY, 334 Fifth Ave., New York



Picture Puzzle Blocks

Six popular Mother Goose stories made by arranging blocks in various color combinations. Great sport making your own set with 54 Wood Blocks and 12 sheets of gummed back puzzle pictures supplied. Each puzzle sheet to be cut into nine parts and the parts pasted on blocks, following directions. While designed for little folks, grown ups too enjoy making the pictures over and over again. 60 cents postpaid in attractive poster box. **PRITCHARD PUB. CO., 47 W. 34th St., N.Y.C.**

Send this new kind of Christmas Greetings to your friends

SEND TEN CENTS for MOVING PICTURES of SANTA CLAUS



DELIGHTFUL MOTION PICTURE BOOKLET

Thirty Pictures—Four Colors

In attractive folder for mailing as greeting

10c. Postpaid $1.00 a Doz.

Pritchard Pub. Co., Inc., 47 W. 34th St., N.Y.

They serve as a Christmas remembrance and afford continuous amusement

FAMOUS PARKER GAMES

There is a new and absolutely fascinating board game for you to play this winter. Better drop a hint that you would like it for Christmas. It is

The Great New Game POLLYANNA

"The Glad Game." The popular new board game now played everywhere! Absorbingly fascinating. Easily learned in a few minutes. POLLYANNA is a perfect game *for Two, Three or Four players. Partnership Games are great fun!* It holds the interest from start to finish.



POLLYANNA No. 2 has New Double Indicators *instead of dice.*

Price 85 cents each at all DEALERS or ***$1.00*** by PREPAID EXPRESS (securely packed) direct from us.

PING-PONG

Reg. U. S. Patent Office



PING-PONG is being played again. It had its great furor fifteen years ago, went out and now is again "coming in." There is no better game and thousands of dining-room tables are again "working overtime." This famous game always plainly bears the words "Ping-Pong" and is made only by Parker Brothers.

Excellent Sets from ***$3.00*** upwards and cheaper sets as well. Ask your DEALER for PING-PONG, or send direct to us, but by all means play PING-PONG. It will delight you!



ROOK and PIT 50c. Each



ROOK—The Game of Games. **PIT**—Always Great Fun.

Also ask for Parker Brothers' COOKING SCHOOL FOR LITTLE GIRLS. ***Price 50 cents*** and ***$1.00***

PARKER BROTHERS INC
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS


12½ Inch $1.25


11 Inch $1.00


11 Inch $1.00


14½ Inch $2.00

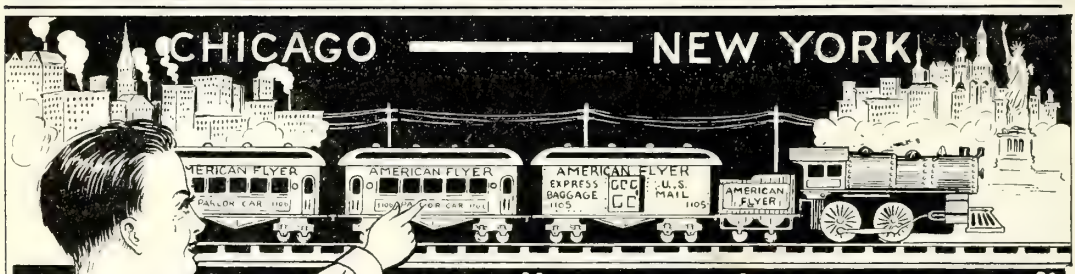
"MADAME HENDREN" DOLLS ARE DIFFERENT

THESE character dolls are dressed in beautiful pastel shades of finest wool felt. They represent such characters as Dutch children, Indian Maids and Chiefs, Cow-boys, Cow-girls, Soldier Boys in khaki uniforms with leather belt, holster, and gun.

We want every boy and girl to have a Madame Hendren Doll this Christmas. *Most good Stores handle them.* If you cannot be supplied through your dealer, we will send direct, *prepaid*, upon receipt of price.

AVERILL MANUFACTURING CO.
37 Union Square West, New York


$3.00
Gretchen
14½ Inch
Real Hair Wig



My "American Flyer" Could run from Chicago to New York

Boys—the "*American Flyer*" is a real train, just like those that run from Chicago to New York. The tracks, signals, switches, stations, and all other equipment make it possible for you to build and operate a complete railroad. ¶ Wind up the engine, push down the throttle, and away she goes, around the curves, banked so the engine can't run off, tearing along with its steel cars, like the finest train you ever saw. ¶ "*American Flyer*" trains are so much like real ones that the leading Engineering schools use them to teach Signal Engineering. Over 1,000,000 boys are operating "*American Flyer*" trains. You'll get 365 days of fun every year from your "*American Flyer.*" ¶ Go to the leading toy merchant in your town and ask for "*American Flyer*" trains with steel pinion gears; they wear longer. Outfits for as low as $1.00. Others higher priced according to the amount of railroad equipment you want for your "*American Flyer*" System.

(8)
Please send me your new FREE illustrated catalog.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....
Dealer's Name.....
Address.....

Write for new illustrated catalog, and information about "Motorcycle Mike," "Slippery Slim," and "Uncle Sam"—the speed toys. Fill in the coupon and mail today!

"AMERICAN FLYER" MFG. CO., 2223-2243 S. Halsted St., Chicago

BOULEVARD CONSTRUCTION TOY

COPYRIGHT 1916 MADE IN U.S.A.

A REPRODUCTION *of the* COVER. LOOK FOR IT IN THE BEST RETAIL STORES IN THE COUNTRY.





The "skyscraper" is a part of our modern architecture that has been neglected in the miniature, yet it is one of the most common types of buildings. With these blocks buildings can be constructed of indefinite height. Therefore, this toy is entirely new and original.

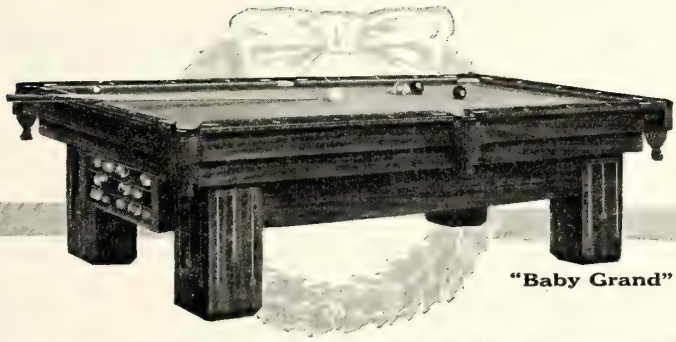
The constructed miniature building is realistic. In consequence, it is the ideal toy to encourage the child in the art of construction. A working blue print accompanies each set, and the equipment comprises everything necessary to make it architecturally complete in miniature.

Write for our descriptive booklet and rules governing our **Cash Prize Contest.** *Prices: 50c to $5.00*

HEIGHT 5 FEET

WOOD NOVELTY COMPANY

168 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago



"Baby Grand"

The Christmas Gift Good All Year 'Round

Parents, boys and girls, and guests are all fascinated by the royal games of Carom and Pocket Billiards when played on Brunswick tables in cozy home surroundings.

After school hours and winter evenings always find the Brunswick the center of merriment and wholesome exercise. Some styles can be set up quickly anywhere and taken down easily after play.

Made of beautiful oak and mahogany, richly inlaid—speed, accuracy and ever-level smoothness—sizes to fit all homes.

Brunswick Home Billiard Tables

$30 and Up—Pay 10c. a Day

A small first payment puts any Brunswick that you select in your home for Christmas. After that, pay the balance monthly—*terms as low as 10 cents a day.*

Balls, Cues, Etc., FREE

With every Brunswick Table we give you a complete Brunswick high-class Playing Outfit—Rack, Markers, Balls, Cues, Tips, expert book of 33 games, etc. Get our 30-day home trial offer and see these tables in our handsome colored catalog —"Billiards—The Home Magnet." Write or send the attached coupon and have this book by return mail free! Send today and decide in time for Christmas delivery.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
623-633 S. Wabash Ave.
Dept. 42 Y Chicago, Ill.

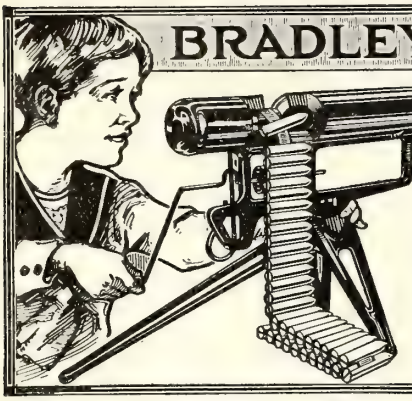
Send FREE, postpaid, color-book, **"Billiards—The Home Magnet"** and tell about your home trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

Send This Coupon for Billiard Book FREE

BRADLEY'S NEW MACHINE GUN



Looks and shoots just like real rapid fire military guns. Every revolution of the crank fires a shot.

"BIG DICK"

shoots 36 wooden bullets with one loading. The greatest gun ever made, 9 inches high, 23 inches long—strong, sure and durable. **PRICE, $2.50**

Sold by all toy dealers or sent by parcel post on receipt of price by

MILTON BRADLEY CO., Springfield, Mass.

"Makers of the World's Best Games"

Pamos for Christmas

gifts will make

All Children Happy

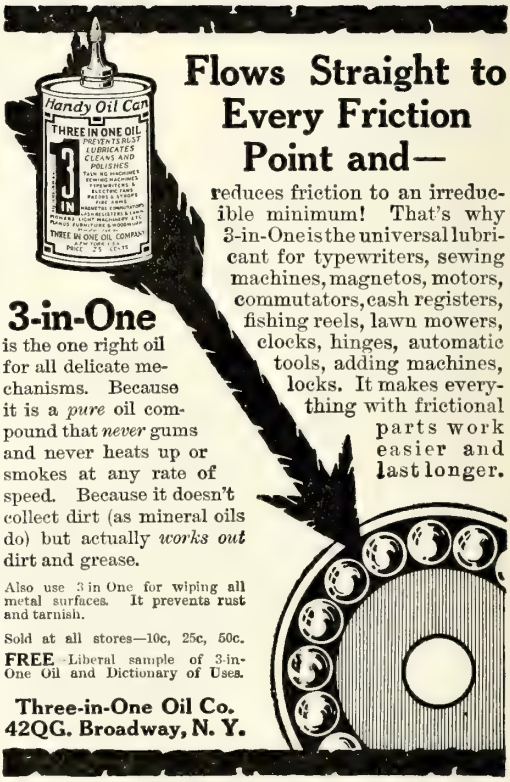


Fun for both children and grown-ups. Send 50 cents for handsomely boxed set of beautifully colored PAMOS PAPER MOSAICS complete with paste and blunt scissors. Other sets 50 cents to $2.00. Sample 10 cents. Catalogue on request.

At the best toy and department stores, or

PAMOS PICTURE COMPANY

656 Broadway, N. Y.



Flows Straight to Every Friction Point and—

reduces friction to an irreducible minimum! That's why 3-in-One is the universal lubricant for typewriters, sewing machines, magnetos, motors, commutators, cash registers, fishing reels, lawn mowers, clocks, hinges, automatic tools, adding machines, locks. It makes everything with frictional parts work easier and last longer.

3-in-One is the one right oil for all delicate mechanisms. Because it is a *pure* oil compound that *never* gums and never heats up or smokes at any rate of speed. Because it doesn't collect dirt (as mineral oils do) but actually *works out* dirt and grease.

Also use 3-in-One for wiping all metal surfaces. It prevents rust and tarnish.

Sold at all stores—10c, 25c, 50c.

FREE—Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
42QG. Broadway, N. Y.

Boys and Girls have you ever been to New York

Here is something new and unique you will want



SEEING NEW YORK GAME

The interesting places are here in beautiful poster colors. First of all you make the game yourself; and then to play it, you take *your* party of sightseers throughout the city to see all of the beautiful sights before your opponent's. Do you think you can do it? The more who play the more interesting it becomes. An artistic and fascinating game for grown-ups as well as children.

Price $1.20 Prepaid
Order direct from Designer & Publisher
Franklin Bittner
150 Fifth Ave. N.Y.

A large heavy folding board with outline map of New York City with twenty-four beautiful illustrations in seven colors, which you are to place in their proper positions. The board is covered with dark red covering in watered-silk effect. Packed in bright red box with pictorial label in colors. The game measures when opened 12 inches wide by 32 inches long. Price includes packing and postage.



80-page Book sent free on request.

SEND TODAY FOR THIS FREE CATALOG OF WIRELESS APPARATUS

YOU may have seen several wireless catalogs, but until you own a copy of the 80-page book published by Sears, Roebuck and Co. you have missed one of the finest books of its kind. Printed on high grade paper and illustrated with fine halftones. Filled with money saving bargains in wireless equipment. Every amateur, experimenter, school, university or laboratory needs this book. Write today for your copy. Ask for Wireless Catalog No. 6011S.

Bargains in High Grade Receivers

Many different types of receivers illustrated in this book. We can save you money on these and other wireless needs. All our apparatus is of guaranteed quality and *must* give you satisfaction. If it fails to do so, we refund every penny you may have paid us for it.

Sears, Roebuck and Co. Chicago.



FREE CATALOG

PRIZE FISH

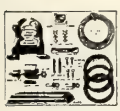
are caught and landed with "Bristol" Steel Fishing Rods because the action of the steel is so quick that the wary wise "big ones" cannot get away before the hook is driven home to stay.

"Bristol"

Prize Winning Rods

are perfect in material, workmanship, design, finish, action and ability to hold the fish until netted. Each "Bristol" guaranteed three years. 19,000 dealers sell 38 different "Bristols," from $3.50 to $25.00. If your dealer does n't have the exact "Bristol" you want, you can order from us at catalogue prices. Send your fishing photos.

The Horton Mfg. Co., 167 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.



Make This Motor *Yourself!*

Fun and instruction. We supply all perfect parts. You easily make a motor that runs at high speed on 1 cell. Size, mounted, 3x3¼x4″. Postpaid, $1.40.

Ask for it for Christmas

The Dierichs Co., Dept. N, P. O. Box 58, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CONTINENTAL "Get Acquainted" Offer

OUR DECEMBER OFFER



Each month, to acquaint our friends with Continental values, we offer an exceptional bargain in some popular article. For December our special is a wonderful hockey skate and shoe outfit at a big reduction.



THIS REGULAR $5.00 SKATE & SHOE OUTFIT . . . . . $3.95 With Coupon

When ordering give size of shoe and specify boys' or girls'. All delivery charges prepaid by us. Send your order to-day.

CONTINENTAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE with every purchase. Bank reference, U. S. Mtge. & Trust Co. of N. Y.

Write for Fall and Winter Catalog "S. N."

Watch for next month's special

CONTINENTAL SPORTING GOODS Co.

WORLD'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER SPORTING GOODS HOUSE

125 West 125 Street, N. Y. C.

Coupon Value $1.05 Dec. Offer S. N.

Ask for this Bicycle for Christmas!

$9.75



The Little Hummer

For Boys and Girls from 4 to 8 Years Old



Bright Maroon Frame
Motorbike Handlebars
Full Leather Saddle
Ball Bearing Wheels
Cushion Rubber Tires
Height—27 Inches

One Model for All

A Word to Parents

BICYCLING develops health, grace and self-reliance in little folks. And they take to it easily and naturally. Most department store, hardware and furniture dealers have LITTLE HUMMERS. If yours hasn't yet, write us, enclosing remittance. The LITTLE HUMMER will come promptly (freight prepaid east of Missouri river). Get the kiddies a LITTLE HUMMER for Christmas.

T. B. LAYCOCK, SON & CO. Dept. D. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



These Games and Books All for $1.00

Here is the biggest combination of books and games ever offered for the price. A Xmas gift that means fun for the whole year.

6 Big Games, 5 Paint Books, 2 Fun Books and 2 Alger Books

Running for President Game—20 x 12 inches. The game sensation of the year; more fun than any game you have ever played.

Game of Baseball—9½ x 12 inches
9 innings chuck full of base hits and home runs.

Game of Golf—9 x 11 inches. Played like real golf. Great sport.

Game of Labyrinth—9½ x 11¼ inches
Find your way to the center of the Labyrinth, a maze of winding paths.

Newspaper Game—9 x 11 inches
From Errand Boy to General Manager. 4 can play this game.

Lightning Express Game—9½ x 12½ inches. The best railroad game ever made. Wrecks and slow engines to halt the unlucky ones.

The Biggest Paint Book

Children of All Nations, Painting and Crayoning Book—10½x15½ inches. The largest painting book we have ever seen. Beautifully illustrated in 4 colors. Many days of good fun.

4 More Painting Books—Each 12 x 8 inches

Indian Side Show—Young Circus Parade

4 books full of thrilling pictures of the Circus and Side Show, containing all the animals of the Circus—Clowns and Calliope, Indians and Cow-Boys.

2 Fun Books

Magician's Book—5 x 7 inches. How to do Tricks, etc.

Riddles and Conundrums Book—5 x 7 inches. Contains 1000 Riddles and Conundrums. Material enough for a whole year of fun.

2 Big Books by Horatio Alger, Jr.—8 x 11 inches.
Good books that every boy and girl wants to own. The best that Alger has written. And Last of All Our Big Premium Offer.

National Mail Order Co., Dept. D Cleveland, Ohio

DIRECTIONS—Cut out coupon below. Fill in your name and address in ink. Enclose $1.00 and send to us. Everything described above will be sent to you postpaid. Order now before supply is exhausted.

COUPON

National Mail Order Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Enclosed find $1.00, for which you may send me the 6 games, 5 paint books, 2 fun books, and 2 Alger books, as advertised in ST. NICHOLAS.

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... State .....



LUDEN'S Stop Rainy Day Sneezes

Feet wet—clothing damp? Take Luden's to prevent after effects. Give Quick Relief.

In the Yellow Box 5c

LUDEN'S

MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

Coughs and colds quickly respond to Luden's—as do other ailments of the throat and nose.

WM. H. LUDEN, Mfg. Confectioner, READING, PA.

DO YOU BELONG TO A CLUB?

¶ A club that is different, that requires no dues, whose members are interested in one of the most interested hobbies ever known and a club that is now a big national organization formed just for ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls?

¶ If you never collected stamps you are like the boy who never ate plum pudding because it didn't look good and he *thought* he would n't like it. If you haven't answered any of the ads. on pages 75, 76 and 77, you don't know how much fun you are missing.

¶ Enclose two cents for an application blank and get your neat little stamp club button before Christmas.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP CLUB
353 Fourth Avenue, New York City

200 Different Foreign Stamps Free

No Post-cards No Envelopes No United States

A Most Wonderful Bargain

All you have to do is to send 25c. for a new 6 months' sub. to MEKEEL'S STAMP WEEKLY, Beverly, Mass., and secure FREE

The Famous Powell Assembling

The Best Stamp Paper in the World. 6 mos. } **Both 25c.**
200 All Different Clean Foreign Stamps. }

Any One of These Collections Free

200	All different foreign postage stamps.
60	Japanese, all different, quaint and curious.
101	All different United States, no postal cards.
50	Different Norway-Denmark, a splendid lot.
75	U. S. precancelled stamps, all different.
50	Different from Sweden or Italy or Africa.

Ten Weeks for 10c. and One of These Free:

Austria '08 Jub. 15 varieties		42	Different curious Japan
100	Foreign, all different	30	Different Swedish, fine
50	Different U. S. stamps	8	Rebel Mexican, different

Be Wise on Reprints, Counterfeits, etc, and Read MEKEEL'S



Have You Seen

MAIDEN AMERICA

The National Doll?

A Winsome New Dolly that You'll Love!

"MAIDEN AMERICA" is just the dearest little thing you ever saw! No matter how many you have in your doll family, and how dearly you love them, you'll want to find room in your heart for "Maiden America." She's a saucy, charming little lady; and then she's so different from any other doll you've ever seen. See her hold out her arms and smile for you to take her?

"MAIDEN AMERICA" comes to you in a box all dressed up in *red, white, and blue ribbon.* She is eight inches high. You can give her a bath, any time she needs it, and she won't mind at all.

Be sure to ask your dealer for "Maiden America." If he cannot supply you, send us 75 cents and we will see that you are supplied. ¶ Put "Maiden America" on your Christmas list and give her to your little friends. They'll love her too.

Write to MAIDEN TOY COMPANY, 41 Union Square, New York

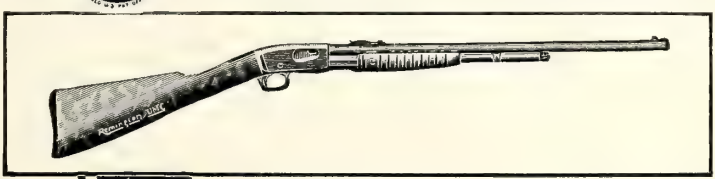


A FATHER'S GIFT TO HIS BOY

This boy and his father are comrades. They go hunting together when they can, but more often they enjoy target shooting together. The father shows the boy how to make high scores, but more important than that, he has gotten well acquainted with his boy, until they have become fast friends and pals instead of mere acquaintances, as they used to be.

Remington UMC

A Remington UMC Rifle makes a fine gift for any boy. It develops his mind and his muscles together, gives him a healthful all-year-round sport, and inspires him to excel.



The Remington UMC Rifle pictured here is Model Number 12, a .22 cal. Repeating Rifle. Like all Remingtons, it shoots straight and is absolutely safe. It weighs only 4½ pounds, so any boy over 12 can handle it to perfection. We will be glad to send complete information about this, and other rifles, on request. Or ask your local dealer to show it to you.

REMINGTON ARMS U. M. C. CO., Woolworth Bldg., N. Y.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

PRIZE WINNERS

IT is with very mixed feelings that we speak of our last competition. In a way, we rejoice not only in the number but also in the quality of the replies. Some of the contestants in this last attempt have written for other competitions, and we were curious enough to dig out the old answers and compare them with the new. We were surprised and gratified at the higher grade of all the replies as compared with former efforts. In individual cases, we knew the children were older and would write better. But all along the line the answers are better. But, oh! it makes it so hard to decide which is the best—most worthy of the first prize. We took into consideration everything—spelling, expression, and general neatness of the manuscript, as well as the subject-matter of the essay itself. Finally we increased the number of prizes to twelve instead of ten. We have awarded the first prize to Mabel Macferran, Germantown, Pennsylvania; the second to Dorothy McEntee, Newark, New Jersey, and ten third prizes to Elizabeth V. Fisher, Henry N. Pierce, James D. Havens, Henry F. Howe, Laurence H. Barney, Jr., Frederick T. Platt, Herman Baer, Huntington Hill, Louise Warren Hurd, and Grant Powell. We wish to thank the other contestants for the interest shown by them, and wish them better luck another time.

THE NEW CATALOGUE

THIS book is offered to the public in a new edition nearly every year. While it is a book which no collector can do without, yet as a rule we do not comment upon its arrival. But this year is an exception. We cannot refrain from calling attention to its greatly improved appearance, and congratulating its publishers upon the results of their efforts. As evidence of the amount of work involved, the publishers tell us that while in the Nineteenth Century Album there are spaces for 17,000 stamps, and in the Twentieth Century Album spaces for 16,000, the minor varieties noted in the new catalogue bring the number far above this. One of the readers of Stamp Page, Karl W. Fischer, writes us that by actual count he makes the number 62,723 different varieties. These are all listed, and most of them are priced both used and unused. Moreover, they are all briefly described, their color given, the kind of paper upon which they are printed mentioned, as well as the classification according to the process used in their printing,—such as "engraved," "lithographed," "typographed,"—and even the method of separation is noted and measured. In addition to this, the text is accompanied by upward of ten thousand illustrations. Almost all one could wish to know about these stamps is fully set forth. This, however, applies to the old catalogue as much as to the new. But the new one is better than the old in that it has been entirely reset with new type and new cuts. The difference in result is astonishing. Both print and cuts stand out far more clearly than in the old edition. Hitherto, directly following the fly-leaf was an inserted page, which entitled the purchaser of the catalogue to a free copy of a small catalogue of local stamps. This inserted page now entitles the purchaser to the publishers' "Monthly Circular," for one year. We believe that to most collectors this will prove far more attractive than the catalogue of local stamps.

CHRISTMAS

THIS season of the year always brings to STAMP PAGE letters from parents asking for suggestions for Christmas presents for a boy interested in stamp-collecting. It is difficult to make a definite suggestion unless one knows something of the boy in question—his age, his already acquired knowledge of stamps, and, more important than all else, how many and which stamps he already has and what of the various stamp-paraphernalia he already owns. But there is one prime requisite. No matter what else he may have, nor how large his collection, nothing can be so helpful to him as a copy of the latest "Standard Catalogue." It is impossible to progress far without its helpful pages. The next item of importance is a "home" for his stamps, an album in which to place his treasures. For the beginner, or one who has not many stamps as yet, we recommend the "Junior" album. For the more advanced collector there is the "International," while for the lads who limit their collections to the stamps issued by the United States and its colonies there is the "National." These albums may be purchased from any of our advertisers. For another class of collectors—those who collect only certain foreign countries, as for instance Great Britain, or British Colonies, or British West Indies—there is a sectional album called the "Best," and published by J. W. Scott & Co. But perhaps the laddie already has an album; he then, of course, has an insatiable desire for stamps to put in it. For such a collector, why not buy a "packet" of stamps for his Christmas? Buy as high-priced a packet as you can afford; in this way you get better value for your money. We have known of parents, and of aunties too, who have bought high-priced packets and divided them, reserving a portion for a birthday present later on. Like albums, there are packets for every taste—packets large and small, foreign and United States; packets containing nineteenth-century stamps only, or of the twentieth century only; packets of this country or of that, or of about every conceivable group of countries. There are even packets which contain only stamps having upon them pictures of animals and birds. There is a packet whose stamps show only the pictures of boats and ships. And prices vary also. One cannot help but find something that he wants. But if, as, alas! often happens, the parents know little or nothing of the wants of the collecting boy, let them find out the boy's favorite dealer and establish with that dealer a "credit" for whatever amount is desired. Some dealers make a

(*Continued on page 76.*)

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.



L. W. Charlat

537 Fifth Avenue

Between 44th and 45th Streets

New York City

Invites you to call (or write) for his

VALUABLE STAMP CATALOGUE

100 pages Finely illustrated FREE

We carry a very complete line of Packets, Sets, Single Stamps, and Albums

The Dandiest Gift Ever— and All Ready to Give.



Done up in a handsome Christmas package, with your name and greetings inside —sent to anyone you wish. You know lots of fellows who would be tickled to death with this wonderful present.

A complete philatelic outfit for one dollar and twenty-five cents

Modern Stamp Album

Contains spaces for 10,000 stamps. 2200 illustrations.

211 Different Foreign Stamps. 50 Different U. S. Stamps. 1000 Stamp Hinges

A copy of an interesting booklet

"WHAT PHILATELY TEACHES"

Regular Price - - - - - - - - - - - $2.75
Christmas Special Price - - - - - - - $1.25
(Which includes packing and shipping charges)

P.S. How would you like this present for yourself? Why not show this to Dad or Mother? More interesting than toys, more educational than books. Perhaps they'll get it for you.

Illustrated 96-page price list free on request

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO.
127 Madison Avenue, New York City

GEOGRAPHICAL PACKET

A very interesting and instructive packet containing 22 varieties of map stamps including

CUBA	PANAMA
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC	REUNION
MEXICO	VENEZUELA

and others. Price 50 cents

THE EDGEWOOD STAMP CO., MILFORD, CONNECTICUT

FREE

BRITISH COLONIAL PACKET TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS. Desirable stamps at bargain prices.

H. LITTEN, ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

JAPAN POSTAGE STAMPS

40 varieties neatly mounted in the order of their issue. All free from paper. The lot includes the **1 yen carmine,** also 1½ sen and 3 sen **Coronation stamps.** 10c. silver and 2c. stamp for postage. An entire Jap. post-card with each order; **two** while they last. CHAS. A. TOWNSEND, 847 W. MARKET ST., AKRON, O.

Rare Stamps Free 15 all different Canadian and 10 India with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. When possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. **Large wholesale list for Dealers free.** We offer these sets, great bargains, cheapest ever offered, no two stamps alike in any set, all different, fine condition. Postage 2c. extra. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U.S., 20c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 50 Asia, 17c.; 20 Chile, 10c.; 4 Malta, 5c.; 13 Nyassa, 39c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 10 Straits, 7c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 7 Persia, 4c.; 10 Ceylon, 15c.; 8 Hawaii, 20c.; 20 Denmark, 7c.; 30 Sweden, 10c.; 50 Brt. Col's, 6c.; 35 Austria, 9c.; 25 Persia, 25c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 6 Fiji, 15c.; 25 Italy, 5c.; 7 Iceland, 20c.; 4 Sudan, 8c.; 10 China, 10c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 10 Uruguay, 7c.; 6 Reunion, 5c.; 5 Panama, 13c.; 5 Zanzibar, 20c. **Remit in stamps or Money Order.** Fine approval sheets 50% discount. 50 Page List Free. We buy Stamps. MARKS STAMP CO., DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.

XMAS

comes but once a year. Get your stamps and hinges here. What better gift than 1000 all different stamps for only $2.60? Or 500 for $1.00? No trash. 1000 Hinges, 10c. "Dandy" approvals, 50%. C. F. RICHARDS, BOX 77, GRAND CENTRAL P. O., NEW YORK.

PICTURE PACKET

Forty (40) varieties of picture stamps for only 25c. Pictures of animals, trees, birds, ships, and many other interesting things from all over the world.

COVERT STAMP COMPANY, 39 STATE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

(*See also page 77.*)

STAMP DIRECTORY—Continued

FREE DANDY PACKET OF foreign stamps to approval applicants. Hard to get stamps at bargain prices. H. B. Simmon, Rock Island, Illinois.

SNAPS 175 Different Foreign, 10c. 65 Different U. S., including $1 and $2 revenues, for 11c. With each order we give free our pamphlet which tells "How To Make A Collection Properly." Queen City Stamp & Coin Co., Room 32, 604 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS. 10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Hayti. Lists of 7000 low-priced stamps free. Chambers Stamp Co., 111 G Nassau Street, New York City.

LIBERIA STAMP AND PACKET HINGES FREE to collectors sending for a selection of my fine approvals at 50% discount. H. J. Schmidt, Drawer H, Oakland Sta., Pittsburgh, Pa.

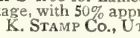
FREE—Big packet of CANADA stamps, various issues, including Maple Leaves, etc., etc., 2c. postage. Illustrated catalog free. Midland Stamp Co., Midland, Ontario.

25% AND 50%. Specially selected approval sheets. 40% Free stamps on application. Reference necessary. Homer Stephens Stamp Co., Lake George, N. Y.

STAMPS FREE, 75 ALL DIFFERENT
For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

DANDY PACKET STAMPS free for name, address, 3 collectors, 2c. postage, with 50% apprs. 125 dif. U. S. inc. high values, 50c. U. T. K. Stamp Co., Utica, N. Y.

Free 7 large beautiful stamps. Request our ½c. approvals. Artemuis Stamp Co., 619 Ganahl St., Los Angeles, Cal.

2 BIG SETS of stamps FREE to customers. Hess Bros., Clearfield,  approval customers. Penna.

SEND for Price-list of Postage and Revenue stamps for collections. E. T. Parker, Bethlehem, Pa.

All for 20c. { 40 diff. U. S., 8 diff. Switzerland, 30 diff. Sweden, 10 Argentine, all diff., 3 Orange River Colonies, all diff. Foye Stamp Co., Detroit, Michigan.

Packet A, catalogues $1.50 or over, price 40c. (Approvals sent for reference.) A. E. Silveira, 49 Governor St., Providence, R. I.

ROYAL APPROVALS—Nifty stamps at liberal discounts. Christmas Surprise Packet and bargain lists free to applicants. *Eventually—Why not now?* Belmont Stamp Co., 32 So. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

STAMPS 105 China, etc., stamp dictionary, list 3000 bargains, 2c. Album (500 pictures), 3c. Bullard & Co., Sta. A, Boston.

War—Up to the minute issues on approval. Premium for references. M. D. Meade, Farallone, Calif.

10 Cents Each. 14 Argentina; 6 Australia; 20 Austria; 4 Bahamas; 6 Barbados; 12 Bavaria; 20 Belgium; 8 Bolivia; 12 Brazil; 6 Br. Guiana; many others. Neel, 880 Clarkson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. 1902–3, 1 to 10c..... 4c. Par. Post, 1 to 25c.....10c.
Pan-Pacific, 1 to 10c..... 6c. P. P. Dues, 1 to 5c..... 9c.
Also stamps on approval at low net prices.
E. A. Southwick, 388 11th St., Portland, Ore.

FREE—55 For. Stamps to applicants for our 50% approvals. Reference and 2c. stamp. 50 U. S., Catalogue value $1.12, for 10c. 110 For., Catalogue $1.28, 10c. 1000 Mixed Stamps, 25c. Holley Stamp Co., East Pembroke, Mass.

EASY MONEY—Big Commissions if you sell my Stamps on Approval. A. J. Volk, 2583 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

100 VARIETIES U. S. stamps mounted in book, 22c. P. E. Strickland, Galesburg, Ill.

XMAS present of 10 good stamps to Dec. approval applicants. Edwin H. Bailey, Farmingdale, N. Y.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(*Continued from page 74.*)

specialty of this, having a daintily engraved credit-slip which can be put into a Christmas stocking with results very satisfactory to the recipient, who can then purchase just what stamps he most desires. Again, some dealers make up "Christmas Boxes," containing albums, packets, and stamp-accessories of various kinds, all very fascinating to the boy who loves his stamps. Or, perhaps, the young collector is given to asking questions, embarrassing questions, about his stamps; has evinced a desire to *know* to what the various pictures refer, what they mean, what they represent. In such an instance he would dearly love a book telling about stamps. There are quite a number of these on the market. One of the most interesting of such is called "The Wonderland of Stamps." It is very popular with young collectors. Then there is a little book, moderate in price, called "Commemorative Stamps." It is profusely illustrated, and will be found a very helpful and instructive addition to a boy's library. The author of this has recently published a companion book entitled, "Natural History as shown on Postage Stamps."

The Editor remembers the joy which was his on more than one Christmas when receiving stamps. He wishes all readers of Stamp Page a "Merry Christmas," and hopes that they will have the pleasure of finding in their Christmas stocking something for the stamp-collection.

POSTMARKS

HAND in hand with stamp-collecting goes the collection of postmarks. Each suggests the other. The pleasure of the coloring in stamps is offset by the ease with which a large variety of postmarks can be obtained. Only one who has collected postmarks—studied them—can realize how many of them there are, how, in a way, they have a history, and how difficult it is to obtain some varieties of them. On several occasions in the past, certain of our readers have written for information as to where they could obtain a postmark album. To the best of our knowledge nothing of the sort existed. Now, however, we can give a different answer to the question. There has been sent us for examination a jolly little album, gotten up expressly for postmarks—for postmarks of the United States. It is really a sort of "See America First." Not only are pages allotted to each State in the Union, but on these pages, ruled in squares to accommodate the postmarks, are numerous suggestions,—items of great interest,—biographical, geographical, historical, and the like. These marked spaces serve excellently to stimulate activity in collecting. Moreover, they serve to fix in the mind of the child many important facts and excite his curiosity about the things merely hinted at. He learns that the popular name of Rhode Island is "Little Rhody," and that the state flower is the violet. He gets items of information about Providence, Block Island, Newport, Narragansett Pier, etc. Or he learns that Virginia is the "Old Dominion"; while squares marked "Caverns of Luray," "Home and Tomb of Washington," "Seat of William and Mary College" make him wonder what name the postmarks for these spaces should bear. And perhaps not the least attractive feature of the book is the color-design. We are glad to have seen this album, and think it is exceptionally well fitted for the needs of those who collect postmarks.

STAMP DIRECTORY—Continued



This Cuban Special Delivery, showing view of Morro Castle and Havana Harbor, **given free with each order.**

Special Christmas Offer
(to Stamp Club Members)
WAR STAMPS
Set of 5 different war stamps especially selected, for 10 cents
Everything for the Stamp Collector
Metropolitan Stamp Co.
7 West 42d Street, New York City

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100 NICE COLLECTION. NICE PRESENT. Diff. U. S. '51-'15, no envs. or revs., Cat. $2.00. WILL H. FEDDER, LASALLE, N. Y. **40c.**

OTTAWA Postage Stamp Appraisal Co. Collections valued; all collections at owners' risk; rates on application. Stamps bought, sold, and exch. 180 COOPER ST., OTTAWA, ONT., CANADA.

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61 different stamps from Transvaal, Dutch Indies, China, etc., to applicants for approvals enclosing 4c. JOS. B. COLLINS CO., 2 COLLINS PLACE, CINCINNATI, O.

St. Nicholas Stamp Club Members
Dime Sets, 12 for $1.00. List free.
HUB POSTAGE STAMP CO., 345 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

FREE—5 unused stamps to approval applicants. EDWIN H. BAILEY, FARMINGDALE, N. Y.

Watermark Detector and 50 different stamps only 10c. PENNY STAMPS ON APPROVAL. BURT MCCANN, 321 NO. NEWTON, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

STAMPS 75 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE to all sending for our approval sheets at 50% discount. Postage 2 cents. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

Mexican WAR STAMPS free with first selection of approvals, two Mexican War Stamps. I have pleased hundreds of boys and girls with my stamps at 1, 2, and 5 cents each. Why not you? HUBERT E. CODWISE, MELROSE HLDS., MASS.

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5 VAR. PERU FREE with trial approval sheets. F. E. THORP, NORWICH, N. Y.

U 2 Approvals when mailed 2. U. will surely be pleasing 2. U. Premium—7 Bulgaria—may please U. 2. MRS. L. W. KELLOGG, W. HARTFORD, CONN.

APPROVALS. Canada Coil and War Tax. Reference required. MRS. OUGHTRED, 28 LINCOLN AVE., MONTREAL, QUE.

PARCEL POST complete, 85c.; Hinges, 4c. Premiums. Ref. Approvals. KEYSTONE STAMP & COIN CO., Box 4520, PHILA., PA.

BRITISH COLONIES—and their War issues. Used and Unused. Also Approvals, in Books & Sheets. Prices moderate. J. A. GALBRAITH, 16 BEAVER STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

515 standard varieties, in finest condition, and including such stamps as—

Canada 1859, Beaver, 5 cents.
1859, Queen, 1 cent and 10 cents.
1897, Jubilee, several.
Ceylon 1867, pence issue, 1d and 6d.
New Hebrides, used, 5d.
Gilbert and Ellice, 4d, used.
Papua, 1d, 2d and 4d, used.
Cape, triangular, 4d blue, etc., etc.

During the War we are also presenting a superb set of Indian, Queen, 2, 3 and 5 rupees, used postally, to every purchaser of this Collection.

PRICE, $7.50 A bargain. Cash with order. Post free registered.

Selections on approval. Price list free
GEO. C. GINN & CO.
Est. 1882, 66 Bishopsgate, London, E. C., Eng.



Stamps! 105 all diff. vars. Mostly from the countries now at war: Great Britain, France, Russia, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, Portugal, Bulgaria, Turkey, etc. A nice collection only 10c.; 1000 mixture 25c. 32-page list free. Agts. wtd. 50%. **I buy stamps.** L. B. DOVER, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Stamps 108 all diff., Transvaal, Turkey, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Ceylon, Java, etc., and **Album, 10c.** 1000 **Finely Mixed, 25c.** 65 diff. U. S., **25c.** 1000 hinges, **5c.** Agts. wtd. 50%. **List Free.** I buy stamps. **C. Stegman,** 5940 Cote Brilliante Ave., **St. Louis, Mo.**

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER

All for 10c. 1 Pack. "Cleveland" Hinges, 1 Pocket Album, 1 Perf. Gauge, 5 Spanish War Revs., 8 U. S. Envelopes cut. sq. inc. War Dept., 6 Civil War Revs., 5 N. Y. State Revs.
CROWELL STAMP CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO.



A STAMP ALBUM A collection of rare Mexican **WAR** stamps, including **Madero,** etc., 100-page catalog, perf. gauge and mill. scale, coupons, etc., all for **5c.** 100 all diff. **5c.** 1000 hinges **5c. Approval sheets 50% comm. Agents Wanted. We Buy Stamps.** HUSSMAN STAMP CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

FREE

60 different stamps, including Newfoundland, China, Japan, Mexico, etc., to applicants for our high-grade approvals.
Send 2c. stamp for return postage.
THE EDGEWOOD STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. S, MILFORD, CONN.

WAR ISSUES our specialty, large list free. Bargain leader, 40 different $2.25, 15 diff. $1.00. Copies of our monthly Bulletin and Large U. S. list free. Send your name. ECONOMIST STAMP CO., 87 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Postage Stamp Collectors, Attention! All good European stamp selections are not all my selections, but all my European stamp selections are good selections. Ask for a selection on approval. H. W. PROTZMANN, 1031 28TH ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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121 ALL FOREIGN STAMPS including Guatemala, Honduras, Roumania, Costa Rica, Egypt, Chili, China, Mexico, Peru, Cuba, Russia, India, Victoria, Portugal, etc., **15c.** 200 hinges **free.** ROYAL STAMP CO., 48 N. 51ST STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

20th Cent. collection. 50 stamps of S. A. countries as Big Colombia, Hayti, etc. Cat. over $1.75, only 50c. Give to your friends as Xmas presents. HESS BROS., CLEARFIELD, PA.

Stamps on Approval at 50% discount to collectors willing to spend a quarter each time. Two references required. No postals answered. EXCELSIOR STAMP CO., BOX 263, MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

PACKET 30 all different unused South and Central Americans, 25 cents.
S. HAAS, 115 PRIMROSE AVE., MT. VERNON, N. Y.

***ECUADOR** *No. 46, cat. $2.50, *No. 53, cat. $3, Egypt No. 209, cat. $1, *Panama No. 18, cat. 25c., all for 10c.; to appr. applicants. 1000 hinges, 8c. HARRIS, 3838 REISTERSTOWN RD., BALTO., MD.

I Wish you all A Merry Xmas and A Happy New Year I also wish you would write for price-lists. GEO. T. SIMPSON, 433 PEARL ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

FREE! China No. 176-185 used to applicants for my approvals. Reference, please. C. A. BREWSTER, 1432 BELT, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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500 spaced, illustrated Album, 250 hinges, and 100 varieties stamps, **5c.** A. WRIGHT, 47 COURT ST., BOSTON, MASS.

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144 Poster Stamps, assorted 12 diff. series of 12 stamps each. Size 2½ x 1¾ inches. **10c.**
J. E. STROYER, 27 VAN STALLEN ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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6 VARIETIES Newfoundland to approval applicants enclosing 2c. W. G. WATT, VERGENNES, VT.

Stamp Club Members! I'm after you. I offer the same 50% that the other fellow does, and an extra discount if you return stamps in ten days. If you want the medium-priced stamps, *try* me. I can make your Christmas money go farthest. D. M. WARD, 222 TANEY ST., GARY, IND.

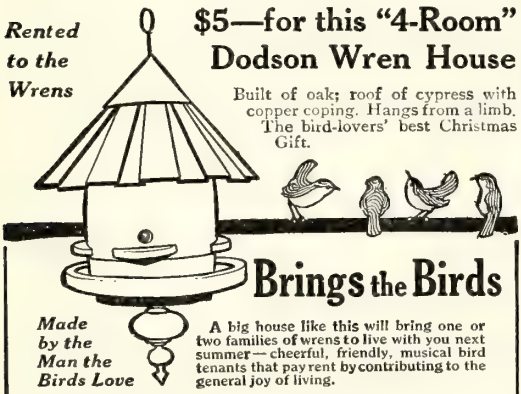
U. S. STAMPS. 125 all different, 50c. WM. H. WILKERSON, JR., 760 HOWARD AVE., S. E. WASHINGTON, D. C.

(*See also page 72.*)

How To Get a Pet For Christmas

No need to ask any ST. NICHOLAS reader if they would *like* a pet for Christmas. For where is a boy or girl who would not be delighted to find a rollicking, companionable dog, a shaggy, friendly pony, a fluffy kitten, or some other jolly pet in their Christmas packages? Tell father and mother Luther Burbank says that every child should have various animals to pet; and that any child who has been deprived of such things has been deprived of the best part of his education. Here is the way to get the pet you would like best. Look through the little advertisements below, select those that interest you most, and then write a short letter to each, asking them if they will please send you more information. Then have father or mother write their name at the bottom of your letter and mail it as soon as ever you can.

Rented to the Wrens



$5—for this "4-Room" Dodson Wren House

Built of oak; roof of cypress with copper coping. Hangs from a limb. The bird-lovers' best Christmas Gift.

Brings the Birds

Made by the Man the Birds Love

A big house like this will bring one or two families of wrens to live with you next summer—cheerful, friendly, musical bird tenants that pay rent by contributing to the general joy of living.

Mr. Dodson, a director of the American Audubon Association, has spent 22 years learning how to build bird houses that attract the birds. Wrens, blue-birds, martins, each must have its own especial style house. The right kind—the Dodson Kind—brings back the bird families year after year. Their perfection has been a labor of love.

If you want the birds next summer, get your houses now and set them up to "weather" The birds like them better.

The Ideal Christmas Gift

A Dodson Bird House is an inexpensive gift, most appreciated by nature loving friends. Cost from $1.50 to $12. The wren house illustrated can be enjoyed by every one who has a tree to hang it on. Entire collection described in catalog, with prices. Includes bird baths, winter feeding devices, etc. All are patented.

Bird Book Free—The illustrated Dodson book tells how to attract native birds to your garden. With it we send, *also free*, a beautiful picture, in color, from "Nature Neighbors," worthy of framing. Write to

JOSEPH H. DODSON
707 Harrison Avenue Kankakee, Ill.
(6)



Shetland and Welsh Ponies

Gentle little ponies, thoroughly broken to saddle and harness. Ideal pets for children. Complete outfits. Illustrated catalog.

MIDLOCH PONY FARM
Trevilians, Va.

BELLE MEADE PONIES



Ideal Pets for Children

Write for handsomely illustrated catalog of famous Belle Meade herd. Shetland, Welsh and other pure breeds. $75 up. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Pedigreed Stock Belle Meade Farm Belle Meadows

Belle Meade Farm
Box 9 Belle Meade, Va.



PETS OF EVERY KIND

Shetland Ponies. Dogs of all breeds, Belgian Hares and all other rabbits, Angora Cats, Fancy Pigeons, Fancy Poultry, Wild Ducks, Geese, Swans, Cavies, Squirrels, Ringdoves, Parrots, Canaries, Monkeys, Foxes, Raccoons, Ferrets, thousands of Pets all varieties, low prices. Big catalog beautifully illustrated 25 cents, lists free.

Order your pets now.

Hornes Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Snow White Esquimo Puppies



The smartest and cutest dogs on earth. Natural trick dogs and very comical. Just the thing for children, affectionate, playful and harmless as a kitten. Always full of "PEPP." My puppies are not raised in a city back yard or crowded kennels but on a Kansas farm. They are full of vigor and the picture of health. Will ship on approval to responsible parties. Safe delivery guaranteed. Terms reasonable. 5c. in stamps brings you a catalogue of these popular dogs.

BROCKWAY'S KENNELS Baldwin, Kansas

Breeders of Pure Shetland Ponies



SUNNYSIDE

SHETLAND PONY FARM

Beautiful and intelligent little horses for children constantly on hand and for sale. Send 5 cents in stamps for handsomely illustrated pony catalogue to

MILNE BROS.
617 Eighth St. Monmouth, Ill.



Raise Pigeons

It's lots of fun and keeps you in pocket money. Our Jumbo Pigeons are the envy of all the boys and girls. Send for large free illustrated, instructive circular.

PROVIDENCE SQUAB CO.
Dept. R, Providence, R. I.



Pets for the Children

Beautiful Orange, Blue and Smoke Persian Kittens. Also young, prettily marked, Black with White, altered cats as well as fine Domestic Short Haired Kittens. If you already have a cat let us care for it while you are away from home. That is our specialty.

Black Short Haired Cattery, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., Tel. 110 M.

Pet Department—Continued—Christmas Suggestions



Beautiful Snow White Persians

Why not give your children a *real* pet—a present they will appreciate? We have some of the cutest kittens—prices up to $15—write us.

Bob White Cattery
"HOUSE OF WHITES"
2052 CHERRY STREET DENVER, COLORADO



America's Pioneer Dog Remedies

BOOK ON
DOG DISEASES
And How to Feed
Mailed free to any address by the Author
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
118 West 31st Street, New York



AMERICAN KENNELS

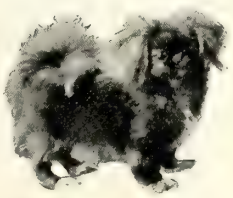
Toy white French Silk Poodles, from 3 pound parents, Pedigreed, smallest obtainable, rare Beauties, $15.00. Toy Maltese Terriers, Toy Black and Tans, Toy Yorkshire Terriers, Toy Boston Terriers, $15.00 up; Pekinese Spaniels, Toy Pomeranians, $25.00 up; Toy Foxterriers, $5.00 up; St. Bernards, Great Danes, Newfoundlands, $20.00 up; Scotch Collies, $10.00 up; Irish Terriers, Foxterriers, Airedales, English Bulls, Puppies and grown, Stud Dogs and Bitches in whelp. State wants. We ship anywhere.

Dept. ST., Trevose, Pa.

THIS IS ME

I may be little and soft and plump,
But my heart is big and true.
My mistress says now I'm quite big enough
To leave my dear mother—for you.
From $25 up for these wonderful little

PEKINGESE



Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418, Great Neck, L. I., or 489 Fifth Ave., New York City (Tel. Vanderbilt 1236)



Your Own Shetland Pony

is looking over the bars of his stall, wondering when you are going to send for him. Talk to father about it to-night: tell him we have a wonderful herd of little beauties raised on one of the oldest and largest farms in the United States. We have 150 for you to select from, and the prices are reasonable: from $40.00 up.

Send to-day for a free catalog describing "The best playfellow for boys and girls."

Write SHADYSIDE FARMS, Box 88, North Benton, Ohio



No room in these stockings for other gifts. But none will be needed if your family has a

"NEWCASTLE"
Scottish Terrier or Dachshund

Puppies now on hand

NEWCASTLE KENNELS
Brookline, Mass. Established 1885.

A POLICE DOG

For Your Boy!



—a protector and a friend

This famous dog is the most companionable of chums. He is always willing to go anywhere. He is eager for fun and frolic. ¶ He has the happy faculty of "minding his own business" like the gentleman he is. But when the time comes for defending his young master, or his master's home, you will find him the most capable of guardians. Against dog or man he needs no assistance. ¶ These are some of the reasons why people call the

GERMAN SHEPHERD DOG

"A Perfect Christmas Gift"

Tell father that this dog's manners, his disposition, his size, his grit, his brains and his willingness to serve, make him the kind of a dog for you to have. ¶ This dog is always well behaved if properly trained, and he is easily trained to do all kinds of tricks, described in illustrated booklet at your disposal. ¶ The German Shepherds of the Palisades Kennels are of world renown, both as Show-dogs and trained dogs. They have won this high standard of perfection through straightforward dealing and by sparing neither care nor expense. ¶ Ask father to send at once for more information about these splendid pets. Write to-day and mention ST. NICHOLAS magazine.



PALISADE KENNELS
East Killingly Connecticut

Pet Department—Continued—Christmas Suggestions



German Police Dogs

Doberman Pinschers

For Sale: Puppies bred only from Imported and Champion Stock.

ST. MARYCHEL KENNELS

(Formerly St. Michel's Kennels)

484 Worcester St., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Tel. Wellesley 245 W.

SPRATT'S

Dog Cakes & Puppy Biscuits

Remember that a dog fed on SPRATT'S is always a credit to his master.

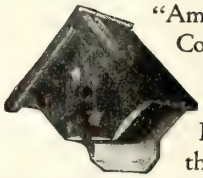
SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., NEWARK, N. J.



Cocker Spaniels

Faithful, intelligent and affectionate, they make the finest companions in the world for children and grown people. Playful and full of spirits but not quarrelsome. Puppies and grown dogs of all colors usually for sale. Write to

MEPAL KENNELS, New Marlboro, Berkshire County, Mass.



"America First" is all right, but Conservation of Bird Life should come a close second.

Send $1.00 for this Wren House and some literature on the subject.

THE CRESCENT CO., "Birdville," Toms River, N.J.

Dromedary Dates

Eat Dromedary Dates daily—as a food, a dainty, a confection. These are the finest fruit of the Arabian palms, brought to you in individual, dust-proof packages.



THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY

Dept. 29 375 Washington Street New York

LE PAGE'S GLUE 10c

USE FOR PAPER WORK

CHILDREN, LISTEN! The **HAPPIES** have come and **they want to make you a visit.** Box containing story **How the Happies Help** and 7 handsomely lithographed **dolls** representing characters in story, each having different color and lace overdress; new, instructive, fascinating. Ask for **The Rainbow Party,** $1.30, postage prepaid. Please remit by money order or bank draft.

HELEN LORAINE - - - NORTH TONAWANDA, N. Y.



Delivered to You Free

A sample 1917 model ***"Ranger"*** bicycle, **on approval** and **30 DAYS TRIAL** and free riding test.

Write at once for large illustrated catalog showing *complete line* of bicycles, tires and supplies, and the *most marvelous offer* ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our ***low prices*** and *remarkable terms.*

RIDER AGENTS Wanted—Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, **Tires** and Sundries from our big catalog. **Do Business** *direct* with the leading bicycle house in America. **Do not buy** until you ***know*** what we can do for you. WRITE TO US.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. L-15 CHICAGO

CLASS PINS

BUY DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURER

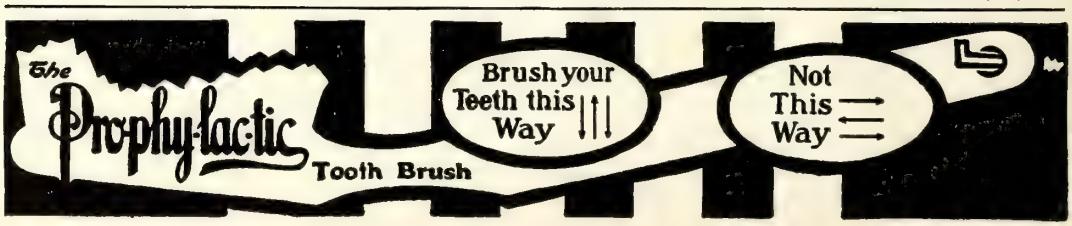
SPECIAL OFFER





Either style pin here illustrated with three or four letters and two numerals—one or two colors of hard enamel. Silver Plate 15c each, $1.50 per dozen; Sterling Silver 30c each, $3.00 per dozen. Write for 1916 catalog. Free upon request.

BASTIAN BROS. CO. 88 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER, N.Y.



FREE



This Electrical Handy Book and Catalog FREE

SEND No Postage

WORTH 25c. TO EVERYONE INTERESTED IN ELECTRICITY

This is the BIG BOOK you need and want. Describing positively the finest and most complete line of wireless, novelty, and experimental goods ever listed in any catalogue and containing besides, innumerable tables, hook-ups and treatises of inestimable value to the experimenter. It is something that everyone who is interested in electrical things should have. Almost everyone is becoming interested in this fascinating pursuit these days. When you write we will also send our monthly bargain-bulletin and our big book and game folder telling how to get many amusement articles at very low prices. For instance: Perfect Wireless Telegraph Receivers, only $5.00.

The Handy Book cost us a great deal of money to compile. For a limited time we will send this big, valuable book to those interested *absolutely free of charge. Don't even send us postage.* Just write your name and address plainly on a post card, say, "I'm interested in your goods."

THIS IS A MOST INTERESTING CATALOGUE

Every experimenter and electrically interested person should send for it today, without fail. We reserve the right to withdraw this offer at any time.

A *Few* of the Interesting Items You Will Find in the Handy Book

Treatises on Wireless Telegraphy; Simple Electric Measurements; A. B. C. of Electricity with many fascinating experiments; Construction of Aerials. *How to Make* Selenium Cells; Calculate Wave Lengths; and Code Charts.

Tables and Data on Transmitting Ranges; Spark Voltages; Inductivity; Weights and Measures; Wave Lengths; Specific Gravity; Resistance; Wire Data; and Spark Coil Construction.

HEADQUARTERS FOR WIRELESS GOODS

Big Values at Low Prices in Wireless Goods, Motors, Flashlights, Novelties, Parts, Raw Materials, Wire, Heating Appliances, Lighting Plants, Toys, Train Sets and other goods. Read about our

"Red Head" Wireless Receivers
1-6 K.W. Wireless Transformer
$1.00 Telegraph Set
$1.00 Electrical Outfit
$4.00 Professional Tuner
Audion Detectors
Storage Batteries
Raw Materials
Binding Posts
Experimental Goods

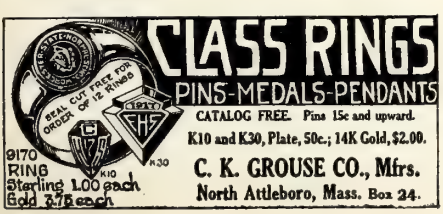
Send the Post Card TODAY

THE ELECTRO-SET CO., DEPT. S.N.-7
Cleveland, Ohio

Boys and Girls Earn Christmas Money

Send for 25 XMAS PACKAGES. Each pack contains 48 assorted Xmas Seals, Cards and Tags. Sell for 10c. each. When sold send us $1.50 and keep $1. We trust you.

CHRISTMAS CARD CO., Dept. W, BEVERLY, MASS.



"Here I am again!"

"Let me help you do your Christmas shopping easily.

"YOU remember me, don't you?

"I am the ST. NICHOLAS Christmas tree, and my purpose in life is to make Christmas buying easy.

"While you have been reading the advertisements in which you found me, didn't you often think, 'That would make a *fine* present for Brother or Sister or Cousin (or me!), but I wish I could find out some more about it'?

"Next time you are in a store where Christmas things are sold ask if they won't please show you what you saw advertised in ST. NICHOLAS. This is the way to find out best about it.

"But the next best thing to do is to sit down now and write a letter to these advertisers asking them please to tell you exactly what you want to know or just to send you more information. They like to receive letters from you and enjoy answering them.

"However, if you don't like to write letters, you can get all the information you need without writing even *one* letter. On the other side of this half page it tells just what to do. Be sure to fill out the spaces clearly and correctly and *mail the half page to St. Nicholas* (Catalog Dept.), 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City."

Now turn over the page. 1, 2, 3—OVER!

Read the other side (on page 81) first. Decide what things you would like more information about. Then put an X in the little square in front of the advertised name. After marking *all* those things which you want, write down your name, street, town, and state, cut out the half page and mail it to us in a sealed envelope. After that wait a few days and the catalogs will come to you.

CUT ALONG THIS DOTTED LINE AND MAIL TO ST. NICHOLAS TO-DAY

- ____ Abingdon Press Books
- ____ American Boy Magazine
- ____ "American Flyer" Trains
- ____ Anchor Blocks
- ____ Ansco Cameras
- ____ Appleton's Books
- ____ "Big Dick" Machine Gun
- ____ Book Supply Co.'s Books
- ____ Boulevard Construction Toys
- ____ Britton Publishing Co.'s Books
- ____ Brunswick Baby Grand Billiard Table
- ____ Century Co.'sBooks
- ____ Charlat Stamps
- ____ Colonial Toys
- ____ Columbia Bicycle
- ____ Comstock Publishing Co.'s Books
- ____ "Cuddledown Set"
- ____ Cupples & Leon Co.'s Books
- ____ Devoe & Raynolds Paint Outfit
- ____ Dodd, Mead & Co.'s Books
- ____ E. P. Dutton Co.'s Books
- ____ Electro-Importing Co. Wireless Apparatus
- ____ Erector
- ____ Eveready Flashlight
- ____ Flexible Flyer
- ____ Harper & Bros.' Books
- ____ Houghton Mifflin Co.'s Books
- ____ Ideal Model Aeroplane
- ____ Ingersoll Watch
- ____ Iver-Johnson Bicycle
- ____ Ives Toys
- ____ King Air Rifle
- ____ Kodak
- ____ Lionel Trains
- ____ Lippincott Co.'s Books
- ____ Little Hummer Bicycle
- ____ Madame Hendren Character Dolls
- ____ Mager Game
- ____ "Maiden America"
- ____ Maillard Candy
- ____ Miami Bicycle
- ____ "Miltry" Game
- ____ Meccano
- ____ Nature Library
- ____ Necco Sweets
- ____ New Departure Coaster Brake
- ____ Overland Automobile
- ____ Pamos Pastel Pictures
- ____ Parker Games
- ____ Parker Pen
- ____ Peg-Lock Blocks
- ____ Plasticine
- ____ Pritchard Puzzle Blocks
- ____ Remington Rifle
- ____ Schwarz Toys and Athletic Goods
- ____ Scott Stamp & Coin Co.'s Stamps
- ____ Scribner's Books
- ____ Sears, Roebuck & Co. Wireless Apparatus
- ____ "Seeing New York" Game
- ____ Serso
- ____ Singer Sewing Machine
- ____ Sonora Phonograph
- ____ Sully & Kleinteich's Books
- ____ Thermos Bottle or Kit
- ____ Transogram
- ____ U. S. Bicycle Tires
- ____ Waterman's Pen
- ____ Western Electric Junior Range
- ____ John C. Winston Co.'s Books

If you don't want to cut the ST. NICHOLAS, write the names down on a piece of paper, sign your name and address, and mail that to ST. NICHOLAS.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

State.....



Their Best Beloved Christmas Gift— The Cuddledown Set

At the end of that Wonderful Day the Kiddies even want to wear them to Bed!

And it's Cuddledown Time in the early morning, before and after that daily bath, in the Nursery. Mother knows dozens of uses for this Comfyrobe, Bootees, and Big Woozy Blanket.

FOR THE BABY that sleeps outdoors most of these crisp, sunshiny days, nothing could be a better protection.

Cuddledown Sets come in sizes from one to six years in Teddy Bear patterns for Girls and Indian patterns for Boys—silk trimmed or plain. Price $2.50 to $8.00 the Set. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.



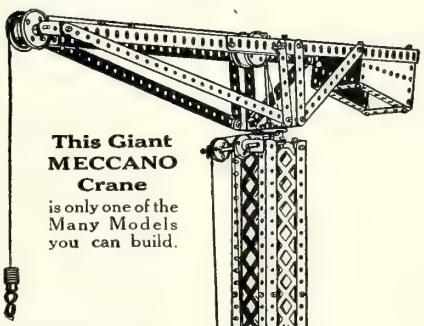
"CUTEY CUDDLEDOWN" for the CHRISTMAS STOCKING. She's such a pretty Dolly and wonderful story book all in one. For either 5c. in stamps or the card in the Cuddledown Set your Kiddy will receive this Stockingful of Joy—"Cutey Cuddledown."

Quaker Robe Company
22d and Filbert Sts., Philadelphia
Manufacturers of the Celebrated Quaker Bathrobes for men, women, and children. Look for the trade-mark "Q-RCo."

MECCANO

Toy Engineering for Boys

BOYS—MECCANO is the Real Engineering Toy you want! ¶ The Patented parts in every MECCANO outfit represent correct engineering elements; they duplicate the parts used by real engineers. With these parts even the youngest boy can build models that are faithful copies of great Cranes, Bridges, Towers and other things real engineers build. You can build model machines that run—Automobiles, Electric Locomotives, Elevators, Sawmills, Windmills, Printing Presses, Lathes, Engines and hundreds of others. *You can build anything you see; anything you can think of.* ¶ The MECCANO Spring and Electric Motors run your models like real machinery. They are perfect power plants; master types; correct in construction and unfailing in operation. ¶ Start right! Start with MECCANO; then you can build quicker and better and have *real* fun. All the work and thought are in the parts, you need only screw them together. Any boy can do it; no study needed. ¶ The big MECCANO Manual of Instruction you get with every outfit shows you how to build hundreds of dandy models; and you can invent lots more. MECCANO is sold in most toy departments. Look at the outfits there. Be sure the name MECCANO is on the box. Then you will get the Patented parts which can be obtained only in MECCANO, and without which you cannot build correctly.



This Giant MECCANO Crane is only one of the Many Models you can build.

MECCANO PRICES

No. 0	$1.00
No. 1	2.00
No. IX	3.00
No. 2	4.00
No. 2X	5.00
No. 3	6.00
No. 3X	7.50
No. 4	10.00
And up to	36.00

Sent Prepaid Upon Receipt of Price, if Your Dealer Cannot Supply You.



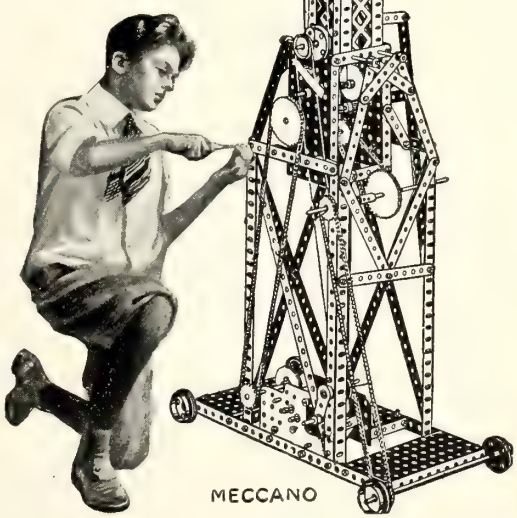
This Book FREE

Crowded with Prize Winning Models; New Cranes, Bridges, Towers, a Helter-skelter, an Automatic Bagatelle Player and lots of others. Just tell three other boys about MECCANO; send us their names and addresses—with your own—and you get the book.

$1000.00 PRIZE CONTEST

now running. First Prize, $250.00 cash. Get in on it. Ask for an Entry Blank. Join the MECCANO Society—the world-wide brotherhood of boy inventors. Ask for the MECCANO Magazine and find out all about it. Write to-day to

MECCANO COMPANY
Incorporated
Room 190, 71 W. 23d St., New York City



"WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS"



To fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, grandmothers, distant relatives, neighbors, Santa Claus, and *all* other good friends. I have written down below a list of the Christmas gifts that would make me happiest. Of course I won't be disappointed if I don't get them *all*. I just thought it would be easier for you if I told you what I should *like* to have.



Signed .....

First of All I Want ST. NICHOLAS
After that I Would Like

(Advertised on page.....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

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(Advertised on page.....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

Signed .....

First of All I Want ST. NICHOLAS
After that I Would Like

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(Advertised on page.....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

What to do with this page

To ST. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls—First look through your copies of ST. NICHOLAS and decide what things you would *most* like to find in your stocking on Christmas morning. Then write your name and copy your "wishes" in the spaces reserved above, putting in the exact page and issue of ST. NICHOLAS on which the gift is advertised so that "Santa Claus" will make no mistake. Then leave your ST. NICHOLAS in a conspicuous place with this page turned down at the corner or something to attract attention to it.



BOYS AND GIRLS! Here's the fastest sled on the hill. You'll be the winner in every race with the new

Flexible Flyer

The sled with famous Non-Skid Runners

It's a real "snow-mobile." With its *grooved* runners of chrome nickel steel, it steers on ice or snow without skidding. Its new all-steel front acts as shock-absorber to keep the wooden seat and hand rails from splitting. It's the *strongest* sled made stronger. The *safest* sled made safer. The *easiest steering* sled made to steer still easier.

Outlasts Three Ordinary Sleds

Tell mother and father that you don't have to drag wet feet and wear out shoes with a Flexible Flyer. It prevents colds and saves doctor's bills. Only selected ash is used for the handsomely decorated woodwork. Being finished with three coats of the finest varnish, it retains its beauty and newness year after year.

Sold by hardware and department stores. Nine sizes, 3 to 8 1-2 feet

Junior Racer All the new improvements. Carries two, 4 feet long, weighs only 10½ pounds. Express paid east of the Missouri River - - - - - - - **$3.50**



FLEXIBLE FLYER

S. L. ALLEN & CO. Box 1101V **Philadelphia**

Insist on the genuine. Unless it bears this trade-mark it isn't a Flexible Flyer

FREE OFFER Send postal or letter for handsome booklet of coasting views and cardboard model showing how Flexible Flyer steers. Free.



WHAT FATHER AND MOTHER WANT FOR CHRISTMAS



In a good many homes Father and Mother are sort of forgotten at Christmas. But everybody knows it ought not to be so. This page has been set aside especially for them. They should write down what they think "some one" would get for them if "some one" only knew what would please them.

Name .....

(Advertised on page .....of the ..... ST. NICHOLAS)

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(Advertised on page .....of the ..... ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page .....of the ..... ST. NICHOLAS)

Of course if Father and Mother want to share their page with any one older or younger, they may do so by drawing a heavy horizontal line in place of one of the dotted lines half-way down the column. Then all above that line will be Father's or Mother's "wishes," and all below it Grandfather's or Grandmother's, or whoever else lives at your house.



THE BEAUTY OF YOUR PHONOGRAPH

SONORA is *your* phonograph—the perfect Christmas gift which gives years of pleasure. You will select Sonora because of the magnificent richness, the unmistakable accuracy and the life-like naturalness of its *tone*.

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

Sonora

CLEAR AS A BELL

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THE only jury which heard and tested all the phonographs exhibited at the Panama-Pacific Exposition recommended that the Sonora Phonograph be given a marking for tone quality higher than that given to any other phonograph or talking machine. That's why Sonora is invariably selected when heard in comparison. Each machine guaranteed for one year.

LEARN about the Tone Control at the sound source, the Patented Sound Amplifier, the graceful "bulge" design lines, the useful Motor Meter, the convenient Envelope Filing System, the long-running Swiss-made Motor, and the many other superior features. Sonora plays *all* types of disc records *perfectly*.

Send to-day for illustrated free booklet S-24

Ten unequalled models—$45 $60 $75 $100 $150 $175 $190 $225 $350 $1000

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GEORGE E. BRIGHTSON, President

Executive Offices:
New York - - 57 Reade Street
Boston - - 165 Tremont Street
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If there is no Sonora dealer in your vicinity write us direct

New York Demonstration Salons
Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street
279 - 281 Broadway
50 Broadway (Standard Arcade)



Call a family council to help you solve ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 180

Come on, you clever big brothers and sisters; father, too, if he can spare the time; and mother—well, mother always helps, does n't she? even if it is only by smiling pleasantly at you while you cudgel your brains and knit your brow.

Read the rules and regulations carefully and then proceed to solve the following "CHARADES":

1. My first half is what most boys are in the last half of December; December is the last twelfth of my second half.

2. My first is the Ocean's jewel.

3. My first carries a magic wand; my second is found in kitchen, bath, and laundry; together we float.

4. If my second were my first made plural, and a word of two letters inserted between my first and second, my whole would be a great many pounds of healthful fruit.

5. If my first, third, fourth, and fifth were removed, the remainder would be a user of baking powder.

6. The first four letters of my first represent an open area of considerable extent with well-defined boundaries; my second is a small enclosure fenced in.

7. My first is an adjective applied to citizenship, my second tells me something that some one else knows, my fourth is an early invention of the nineteenth century, and my fifth is something most boys and girls like.

8. Usually as my second arrives, the old takes my third.

9. My third and fourth when used as adjectives can be applied to laws which my fifth has always observed.

10. My first is sometimes used as an abbreviation of the first name of an ex-President of the United States; my second means "to promote," and my third is originally the sap of a tree.

11. The first two letters of my first indicate several of us; the first four form a noun, and all of my first an adjective indicating a direction, and the last five of my first spell the back of the caravel in which Christopher Columbus sailed.

12. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth letters of my second spell the name of a person usually associated with my last.

Rules and Regulations

(Read these carefully)

1. Each of these charades suggests in whole or in part the name of an article or of the manufacturers of some product advertised in the November ST. NICHOLAS. In giving answers, write the full name of the manufacturers (or of the product if the manufacturer's name is not printed in the advertisement), even though only a part of the name is referred to in the charade.

2. Write your twelve answers in a list, with the number of each at the left.

3. On a separate sheet, write us a letter on the subject "What Article (or Story) in the November ST. NICHOLAS I liked best, and Why."

4. Should more than one correct answer to the 12 charades be received, the prizes will go to those whose answers are correct and whose letters give the most interesting, and the soundest, reasons why he or she prefers the article or story mentioned.

5. The entire family and any friends may join in solving the charades, but the letter must be composed and written by the competitor alone.

6. Submit answers by December 20, 1916.

7. In upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition, 180.

8. Do not use a lead-pencil.

9. Address answers:
Advertising Competition No. 180,
St. Nicholas Magazine,
353 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. City.

10. There will be 16 prizes awarded: One first prize of $5.00; two second prizes of $3.00 each; three third prizes of $2.00 each; and ten fourth prizes of $1.00 each.

This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 178

The "North Pole" Competition was not a simple one, and ST. NICHOLAS is gratified with the excellent results obtained. The stories, also, on "'T was the Night before Christmas," were read by the judges with a great deal of interest.

PRIZE-WINNERS:

One First Prize ($5.00)

Helen Mack	Age	15	New York.

Two Second Prizes ($3.00 each)

Jean Marshel Clarke	Age	16	Pennsylvania.
Ethel Brown	"	17	New York.

Three Third Prizes ($2.00 each)

Frank Atterholt	Age	9½	West Virginia.
John F. Cooley	"	16	New Jersey.
Amy Zulich	"	21	Pennsylvania.

Ten Fourth Prizes ($1.00 each)

Elizabeth Davidson	Age	14	Tennessee.
Leila Schenck	"	11	California.
Edith Hale Tarbell	"	12	Massachusetts.
Marie L. Luhrs	"	13	New York.

Ten Fourth Prizes ($1.00 each), Continued

Hope D. Warner	Age	12	New York.
Robert Hendren	"	16	Oklahoma.
Wallace Hagan	"	11	Ohio.
Mary Moore	"	12	New York.
Dorothy Heironimus	"	17	Indiana.
Ruth K. Gaylord	"	17	Connecticut.

Honorable Mention

Virginia D. Stillman	Age	15	New York.
Walter Knox	"	9	New York.
Mary Taylor Woods	"	16	Pennsylvania.
Edmund Crow	"	11	North Carolina.
Albert Kephart	"	12	Canada.
Elizabeth F. Slack	"	14	Pennsylvania.
Dorothy L. Rexroth	"	11	Ohio.
Lois Kane	"	15	New York.
Frederick T. Pratt	"	16	Massachusetts.
Helen M. Knubel	"	15	New York.
Elise A. Johann	(no age given)		Wisconsin.

What makes this little girl so happy?

That's an easy question to answer. Once you've looked at the picture, you see that she has her own sewing machine (just her size) and is busily engaged in furnishing something new for Dolly, who sits up in her chair as big as life and notes with evident pleasure that everything is being done to the Queen's taste. We think every little girl would like one of these real sewing machines for Christmas in order to sew useful and beautiful things and at the same time have great good fun.



NOT A TOY



TO FIND OUT ALL ABOUT IT

Write to us at the following address or go to the Singer Shop in your town. If no Singer Shop is there, the machine will be delivered to you by Parcel Post, prepaid and fully guaranteed, for remittance of $3.00 to

A PRACTICAL AND GENUINE

SINGER

SEWING MACHINE

is model No. 20, whose picture is at your left. It is not a toy. In fact, many grown-ups use one constantly.

The Singer 20 is a single thread sewing machine making an elastic chain stitch that does not unravel, if the seam is locked as directed.

It has no shuttle and no bobbins to be wound. There is no troublesome tension to be adjusted, either.

You see it is so simple that before you know it you will be surprising yourself and your friends with the wonderful things you make.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.
396 Fifth Avenue, New York City



Guard Against Mending Stockings

Let Young and Old Wear Warm, Strong Holeproofs

For school, for play, for party wear—Children's Holeproof Stockings are unequaled. That's because they are made of fine-spun yarn of super-strength. In spite of the fact that we use expensive materials you pay in the stores no more for Holeproof than for common hosiery. This is due to our enormous output. We are making Holeproofs for millions, and that cuts the cost per pair far down.

Why spend long hours in darning stockings when Holeproof Hosiery brings double durability? Hosts of mothers write us tributes to Holeproof.

Some say they scarcely know what darning is.

Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Children's Holeproof are knit with elastic ribbed legs that stretch and return to shape when put to strain, but seldom tear.

For men and women we make finer grades of beautiful lisle and pure Japanese Silk. They come in any weight you want from Winter-warm to Summer-thin.

Children's 35c, 3 Pairs $1
Women's 35c and Up; Men's 25c and Up

Ask in the stores for the genuine Holeproof, and look for our trademark on these hose. If your dealer can't supply you, we'll ship direct, charges paid. Send your name for interesting booklet, free. Write today.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.
London, Canada **Liverpool, England**

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Women—Note This Newlastic Ribbed Top

This top stretches wide, but always returns to shape—a Holeproof feature that thousands of women acclaim. It never binds the limb. A marvel of comfort for stout and slender women. Be sure to ask for it in the store by the name Holeproof Newlastic Top. We will supply you, if your dealer is out of stock. (858)



A happy Christmas thought—

KODAK

The gift that adds to the good times at the moment; that indoors and out gives zest to the merry making *and then*—preserves the happy picture story of all that goes to make the day a merry one.

The Kodak catalogue, free at your dealer's, or by mail, tells in detail about the various Kodak and Brownie cameras—from $1.25 upward. Photography is really very simple and inexpensive. Kodak has made it so.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

A CONEY ISLAND *of* YOUR OWN

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS, Ferris wheels, Shoot-the-Chutes, Figure 8's and all the fun-making, joy-giving devices of an amusement park in your own home. That's one of the hundreds of things any boy or girl can have at home with *Peg Lock Blocks.*

Peg Lock Blocks are the original construction toys. They have had many imitators but have never been equalled. They are made of selected wood. There's nothing about them to rust or break and they won't warp or get out of shape. There are no sharp edges to cut and *every block pegs fast with every other block.* Ask your nearest dealer for *Peg Lock Blocks* with a copy of the *Model Construction Book* showing hundreds of models that can be built with *Peg Lock Blocks.* They furnish clean instructive play and entertainment for any boy or girl.

Bildmore (the 3 in 1 builder) is a separate toy in itself but is so designed that it fits all *Peg Lock Block* structures and gives added pleasure with its many models.

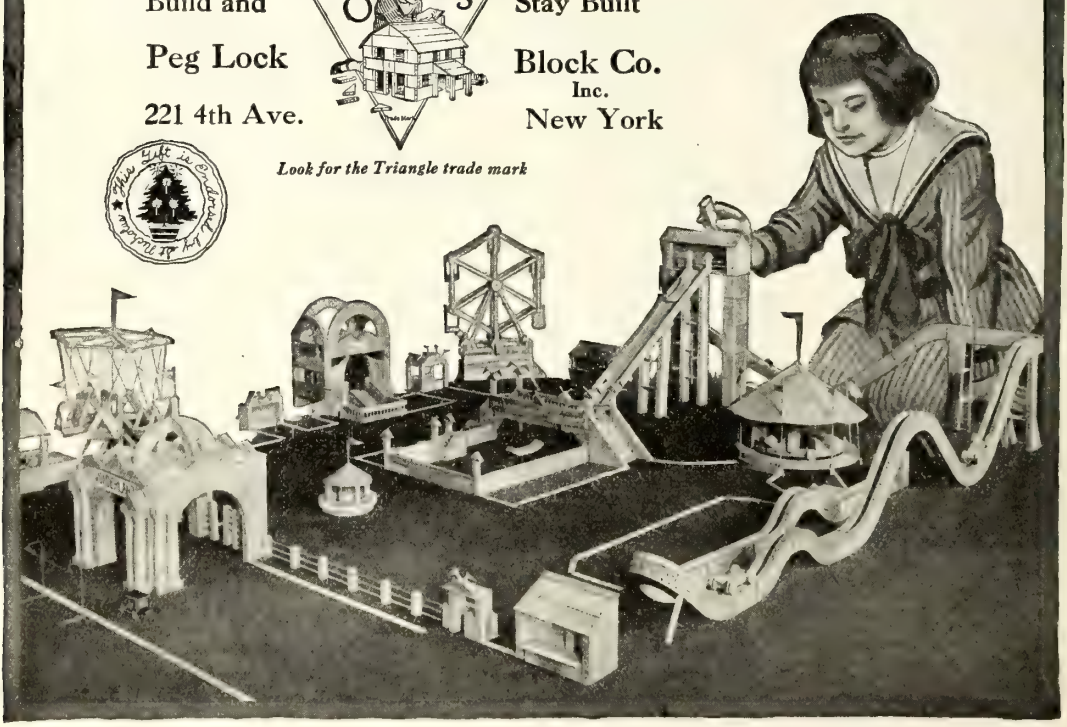
Peg Lock Blocks and *Bildmore* are for sale at all department stores and toy shops. Write us today for illustrated catalogue and tell us where you buy your toys.

Build and Peg Lock 221 4th Ave.

Peg Lock

Stay Built Block Co. Inc. New York

Look for the Triangle trade mark




Indian Summer this winter
California
A network of perfect motor roads
Seashore, mountains and your favorite out-door sport
The Santa Fe operates four daily California trains and once a week in winter the Santa Fe de-Luxe an extra fine-extra fast – extra fare train.
Fred Harvey meals
Grand Canyon of Arizona on your way
Booklets on request
W J Black Pass Traffic Mgr.
A.T. & S.F. Ry
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Chicago
Santa Fe



For Christmas—
Ask for a Genuine
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

and start with the pen you will need to use in later years. It will help you at school and at home—will make writing with ink easy, convenient and neat—will dispose of the clumsy inkwell—will save the bother, mussiness, and waste of having constantly to change steel pens or sharpen lead pencils.

The Genuine Waterman's Ideal has many exclusive features of safety and utility which make it the *one* fountain pen for you to own. For example, it has the famous Spoon Feed which holds the ink under perfect control without danger of blotting or leaking. Just remind mother and father that they can get a point to exactly suit your hand, in either Self-Filling, Safety, Pocket or Regular type—$2.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up. Pen points may be exchanged after Christmas.

At the Best Stores — In Gift Boxes

Write for Illustrated Gift Folder

Self-Filling Chased Finish No. 12½ PSF $2.50 Larger Size No. 14 PSF $4.00 with Clip-on-Cap 25c additional	Pocket Type Sterling Silver Filigree Pattern No. 412 Poc. $5.00 with Sterling Silver Clip-on-Cap 50c additional	Regular Type Plain Finish No. 12 $2.50 Larger Size No. 14 $4.00 with Clip-on-Cap 25c additional	Safety Type Chased Finish No. 12½ S $3.00 Larger Size No. 14 S $4.00 with Clip-on-Cap 25c additional	Self-Filling Gold Banded No. 12 PSF GM $3.50 Larger Size No. 14 PSF GM $5.00 Gold Filled Clip $1.00 additional

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L. E. Waterman Company
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107 Notre Dame St., W., Montreal
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Libby's Suggestions for the Holiday Season

Dishes you have always wanted for your family

You, as a housewife and mother, have your ideal of cooking. You want your dishes to be so appetizing they make your husband and children greedy!

For over fifty years our ideals have been the same as yours. For over fifty years our chefs have applied their marvelous skill to the problem of developing to the full the natural flavor of each food we prepared.

Now we want you to get an even greater benefit from these delicious flavors. So we are printing here in your St. Nicholas, tested recipes which our chefs suggest for preparing our food. The same experience and skill which developed the original flavor will now help you make these foods into dishes your husband and children will want two and three times a week.

Begin this month to add our immaculate white-tiled kitchens to your home. Some day, perhaps, you will join the thousands who come yearly to see for themselves how the Libby flavor is developed. For every food there is a department, and in every department a white-hatted chef, high in his profession, presides over white-uniformed assistants. He has made a life-study of the particular food which he is cooking. He has studied its flavor through every stage, until you place it on your table. Let these chefs serve your husband and children!

Try these recipes! Let them help solve your daily problem of meal-planning—help you prepare the dishes you have always wanted for your family.

Four free booklets

On request, we shall gladly send you any of the following books. Send a postal for them today.

(1) A Trip through Libby's White Enamel Kitchens—fully illus.
(2) How to Use Libby's Evaporated Milk.
(3) Delicious Ways of Serving Asparagus.
(4) How We Serve Hawaiian Pineapple.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 170 Welfare Bldg., Chicago.

If you live in Canada, address
Libby, McNeill & Libby, Ltd., 170 Welfare Bldg.,
Guelph, Ontario, Canada.



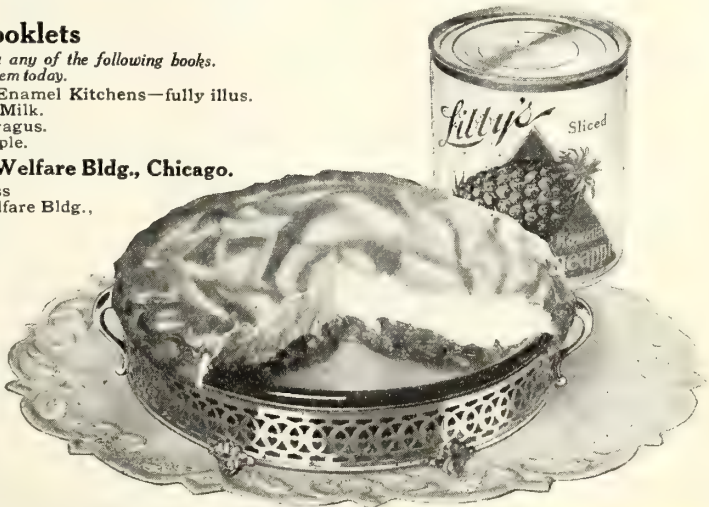
A FAMOUS SOUTHERN COMBINATION

A dessert which the wonderful cooks in the South have made famous. Make individual molds of *hot* boiled rice. Cover with a meringue made from one egg and one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, beaten to a stiff froth and flavored with lemon juice. Brown lightly in oven, garnish generously with Libby's Peaches. Easy to make, yet delicious.



LIBBY'S WAY OF SERVING ASPARAGUS

Are you serving this wonderful vegetable two or three times a week? Only then do you really begin to appreciate asparagus and the many delicious ways to eat it. One very "showy" way to serve it is to heat it in its own liquor in the package; then remove the stalks and arrange around a loaf of toasted bread, trimmed into any shape desired. Pour a hot Hollandaise sauce over it.



PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE

A new pie your entire family will enjoy! The rich pineapple filling and the creamy meringue, make an irresistible combination. For the filling, take one package of Libby's *Grated* Hawaiian Pineapple, two well-beaten yolks of eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch; cook in a double boiler until thick. Bake your crust; then pour the filling in; then cover with a meringue, made of the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Return to the oven and brown lightly.

IVORY ADVENTURES



HOME AGAIN

YOU never knew a more forlorn or lonely little gnome than Gniffy, when his hero friends would talk of going home. "Just *one more* task," he begged of them, "and I know one that's fine. You all have plans for holidays, let me have one for mine. Let's take the stars down one by one, and when they're washed and dry, I know just how I'll hang them on the clothes-lines of the sky. Then you shall see, when I am done, that I've arranged to leave a fitting garland in the sky for this nice Christmas Eve." Our heroes promptly got to work and it was *grand* to see that even *stars* could shine more bright when washed with IVORY. Then Gnif with pride arranged them in a scin-til-lat-ing row to spell a certain cleansing word which all you children know. Into their bubble then they jumped and steered it straight and true to Mother who was *wanting* them as Mothers always do. Then followed *such* a hugging time and dear kiss after kiss, and Gnif said, "Oh, I wish I might come in for some of this"

"You blessed Tot!" said Motherkin. "You'll share our hearts and home. I've *always* wanted to adopt a merry little gnome. You *all* deserve great honor, for you've journeyed far and wide, and in the name of IVORY SOAP you've cleansed and purified. A MILLION Mothers, just like me, must bless you I am sure for making things on land and sea so clean and IVORY pure."

Now, like the best of every thing, this merry story ends. Our IVORY heroes send their loves to you, dear little friends. We wish just every Christmas joy for you and yours, and hope that life for you may "float" serene and *pure as IVORY SOAP.*

Reprinted by special permission of JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK (a Magazine for little children)

Good luck to you this Christmas Day, with good and sweet delight!
And may your New Year glow with joy and gladness ever bright.

IVORY SOAP



IT FLOATS 99 44/100 % PURE



ST NICHOLAS



JANUARY 1917



FAIRY SOAP

is most refreshing and agreeable for toilet and bath use.

Fairy Soap is made of choicest materials; it lathers freely and cleanses easily in any kind of water; Fairy Soap floats.

With all its purity, convenience and pleasing qualities, Fairy Soap costs but 5c.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

The floating oval cake fits the hand



"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

COLUMBIA RECORDS



As "Lucia" in Lucia di Lammermoor

FROM PHOTO © HISHKIN.

BARRIENTOS

THE new-found treasure-voice of the Metropolitan Opera—the world's greatest coloratura soprano—can now be heard on Columbia Records *exclusively*.

All the exquisite art of Barrientos is reflected in her first Columbia recordings of "Silence O'er All" and the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia," and the "Valse" from Gounod's "Mireille."

Columbia Records are living reflections of the art of the greatest singers of opera. They have the voice, the interpretation, the *personality* of such world-famed artists as Lazaro, Fremstad, Sembach, Barrientos, Bonci, Gates, Macbeth.

Hear these records at your dealer's to-day—and you will have heard these famous artists *themselves!* "Hearing is *believing!*"

New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month

Columbia Records TRADE MARK Note the Notes

"We are advertised by our loving friends"



Roberts D. Raffen
Chicago, Ills.

A result of the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification

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The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.

In the United States, the price of THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is **$3.00 a year in advance, or 25 cents a single copy**; the price of a yearly subscription to a Canadian address is **$3.35**; the subscription price elsewhere throughout the world is $3.60 (the regular price of $3.00 plus the foreign postage, 60 cents). Foreign subscriptions will be received in English money at 14 shillings, 6 pence, in French money 18 francs, in German money 14 marks, 50 pfennigs, covering postage. We request that remittances be by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. All subscriptions will be filled from the New York office. The Century Co. reserves the right to suspend any subscription taken contrary to its selling terms, and to refund the unexpired credit. *PUBLISHED MONTHLY*

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All subscriptions for and all business matters in connection with THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE should be addressed to

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ST. NICHOLAS FOR FEBRUARY



"THE GIRL NEXT DOOR" - - *by* Augusta Huiell Seaman
The beginning of a new "mystery story," the most perplexing and fascinating serial the author of "The Sapphire Signet" and "The Boarded-up House" has yet written.

"WASHINGTON'S INTEREST IN YOUNG PEOPLE" *by* H. A. Ogden
Our first President's affection for young people was one of the strongest interests in his life. Mr. Ogden, the famous illustrator, tells all about it in words and pictures.

"AKBAR AND BIRBAL" - - - - *by* Arthur Guiterman
More stories of the Oriental potentate and his shrewd counselor, in which Mr. Guiterman opens up for his readers a veritable gold-mine of wit and wisdom.

"WITH A COIL OF ROPE" - - - *by* Edward Huntington
A story of two boys lost in a "norther," one of the snowless blizzards of the northwestern prairies. A thrilling tale of pluck and ingenuity.

"HEROES of TO-DAY and HEROINES of SERVICE," *by* Mary R. Parkman
This admirable double series of biographical sketches will continue to bring joy and inspiration to the magazine's readers; and there will probably be also a notable article on the famous Sir Rabindranath Tagore and his wonderful school for boys.

"UNDERSTOOD BETSY" - - - *by* Dorothy Canfield Fisher
In which Betsy has her first experience of a country school. Old and young alike are enjoying this delightful serial, just begun, by the famous author of "The Bent Twig."

"UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS" - - - *by* Joseph B. Ames
The actual life of the Boy Scout organization told in intensely interesting story-form; endorsed by the leaders of the movement as an accurate presentation of its aims and purposes.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Why not join the St. Nicholas family now? Use this coupon to get in, if you are not already a member.

THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: Please find enclosed $3, for which send ST. NICHOLAS for one year, beginning with the February number, to

Name .....

Address .....

(St. N.—1.'17)

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Get Blue Streaks from your dealer and whistle while you ride.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

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Mrs. Marshall's School for Little Girls

A home like boarding and day school for girls under fifteen, affording an abundance of healthful recreation and fitting pupils for the leading boarding schools of the East.

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ABBOT ACADEMY

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. FOUNDED 1828.

23 miles from Boston. General course with Household Science. College Preparation. Address MISS BERTHA BAILEY, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Bradford.

Bradford Academy for Young Women.

114th year. Thirty miles from Boston.

Address the Principal,

MISS LAURA A. KNOTT, A.M.

MASSACHUSETTS, Cape Cod, Brewster, P. O. Box T.

SEA PINES SCHOOL

FOR GIRLS

Distinctly devoted to developing personality. Exceptional home life. Cape climate favorable for outdoor sports. 100 acres; pine groves; 1000 feet of seashore. Gymnastics, Music, Domestic Arts, Secretarial Course. Address

REV. THOMAS BICKFORD, MISS FAITH BICKFORD } Principals.

CONNECTICUT, Washington.

RIDGE SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG BOYS

A Home and School in the country for very small boys. Wholesome outdoor life. Every care.

MRS. WILLIAM GOLD BRINSMADE.

DISTRICT of COLUMBIA, Washington (Suburbs).

National Park Seminary For the higher education of young women. Extension courses of two years' collegiate work above high school. Departments of Home Economics, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Music, Painting, Dramatic Art, study of the National Capital. Booklet. Address Registrar. Box 178, Forest Glen, Md.

PENNSYLVANIA, Bryn Mawr.

THE BALDWIN SCHOOL

A Country School for Girls.

ELIZABETH FORREST JOHNSON, A.B., Head of School.

NEW-YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson.

Ossining School for Girls Suburban to New York. Preparatory, Vocational, Art, Music, and Home Making Courses. Gardening and Horticulture. 49th year. Modern buildings in a ten-acre park. *Separate house for younger girls.* Year Book on request. CLARA C. FULLER, Principal, MARTHA J. NARAMORE, Associate Principal, Box 106.

Miss Hall's

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

In the Berkshire Hills, on the Holmes Road to Lenox. Forty-five acres. One thousand feet above the sea level.

Miss MIRA H. HALL, Principal
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Schools—Continued

The Riverbank School of Deciphering

offers you

A Key to a Hidden Treasure

Does n't that sound thrilling? It *is* thrilling to think that now, after three hundred years, scholars have discovered the existence of a cipher which has unlocked a veritable treasure-trove of stories, conspiracies, and missing links of history.

For more than three centuries, this cipher, woven into the works of Sir Francis Bacon and other writers who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth, escaped the detection of students of literature. Then along came these Twentieth Century Scholars; and after long and patient study, they found that this cipher opened up an entire literature to the world.

And just think! You can have the fun of studying this ingenious cipher. By means of it you will be able to read these never-told stories of a dead past; and besides, you will have at your command a wonderful secret language.

The Riverbank School of Deciphering offers a series of correspondence lessons in the Baconian Cipher. They will be delighted to tell you all about it if you will write to them.

THE RIVERBANK SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION
IN THE SCIENCE OF DECIPHERING

RIVERBANK, GENEVA, ILL. Elizabeth Wells Gallup, *Director*

SCHOOL SERVICE

A Definite Service for Readers of St. Nicholas

Would you like to have our School Service Department help you choose the *right* school? Out of the excellent schools advertised in our columns, you may be perplexed as to just which one would best suit your requirements. *Let us help you find the school adapted for your individual need.* We welcome inquiries from parents who are in doubt as to *the best school* for their sons and daughters. If you will just write and tell us as fully as possible your particular problem, we shall be very glad to assist you in solving it. Address all inquiries to

SCHOOL SERVICE DEPARTMENT
THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Ave., N. Y.





GLIMPSES OF CAMPING JOYS

Now is the Time to Find Out All About SUMMER CAMPS

Here it is full winter, but echoes of last summer's camping are still in the air, and whisperings of next summer's camping joys are being heard.

As you sit around the warm hearth-fire, Brother Bob is reminded of the roaring bonfires of camp nights, when some one would tell a thrilling tale, and the strange lights and shadows that the fire cast would make it seem even more thrilling. And some nights the fellows would roast potatoes, and even after the big, satisfying evening meal, nothing in the world was quite so good as those crackle-skinned, hot potatoes. . . .

And Sister Bess thinks of the splendid times she, too, had in camp. "Remember the time we played 'follow-the-master' on the diving raft, Jean? And the day we played 'explorers' and hiked into the woods into 'unexplored country'? . . . And the long canoe trip to the 'Great Oak'? . . ."

The wind outside rattles the window-panes, and the young people around the fireside shiver a little at the thought of the cold water, but the big, bright fire reassures them, and they go on talking about camp days.

"Oh, we must go again next year, Bob and Jean!" Bess cries out.

Then Frank and Edith, visiting from the house next door, want to know what camp their friends went to, and how they knew about it.

"We saw a lot of camps advertised in ST. NICHOLAS last year; and Bess wrote to the ST. NICHOLAS Camp Man, and he helped us to choose one," said Bob.

"We 'll do that, too, Frank, won't we?" said Edith.

Bob and Bess got out their January ST. NICHOLAS, and showed their friends the Camp Page, and the little coupon that was to be filled out and sent to the Camp Department.

While the boys and girls had their heads bent over ST. NICHOLAS, their mother came in and peeped over their shoulders.

"Looking at the Camp Page, my dears?"

"Yes, we were showing Frank and Edith how to ask the ST. NICHOLAS Camp Man to help them find a camp, Mother."

"There 's nothing like a camp, Frank. You and Edith will come back as brown as berries and as happy as any one can be if you can attend a camp next summer."

If you want ST. NICHOLAS to help you choose a camp for the summer, fill in the coupon at the left, and send it to the ST. NICHOLAS Camp Department as soon as you can.

For information, fill out, cut out, and mail this coupon

Did you attend a camp last year?.....

If so, which and where?.....

Was it recommended by *St. Nicholas?*.....

What section would you prefer?.....

.....

What is your age?.....

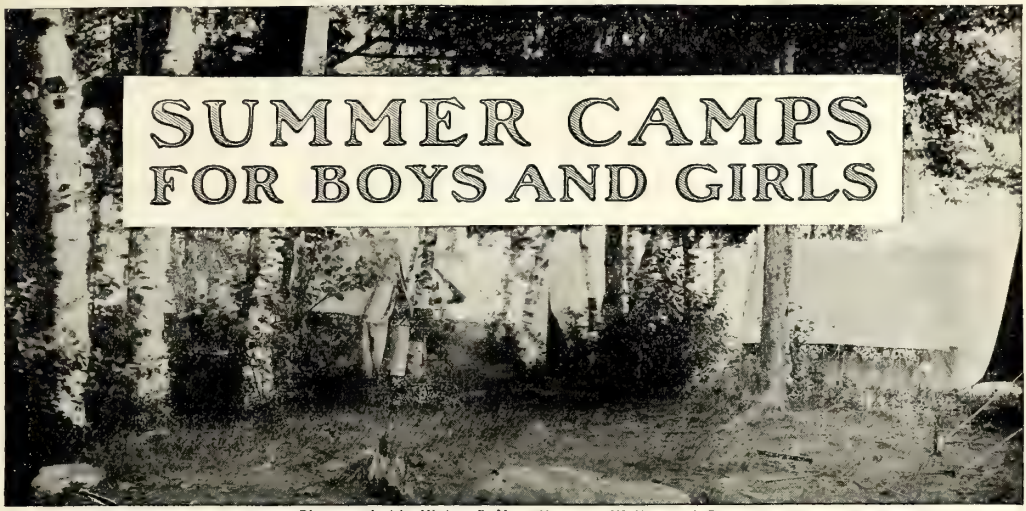
Name.....

Address.....

.....

Parent's signature.....

ST. NICHOLAS CAMP EDITOR
353 Fourth Avenue New York City



Photographed by Walter P. Yamall, age 14, Wallingford, Pa.

MAINE, Belgrades Lake Region.

MOWANA

A junior camp in Belgrades Lake region, Maine. Limited to 40 boys up to the age of 16. Experienced counselor for each 4 boys. Camping, Riding, Canoe Trips, Hikes, and Woodcraft. Sixth Season. July 1st to Sept. 1st. Booklet on request.

Directors:

MARK H. C. SPIERS, Spiers Junior School, Devon, Pa.
A. ROSS MACMAHON, Peekskill Military Academy, Peekskill, N.Y.

MAINE, Norway.

CAMP PENNESSEEWASSEE

In the heart of Maine woods. The camp for boys who love "out-of-door life" and "real camping." Ages, 8-16. One of the finest equipments. All kinds of sports. Booklets.

SHEPARD & PACKARD.

MAINE, Oxford.

CAMP OXFORD

"A healthful, happy, helpful summer place for boys."—*Bishop Edwin H. Hughes.* Land and water sports of every kind. A Camp where good-fellowship is manufactured and maintained. Booklet.

A. F. CALDWELL, A.M.
De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.

MASSACHUSETTS, Orleans, Cape Cod.

Mrs. Norman White's Camp for Girls

A Seaside Camp in the pines. All pleasures of life by the sea. Outdoor sleeping in well-protected Cabins. Limited to 35 girls, from 8 to 16. Long distance Phone. Booklet.

Address MRS. NORMAN WHITE, 424 West 119th St., N. Y.

CONNECTICUT, Guilford, Pipe Bay.

Menuncatuk

Seashore Camp for Girls. Acres of beautiful woodland by the ocean. All water and land sports. May to November. Catalogue.



MRS. THEODORA AMES HOOKER,
High School, SAUGUS, MASS.

WISCONSIN, Lake Winnebago.

Camp Olympia

A High Grade Camp for Girls. Situated on the north shore of Lake Winnebago. Offers a summer of sane, wholesome living, which affords physical, mental, and moral development. For illustrated booklet, address

MISS RUTH E. PATTERSON, Woodruff Pl., Indianapolis, Ind.



Aloha

Camps for Girls

Locations: Fairlee, Vt., South Fairlee, Vt., and Pike, N. H.

3 distinct camps—ages, 7-13, 13-17, 17-25. Fun, Frolic, Friendships.

Swimming, canoeing, horseback riding, tennis, basketball, baseball. Handicrafts, Dramatics. Music.

Character development, cultivation of personality and community spirit. Vigilance for health and safety.

12 years of camp life. 1000 girls have been in camp and not a single serious accident. Mr. and Mrs. Gulick's personal supervision.

Splendid equipment. 64-page illustrated booklet.

Mrs. E. L. Gulick, 231 Arlington Rd. Brookline, Mass.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, Peterboro.

Sargent Camps for Girls

DR. DUDLEY A. SARGENT, Pres.

Two camps—Seniors, 14-24; Juniors, 8-13. Finest plant and equipment in America. All sports. Horseback Riding. Arts and Crafts. Dramatics. Safety and health our first consideration.

THE SECRETARY, 22 Everett St., Cambridge, Mass.



WINNETASKA

"The Place of Pleasant Laughter"

Lake Asquam, Ashland, New Hampshire

A successful girls' camp of limited enrollment. Tramping, camping, and canoeing trips a feature. Nature study, crafts, sports. References required.

Dr. and Mrs. John B. May, Cohasset, Mass.

A NEW RULE IN ADVERTISING COMPETITIONS

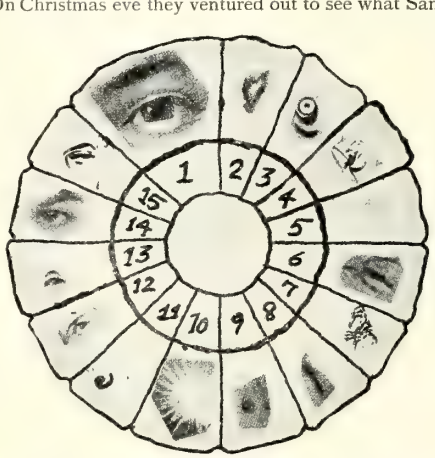
Fifteen years ago last month ST. NICHOLAS originated its Advertising Competitions. Every month since then these puzzles have entertained and informed hundreds of thousands of boys and girls in all parts of the world. In far-away Norway lives a girl who has solved the problems repeatedly. Yet she knew from the beginning that she could never win a prize, because ST. NICHOLAS did not reach her in time for her to mail a contribution before the competition closed. Her contributions were elaborately decorated and illustrated. The Judges have often wondered if American boys and girls have been competing for prizes alone, or for the glory and satisfaction that come from doing something correctly and well. Now the Judges are going to try an experiment. For several months there will be no money prizes. But in their place ST. NICHOLAS will award High Honors and Honors to every reader who solves the advertising problem correctly. Under the heading "High Honors" in the Honor Roll, ST. NICHOLAS will print the names of the first ten boys and girls whose answers are correct and whose contributions are decorated and ornamented most artistically and painstakingly. Under "Honors" will go the names of all others whose answers are correct. The correct answers will also be printed, in order that those who failed may see where their mistakes were made.

HERE IS ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 181

Down below you see a picture containing 14 eyes. How do you suppose they got there, and *whose eyes do you suppose they are?*

We will answer the last question first and the first question last. These eyes belong to certain pictures of animate and inanimate objects, in certain advertisements in the December ST. NICHOLAS.

On Christmas eve they ventured out to see what Santa Claus had left in every one's stockings. And, once out, they were unable to get back to their proper places. In fact, little number five was lost entirely, and did not get back at all. When the picture was taken, he could n't be found. Will you help the others return where they belong? Then turn to your December ST. NICHOLAS. Find out in what advertisement each eye belongs, then write down on a piece of paper a column of figures from 1 to 15. After each number write down *the name of the advertised article.*



For example, after No. 1 you would write "Pears' Soap," because eye No. 1, in the circle, belongs to the boy in the Pears' Soap picture. No. 5 will have to be left blank.

Write your full name, age, and address, in the upper right-hand corner of the paper.

Mail it to the Judges, ST. NICHOLAS Advertising Competition No. 181, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

In the March ST. NICHOLAS will be printed the names of those whose answers are correct, and also the 14 correct answers.

You need not write a letter when you send in your answers, but you may do so if you wish, telling the Honorable Judges how you liked this competition.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 179

The Judges marveled at the numerous replies received to this competition. There were hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of contestants. And such excellent reasons were given for desiring their Christmas gifts! It was difficult, indeed, for the Judges to determine the prize-winners. (ST. NICHOLAS wonders how many wishes have been fulfilled.)

PRIZE-WINNERS:

One First Prize ($5.00)

Frieda C. Hornbostel	Age 17	New York

Two Second Prizes ($3.00 each)

Faith E. Fraser	Age 13	California
Margaret D. Kittinger	" 17	New York

Three Third Prizes ($2.00 each)

John Gibson	Age 13	Pennsylvania
Ellen F. McManus	" 16	New York
Melba Stanley	" 12	Minnesota

Ten Fourth Prizes ($1.00 each)

Katharine Henning	Age 17	New York
Ruth Glasel	" 17	Canada
Dorothy S. Thomas	" 17	Maryland
Jacob Friedman	" 14	New York
Margaret Irish	" 12	New York

Ten Fourth Prizes ($1.00 each), Continued

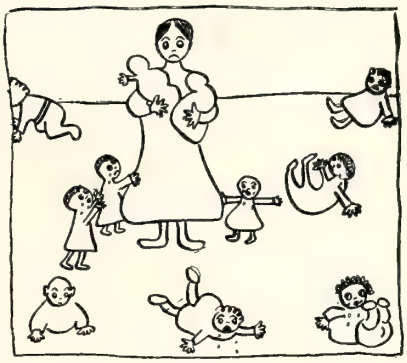
Katharine B. Eddy	Age 13	New Jersey
Marian R. Johnson	" 16	Illinois
Josephine Brown	" 16	Illinois
Ruth McAneny	" 15	New York
Mary Fauntleroy	" 12	Virginia

Honorable Mention

Betram F. Huestis	Age 13	Indiana
John H. Gregory	" 16	New York
Amelia Burwell	" 14	Wisconsin
Lois Kane	" 15	New York
Agatha Ryan	" 16	Connecticut
Marguerite Loud	" 15	Massachusetts
Lucy H. Williams	" 14	Massachusetts
Amy Zulich	" 21	Pennsylvania
William Strumer	" 12	New York
Helen M. Knubel	" 15	New York
Dorothy Donovan	" 14	New York
Marjory C. Platt	" 11	Maryland
Anna J. Schwartz	" 13	Illinois

Jean Webster's Charming Books

DEAR ENEMY



JEAN WEBSTER'S gayest and most whimsical story—the story of Sallie McBride, her orphan asylum, and her "dear enemy," the Scotch doctor.

"A bright and winsome tale, full of laughter and originality and common sense."
—*New York Times.*

"'Dear Enemy' is one of the most amusing, lifelike works of fiction that have come from the book presses for some years."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"The reader leaves it with the feeling that for a while he has lived with a set of charming, most human people, and with the hope that he may sometime be permitted to meet them again."—*Boston Transcript.*

"And as for Sallie's highly original drawings of her interesting orphan flock—a joy forever is the only phrase that will properly characterize them."—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger.*

40 illustrations by the author. $1.30 net

SEVEN BATHS A WEEK!!

Unprecedented Cruelty on the part of an Orphan Asylum Superintendent

DADDY-LONG-LEGS



An exquisite romance, rich in laughter and tears. The spirit of eternal youth in this little book makes it appeal to every one.

Life says: "Mothers and daughters, whether of the old school or the new, as well as some fathers and most sons, are recommended to read Jean Webster's delightfully sparkling and spontaneous little love-story. It is told in the form of duty letters written (with unflagging verve and originality) by a charity orphan scholar to an Anonymous Patron. And . . . nobody's funny-bone and nobody's heartstrings are guaranteed while in its company. . . . A book that bubbles. . . . One of those once-in-a-while love-stories that everybody has to fall for."

With mirth-provoking sketches by the author. $1.00 net

Other Books by Jean Webster

JUST PATTY
Fun-loving, mischievous, warm-hearted Patty and her adventures at the most select of boarding-schools.
Illustrated. $1.20 net

JERRY JUNIOR
Jerry is quite as good as Patty, but he belongs to the other sex. ***Illustrated. $1.50***

THE FOUR POOLS MYSTERY
A mystery story that will keep the reader up nights.
Illustrated. $1.50

WHEN PATTY WENT TO COLLEGE
In which Patty electrifies Vassar—and the Bishop.
Illustrated. $1.50

THE WHEAT PRINCESS
Marcia's thrilling adventures in Italy when her father in America corners the wheat market.
$1.50



At All Bookstores Published by THE CENTURY CO. 353 Fourth Avenue New York



A Page of the Best Books for Boys



© Mutual Film Corp.

The CAMERA MAN

His Adventures in Many Fields: With Practical Suggestions for the Amateur

***By* Francis A. Collins**

Author of "The Wireless Man," etc.

A fact-story by an adventurous veteran of the camera which reads like romance. The book tells what men can do, what men are doing every day, with the black box with the unprejudiced eye. A book full of entertainment and information for the general reader interested in adventure and popular science, and of very special value for the amateur photographer, to whom it offers many suggestive ideas.

These are a few of the chapter headings: "Aeroplane Photography," "The 'Movies' in Warfare," "The Camera Man at Sea," "Photography in Science," "The News Photographer." Thirty-two full-page illustrations. ***Price $1.30 net***

ON THE BATTLE-FRONT OF ENGINEERING

***By* A. Russell Bond, Managing Editor of "The Scientific American"**

Vivid "fairy-tales of science," featuring actual triumphs of American engineering. The two young heroes of the story visit and examine many of the most notable engineering undertakings of our time. They are fortunate in finding themselves under the guidance of an expert, who explains so simply and yet so comprehensively that the youngest reader can readily understand the tremendous campaign being launched against great natural forces "on the battle-front of engineering."

Among the chapters are: "Harnessing a River," "A Water-Cure for a Flattened Pipe-Line," "Light and Heat from Snow," "Feeding a River with Pumps," etc., etc. Profusely illustrated from photographs. ***Price $1.30 net***

THE WIRELESS MAN

***By* Francis A. Collins**

The romance of wireless electricity, containing a host of true stories of wireless adventure on land and sea, far stranger and more fascinating than fiction. Just the book you want, to explain what wireless electricity is, told in delightfully readable style. There is a technical chapter which the amateur wireless operator will find invaluable. Illustrated from drawings and photographs. ***Price $1.20 net***

CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING

***By* Cleveland Moffett**

Real incidents in the lives of steeple-climbers, bridge-builders, animal-trainers, deep-sea divers, acrobats, firemen, pilots, and other heroes of the every-day world. Illustrated by Hambidge and Varian. ***Price $1.50***

FAMOUS ADVENTURES AND PRISON ESCAPES OF THE CIVIL WAR

Thrilling stories of war-time adventure related by men who took part in the events described. One of the important "human document" books of our history. Illustrated. ***Price $1.50***

RANCH LIFE AND THE HUNTING TRAIL

***By* Theodore Roosevelt**

A book with all outdoors in it, and the standard book on ranching and hunting in the West. Illustrated with ninety-four of Frederic Remington's most famous pictures. ***Price $2.50 net***

At All Bookstores Published by **THE CENTURY CO.** **353 Fourth Avenue New York City**

A Page of Delightful Fiction for Girls



Corinne noticed that the bottom of the trunk seemed all wrong

THE SAPPHIRE SIGNET

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

A thrilling mystery story for young people, with a picturesque and historically accurate background. Part of a Revolutionary war-time diary in code, written by a young girl, is unearthed in the false bottom of an old hair trunk. Four girls and a boy form themselves into a club to decipher the code and solve the mystery it reveals.

"Boys and girls will fairly revel in this absorbing mystery story."—*Los Angeles Tribune.*

8 full-page illustrations by C. M. Relyea. Price $1.25 net

Also by Augusta Huiell Seaman

The BOARDED-UP HOUSE

One of the most absorbing and successful mystery stories written for young people in recent years. It tells how two girl chums, in pursuit of their favorite cat, invade a deserted old mansion, where, by bringing their detective instincts into play, they make discoveries which lead to the adjusting of long-ago tangled affairs and the redemption of the "boarded-up house" itself.

Illustrated by C. Clyde Squires
Price $1.25 net

Three Charming Stories by Mr. and Mrs. Knipe

THE LUCKY SIXPENCE

A pretty tale of a little English girl's strange experiences in the colonies—the Virginia of General Washington's time. The first of the three "Denewood" books. ***Attractively illustrated by Arthur E. Becher. Price $1.25 net.***

BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD

The later and very thrilling story of the bonny little heroine of "The Lucky Sixpence," a tale that appeals to all growing-up girls—and boys, too.

With illustrations by C. M. Relyea. Price $1.25 net

PEG O' THE RING, or, A Maid of Denewood

The third and final story in the Denewood set, in which Peggy of Denewood, a bewitching little figure, meets with many exciting adventures. The further fortunes of all the other leading characters are also told. ***Pictures by Relyea. Price $1.25 net***

THE CENTURY CO.
Publishers **New York**



"Make me a boy again—"
This book will.

A Country Chronicle

By
GRANT SHOWERMAN

A PICTURE of old American country life—the village, the store, the church sociable, the temperance lectures, the sleighing, the fiddling, and the dancing—as seen through the eyes of a boy of ten. The impressions as written seem like transcriptions caught somehow as they streamed through this boy's mind, and they are expressed in a style as pungent and fresh as the boy language of all the world. Throughout the book, and binding its episodes together, runs the narrative of a group of very human people.

Chicago Tribune:

"You 've lived things like it, but you have n't read anything like it. . . . To read the book affects one much like eating a red autumn apple."

New York Times:

"The feel of grass under us, the sensation of mud squeezing up through bare toes, the taste of fruit, the exhilaration of running and yelling, the joy of vacation, the length of a day, the smell of a wild flower . . . this vividness of sensation is what Mr. Showerman has got into his book."

New Republic:

"There is no blurring of the image; each detail is handled with the incorrigible realism of childhood. The Boy is the book. His humor and his quaintness are its charm. . . . To borrow a term from the game of marbles, Mr. Showerman's Small Boy is a 'real.'"

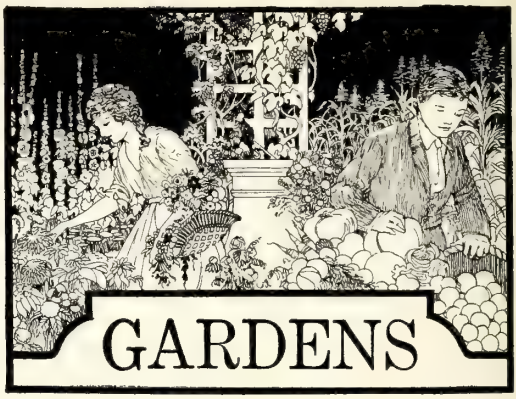
Washington Star:

"One's thorough enjoyment of this rare chronicle is increased amazingly by the certainty that the chronicler himself had the time of his life over this book."

Illustrated with 33 pen-and-ink drawings by George Wright

Price $1.50 net

Published by THE CENTURY CO.
353 Fourth Avenue, New York



"THERE are two big things I always seem to be planning for—Christmas, and summer, when I have my garden," said a ST. NICHOLAS reader the other day. Now that Christmas is over, it is time for every boy and girl to begin to plan their gardens. Gardening is splendid exercise in the first place, and the prices of all vegetables have soared so high that a garden of one's own is a real economy. Perhaps you could gather a substantial fund for another Christmas by selling right at home what you did not need. The first thing to do is to send to reliable seed-houses for their catalogues. While you are waiting for the catalogues to arrive, make a diagram of your garden on paper and arrange your crops. No matter how small or how large a space your garden is to occupy, you can get satisfactory results only by careful planning. To begin with, have a row of peas, a row of radishes (an early vegetable which can be replaced by some other later in the season), a row of lettuce, a row of cabbage, a row of onions, a row of dwarf beans, a row of beets, and so on. As soon as the early crops of vegetables have been gathered, the beds should be freshly worked and new plants or seeds of other vegetables put in their places. For instance, you can plant peas every month from March to June, and have them fresh continuously until autumn. This plan keeps the garden looking neat and trim, and keeps the table supplied with fresh vegetables all the time.

Seeds cannot be planted in January, of course, but next month we will tell you about making a hot-bed in which to plant the early vegetable seeds so they will be ready for transplanting in late March or early April. Flower seeds may be started in the hot-bed too, such as sweet alyssum, mignonette, corn-flower, snapdragon and ageratum, and when the ground out of doors is ready for them, they will flourish better and bloom much earlier than when the seed is planted in the out-door bed.

(*Continued on page 15*)

GARDENS

(*Continued from page 14*)

Do not put off getting in your orders for the seeds you want. If you get a little ahead now, it will be a wonderful help later. Your seed-list should be mailed as soon as possible after going over the catalogues. This will be a help to the seed-dealers, too, because the things can be selected and sent before the seedsmen are rushed with "hurry" orders. If you plan to have an early garden, order seeds that are marked "extra early" in the catalogue. You will be able to depend upon their coming up early if you order them from responsible seedsmen. The desire to have the biggest vegetables is shared these days with the desire to have the earliest ones.

When you are planning the location for your vegetable garden, try to secure a southern exposure. You will get the quickest and best results from it there, because your garden will get more sun. Do not plan a large garden. A small garden is better by far, because it can be kept in good condition easily.

* * *

"Don't seeds ever grow except when people plant them?" a boy asked his father the other day. Of course, mankind is the principal planter of seeds, but almost every reader of ST. NICHOLAS knows that the wind and the water are his helpers.

Tropical islands made of coral have become covered with trees and other vegetation because of seeds carried in the water, in trees, and in soil from far distant lands.

Every one has noticed how the dandelion seed, after forming into a white, light flower, is scattered by the wind. The seeds of milkweeds and thistles fly through the air in a similar way, and so one plant may have sons and daughters scattered for miles around.

But animals, and especially winged ones, are transporters of seeds to a far greater extent than the winds and the waves. Naturally, squirrels are busy workers in this field. They collect and scatter nuts of different trees. And if Mr. Squirrel is worrying about the high price of coal, or whatever it is that squirrels worry about, and forgets where he buried certain acorns, a new group of young oaks springs up far from the parent tree.

Birds are not only the greatest travelers among the animals, but they are also great eaters of seeds. They carry seeds of trees and plants miles and miles from their original location.

So the boy who wondered if man alone was a planter of seeds realizes now that nature employs many of her creatures to help keep her world green with growing things.

Why Schools and Camps advertise in St. Nicholas

SCHOOL principals and camp directors know that boys and girls and their parents read ST. NICHOLAS together.

They know that in almost every ST. NICHOLAS home there is at least one boy or girl of the boarding school age and one or more boys and girls who would enjoy going to a summer camp.

They know that in every family the coming of ST. NICHOLAS is a real event each month.

They know that every page in ST. NICHOLAS is seen and that not even the smallest announcement can hope to escape the inquiring eyes of the boys and girls who "want to know all about everything."

This is why schools and camps advertise in ST. NICHOLAS.



GRAND PRIZE
PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION
SAN FRANCISCO, 1915

To make a good cup of cocoa

Begin Right

CHOOSE "BAKER'S"

Prepare it carefully, following the directions on the package, and you will find that every member of the family will thoroughly enjoy this delicious and wholesome beverage. Its healthfulness is assured by its purity and high quality.

Made Only By

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd. Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780



"THE ICE BROKE UNDER THEM, THE *SEA-GULL* CRASHING ALONG UNDER ITS MOMENTUM." (SEE PAGE 198.)

ST. NICHOLAS

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THE SCOOTER TO THE RESCUE

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

THE ice-yacht of the new boy on the river swung gracefully up to the starting-line. Scores of appraising eyes were turned to observe it. Nothing like it had ever before appeared in the annual regatta of the Bent River Club.

"Just what do you call it—a freak, or the real thing?" commented Jack Borden, whose own *Seagull* was as light and graceful as the bird from which it was named.

"Neither," retorted Billy Frazer, smiling. "It 's just a clumsy, home-made tub with sails."

"Then it 's not for us to worry," drawled Ben Hill, who was sometimes considered witty. "A tub turns around faster than it goes ahead."

The three, standing by the ice-yachts, turned their attention from the *Plover* to its owner. Sam Edwards, as the new boy on the river was named, looked up from a rope he had been fastening. There was a quiet grin on his face, which, in the circumstances, did not increase his popularity.

Indeed, Sam was not popular with the boys of the Bent River Club—a canoe club in summer, an ice-yacht club in winter. Billy attributed it to a mistaken zeal in beating in the canoe singles the summer before at the open-water carnival, but Jack Borden, his chum, thought it was Sam's perpetual grin that made him obnoxious. Ben Hill, however, had frankly declared that it was jealousy. "He 's the best canoeist on the river," was Ben's verdict after the water carnival; "and he swims like a shark. We really ought to take him into the club."

But Billy and Jack had no intention of doing that. Until the new boy appeared they had been preëminent in their specialties, Billy as the champion canoeist, and Jack as the long-distance swimmer. Deep down in their hearts they knew that Ben had sized up the situation correctly. They had the grace to be a little ashamed of it, but refused to admit that their records would be seriously challenged if Sam became a member of the club.

In open regattas and carnivals it was not so important. Records were kept only of club members. So long as Sam was barred from participating in club events, the champions were safe.

Ever since he had come to live at Bent River, Sam's great ambition had been to get into the club. He was passionately fond of all outdoor sports, and his enthusiasm had led him to approach one or two of the members; but the Bent River Club was an exclusive affair, and his name had n't come up for election.

Sam had fumed and fretted in silence, and then, attributing the delay to a feeling that they had some doubts about his qualifications as a member, he had proceeded to demonstrate his fitness. He had entered the two events in the summer carnival, canoe singles and long-distance swimming, and had beaten all comers in both.

But the long-looked-for election or a more friendly attitude from the members had not followed as a result of these triumphs. If anything, Jack and Billy were colder toward him and displayed a more unfriendly spirit.

Sam was puzzled. All through the summer he waited in vain for something definite, and then as autumn came on and the boats were drawn out of the water for the season he grew a little bitter in his disappointment. Rumors began to reach his ears shortly before Thanksgiving of the great midwinter ice-boat regatta. This event, like the water carnival, was open to all comers, and while held in the name of the Bent River Club, it was really backed by all the people of the town. Appropriate prizes were offered by the leading citizens, and any decent person owning his ice-boat could qualify as a contestant.

Sam had come from the south side of Long Island, where ice-boating is both a sport and a business. Along the shores of the Great South Bay a peculiar kind of ice-boat, called a "scooter," has been devised for those waters, which rarely freeze over solid from shore to shore.

Sam knew nothing about the fine points of the inland river and lake ice-yachts, but he was familiar with all the details of the scooter type; so quite naturally he adopted this model for the yacht he intended to enter in the annual regatta. In his enthusiasm in building his new craft he almost forgot his disappointment of the summer.

The scooter was so different from all the other ice-boats lined up for the start that many eyes inspected it critically. Sam rather enjoyed the curiosity his boat created, hence his smile. Billy and Jack felt a little piqued at the excitement.

"Who 's going to sail with him in the race?" Jack asked suddenly.

"Don't know. Ask him."

Jack made his way through the crowd, followed by Billy and Ben. "Who 's your mate, Sam?" the former asked abruptly.

Sam looked up and grinned. "Don't need any. I can go it alone."

The others stared at him in surprise. Jack recovered first, and said, laughing a little disagreeably: "I guess you don't. If you can't enter the race on even terms, you 'd better withdraw. There are no handicaps to-day."

"Handicaps!" echoed Sam, flushing. "I don't need any. I thought—"

He stopped and looked doubtfully at the others. Something in their faces warned him that he had made a mistake.

"Do I have to carry a passenger?"

"You certainly do," replied Billy. "Have n't you read the rules? Here they are."

He thrust the printed instructions under Sam's nose, who read quickly something he had overlooked. Every boat had to have a crew of two, a skipper and mate. His face grew red; then, recovering himself, he looked up.

"The joke 's on me!" he laughed. "I 've been so busy tuning up the *Plover* that I clean forgot the rules. Nearly forgot the starting-hour."

Several smiled at this frank confession, but Billy and Jack never permitted their faces to relax. "Well, you 'll have to get some one pretty soon," Jack said sharply. "Time 's nearly up—ten minutes more!"



"IT WAS A PRETTY START, AND THE

Sam looked inquiringly at the group around him, and said slowly: "I did n't bring anybody along. I did n't know I had to carry a passenger." Then, glancing swiftly from one to another, he added, half appealingly, "Anybody want a sail?"

There was a silent pause, broken finally by Billy's laugh. "What! in that tub?"

A smile passed from face to face. "You won't call it a tub when you see it finish first," retorted Sam, good-naturedly.

"It looks like a dish-pan to me," commented Jack. "Do you carry a dish-cloth for a sail?"

The smile on the faces broke into a broad grin. Sam tried to preserve his composure, but a slow flush crept into his cheeks.

"A dish-pan and dish-cloth are mighty useful when you want to clean up things!" he retorted.

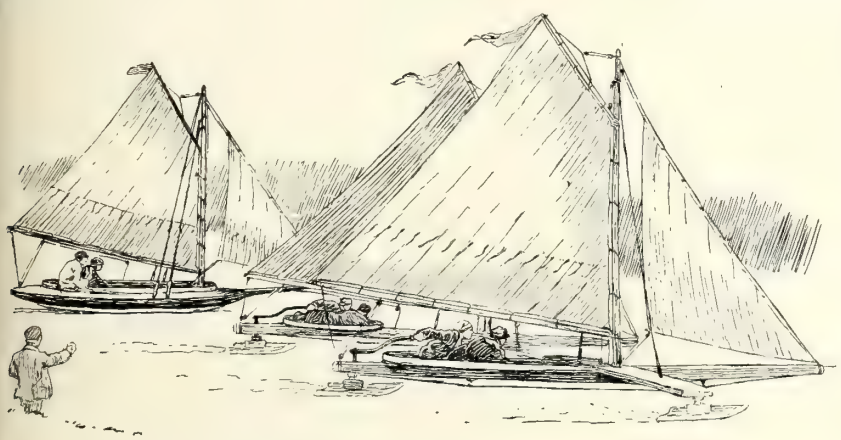
The laugh that followed this sally caused Jack to frown. He opened his watch and glanced at it. "Five minutes before the preparatory gun," he said. "If you can't get somebody to go with you, take the *Plover* out off the line. We can't let it stay there and block the others."

Sam straightened up immediately and became serious. "Did I hear any one volunteer to cross

the line first with me?" he asked, forcing a smile. There was no response. Two or three in the front line stepped back a pace, and each looked at his neighbor, expecting him to offer, but unwilling to do it himself. Sam swept the circle in vain for a friendly glance. Then his eyes darkened, and a scowl creased his forehead.

"Three minutes!" announced Jack, relentlessly, watch in hand.

Sam's anger suddenly flared up. "Is this what you call sport?" he demanded. "I 'd call it—"



WHITE-WINGED CRAFT SWEPT UP THE RIVER."

He stopped short, but the implication in the words made some appear uneasy and brought an angry scowl to the faces of others.

"Two minutes!"

Sam once more turned an appealing look to the crowd, and seeing no response in the faces, he bit his lip with anger and vexation. To be barred from the race at the last minute by what seemed to him a trick of the club members seemed monstrously unsportsmanlike. He was sure now that the boys had joined together to keep him out. It was all prearranged. Jack sung out, "One minute!" and then, to anticipate the final announcement, Sam exploded:

"All right! I 'll withdraw before you call the time. *I 'll* play the game square if you *won't!*"

He turned his back to the crowd to swing his ice-boat away from the starting-line, but Ben Hill suddenly intervened.

"No, Sam, you 'll stay in. *I 'll* go with you!"

Sam's surprise was no greater than that of Jack and Billy, but Ben appeared unconscious of the mild sensation he had created. He stepped aboard the *Plover,* and added: "Where do you want me, Sam? On this side?"

"Anywhere! Yes, that will do."

Sam's voice was a little husky and his eyes moist. He dared not face the crowd again.

Bang!

The preparatory gun put an end to all further conversation. Each young yachtsman sprang to his boat, and until the starting-gun sounded there was sharp jockeying for position. Sam had all he could do to handle the *Plover* without talking to Ben. Five minutes later the signal came.

Bang! Across the line fifteen ice-yachts leaped as if by magic, the difference between the foremost and the last being scarcely a boat's length. It was a pretty start, and as the white-winged craft swept up the river like a flock of gulls a cheer rose from hundreds of throats.

The race was five miles up the river and back to the starting-line. They had the wind on their beam going, and almost a free wind on the home-stretch. It was a good test of the speed of the boats and the skill of their navigators.

The *Plover* was fifth in line at the start, and as she got under way she quickly passed two of those ahead. But the two leaders more than held their own. They gained inch by inch. Leading by several boat-lengths was the *Sea-gull,* guided by Jack and Billy. Sam watched them quietly, but all his jockeying failed to close the gap.

"Think you can do it, Sam?" Ben asked, when they neared the up-river turning-point.

"Not on this stretch, but with a free wind I think I can," was the confident reply. "A scooter is well named—it scoots before the wind."

The *Sea-gull* rounded the stake well ahead of the *Plover.* Then the second boat got in the way at the turn, and Sam lost another valuable ten seconds. But once around the stake, with a free stretch of five miles before him, Sam loosened the sail and let the wind, playing over a quarter of the *Plover's* stern, belly it out like a balloon.

Their momentum increased steadily. The craft was almost lifted off the ice, and the runners played a humming tune, like the droning of bees in summer. The miles were covered in incredible speed. But ahead, the *Sea-gull* was doing almost equally good work. She sped along toward the home stake like a frightened bird.

"She can go some!" remarked Sam.

"Yes," said Ben, "you 've got a speedy boat."

"I meant the *Sea-gull,*" replied Sam, not rais-

ing his eyes. "I thought I could overtake her on this course, but she 's got too much of a lead"

"You 're gaining on her, I 'm sure."

"Yes, but her lead 's too great." Then turning to Ben, he added, laughing, "I 'm sorry I can't keep my promise to carry you over the line first."

"Second 's good enough for me," drawled Ben. "It 's a sail I would n't have missed."

"I 'm mighty glad you did n't," replied Sam, thoughtfully, and then: "Thank you for coming, Ben. I appreciate it."

"Oh, that 's nothing," drawled Ben, lamely.

The *Plover* was undoubtedly gaining. The distance between the two boats lessened, and the race was growing more exciting. In vain Jack tried to get a little extra speed from his boat, but the *Plover* hung on like grim death, gaining inch by inch. The race, at the best, would be close, and if there was another mile to go, the scooter had an even chance of winning.

"What 's Jack trying to do?" Ben suddenly asked. "Why 's he veering off to the left so far?"

"Better wind off there," replied Sam. "He needs all he can get. I 'll follow."

The *Sea-gull* had altered its course to the left bank, and under the momentum of the freshened breeze thus obtained, it leaped ahead and increased the lead a few feet. Finding that his tactics helped him, Jack veered farther to the left.

"Wonder if he does n't know there 's thin ice off that shore?" Ben asked a little anxiously. "They cut ice there last week, and it 's frozen over only a few inches."

"Where?" asked Sam, interested. Ben pointed ahead to the big ice-house on the left shore. "Oh, Jack and Billy must know about it."

"I don't know," faltered Ben. "Anyway, I wish they would keep off a little farther."

In his excitement Ben raised his head, and when he saw the *Sea-gull* edging farther inshore, he shouted a warning. But in that breeze, with the runners humming a loud tune, his voice did not carry half-way.

"They 'll be on it in a second!" he said. "Look! look!"

Sam looked, but could n't understand. No one understood the danger except Ben. Directly across the path of the *Sea-gull* was a wide strip of thin ice. The ice-cutters had extended their operations far from the shore, and nothing but a quick turn of the *Sea-gull* could save her from disaster. A narrow strip of thin ice she might skip across, under her tremendous speed, but a strip so wide offered her no chance. She would break through before she had covered half the distance.

"Jack! Billy!" yelled Ben.

But he might as well have whispered. Intent upon beating the *Plover* at all hazards, the two navigators of the *Sea-gull* saw nothing ahead but the home stake. Excited by their sudden increase in speed, they glanced backward, only to smile and laugh. The race was theirs.

Then suddenly there came an ominous rumble —a sharp snap and boom as the thin ice cracked under them. For the first time they glanced at the near-by surface. A terrible fear clutched at their hearts, and Jack, in a frantic effort to do something, changed the yacht's course. This increased, rather than diminished, the danger. With its momentum checked, the weight of the *Sea-gull* settled more heavily on one spot.

The ice broke under them, and the water gurgled up through a dozen chinks. Crashing and stumbling along under its momentum, the *Sea-gull* plowed a long wide furrow of broken ice before it stopped and began to settle in the water. It went down out of sight, leaving only its mast sticking up above the water.

Jack and Billy were fortunate enough to disengage themselves from the ropes and cling to the mast; but all around them, for yards on either side, was a sea of blue, cold water, filled with broken pieces of ice. To make matters worse, they were a quarter of a mile from the safe ice, so that rescue seemed almost out of the question.

"They 're lost!" groaned Ben, his face whitening. Then, noticing the speed of the *Plover* and the direction she was taking, he shouted: "Look out, Sam! Keep away! Thin ice!"

Sam nodded and said, "Yes, I know it."

"Then what are you doing?" yelled Ben, raising his voice almost to a shriek. "You 'll—I 'm going to jump off!"

"Don't do that!" sharply replied Sam. "It would kill you at this speed."

"Then turn around! you 're crazy!" shouted Ben, in desperation. "Where are you going?"

"To get Jack and Billy," was the calm reply. "Now keep cool, Ben, and leave it to me!"

"But—but—" stammered Ben, in amazement

"One other thing a scooter can do besides scooting before the wind," Sam said with exasperating calmness, "is sailing across broken ice. She 's half sail-boat and half ice-yacht. Now look at her!"

The *Plover* had reached the edge of the thin ice, and as she leaped upon it Ben held his breath. It cracked under them, and the water ahead rushed forward to meet them; but the dishlike bow of the scooter simply settled down on the field of broken ice and continued on her way. In a few moments they were sailing in open water instead of skimming across the smooth ice.

The two wrecked mariners watched the ap-

proach of the *Plover* in surprise and consternation. They were chilled through by their icy bath, and their teeth were chattering, but they seemed to forget their discomfort in watching this strange craft approaching them.

"You 'll have to go easy now in crawling aboard," they heard Sam say when the *Plover* reached them. "She is n't built to carry four; but if you balance her carefully, she 'll carry us back."



"'YOU 'LL HAVE TO GO EASY NOW IN CRAWLING ABOARD.'"

Once on the *Plover,* Billy and Jack watched the scooter cross the open space and then try to get upon the ice again. The thin edges kept breaking before her, but when she reached the thick ice she nimbly climbed out upon it, her spoon-shaped bow being made for this very purpose.

"I don't think we 'll try to finish the race," Sam remarked. "You two ought to get into dry clothes as quick as you can, so I 'll take you right home."

As it turned out, however, Sam lost nothing by his decision, for the skippers of the other boats had become so excited by the accident that not one of them had thought to finish the race, which was of course declared off.

Sam and Ben hurried the two lucky unfortunates to Jack's home, and there the crew of the *Sea-gull* made a hasty change of costume. Jack's parents were away, his mother on a visit, his father detained in town by important business. The four boys gathered before a glowing fire and Sam then explained in detail how a scooter was made to cross open water or fields of broken ice and to climb back upon solid ice when necessary. The exploit of the *Plover* was nothing unusual. It was done hundreds of times in the Great South Bay every winter.

"And you want to convince us," said Jack, "that you were n't risking your life to save us —that you knew there was no danger?"

"Yes, that 's just it," replied Sam, quickly.

"Well," snapped Jack, "you can't do it. We refuse to be convinced. Am I right, Billy —and Ben?"

"Sure! We 'll back you up in that, Jack."

"That being the case," added Jack, solemnly, "we 'll pass on to the next question. Who is going to propose Sam Edwards's name for membership in the Bent River Club?"

"I will!" came two voices.

"And will he be elected?"

"He will!"



I Had a Little Wicken-Tree

by

Clara Platt Meadowcroft

LIME-TREES growing by the roadway gave their cooling fruit to all;
On the sunny slopes grew olives high above the old sea-wall;
In the wood the kindly elder stretched a bounteous, branching arm;
(Never woodsman chops the elder, nor will do it any harm).

But the wicken on the hillside—"Nothing ever would it bear,"
So sang Griflet, "but a nutmeg and a single golden pear;
Yet the King of Spain's fair daughter came from far to visit me.
It was all because," sang Griflet, "of my little wicken-tree."

"Could that happen to *my* wicken?" "Who can tell? Yet, Prince Beaumain,
Almost everything that happens once can happen once again."
Lying deep in leafy shadows, long we watched the road below,
Where, like shine of armor, sun-rays glanced and glittered to and fro.

So it was that Griflet told me of the far-off wars of song,
While cloud-shadows like Crusaders marched through shimmering heat along.
Sudden came a sound of hoof-beats, and, before the tale was told,
From afar we saw a maiden, horsed and trapped in cloth of gold.

Toward the wicken rode the damsel, darkly fair and richly dight;
Strapped behind her on the saddle lay a faint and wounded knight.
"Heartily we pray you tarry." "Nay, we journey farther still
Ere this knight may lie in safety and be healed of all his ill."

Came again a sound of hoof-beats: "Some one follows—woe betide!
Is there here no sanctuary where a wounded man may hide?"
Low the wicken bowed its branches, offering a friendly shade,
And they hid within the covert, steed and wounded knight and maid.

To us came a troop of horsemen, but their leader turned and smiled:
"Idle 't were to stop and question of a jester and a child.
Forward, then!" and on they galloped. "Fortune send no further harm!
Pluck you quickly," said the damsel, "sprigs of wicken for a charm.

"Gramercy and fare ye well!" "Oh, can it be—oh, prithee say,—
You 're the King of Spain's fair daughter?" But she smiled and rode away;
Rode away and left us gazing after, far as we could see.—
"It was all because," sang Griflet, "of my little wicken-tree."



"Idle t'Were to Stop and Question of a Jester and a Child."

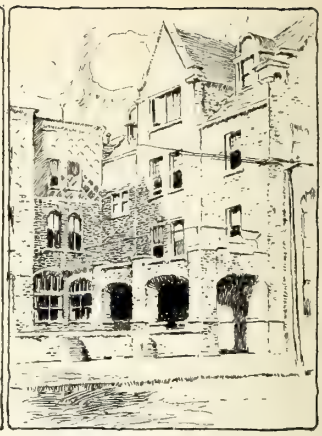


VIKINGS OF OLD.

HEROINES OF SERVICE AND HEROES OF TO-DAY

BY

MARY R. PARKMAN



ENTRANCE TO HULL-HOUSE.

THE HEART OF HULL-HOUSE: JANE ADDAMS

"The Russian peasants have a proverb that says: 'Labor is the house that Love lives in'; by which they mean that no two people, or group of people, can come into affectionate relation with each other unless they carry on a mutual task."

JANE ADDAMS.

Do you remember Wordsworth's "Peter Bell"?

> At noon, when by the forest's edge
> He lay beneath the branches high,
> The soft blue sky did never melt
> Into his heart: he never felt
> The witchery of the soft blue sky!

In the same way, when he saw the "primrose by the river's brim," it was not to him a lovely bit of the miracle of upspringing life from the unthinking clod; it was just a common little yellow flower, which one might idly pick and cast aside, but to which one never gave a thought. He saw the sky and woods and fields and human faces with the outward eye, but not with the eye of the heart or the spirit. He had eyes for nothing but the shell and show of things.

This is the story of a girl who early learned to see with the "inward eye"; she "felt the witchery of the soft blue sky" and all the wonder of the changing earth, and something of the life about her melted into her heart and became part of herself. So it was that she came to have a "belonging feeling" for all that she saw—fields, pine woods, mill-stream, birds, trees, and people.

Perhaps little Jane Addams loved trees and people best of all. Trees were so big and true, with roots ever seeking a firmer hold on the good brown earth, and branches growing up and ever up, year by year, turning sunbeams into strength. And people she loved, because they had in them something of all kinds of life.

There was one special tree that had the friendliest nooks where she could nestle and dream and plan plays as long as the summer afternoon. Perhaps one reason that Jane loved this tree was that it reminded her of her tall, splendid father.

"You are so big and beautiful, and yet you always have a place for a little girl—even one who can never be straight and strong," Jane whispered, as she put her arms about her tree friend. And when she crept into the shelter of her father's arms, she forgot her poor back, that made her always carry her head weakly on one side when she longed to fling it back and look the world in the face squarely, exultingly, as her father's daughter should.

"There is no one so fine or so noble as my father," Jane would say to herself as she saw him standing before his Bible-class on Sundays. Then her cheek paled, and her big eyes grew wistful. It would be too bad if people discovered that this frail, crooked child belonged to him. They would be surprised and pity him, and one must never pity Father. So it came about that, though it was her dearest joy to walk by his side clinging to his hand, she stepped over to her uncle, saying timidly, "May I walk with you, Uncle James?"

This happened again and again, to the mild astonishment of the good uncle. At last a day came that made everything different. Jane, who had gone to town unexpectedly, chanced to meet her father coming out of a bank on the main street. Smiling gaily and raising his shining silk hat, he bowed low, as if he were greeting a princess; and as the shy child smiled back she knew that she had been a very foolish little girl indeed. Why, of course! Her father made everything that belonged to him all right just because

it *did* belong. He had strength and power enough for them both. As she walked by his side after that, it seemed as if the big grasp of the hand that held hers enfolded all the little tremblings of her days.

"What are these funny red and purple specks?" Jane asked once as she looked with loving admiration at the hand to which she clung.

"Those marks show that I 've dressed millstones in my time, just as this flat right thumb tells any one who happens to notice that I began life as a miller," said her father.

After that Jane spent much time at the mill industriously rubbing the ground wheat between thumb and forefinger; and when the millstones were being dressed, she eagerly held out her little hands in the hope that the bits of flying flint would mark her as they had her father. These marks, she dimly felt, were an outward sign of her father's true greatness. He was a leading citizen of their Illinois community by right of character and hard-won success. Everybody admired and honored him. Did not President Lincoln even, who was, her father said, "the greatest man in the world," write to him as a comrade and brother, calling him "My dear Double D'ed Addams"?

Years afterward, when Jane Addams spoke of her childhood, she said that all her early experiences were directly connected with her father, and that two incidents stood out with the distinctness of vivid pictures.

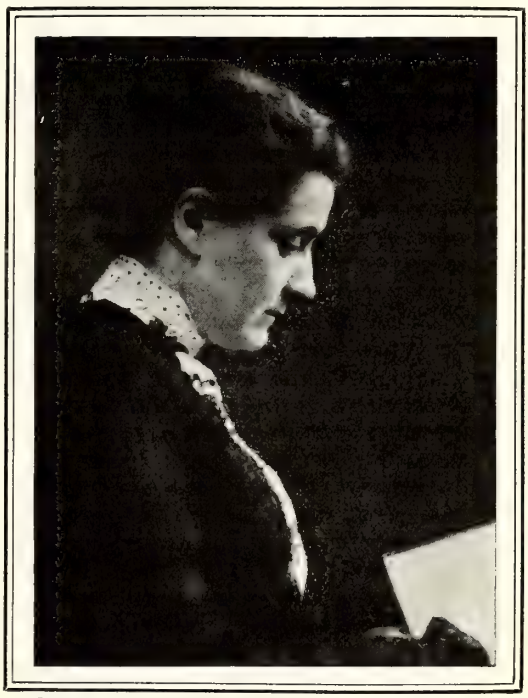
She stood one Sunday morning, in proud possession of a beautiful new cloak, waiting for her father's approval. He looked at her a moment quietly, and then patted her on the shoulder.

"Thy cloak is very pretty, Jane," said the Quaker father, gravely; "so much prettier, indeed, than that of the other little girls that I think thee had better wear thy old one." Then he added, as he looked into her puzzled, disappointed eyes, "We can never, perhaps, make such things as clothes quite fair and right in this hill-and-valley world; but it is wrong and stupid to let the differences crop out in things that mean so much more; in school and church, at least, people should be able to feel that they belong to one family."

Another day she had gone with her father on an errand into the poorest quarter of the town. Always before, it had seemed to her country eyes that the city was a dazzling place of toy- and candy-shops, smooth streets, and contented houses with sleek lawns. Now she caught a glimpse of quite another city, with ugly, dingy houses huddled together, and thin, dirty children standing miserably about without place or spirit to play.

"It is dreadful the way all the comfortable, happy people stay off to themselves," said Jane. "When I grow up, I shall, of course, have a big house, but it is not going to be set apart with all the other big homes; it is going to be right down among the poor, horrid little houses like these."

Always after that, when Jane roamed over her prairie playground or sat dreaming under the Norway pines which had grown from seeds that her father had scattered in his early, pioneer



Courtesy of "The American Magazine."

JANE ADDAMS.

days, she seemed to hear something of "the still, sad music of humanity" in the voice of the wind in the tree-tops and in the harmony of her life of varied interests. For she saw with the inward eye of the heart, and felt the throb of all life in each vital experience that was hers. It would be impossible to live apart in pleasant places, enjoying beauty which others might not share. She must live in the midst of the crowded ways, and bring to the poor, stifled little homes an ideal of healthier living. She would study medicine and go as a doctor to the forlorn, dirty children; but first there would be many things to learn.

It was her dream to go to Smith College, but her father believed that a small college near her home better fitted one for the life to which she belonged.

"My daughter is also a daughter of Illinois," he said, "and Rockford College is her proper

place. Afterward she may go east and to Europe in order to gain a knowledge of what the world beyond us can give, and so get a fuller appreciation of what life at home is and may be."

Jane Addams went, therefore, to the Illinois college, "The Mt. Holyoke of the West," a college famed for its earnest, missionary spirit. The serious temper of her class was reflected in their motto, which was the Anglo-Saxon word for lady—*hláfdige* (bread-kneader), translated as *bread-giver;* and the poppy was selected for the class flower, "because poppies grow among the wheat, as if Nature knew that wherever there was hunger that needed food there would be pain that needed relief."

The study in which she took the keenest interest was history,—"the human tale of this wide world,"—but even at the time of her greatest enthusiasm she realized that while knowledge comes from the records of the past, wisdom comes from a right understanding of the actual life of the present.

After receiving from her Alma Mater the degree of B.A. she entered the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia to prepare for real work in a real world, but the old spinal trouble soon brought that chapter to a close. After some months spent in Dr. Weir Mitchell's hospital, and a longer time of invalidism, she agreed to follow her doctor's pleasant prescription of two years in Europe.

"When I returned I decided to give up my medical course," said Jane Addams, "partly because I had no real aptitude for scientific work, and partly because I discovered that there were other genuine reasons for living among the poor than that of practising medicine upon them."

While in London Miss Addams saw much of the life of the great city from the top of an omnibus. Once she was taken with a number of tourists to see the spectacle of the Saturday-night auction of fruits and vegetables to the poor of the East End, and the lurid picture blotted out all the picturesque impressions, full of pleasant human interest and historic association, that she had been eagerly enjoying during this first visit to London town. Always afterward, when she closed her eyes, she could see the scene; it seemed as if it would never leave her. In the flare of the gas-light, which made weird and spectral the motley, jostling crowd and touched the black shadows it created into a grotesque semblance of life, she saw wrinkled women, desperate-looking men, and pale children vying with each other to secure with their farthings and ha'pennies the vegetables held up by a hoarse, red-faced auctioneer.

One haggard youth sat on the curb, hungrily devouring the cabbage that he had succeeded in bidding in. Her sensation-loving companions on the bus stared with mingled pity and disgust; but the girl who saw what she looked on with the inward eye of the heart turned away her face. The poverty that she had before seen had not prepared her for wretchedness like this.

"For the following weeks," she said, "I went about London furtively, afraid to look down narrow streets and alleys lest they disclose this hideous human need and suffering. In time, nothing of the great city seemed real save the misery of its East End."

This first impression of London's poverty was, of course, not only lurid, but quite unfair. She knew nothing of the earnest workers who were devoting their lives to the problem of giving the right kind of help to those who, through weakness, ignorance, or misfortune, were not able to help themselves.

When, five years later, she visited Toynbee Hall, she saw effective work of the kind she had dimly dreamed of ever since, as a little girl, she had wanted to build a beautiful big house among the ugly little ones in the city. Here in the heart of the Whitechapel district, the most evil and unhappy section of London's East End, a group of optimistic, large-hearted young men, who believed that advantages mean responsibilities, had come to live and work. While trying to share what good birth, breeding, and education had given them with those who had been shut away from every chance for wholesome living, they believed that they in turn might learn from their humble neighbors much that universities and books cannot teach.

"I have spent too much time in vague preparation for I knew not what," said Jane Addams. "At last I see a way to begin to live in a really real world, and to learn to do by doing."

And so Hull-House was born. In the heart of the industrial section of Chicago, where workers of thirty-six different nations live closely herded together, Miss Addams found surviving a solidly built house with large halls, open fire-places, and friendly piazzas. This she secured, repaired, and adapted to the needs of her work, naming it Hull-House from its original owner, one of Chicago's early citizens.

"But we must not forget that the house is only the outward sign," said Miss Addams. "The real thing is the work. 'Labor is the house that Love lives in,' and as we work together we shall come to understand each other and learn from each other."

"What are you going to put in your house for



POLK STREET FAÇADE OF HULL-HOUSE BUILDINGS.
Boys' Club (in foreground), Woman's Club, Shops and Gymnasium, Theater and Coffee-house, and Smith Building.



A CORNER OF THE BOYS' LIBRARY AT HULL-HOUSE.



HULL-HOUSE DRAWING-ROOM, USED FOR SOCIAL CLUBS.



CHILDREN IN HULL-HOUSE COURT.

your interesting experiment?" Miss Addams was asked.

"Just what I should want in my home anywhere—even in your perfectly correct neighborhood," she replied with a smile.

From the picture of its entrance (page 202), you can imagine the beautiful, restful place it was, with everything in keeping with the fine old house. On every side were pictures and other interesting things gathered in her travels.

Of course, Miss Addams was not alone in her work. Her friend Ellen Gates Starr was with her from the beginning. Miss Julia Lathrop, who is now the head of the Children's Bureau in Washington, was another fellow-worker. Soon many volunteers came eagerly forward, some to teach the kindergarten, others to take charge of classes and clubs of various kinds. They began by teaching different kinds of hand-work, which then had no place in the public schools.

"One little chap, who was brought into the Juvenile Court the other day for breaking a window, confessed to the judge that he had thrown the stone 'a-purpose to get pinched,' so they would send him to a school where 'they learn a fellow to make things,'" Miss Addams was told.

Classes in woodwork, basketry, sewing, weaving, and other handicrafts were eagerly patronized. There were also evening clubs where boys and girls who had early left school to work in factories could learn to make things of practical value or listen to reading and the spirited telling of the great world-stories.

The evening classes were also social clubs, where the children who seemed to be growing dull and unfeeling like the turning wheels among which they spent their days could relax their souls and bodies in free, happy companionship and get a taste of natural living.

"Young people need pleasure as truly as they need food and air," said Miss Addams. "When I see the throngs of factory-girls on our streets in

the evening, it seems to me that the pitiless city sees in them just two possibilities: first, the chance to use their tender labor-power by day, and then the chance to take from them their little earnings at night by appealing to their need of pleasure."

One of the new buildings that was early added to the original Hull-House was a gymnasium, which provided opportunities for swimming, basket-ball, and dancing.

"We have swell times in our Hull-House club," boasted black-eyed Angelina. "Our floor in the gym puts it all over the old dance-halls for a jolly good hop,—no saloon next door with all that crowd, good classy music, and the right sort of girls and fellows Then sometimes our club has a real party in the coffee-house. That 's what I call a fine, cozy time, makes a girl glad she 's living."

Hull-House also puts within the reach of many the things which their active minds crave and opens the way to a new life and success in the world.

"Don't you remember me?" a rising young newspaper man once said to Miss Addams "I used to belong to a Hull-House club."

"Tell me what Hull-House did for you that really helped," she took occasion to ask.

"It was," he replied promptly, "the first house I had ever been in where books and magazines just lay around as if there were plenty of them in the world. Don't you remember how much I used to read at that little round table at the back of the library?"

Some good people who visit the Settlement in a patronizing mood are surprised to discover that many of "these working-girls" have a taste for what is fine. Miss Addams likes to tell them about the intelligent group who followed the reading of George Eliot's "Romola" with unflagging interest.

"The club was held in our dining-room," she said to one incredulous visitor, "and two of the girls came early regularly to help wash the dishes and arrange the photographs of Florence on the table. Do you know," she added, looking her prosperous guest quietly in the eyes, "that the young woman of whom you were inquiring about 'these people' is one of our neighborhood girls? Those who live in these dingy streets because they are poor and must live near their work are not a different order of beings. Don't forget what Lincoln said, 'God must love the common people—He made so many of them.' You have only to live at Hull-House a while to learn how true it is that God loves them."

"Nothing has ever meant more real inspiration to me," said a student of sociology from the university, who had spent a year in the Settlement, "than the way the poor help each other. A woman who supports three children by scrubbing will share her breakfast with the people in the next tenement because she has heard that they are 'hard up'; a man who has been out of work has a month's rent paid by a young chap in the stock-yards who boarded with him last year; a Swedish girl works in the laundry for her German neighbor to let her stay home with her sick baby—and so it goes."

"Our people, too, have many other hardships besides the frequent lack of food and fuel," said Miss Addams. "There are other hungers. Do you know what it means for the Italian peasant, used to an outdoor life in a sunny, easy-going land, to adapt himself to the ways of America? It is a very dark, shut-in Chicago that many of them know. At one of the receptions here an Italian woman who was delighted with our red roses was also surprised that they could be 'brought so fresh all the way from Italy.' She would not believe that roses grew in Chicago, because she had lived here six years and had never seen any. One always saw roses in Italy. Think of it! She had lived for six years within ten blocks of florists' shops, but had never seen one!"

"Yes," said Miss Starr, "they lose the beauties and joys of their old homes before they learn what the new can give. When we had our first art exhibit, an Italian said that he did n't know that Americans cared for anything but dollars—that looking at pictures was something people did only in Italy."

At Hull-House the Greeks, Italians, Poles, and Germans not only find pictures which quicken early memories and affections, but they can give plays of their own country and people. The "Ajax" and "Electra" of Sophocles have been presented by Greeks, who felt that they were showing ignorant Americans the majesty of the classic drama Thanksgiving, Christmas, and other holidays are celebrated by plays and pageants. Nor are the great days of other lands forgotten. Garibaldi and Mazzini, who fought for liberty in Italy, are honored with Washington and Lincoln.

Old and young alike take part in the dramatic events. A blind patriarch, who appeared in Longfellow's "Golden Legend," which was presented one Christmas, spoke to Miss Addams of his great joy in the work

"Kind Heart," he said (that was his name for her),—"Kind Heart, it seems to me that I have been waiting all my life to hear some of these things said. I am glad we had so many perform-

ances, for I think I can remember them to the end. It is getting very hard for me to listen to reading, but the different voices and all made this very plain."

The music classes and choruses give much joy to the people, and here it seems possible to bring together in a common feeling those widely separated by tradition and custom. Music is the universal language of the heart. Bohemian and Polish women sing their tender and stirring folk-songs. The voices of men and women of many lands mingle in Schubert's lovely melodies and in the mighty choruses of Handel.



Courtesy of "The American Magazine"

SOME OF THE NEIGHBORS OF HULL-HOUSE.

As Miss Addams went about among her neighbors she longed to lead them to a perception of the relation between the present and the past. If only the young, who were impatiently breaking away from all the old-country traditions, could be made to appreciate what their parents held dear; if the fathers and mothers could at the same time understand the complex new order in which their children were struggling to hold their own! When, one day, she saw an old Italian woman spinning with distaff and spindle, an idea came to her. A Labor Museum, that would show the growth of industries in every country, from the simplest processes to the elaborate machinery of modern times, might serve the purpose.

The working-out of her plan far exceeded her wildest dream. Russians, Germans, and Italians happily foregathered to demonstrate and compare methods of textile work with which they were familiar. Other activities proved equally interesting. The lectures given among the various exhibits met with a warm welcome. Factory workers, who had previously fought shy of everything "improving," came because they said these lectures were "getting next to the stuff you work with all the time."

Hull-House has worked not only *with* the people but *for* them, by trying to secure laws that will improve the conditions under which they labor and live. The following incident will speak for the fight that Miss Addams has made against such evils as child labor and sweat-shop work.

The representatives of a group of manufacturers waited upon her and promised that if she

would "drop all this nonsense about a sweat-shop bill of which she knew nothing," certain business men would give fifty thousand dollars for her Settlement. The steady look which the lady of Hull-House gave the spokesman made him wish that some one else had come with the offer.

"We have no ambition," said Miss Addams, "to make Hull-House the largest institution in Chicago; but we are trying to protect our neighbors from evil conditions; and if to do that, the destruction of our Settlement should be necessary, we would gladly sing a Te Deum on its ruins."

The girl who saw what she looked on with "the eye of the heart," had become a leader in the life and the reforms of her time. "On the whole," one writer has said of her, "the reach of this woman's sympathy and understanding is beyond all comparison wider in its span—comprehending all kinds of people—than that of any other living person."

Jane Addams has won her great influence with people by the simple means of working with them. Her life and the true Hull-House—the work itself, not the buildings which shelter it—give meaning to the saying that "Labor is the house that Love lives in."

A MODERN VIKING: JACOB RIIS

I doubt no doubts · I strive, and shrive my clay;
And fight my fight in the patient modern way.
SIDNEY LANIER.

WOULD you like to hear about a viking of our own time? Listen to the story of this Northman, and see if you will not say that the North Sea country can still send forth as staunch and fearless men as those who sailed in their dragon ships the "whale roads" of the uncharted seas, found a new world and forgot about it long before Columbus dreamed his dream.

Near the Danish coast where the sea and the low-lying fields grapple hand to hand in every storm, and where the waves at flood-tide thunder against the barrows beneath which the old vikings were buried, is the quaint little town of Ribe, pronounced "Reebay." This is the sea's own country. The people, who never fear to go down to the sea in ships, have scorned to pile up dikes between them and their greatest friend, who can, in a moment of anger, prove their greatest enemy. It is as if they said, "We are of the sea; if it chooses to rise up against us, who are we to say, 'Thus far and no farther!'"

There was a boy born in this town whose name was Jacob August Riis, pronounced "Reese." The call of the sea-birds was the first sound he knew; the breath of the sea was the breath of life to him. On days when the waves danced in rainbow hues and scattered in snowy foam, his heart "outdid the sparkling waves in glee." At evening, when the sea-fogs settled down over the shore and land and water seemed one, something of the thoughtful strength and patience of that brave little country came into his face.

Many changes had come to the coast since the sea-rovers of old pulled their pirate galleys on the beach, took down their square, gaily striped sails, and gave themselves over to feasting in the great mead-hall, where the smoking boar's-flesh was taken from the leaping flames and seized by the flushed, triumphant warriors, while skalds chanted loud the joys of battle and plunder. The quaint little town where Jacob Riis lived sixty-odd years ago had nothing but the broom-covered barrows and the changeless ocean that belonged to those wild times, and yet it was quite as far removed from the customs and interests of to-day.

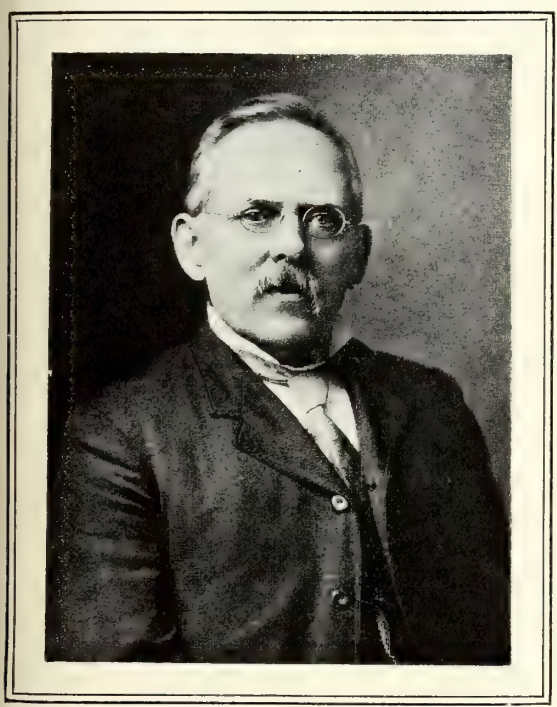
I wish that I could make you see the narrow cobblestone streets over which whale-oil lanterns swung on creaking iron chains, and the quaint houses with their tiled roofs where the red-legged storks came in April to build their nests. The stillness was unbroken by the snort of the locomotive and the shrill clamor of steamboat and steam factory whistles. The people still journeyed by stage-coach, carried tinder-boxes in place of matches, and penknives to mend their quill pens. The telegraph was regarded with suspicion, as was the strange oil from Pennsylvania that was taken out of the earth. Such things could not be safe, and prudent people would do well to have none of them.

In this town, where mill-wheels clattered comfortably in the little stream along which roses nodded over old garden walls and where night-watchmen went about the streets chanting the hours, all the people were neighbors. There were no very rich and few very poor. How Jacob hated the one ramshackle old house by the dry moat which had surrounded the great castle of the mighty Valdemar barons in feudal days! This place seemed given over to dirt, rats, disease, and dirty, rat-like children. Jacob's friends called it Rag Hall, and said it was a shame that such an ugly, ill-smelling pile should spoil the neighborhood of Castle Hill, where they loved to

play among the tall grass and swaying reeds of the moat.

Rag Hall came to fill a large place in Jacob's thoughts. It was the grim shadow of his bright young world. How did it happen that people could get so far away from all that made life sweet and wholesome? How had they lost their birthright?

As Jacob looked at the gray, dirty children of Rag Hall it seemed to him that they had never had a chance to be anything better. "What should



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JACOB A. RIIS.

I have been if I had always lived in such a place?" he said to himself.

One Christmas, Jacob's father gave him a mark,—a silver coin like our quarter,—which was more money than the boy had ever had before. Now it seemed to him that he might be able to do something to help make things better in Rag Hall. He ran to the tenement—to the room of the most miserable family who lived there.

"Here," he said to a man who took the money as if he were stunned, "I 'll divide my Christmas mark with you, if you 'll just try to clean things up a bit, especially the children, and give them a chance to live like folks."

The twelve-year-old boy little thought that the great adventure of his life really began that day at Rag Hall. But years after, when he went about among the tenements of New York, trying to make things better for the children of Mulberry Bend and Cherry Street, he remembered where the long journey had begun.

It was no wonder that Christmas stirred the heart of this young viking, and made him long for real deeds. Christmas in Ribe was a time of joy and good-will to all. A lighted candle was put in the window of every farm-house to cheer the wayfarer with the message that nobody is a stranger at Christmas. Even the troublesome sparrows were not forgotten. A sheaf of rye was set up in the snow to make them the Christmas-tree they would like best.

If Christmas brought the happiest times, the northwest storms in autumn brought the most thrilling experiences of Jacob's boyhood. Then, above the moaning of the wind, the muttered anger of the waves, and the crash of falling tiles, came the weird singing of the big bell in the tower of the Domkirke—the cathedral, you know.

After such a night the morning would dawn on a strange world where storm-lashed waves covered the meadows and streets for miles about, and on the causeway, high above the flood-level, cattle, sheep, rabbits, grouse, and other frightened creatures of the fields huddled together in pitiful groups.

One night, when the flood had risen before the mail-coach came in and the men of the town feared for the lives of the passengers, Jacob went out with the rescue-party to the road where the coach must pass. Scarcely able to stand against the wind, he struggled along on the causeway, where in pitchy blackness, with water to his waist and pelting spray lashing his face like the sting of a whip, he groped along, helping to lead the frightened horses to the lights of the town, a hundred yards away. It was hard that night to get warmed through; but the boy's heart glowed, for had not the brusque old Amtmand, the chief official of the country, seized him by the arm and said, while rapping him smartly on the shoulders with his cane, as if, in other days, he would have knighted him, "Strong boy, be a man yet!"

Jacob's father, who was master of the town school, was keenly disappointed when this alert, promising son declared his wish to give up the ways of book-learning and master the carpenter's trade. The boy felt that building houses for people to live in would be far better than juggling with words and all the unreal problems with which school and school-books seemed to deal. Thinking that it would be useless to try to force his son into a life distasteful to him, the father swallowed his disappointment and sent him to serve his apprenticeship with a great builder in

Copenhagen. The boy should, he determined, have the best start in his chosen calling that it was in his power to give him.

Soon after his arrival in the capital, Jacob went to meet his student brother at the palace of Charlottenborg, where an art exhibition was being held. Seeing that he was a stranger and ill at ease, a tall, handsome gentleman paused on his way up the grand staircase and offered to act as guide. As they went on together, the gentleman asked the boy about himself and listened with ready sympathy to his eager story of his life in the old town, and what he hoped to do in the new life of the city. When they parted Jacob said heartily:

"People are just the same friendly neighbors in Copenhagen that they are in little Ribe—jolly good Danes everywhere, just like you, sir!"

The stranger smiled and patted him on the shoulder in a way more friendly still. Just at that moment they came to a door where a red-liveried lackey stood at attention. He bowed low as they entered and Jacob, bowing back, turned to his new friend with a delighted smile:

"There is another example of what I mean, sir," he said. "Would you believe it, now, that I have never seen that man before?"

The gentleman laughed, and, pointing to a door, told Jacob he would find his brother there While the boy happily recounted his adventures, particularly the story of his kindly guide, the handsome gentleman passed through the room and nodded to him with his twinkling smile

"There is my jolly gentleman," said Jacob, as he nodded back.

His brother jumped to his feet and bowed low.

"Good gracious!" he said, when the stranger had passed out. "You don't mean to say *he* was your guide? Why, boy, that was the king!"

So Jacob learned that in Denmark even a king, whom he had always thought of as wearing a jeweled crown and a trailing robe of velvet and ermine held by dainty silken pages, could go about in a plain blue overcoat like any other man, and be just as simple and neighborly.

In Copenhagen the king of his fairy-book world was a neighbor, too. Hans Christian Andersen was a familiar figure on the streets at that time. Jacob and his companions often met him walking under the lindens along the old earthen walls that surrounded the city. Deep in their hearts they loved the old man whose stories had charmed their childhood, and they knew that the spirit within the lank, awkward body was altogether lovely.

All the time that Jacob was working with hammer and saw, he was, like that first Jacob of whom we read, serving for his Rachel. From the time he was a clumsy lad of twelve he knew that his playmate Elizabeth, with the golden curls and the fair, gentle looks, was the princess of his own fairy-tale. Like all good fairy-tales, it simply *had* to turn out happily.

When his apprenticeship was over and he had learned all about building houses for people to live in, he hurried at once to Ribe to build his own house. It seemed, however, that nobody realized that he was the hero who was to marry the princess. Why, Elizabeth's father owned the one factory in town, and they lived in a big house, which some people called a "castle." Small chance that he would let his pretty daughter marry a carpenter!

Since working faithfully for long, busy years had not brought him to his goal, Jacob threw aside his tools and decided to seek his fortune in a new country. In America, surely, a true man might come to his own. The days of high adventure were not dead. He would win fame and fortune, and then return in triumph to the old town—and to Elizabeth.

It was a beautiful spring morning—surely a prophecy of fair beginnings—when this young viking sailed into New York Harbor. The dauntless Northmen, who pushed across the seas and discovered America, could not have thrilled more at the sight of their Vinland than did this Dane of our own day when he saw the sky-line of the great city. This must indeed be a new world of opportunity for strong men.

It took only a day of wandering about the crowded streets, however, to convince this seeker that a golden chance is as hard to find in the New York of to-day as gold was in those disillusioning days of the early explorers. The golden chance, it seemed, was to be won, if at all, as is the precious metal—only after intelligent prospecting and patient digging.

How utterly alone he felt in that crowd of hurrying strangers! Very different it all was from his cozy little country, where every one was a neighbor, even the king himself.

Out of sheer loneliness and the desire to belong to somebody he threw in his lot with a gang of men who were being gathered together to work in a mining-camp on the Allegheny River. Perhaps the West was his Promised Land, and Pennsylvania would be a start on the way.

The young carpenter was set to work building houses for the workers in the mines. He could not content himself, however, in this shut-in country. To one used to the vastness of a level land stretching as far as eye could see, the hills and forests seemed to hedge him in on every side

—as if he could not breathe. To ease the restlessness of his homesick spirit, he determined to try his fortune at coal-mining. One day was enough of that. In his inexperience he failed to brace the roof properly, and a great piece of rock came down on him, knocking the lamp from his cap and leaving him stunned and in utter darkness. When at last he succeeded in groping his way out, it was as if he had come back from the dead. The daylight had never before seemed so precious. Nothing could have induced him to try coal-mining again.



THE JACOB A. RIIS SETTLEMENT, HENRY STREET, NEW YORK.

At this time, news came of the war between Germany and France. It was expected, moreover, that Denmark would come to the assistance of the French, since only a few years before, in 1864, Germany had seized some of the choicest territory of the little North Sea kingdom—Schleswig-Holstein, the section through which the important Kiel Canal has been built. Every Dane longed to avenge the wrong. Jacob Riis at once left his tools and his work. He would win glory as a soldier.

He reached New York with but a single cent in his pocket, only to find that no one was fitting out volunteer companies to send to France. Here he was longing to offer his life for the cause, and it was treated like a worthless trifle. Clothes and every cherished possession that his little trunk contained were soon pawned to pay for food and a roof over his head.

There followed months when the young man wandered about the great city, homeless, hungry, vainly seeking employment. Too proud to beg, he yet accepted night after night a plate of meat and rolls which a French cook in a large restaurant handed him from a basement window. It seemed as if that was a part of the debt France owed her would-be soldier.

He was one of a weary army of discouraged men hunting for work. He knew what it meant to sleep on park benches, in doorways, in empty wagons, and even on the flat stone slabs of a graveyard. There were in New York friends of his family who might have helped him, but he was too proud to make himself known in his present sorry plight. He even destroyed the letters to them, lest in a moment of weakness he might be tempted to appeal to their charity.

This time of hardship, however, was destined to bear fruit. Jacob Riis came to know the shadows of the great city—all the miserable alleys and narrow courts of the East Side slums. And then and there, weak and starving though he was, the boy who had given his Christmas money to help Rag Hall vowed that he would some day work to remove those plague-spots from the city's life. "How true it is," he said, "that one half of the world does n't know how the other half lives! If they only knew, things would be different."

At last the chance for which he had been longing came. Hearing that a new reporter was wanted by the News Association, he applied for the position. After looking the haggard applicant over for a moment doubtfully, the editor was moved to give him a trial. The starving man was sent to report a political banquet. When he turned in his "copy" at the office the editor said briefly:

"You will do. Take that desk and report at ten every morning, sharp."

So began his life as a reporter.

Perhaps you know something of his success as a newspaper man. He knew how to gather news; and he knew how to find the words that made bare facts live. The days and nights of privation had been rich in experience. He was truly "a part of all that he had met." Something of his intimate acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of existence, something of his warm, understanding sympathy for every variety of human joy and sorrow, crept into his work. Besides, the young man had boundless enthusiasm and tireless industry.

"That chap just seems to eat work," said his fellow-reporters.

One day a very special letter came from Denmark, which told him that his gentle Elizabeth was quite convinced that he was indeed the prince of her life story. So, as it turned out, he did n't have to make a fortune before he was able to bring her to share his home in New York. With her it seemed that he brought the best of the old life into the new—

> Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
> Brought the sunshine of his people.

The only homesick times that he knew now were the days when his work as a reporter took him to the streets of the miserable tenements. All his soul cried out against these places where the poor, the weak, and the wicked, the old, the sick, and helpless babies were all herded together in damp, dingy rooms where the purifying sunlight never entered. During his years of wandering in search of work he had gained an intimate knowledge of such conditions. He knew what poverty meant and how it felt. Afterward, when he saw this hideous squalor, he shared it. These people were his neighbors.

"Over against the tenements of our cities," he said, "ever rises in my mind the fields, the woods, God's open sky, as accusers and witnesses that His temple is being defiled and man dwarfed in body and soul."

He knew that the one way to remove such evils and force people to put up decent houses for the poor was to bring the facts out in the open. When he described what he had seen, the words seemed to mean little to many of the people that he wanted to reach. Then he hit upon the plan of taking pictures. These pictures served to illustrate some very direct talks he gave in the churches. Later, many of them made an important part of his book, "How the Other Half Lives."

"These people are your neighbors," said Jacob Riis. "It is the business of the fortunate half of those who live in our great cities to find out how the other half lives. No one can live to himself or die to himself—

> 'If you will not grub for your neighbor's weeds,
> In your own garden you 'll find the seeds.' "

Through his persistent campaigning, one of the very worst parts of New York, known as Mulberry Bend, a veritable network of alleys which gave hiding to misery and crime untold, was bought by the city, the buildings torn down, and the spot converted into a public park.

Years later, when Theodore Roosevelt was President, he asked Mr. Riis to investigate the conditions of streets and alleys in Washington. It developed that within three squares of the Capitol there was a system of alleys honeycombing a single block where a thousand people were crowded together under conditions that made a hotbed of misery, crime, and disease. The good citizens of the National Capital, who had read with horror about the evils of New York and Chicago, were rudely shaken out of their self-complacency. That square is now one of Washington's parks.

Jacob Riis early learned the power of facts His training as a reporter taught him that. He was also willing to work early and late, when the need arose, to gather them. At one time when there was a cholera scare in New York, and the Health Department stated after analysis that there was risk in drinking the water from the Croton River, Riis took his camera and explored not only the Croton River to its source, but also every stream that emptied into it, taking pictures that proved in the most convincing way the dangers of the city. As a result, money was appropriated to buy a strip of land along the streams, wide enough to protect the people's water-supply.

Another great work that Jacob Riis was enabled to carry through had its beginnings in that stormy chapter of his life when he found himself a vagrant among vagrants He learned at first hand what the police lodging-houses for the homeless were like. At that time this charity was left in the hands of the police, who had neither the ability nor the desire to handle these cases wisely and humanely and to meet the problems of helping people to help themselves. Jacob Riis worked shoulder to shoulder with Theodore Roosevelt, who was then police commissioner of New York, to make the organized charity of the city an intelligent agency for relieving suffering and putting on their feet again those who were, for some reason, "down and out." Many were brought back to wholesome living through the realization that they had "neighbors" who cared.

In the same way he worked for parks and play-

grounds for the children. He saw that the city spoils much good human material.

"We talk a great deal about city toughs," he says in his autobiography. "In nine cases out of ten they are lads of normal impulses whose possibilities have all been smothered by the slum. With better opportunities they might have been heroes."

Many honors came to Jacob Riis. He was known as a "boss reporter"; his books gave him a nation-wide fame; the King of Denmark sent him the Crusaders' Cross, the greatest honor his native land could bestow; President Roosevelt called him the "most useful American" of his day. But I think what meant more to him than any or all of these things was the real affection of his many "neighbors," especially the children.

Many times he gathered together boys and girls from the streets to enjoy a day with him in the country.

"This will help until we can give them trees and grass in their slum," he would say, "and then there will be no slum." His eyes grew very tender as he added, "No, there will be no slum; it will be a true City Beautiful—and the fairest blossoms there will be the children."

In the Jacob Riis Settlement in New York the work he started for his little neighbors is still carried on. Two houses in one of the most crowded sections of the city now furnish club-rooms and playrooms for the children of the tenements. And just as Jacob Riis used to carry the boys and girls away from the city in summer, so the settlement gives its children a glimpse of real country in its Fresh-air Home.

Riis called the story of his life "The Making of an American." While his life was in the making he helped to make many others. He was in truth a maker of Americans.

Do you not think that he lived a life as truly adventurous as the vikings of old—this viking of our own day? They lived for deeds of daring and plunder; he lived for deeds every whit as brave—and for service.

THE BUTTON BOX

When measles come with fever and gloom,
And put me to bed in a darkened room,
And I cannot draw or play with blocks,
Then Mother gives me the button box.
I can feel the buttons in the dark,
And I know each kind by the shape and mark;
And they tell me stories of land and sea—
Most wonderful stories they seem to me.

This smooth pearl button takes me down
To the ocean caves of the mermaid's town,
Where seaweeds toss, and pirate's gold
Gleams from the wrecks of galleons old.
This ivory button, so white and fair,
Takes me away to the elephant's lair,
In the tangled African swamp and river,
Where the shining tusks oft make men shiver.

And this hard bone button whisks me away
To Western prairies or Southern bay,
Where herds of oxen roam wild lands
Till their bones lie bleaching on the sands.
This wooden button has magic spell
To take me off to a German dell,
In the great Black Forest, where girls and boys
All winter long were carving toys.

And this metal button—not great its worth,
But it takes me down to the depths of the earth,
To the deep dark mines where day and night
Men dig the ore with all their might.
And this French button, old in years,
From one of Napoleon's grenadiers,
Tells me of mighty days it knew,
And the great world-battle of Waterloo.

This naval button with anchor array
Ships me off to Manila Bay,
And round the world with Dewey's men,—
Victorious ever and home again.
This silver button my grandfather wore
On a velvet suit in days of yore,
With ruffled shirt and powdered wig—
My! but he did look grand and big!

And this beautiful satin button, I guess,
Is from my grandmother's wedding dress,—
Oh the wedding bells and candles and cake,
All for a lady and her sweet sake!
So I play in bed in my darkened room
With this magical gift for days of gloom,
And I wander happy and fleet as a fox
Round the whole big world with the button box.

Oliver Huckel.



THE UNGRATEFUL MAN

BY GRACE DIETRICH McCARTHY

ALICE was seated before the fire holding a brown leather book and slowly spelling "G–e–s–t–a R–o–m–a–n–o–r–u–m."

"What does that spell, Aunt Alice?"

"Yes, dear," said Aunt Alice, absent-mindedly, as she wrote away for dear life.

"Hello, what have you there?" said Bob, with a laugh, looking over her shoulder. "Jolly-looking old book,—but that 's Latin," pointing to the title.

"What does it mean?" said Alice, hopefully, for she was anxious for conversation. It was too wet to go out, she had read till she was tired, and Aunt Alice's letters seemed to be endless.

"It means 'deeds of the Romans,'" said Bob.

"It 's *all* Latin, is n't it? They look like short stories; do read me one!" said Alice, in a wheedling tone.

"Too stiff Latin for me. Let 's tease Aunt Alice to do it. Aunt Alice! Aunt Alice! Please take pity on your weary relatives and read them a rousing good tale of the Romans."

"What book is that?" said Aunt Alice, as she folded a letter. "Oh, the 'Gesta Romanorum.' But those stories are not about the Romans, or written by them. That is just a name given to a collection of tales used as sermons and exhortations by the clergy of the Middle Ages."

"Oh, Aunt Alice, there *must* be a good story among them. Won't you tell it to us? We are so tired of this stupid weather."

"Prove yourself the aunt of aunts, and tell us a ripping good tale," said Bob, placing the book in her hands.

"The aunt of a pair of insatiable story-consumers," returned Aunt Alice, with the smile that always meant a story. "Since I am myself largely responsible for the appetite, I suppose I ought to try to satisfy it"; and, seating herself before the fire with an eager listener on each side of her, she began:

ONE beautiful summer day, a long time ago, Vitales, a rich Venetian nobleman, went out hunting, taking only one servant with him. Late in the afternoon they became separated, and Vitales found himself alone in a strange, wild part of the forest, with night coming swiftly on. Hoping to find either his servant or some house where he might spend the night, he was groping his way through the trees when, with a sudden crash, he stumbled and fell down, down, striking the ground with a thud. Vitales, terrified, thought he had slipped over a precipice; but when he gathered his scattered wits together, he found himself in a pit dug to catch wild animals. He was bruised and dazed by the fall, but not badly hurt, and he began to look around the edge of the pit for a stick or root by which he could pull himself out. Suddenly the undergrowth near him began to rustle and crackle. Low dangerous growls and hisses made him shrink back, cold with fear. The pit was full of wild animals that had fallen into it, just as he had.

For two nights and a day, he crouched against the side of the pit, hardly daring to breathe; but on the morning of the second day, he decided that anything was better than dying of slow starva-



"NEXT MORNING, THE PEASANT SET OUT FOR VENICE." (SEE PAGE 217.)



tion, so he began to call aloud; and weak as he was from fright and lack of food, the forest was soon ringing with his cries of "Help! Help! Help!"

A peasant crossing the forest heard the cries, and at first he was frightened; but after a moment or two, taking courage, he approached the pit and asked who had called.

"A poor huntsman," answered Vitales, "who has passed two long nights and a day here. Help me out for the love of mercy. Help me out, and I will reward you handsomely."

"Poor man!" said the peasant, "I will do what I can"; and he began cutting off the branch of a tree strong enough to bear the weight of a man. "Listen to what I am going to say to you. I will let down this branch into the pit. I will fasten it against the sides and hold it with my hands; by pulling yourself out by it, you may get free from your prison."

"Good!" answered Vitales. "Ask for anything you wish and it shall be granted."

"I ask for nothing," said the peasant; "but I am to be married, and you may give me a wedding present, if you choose."

So saying, the peasant let down the branch. He soon felt it grow heavier, and a moment later a monkey leaped from the pit. He, too, like Vitales, had fallen into it, and now had seized the branch which the peasant had let down.

With a cry of fear, the man dropped the branch and fled from the pit; but a wail from Vitales stopped him.

"Do not leave me!" cried Vitales. "My friend, my dear friend, I beg of you, I implore you! I will enrich you. I am the Lord Vitales, a rich Venetian. Do not let me die of hunger in this horrible pit!"

The peasant was touched by this entreaty, so he returned to the pit and again lowered the branch. But it no sooner was let down than a lion, with a roar of delight, bounded from the pit and dashed away into the forest.

"Oh! Oh! It must be an evil spirit in the pit!" cried the peasant, and fled, still holding the branch.

"Help! Help! Return for the love of mercy!" screamed Vitales. "To die of hunger in this pit! Whoever you may be, I implore you to help me! I will give you a house and field, cows and gold, all you can ask for! Only save me! Only save me!"

The peasant could not resist this entreaty, and, though trembling with fear, he came to the mouth of the pit and thrust in the branch. With a hiss of delight, a huge serpent writhed from the hole. Half dead with fear, the peasant fell cowering on the ground, but Vitales, thinking he had run away, cried and moaned: "Will no one help me? Oh! Oh! then must I die?"

"It must be the Prince of Darkness himself!" said the peasant; "but the voice sounds exactly like a man's."

"Oh, if you are still there," said Vitales, "in the name of all that is still dear to you, save me, that I may at least die at home, not in this horrible pit! I will give you my palace at Venice, my possessions, my honors. I give them all; and may I die if I forfeit my word! Only save my life!"

The peasant could not resist such pleading, and again let down the stick. With a bound, Vitales succeeded in grasping it and clambered to the top.

"Oh, here you are at last!" exclaimed the peasant.

"Yes, my benefactor, my savior!" said Vitales, as he fell fainting on the ground.

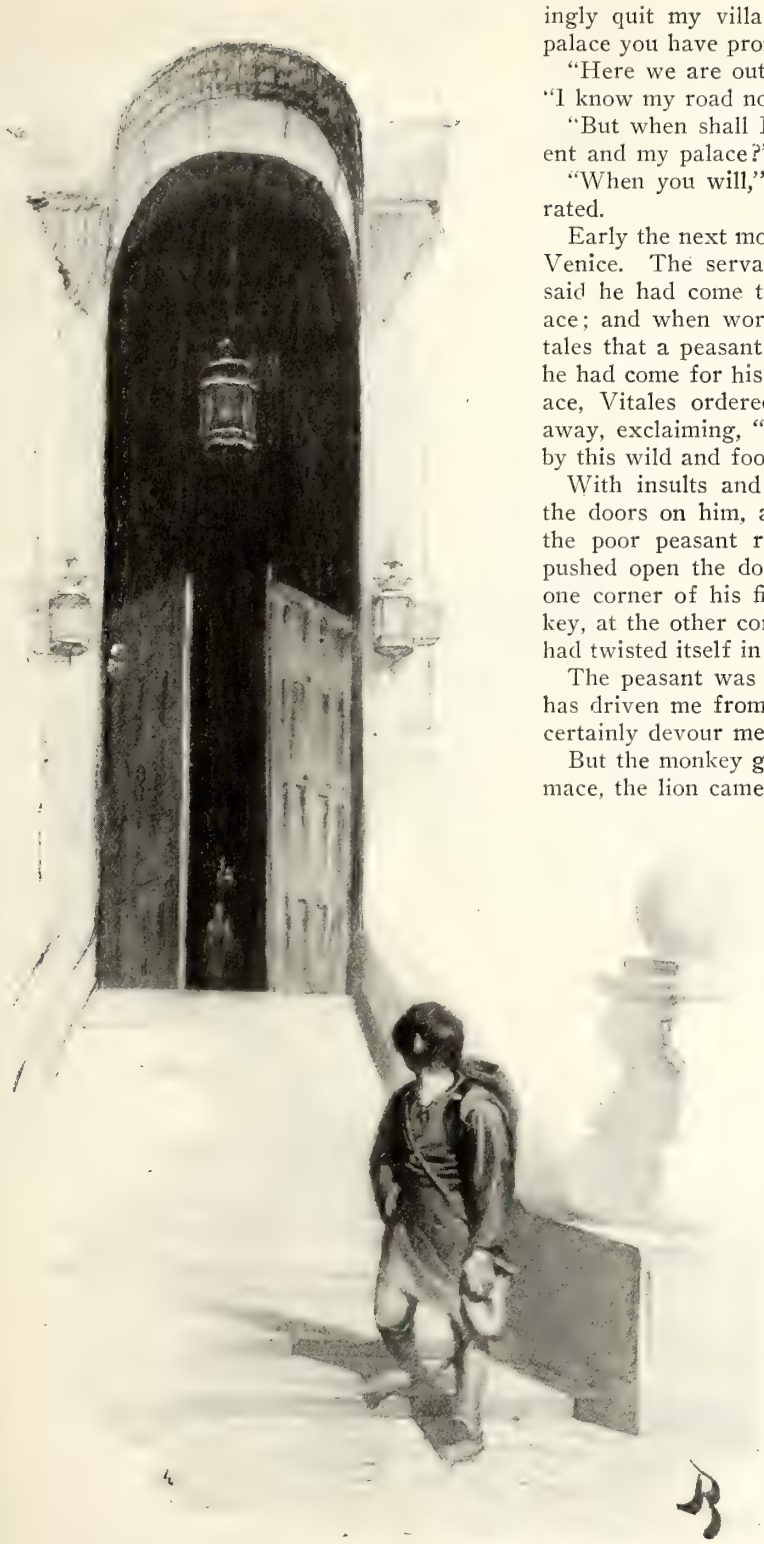
"Let us quit this forest," said the peasant, giving Vitales his arm. "Eat this piece of bread."

"How can I ever sufficiently recompense you?"

"You have promised me a wedding present and your palace at Venice," said the peasant.

"Yes, certainly, I will give you a present, my dear friend," said Vitales, as they walked along; "and I will make you the richest peasant in your village. Where do you live?"

"At Aspasia, in the forest, but I would will-



"WITH INSULTS AND JEERS THE ATTENDANTS CLOSED THE DOORS ON HIM."

ingly quit my village to live in Venice, in the palace you have promised me."

"Here we are out of the forest," said Vitales; "I know my road now, thank you."

"But when shall I come for my wedding present and my palace?" returned the peasant.

"When you will," said Vitales, and they separated.

Early the next morning, the peasant set out for Venice. The servants laughed at him when he said he had come to take possession of his palace; and when word was finally brought to Vitales that a peasant was at the door, saying that he had come for his wedding present and his palace, Vitales ordered his servants to drive him away, exclaiming, "I do not wish to be annoyed by this wild and foolish fellow!"

With insults and jeers, the attendants closed the doors on him, and, disappointed and weary, the poor peasant returned to his cottage. He pushed open the door and stopped to stare. At one corner of his fireplace was seated the monkey, at the other corner the lion, and the serpent had twisted itself in circles on the hearth!

The peasant was seized with fear. "The man has driven me from his door; these animals will certainly devour me!" he exclaimed.

But the monkey gave him a most amicable grimace, the lion came and licked his hand, and the serpent moved about with a contented air.

"Poor animals!" he said, "they are better than Vitales; he drove me like a beggar from the door. I have not a stick of wood, or a morsel of meat for a meal, and no money to buy any. The ungrateful wretch —with his wedding present and his palace!"

Hardly had he finished speaking, when the monkey led him by signs to a dark corner of the room, and there, all piled up neatly, was a quantity of wood. The monkey had collected this wood in the forest and brought it into the cottage. Pleased with his kindness, the peasant turned to see the lion leading the way to an opposite corner, where he found a sheep, two hares, and a fine boar, all covered with branches of trees to

keep them fresh. It was the lion who had hunted for his benefactor.

"And you, then," said he to the serpent, "have you brought me nothing? Are you a Vitales, or a grateful creature, like the monkey and the lion?"

Gliding under a stone in the floor, the serpent reappeared quickly, bearing a beautiful diamond in its mouth.

"A diamond!" cried the peasant, and, stretching forth his hand, he took it, while the monkey, the lion, and the serpent crowded around to receive his caresses.

As soon as it was daylight, the peasant set out again for Venice. He went immediately to a jeweler, and showed the diamond to him.

"How much do you ask for it?" said he.

"Two hundred crowns," said the peasant, thinking that to be a great price, though it was hardly a tenth part of its real value.

The jeweler looked at him and said, "Since you name such a price as that, you must be a robber, and I arrest you!"

"If it is not worth so much, give me less," cried the poor peasant in dismay. "I am not a robber, I am an honest man; it was the serpent who gave me the diamond."

But they hustled him before the magistrate, who listened to the whole story.

"Let Signor Vitales be sent for," he said.

Meanwhile, the peasant repeated his story.

"And so," said the magistrate, "you saved the Signor Vitales?"

"Yes, noble gentleman."

"And he promised you a marriage present and his palace at Venice for yourself?"

"Yes, noble gentleman."

"And he drove you like a beggar from his door?"

"Yes, noble gentleman."

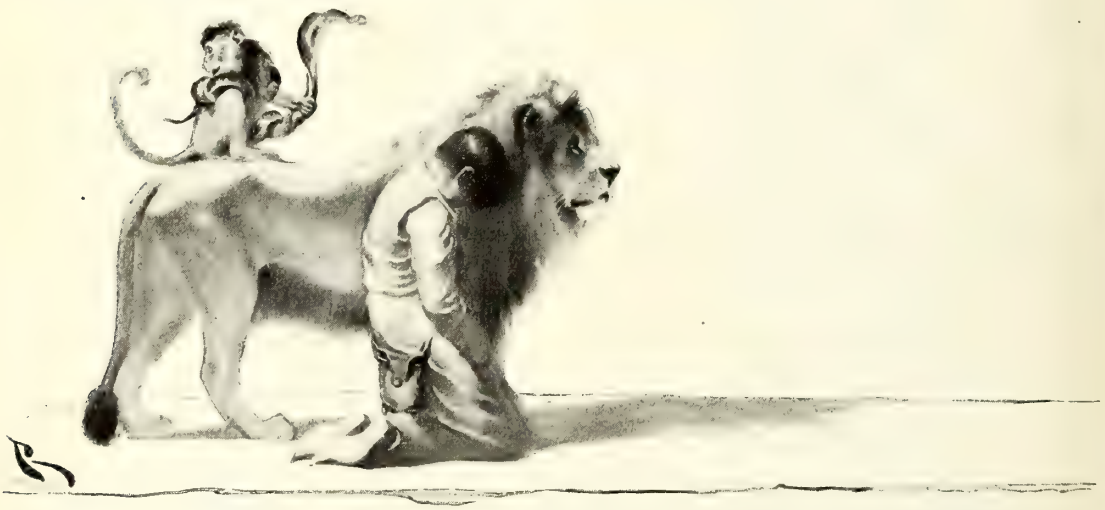
"Let Signor Vitales appear," said the magistrate.

Vitales appeared.

"Do you know this man, Signor Vitales?"

"Is it likely that one of my rank would consort with a peasant?" replied Vitales.

The magistrate consulted the lawyers. "This man," they said, pointing to the peasant, "is evidently a knave; he must be thrown into prison. Signor Vitales, you are excused."



"THE WHOLE COURT WAS FILLED WITH CONFUSION, THOUGH THE ANIMALS, WITH NO ATTEMPT

With a sign and a nod, the magistrate said to an officer, "Take that man to prison."

The terrified peasant fell on his knees in the middle of the hall. "Noble gentleman! Noble gentleman!" he cried. "It is possible that the diamond may have been stolen. The serpent who gave it to me may have wished to deceive me. It is possible the ape, the lion, and the serpent may all be creatures of the evil one, but it is true that I saved Signor Vitales!" (turning to him). "I ask you not for the wedding present, sir, nor the marble palace; but say a word for me; do not let me be put into prison! I did not abandon you when you were in the pit!"

"Noble gentleman," said Vitales, bowing to the court, "I can only repeat what I have said. My rank, my honors, make this man's story preposterous. Has he a single witness to produce? Where are they?"

At that moment, the court was thrown into fear and astonishment, for the lion, the monkey, and the serpent entered the hall together. The

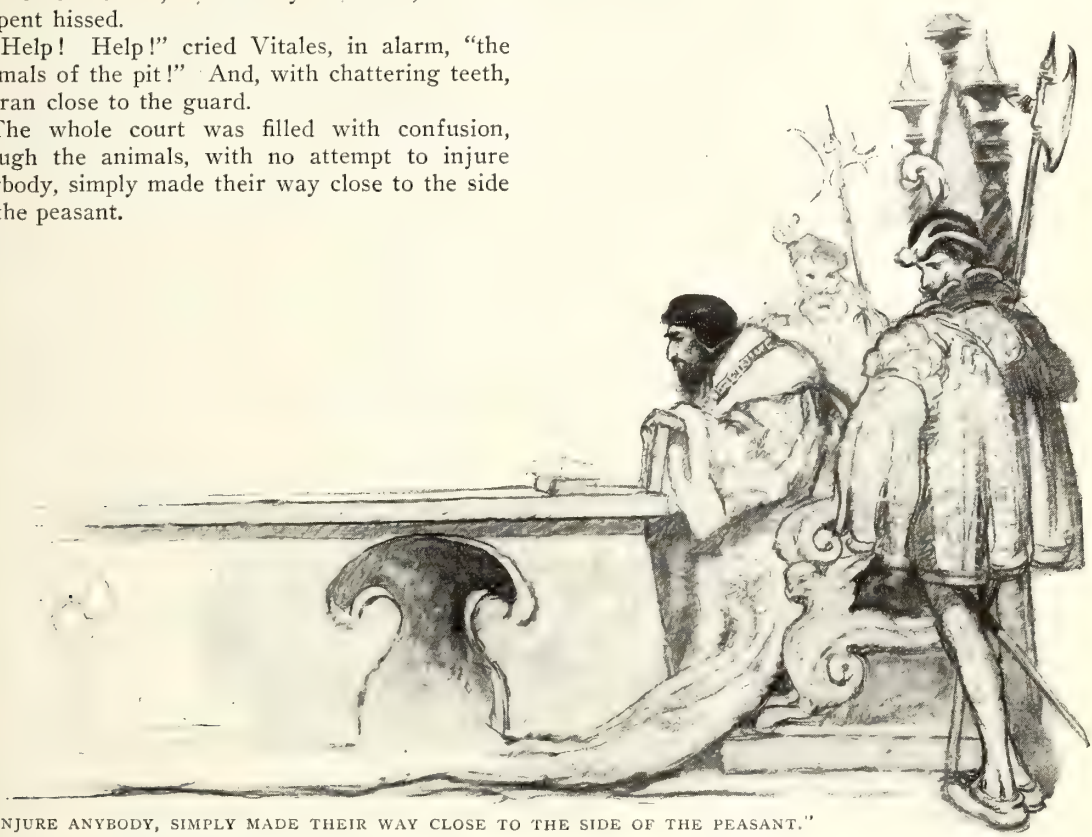
monkey was mounted on the back of the lion, the serpent was twined around the arms of the monkey.

The lion roared, the monkey chattered, and the serpent hissed.

"Help! Help!" cried Vitales, in alarm, "the animals of the pit!" And, with chattering teeth, he ran close to the guard.

The whole court was filled with confusion, though the animals, with no attempt to injure anybody, simply made their way close to the side of the peasant.

the peasant and his wife lived happily for many years in the palace of Vitales, with the monkey, the lion, and the serpent. And if you are tempted



TO INJURE ANYBODY, SIMPLY MADE THEIR WAY CLOSE TO THE SIDE OF THE PEASANT."

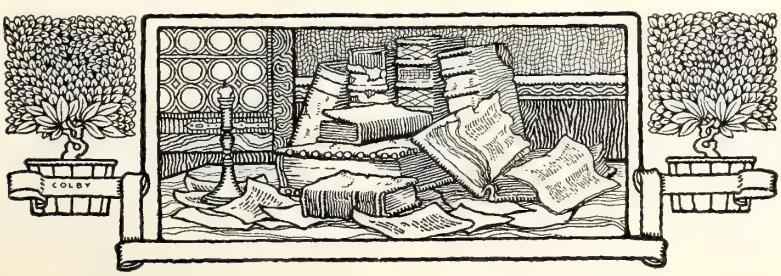
When order was restored, the magistrate rose and said: "Signor Vitales, you asked where were the witnesses of this poor peasant. Here they are, sent to punish you for your ingratitude. As for you," turning to the peasant, who was caressing the animals, "since a Venetian has promised you a palace of marble and a wedding present, the republic of Venice will fulfil the promise. The palace of Vitales and half his goods are yours."

The deeds were drawn up that very day, and

to doubt this story, all I can say is, go to Venice, where you may see a picture of them as they entered the court, the lion carrying the monkey, and the monkey carrying the serpent.

THE story ended, there was a pause. "Those old fellows in the Middle Ages got together some pretty good stories, did n't they? Thank you very much, Aunt Alice," said Bob.

"I 'm going to study my Latin more," said Alice; and Aunt Alice smiled.



THE SINGER OF A THOUSAND SONGS

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

THERE is no telling into how many young folks' hearts Miss Kitty Cheatham has sung her way. To calculate by the wagon-load of letters she has received, we would say that all the children from



MISS KITTY CHEATHAM.

New York to Timbuctoo know her and call her Kitty. They write her notes on every conceivable kind of paper—white sheets with beautiful shepherdesses on the front page, yellow sheets with funny sketches done in scrawly lines, pink sheets with green pencil markings all over them. They tell her they have been to her concerts and liked "Little Boy Blue" when she sang it; they ask her to tell them the story of "Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby" the next time she sings for them; they send her little jokes and poems they think she ought to know about; they load her down with their love and admiration. This is what it means to be a singer of childhood for children.

Miss Kitty Cheatham is to song-land what Robert Louis Stevenson in "A Child's Garden of Verse" is to poetry, and what Kenneth Grahame in "The Golden Age" is to prose. Whether it be in her own home or in the homes of others, whether in her shepherdess dress of pink and blue she stands before you on the platform, she is the epitome of melody, and you are carried away into a realm of her own making where there are only smiles and joyous dancing, and where you hear only delicate and dainty sounds. Sometimes Kitty Cheatham tells you about bears and dark woods and blustering ogres, but she always gives you a "comfy" feeling that the bears are beneficent, that the woods are full of mysterious fairies rather than of vindictive witches, and that the ogres would rather welcome you than eat you up.

When you go to one of her concerts, you realize that her programs are veritable national congresses, where nations in song-land dwell amicably side by side. If it be around Christmas-time that you hear her sing, she will convince you during the afternoon that the Christmas spirit is the same the world over, whether in France, in Russia, in England, in Germany, or in Sweden. You will learn from her that all mothers the world over, whether in China, Japan, or the United States, have their beautiful lullabies. And should it happen that you hear her during one of the spring months, she will convince you that the universe is one glorious field of daisies, and that the Japanese cherry-trees and the Georgia peach-trees, with their pink blossoms, are gifts richer than the greatest crowns that kings can wear.

Her beginnings are like the beginnings of an enchanted fairy tale. It all happened one rainy day in Brittany, in a romantic château by an open fire. When Kitty Cheatham was a child living in the South and brought up under the loving care of a colored mammy, she little knew how much a part of her had become those wonderful crooning songs which the plantation darky sings on all occasions. It was farthest from her mind, during her girlhood in Tennessee, to become a real singer, though her voice was even then a pleasure to her family. It is doubtful whether the children who now clamor for her would ever have known that she had a voice if it were not for the fact that while sitting before that fire in Brittany on that rainy day she began crooning, from memory, the "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," which her mammy had so often sung to her. It was then that a friend of hers leaned over to where she sat upon the rug and said to her, "My

dear, where did you learn such songs?" And Miss Cheatham told her of the South, of the colored mammy, and of the negro hymns that used to be heard on the plantation in bygone days.

No fairy godmother ever did more for *Cinderella* than did this friend of Kitty Cheatham's for her that afternoon in the French château. Two weeks from that day Miss Cheatham was the center of a musical party given for her by one of the ladies in waiting to Queen Alexandra. Londoners knew nothing of the beauties of negro melodies; they thought that the darkies sang only "coon" songs; and when Miss Cheatham told them otherwise, she became the object of much attention, and many people in England, France, Spain, Greece, Bavaria, Germany, Rumania, Servia, and Russia wanted to hear her. If you take a map of Europe and trace upon it where Kitty Cheatham has sung, you will make a zigzag line all over that continent, for she has been not only in the well-known cities, but in out-of-the-way places. She has, to use her own words, sung before out-of-the-way royalties. Quick, alert, vivacious, she gave them of her best, and, in return, she began to borrow from them their folk-songs and the traditional melodies which mark each country as a nation. In England she made friends with the granddaughters of Queen Victoria, she spent "chummy" afternoons with the present Queen of Spain and the Princess Alexandra of Teck. She has sung before the Duke of Sparta, now the King of Greece, the Crown Prince of Servia, one of the princesses of Saxe-Coburg, now the Queen of Rumania; and she sang before ex-Queen Natalie of Servia just two weeks before the events occurred which were really the beginning of the present great war.

Now the interesting thing about Kitty Cheatham's concerts is this—they are not simply filled with pretty melodies; they are afternoons of wonderful story-telling and splendid acting. She is a lyrical biographer; and when you go to her concerts, you come away with something of a life-story to remember. She has traveled so far, she has seen so many people, she has looked into so many interesting nooks and crannies, that she is bubbling over with interesting things to tell you —about the people she has seen, about the songs she sings, and about the games and plays of the young folks of other lands. I have looked around at her little friends during one of her concerts, and I have seen them all holding on to the backs of the orchestra chairs in front of them, breath-



A SILHOUETTE OF MISS CHEATHAM.

less with excitement over Kitty Cheatham, as she acts out for them the different stories she has to tell. Have you ever heard her sing John Carpenter's "Practicing"? If not, then you have never seen fingers act. It was Marcel Provost, a French writer, who declared that she had the most expressive hands in the world. To this we may add that she has equally expressive eyes. When she laughs, you cannot help but laugh with her. When she cries in imitation of the little boy who is crying in her song, then you feel ashamed that you have ever cried over the slight



Courtesy of G. Schirmer. By Graham Robertson.

"SHE IS A VERITABLE *PIED PIPER* OF SONG."

hurts that have befallen you. She acts her songs, and tries to interpret the music so as to create within your mind beautiful music-pictures. In her singing she pauses on a note until you can almost see the twinkle of a star. She can make a sound reverberate until you can almost see in your mind the depths of a wood and the night shadows touching them. She can dance a Mozart minuet until you believe one of the shepherdesses on your favorite vase has come to life; and were she singing on the greensward, instead of in a theater, you would most certainly dance with her. Then when she is through dancing this little minuet, she will come to the edge of the platform, lean over in a most friendly manner, and tell you the story of how Mozart wrote this music when he was only four years old. Really, after you have been to a concert given by Kitty Cheatham you will feel that most of the beautiful music that has been written has either been written by great musicians when they were children themselves, or else has been written by great musicians who were thinking fondly and lovingly of the time when they were young.

Jean de Reszke, probably one of the greatest opera-tenors the world has ever heard, has described Miss Kitty Cheatham as a little miniature-painter in song. That is a very excellent description. I have never quite felt the *Spider* so near to *Little Miss Muffet* as during the time Miss Cheatham sang about that adventure. I have never quite seen so vividly the individual members of Stevenson's delightful "Marching Song," with little *Peter* "leading the rear," as when she sang it. I never quite realized the simple, beautiful, thanksgiving spirit of William Blake's "Little Lamb, Who made Thee?" as when she told about it in song.

What effect has such a method upon her young friends, scattered among the audience? There are many stories told that will make you feel how deeply *they* feel about it. "Dear Kitty Cheatham," wrote one little girl, "I am enclosing herewith the picture of a lamb which I have drawn for you, and I thought you would like to have it because it reminded me of the little song you sang about the lamb." The picture may not have been a good likeness of Blake's little lamb, but it certainly measured the child's admiration for the song. There was a little boy who, attending one of her concerts, liked very much the dainty dress she wore, and a few days afterward, walking down Fifth Avenue, he suddenly rushed to a shop-window, exclaiming, "There 's Kitty Cheatham's dress!" and pointed to a costume sprinkled with little bows and rosebuds. Another little girl friend, returning from a concert, decided that she should be called Kitty Cheatham, as a tribute to the singer, and for a whole evening her nurse had to obey her commands.

Miss Cheatham can make you realize the beauty of Tolstoy's story "God is Love," in the simplest way; and, with the spirit of a true comedian, she can make you laugh over "Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby" until the tears run down your face. As many times as I have read "Alice in Wonderland," I have never quite appreciated the "funniness" of the *Queen of Hearts* as I did on the afternoon Kitty Cheatham told me about her. What a pity it is that Lewis Carroll did not hear her read his famous story!

Miss Cheatham not only is herself a child at heart, telling you in her own simple way all about the joys and tragedies that befall young people, but she is likewise a satirist. By that I mean that

she can make you feel what is funny about grown people as well as she can make you laugh over the funny things about children. I am sure that she can act the pomposity of some grown people until they feel that they must mend their ways.

When she comes upon the stage, should she see a little boy in his seat frowning and petulant, she will sing a song at him in such a way as to force him to wreathe his face in smiles. Should she see a little fellow startled by the dark when all the lights are lowered, she will sing a song about a boy who was afraid of the dark in such a way as to make him brave again. In other words, during one of her concerts there is not a youngster who is not taken into her confidence. It is only when a mischievous friend disturbs her, which is very rarely, that she will sing a song which will serve to make him sit down, as quiet as a mouse, for the whole afternoon. Oh, it 's jolly fun attending a concert given by Miss Kitty Cheatham! You will feel as if she is entertaining you in her own home, and she will



ONE OF MR. ROBERTSON'S PICTURES.

sing to you of ice-cream and lollypops until you imagine you have some, and she will send you away with a gracious feeling in your heart that you have spent a very wonderful afternoon.

One of the things that Kitty Cheatham in her



Courtesy of G. Schirmer. By Graham Robertson.

"LULLABY, LITTLE ONE, SOAR IN YOUR DREAM
OVER THE HOUSETOP, THE MOUNTAIN, AND STREAM."[1]

concerts tells you is that the history of music has much to do with childhood. All the great composers began to write music when they were very young.

When they were seven years old, the great Russian, Tschaikovsky, began to write for the piano and Robert Schumann began to compose little songs. In the Mendelssohn family the children spent their early years in a divided love between Shakspere and music, and in summer-time they used to live in a lovely garden where vacation days were an uninterrupted festival. The Mendelssohns used to write what they called a "Garden Times," which consisted of an open book in which the children would jot down the beautiful thoughts that came to them while at play. It was during these days that the Mendelssohns enacted in this garden of theirs scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and undoubtedly the boy Felix received his first inspiration to do a large orchestral piece at this time. He wrote the overture for "A Midsummer

[1] From "Love's Lullaby," by Augusta E. Stetson.

Night's Dream" when he was seventeen, and so perfect was it that when, twenty years afterward, he wrote the rest of the music for this great Shakspere fairy tale, he found that he was able to use, without changing it, the music he had composed when a boy.



"SHE CAN DANCE A MOZART MINUET."

Miss Cheatham will tell you all about this whenever she is called upon by one of the big symphony orchestras to entertain her young friends at a children's concert. She will teach you how to enjoy this music by associating every little fantastic trill of it with some happening in the life of the Mendelssohn children.

Her great pleasure is when one of the large symphony orchestras plays what is known as Tschaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite," based upon the Hoffmann fairy tale of the *Nutcracker* and its various adventures. "Imagine," she once told me, "an orchestra playing 'The Nutcracker Suite' for years without having any idea what it really was about. I remember vividly the afternoon I appeared with the Philharmonic Orchestra being greatly touched by the intense interest and child-like enjoyment of these players of string and wood-wind instruments as I told the Hoffmann fairy tale which I have arranged especially to suit the music." Really, one of the most beautiful ways of studying symphony music is to have Miss Cheatham teach you.

Perhaps the story which she is fondest of telling is that of the Russian composer Mussorgsky, a man whose life was filled with sadness to the very end of his days, and yet who, when he was poorest and lowest in spirits, found joy and comfort in writing some reminiscent songs of his early childhood. Mussorgsky, before he was a musician by profession, had been a soldier, and just before the outbreak of the present war Miss Cheatham visited the very camp in Russia made famous by his presence. There she heard thirty thousand soldiers singing songs, and there she felt, as he had felt years before, the wonders of the Russian spirit. He had been brought up on fairy tales and peasant songs, told and sung to him by his nurse. When he was a boy he had tried all of these melodies on the piano, and the consequence is that his music is filled with the peasant sadness of Russia. His songs of childhood, however, are almost comic in their interpretation. They are written as a child would feel them, filled with the gentle, quiet ways that most children have. Miss Cheatham draws from them all of the quaintness and humor they contain. Even by their titles you can judge what they must be. There is one song called "Going in the Corner," another is a cradle-song for a doll, the third describes the adventures of a cat, the fourth makes you feel the wooden-spirited rocking to and fro of a hobby-horse. To these songs Miss Cheatham is what the illustrator is to poetry. She makes them real and living and breathing to her listeners.

It is really a treat to go to one of Kitty Cheatham's parties. To me she is a veritable *Pied Piper* of song. And if you have ever seen Josephine Preston Peabody's "The Piper," and heard the patter of feet of the little children in that play following the *Piper's* piping, you will get something of the effect that Kitty Cheatham has on children when she sings.

I am sure that had she been living in the time of *Old King Cole,* he would not only have called for his "Fiddlers three" but for her. And the beautiful thing about Kitty Cheatham is that all

children, rich and poor, are royal children to her. She is as happy singing before an audience of working girls as she is singing before the king or queen of some far-away empire. Her greatest joy is when she is bringing to persons, with all her heart and soul, no matter whether they are clad in rags or in cloth of gold, the beauty she has to give.

You can find many of the songs she sings in a published volume called "Kitty Cheatham: Her Book." It is a rare collection, full of all sorts of merry tunes, and what makes it even merrier, it has one of the jolliest cover designs, painted by her good friend Mr. Graham Robertson, a man with the spontaneous heart of a boy, who lives in Surrey, England, and whose happiest hours are spent wandering in the fields with his young friends. When I hear Miss Cheatham talk of all the olden songs she knows, when I read letters from Graham Robertson telling of the melodies that sing themselves in his memory, I know that here are two friends who were made that children might be the happier.

When any one has created anything that is pleasing to childhood, they go to Kitty Cheatham with it. The great composer Humperdinck, when he came to America at the time that "Königskinder" was given, made his one concert appearance with Kitty Cheatham, because she asked him. Before the composer Puccini she sang her negro melodies, and brought to him for the first time the knowledge of negro music. When, on one occasion, a number of learned professors were gathered around a festal board, she was brought before them and entertained them with melodies from "Mother Goose" to their infinite delight. It was not the first time that she had appeared before an august body of scholars, for at the invitation of the faculty of the University of Berlin, she stood before that exacting assemblage, and, as one of the papers said, sang the tender little songs of childhood until the melodies danced before them like golden butterflies. Only four days before war was declared by Germany she sang to some of her fellow-students in Berlin, where she was taking a course, and in the audience fifteen nationalities were represented. Every one seems to be her friend, and when even the oldest persons in her audience hear her sing, it is as though every one in the world had become as a little child.

As for me, when the name of Kitty Cheatham is mentioned, I conjure up in my mind two pictures: one of a little girl in a box who, during a concert, kept perfect time to all the music as Kitty Cheatham sang song after song; and again I picture the first violin, the clarionet, and the oboe players of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra listening in rapt attention to the story of "The Nutcracker Suite." After all, there is no such thing as growing old when you have a heart that is young. In her songs and in her stories that is the message Kitty Cheatham brings to childhood.



MINIATURE TOYS FOR A PARTY OF LITTLE FRIENDS.



A FOUR-FOOTED DETECTIVE

By Mary Woodbury Caswell

"The soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down"—on a most unseemly family squabble, whereof the only redeeming features were its entire hilarity and good humor.

Jack was frantically trying to catch the bridle-rein of my mare, with the object of inducing her to take a different direction from that which I wished her to pursue, while I with equal zeal endeavored to elude him.

Our horses, well accustomed to such vagaries of their riders, entered as fully into the spirit of the argument as trained polo-ponies do into their game, and whirled, backed, and plunged over the prairie to the accompaniment of our vociferous disagreement. "Indeed I won't go that way!" I cried. "Don't you think I know the road home? We 'd look well riding an hour more and bringing up somewhere near Elk River, would n't we? Those trees to the left are just between us and Sanderson's, and—"

"Sanderson's, indeed!" retorted Jack, his utterance impeded by mirth as he almost succeeded in seizing Jule's rein, but failed, owing to her presence of mind in rearing abruptly and wheeling round on her hind legs, coming to earth again well out of his reach; "that 's Quimby's, you lunatic, and if you don't realize that the moon generally rises in the east, just look at the steeple —there—you can see it now,—"

And the growing light did make it evident that once more I had been completely "turned around" by the numerous intersecting bridle- (more correctly, cow-) paths, and had been insisting on starting for Princetown, a good thirty miles distant, utterly regardless of the quarter of the compass in which the moon was appearing! The mortification that I properly should have felt melted gleefully away in peals of the happy laughter always so near our lips, and the horses cantered merrily over the elastic turf till we reached Sheldon's Lake and stopped to water them. Then we walked them sedately along the shore while Jack was moved, he said, to improve the occasion by remonstrating with me on my headstrong disposition.

"You really ought not always to be so cocksure, Polly," he admonished me in mock-serious tones. "You should be more modest and retiring in expressing your opinion"; whereupon our amusement again broke forth at the thought of the manner in which I *had* expressed it that evening. "And you should be more respectful to those who, while they may be younger, are evidently much wiser than you. I fairly blush for you, Polly, and—I declare, here are the very jack-rabbits coming to grieve over your wilfulness," as he cast a hasty glance behind us.

It was very incredulously that I turned to look, for jack-rabbits were few in our part of the country at that time, and had, too, the repu-

tation of being very wild, but in the moonlight I certainly could see a small animal apparently following us. My little mare did not walk as fast as Jack's horse, Tony, so I had fallen a few steps behind and could see the tiny beast more plainly as it trotted after us. In a moment it uttered a sound like a feeble bleat, and as Jack, startled, reined Tony back, I flung him my reins, which he caught with a dexterity born of long practice, threw myself from the saddle, and dropped on my knees before our uninvited follower, holding both hands out to it. It came up to me as confidingly as if I were its mother, and nuzzled at my hands, while I fairly held my breath with amazement and delight.

"Oh, Jack!" I gasped, hardly above a whisper for fear of frightening the little thing, "it 's a fawn, and it is n't afraid, and—let 's take it home."

"Sure!" was his prompt response. "See if it will let you lift it."

It offered no objection, and I carried it to him, taking charge of my horse as he lifted our new pet and carried it in one arm, where it snuggled as cozily as if it were accustomed to having a boy nurse.

We did not then know that a young fawn, if lost, will follow almost any living thing, but felt very much as if a miracle had been performed in our behalf. Indeed, we never knew just what had happened, beyond the probability that it had in some way strayed from the tamarack swamps north of us; but we got it home very comfortably, where it learned to drink milk with a neatness and despatch that the average calf might well envy, and where it was warmly welcomed by all the family, who may have felt some relief that at least it was not a fox, our last pet having been one of those interesting creatures, and our poultry bill being unreasonably large during its stay with us, owing to its frequent escapes, and excursions to neighboring hen-coops.

The fawn was a doe, and we called her Gipsy. She was a most docile and affectionate little thing, and our dog and cat accepted her philosophically, perhaps with a little of the air of our relatives of being thankful she was nothing worse. At night we kept her in a box-stall in the stables, and her relations with the horses were very friendly, especially with Captain Jinks, one of our older brother's driving-horses. After she became enough at home to be given her freedom it was necessary to watch her, when he was driven away, to keep her from following, and when he came in, she would rush to him, putting up her little black muzzle; and as he would reach his head down to her the minute he was unchecked, they had every appearance of affectionately kissing each other, to the great amusement of the hostler, who was frequently seen exhibiting the unusual friends to his acquaintances, with the manner of one deserving great credit for the happy combination.

He certainly was responsible, in the first instance, for encouraging a taste in Gipsy that seemed abnormal to us until we were assured that it was shared by all her family—a fondness for tobacco. When Jim first exhibited her power of consuming "fine cut," we confidently expected her immediate decease, but it did not follow; and though we counseled great moderation in feeding her such extraordinary nourishment, we suspected that he gave it to her whenever he found an appreciative audience, and, so far as we could see, with no bad effect.

Her career for the first year was very uneventful. She went with us everywhere she was allowed, ate enough apples and potatoes to fatten and develop her satisfactorily, and appeared to have a growing fondness for the cat, whom she loved to corner, and then, extending a very capable tongue, lick from head to feet till poor pussy was damp, shining, and apparently half hypnotized, so stupefied, indeed, that we used to interfere whenever we found Gipsy performing that rite, which she seemed to regard as a sacred duty.

A year after she adopted us she began to be more playful and also more independent. She had had what we supposed was a hereditary fear of dogs, and those of the neighborhood had chased her, more for amusement than from a wish to harm her. Still, it alarmed us, and we would always drive them away. But one day, as I was standing at an upstairs window, I saw Gipsy racing wildly up the driveway with a strange dog nearly as tall as, and heavier than, she in hot pursuit. My heart stood still, for I knew I never could get down in time to save her, and I watched, horrified, fearing to see him seize her; but just as he was about to do so she executed a remarkable evolution, seeming to turn in the air in the midst of one of her leaps, and coming down with all four little feet bunched on the back of the much surprised dog, which rolled over and over and was not able to get up before she landed on his ribs with the same emphasis. I hurried downstairs then, in the interests of the dog, and whistled the familiar note that Gipsy always promptly obeyed, but it was with regretful backward looks that she left the very much mussed-up canine, whom she must have sprung upon at least half a dozen times before I rescued him. No bones seemed to be broken, however,

and he rose and limped down toward the gate with a manner in striking contrast to that in which he had so gaily entered it a very few minutes earlier.

Gipsy was excited. She drew her breath in sharp little whistling sounds, and stamped a tiny forefoot to indicate, I inferred, that she had enjoyed playing football and was sorry to leave the fascinating game in such untimely haste. The attentions of the family, who had flocked to the veranda on hearing my outcries and laughter, soon calmed her, and she became entirely pacified when Jim appeared from the stable with a side pocket bulging interestingly open. She thrust her nose into it as if she had often done so before, and her placid munching soon afforded an instance of the soothing power of tobacco. I should say here that she would never touch it if smoke had been drawn through it; that is, an unlighted cigar gave her great pleasure, but if it had been lighted and even one whiff smoked, she rejected it with scorn.

Her success in her first battle naturally gave her confidence, and her lordly air as she would indifferently walk past the dogs she had previously fled from in terror made us think that we should have called her "the haughty Lady Imogene." Some misguided bow-wows failed to understand rightly her altered demeanor, but all assailants literally bit the dust under the impact of her sharp little hoofs, and Gipsy was undisputed cock of the walk.

She played a good deal with Jack and his boy friends, and among them they taught her, if a finger was pointed at any one of them, to run up from behind and butt him energetically. We had not then heard of the expression "butt in," but it might reasonably have originated with one of her victims.

Another trick, this one self-taught, was to steal quietly up to any of us and bring her forehead down on our arms or chest, not with enough force to be really butting, but rather as a man claps another affectionately on the shoulder. She sometimes wore a little bell, but soon learned to walk so quietly that it would not tinkle when she wished to surprise us, and took especial pleasure in waking by a caressing shove of her head whomever she found enjoying a nap in a hammock. After disturbing us she would stand and look very self-complacent, her large soft eyes fairly beaming with enjoyment, and, Jack said, with "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," written all over her. These accomplishments of hers were not especially admired by our elders, but as it happened, they both unexpectedly proved valuable.

The second winter that we had her, the snow was unusually deep, and Jack and I were ambitious to try Indian snow-shoes, but we were too far south for the snow to be solid enough to walk with comfort, except on the big prairies, which were not near us, and on the frozen rivers, where the sweep of the wind packed the drifts so that the snow-shoes hardly sank at all. Our home was on the Windego River, which flowed into the Mississippi a quarter of a mile below, so that it was easy for us to find good traveling, and almost daily we would start down the little river and go up the big one, with Gipsy and our old spaniel Tex trailing at our heels—a singular-looking procession, but a very happy one, Tex making frequent dashes up the banks in search of rabbits or squirrels, which must have been bewildered by seeing the deer also apparently hunting them, since she would follow the dog and often outstrip him.

One day I had a visitor from out of town, and as she was not at all inclined to a snow-shoe run, Jack went off without me, accompanied only by the four-legged friends. As he was coming back down the Mississippi a man on snow-shoes started across the river to meet him. He recognized him as a half-breed trapper who lived alone in a shack in the woods and bore a rather unsavory reputation, but it did not occur to him to make any attempt to avoid him. As he came near Jack, he shouted threateningly, "You stop!"

He was obeyed, more in surprise than fear, but as he approached it was evident that he had been drinking, and Jack began to recall uneasily that Fonce (probably Alphonse, originally) was said to be an ugly customer when under the influence of liquor. However, he spoke more carelessly than he felt, "Hello, Fonce, what is it?"

Fonce made no attempt at courtesy in his scowling reply, "You come wit' me!"

"Why, I can't," Jack said. "I have to go home and—"

"Come wit' me, I said! You' fadder he reech man. I t'ink me he pay big money get back pretty kid." And he grinned evilly at the startled boy, evidently expecting an outbreak of terror and pleading.

But Jack was thinking very fast. He realized that the half-breed would never have dared to plan such a scheme unless he were half intoxicated, and that even if he kept him imprisoned in his shack for a while, he would be released as soon as Fonce sobered up; but he also realized that in the meantime his family would suffer much anxiety and he himself some discomfort, and he earnestly desired to escape at once. He knew that it would be useless to take to his heels, as the trapper was far more expert in the use of snow-shoes than he, and had not drunk enough to affect his iron muscles.

Just then Gipsy, who had been following Tex on an excursion into the woods, came daintily picking her way a short distance behind Fonce, and Jack seized the opportunity. Straightening up, he pointed his arm and finger at his would-be



"THE MAN LET THE BUNDLE FALL WITH A CRASH."

captor, who, surprised at the gesture, stood puzzled for a moment, and then, seeming to consider it a defiance, started toward the boy with an angry exclamation and a clenched fist. Just as he raised his foot to swing the snow-shoe forward, Gipsy, who had accepted the familiar intimation with enthusiasm, arrived with a flying leap, and her head, with all her weight behind it, crashed forcibly against the shoulders of the astonished Fonce, who staggered, tried in vain to recover himself, and pitched headlong into the deep snow.

Jack stood upon no ceremony in taking leave of the gentleman who had so urgently invited him to be his guest, but raced madly toward the next bend in the river, beyond which were two farm-houses, where he knew Fonce would never follow him. Turning his head as he neared the point, he saw that his fallen foe had not yet succeeded in rising, and that Gipsy was striking at him with her hoofs. He whistled her call loudly, and in a moment her light bounds brought her to his side. Joined by old Tex they ran around the bend, and paused to take account of stock.

Gipsy was manifestly much pleased with herself, though a few drops of blood oozed from a knife-cut on her shoulder. Fonce had struck to kill, but her activity had deflected the course of the weapon, and the wound was a mere scratch that soon healed.

Our excitement, when we heard Jack's account of his adventure, can be imagined. Father, with the sheriff and a hastily collected posse, went at once to the half-breed's shack, but that worthy had evidently been sober enough to decamp, and was never seen again in our vicinity.

We were almost as much amused as delighted with Gipsy's prowess. "Well," Father commented, "we shall have to revise all the notions concerning deer that we have learned from books. 'The timid fawn' and 'the startled doe' have been staple expressions in poetry and other literature, but Gipsy appears to have been active instead of passive in any startling that was done to-day. When she could discomfit an ugly, drunken outlaw who did his best to kill her, I think she has earned a different adjective!"

Her other notable exploit was performed in the following summer. There had been an epidemic

of burglaries in the village, and the dwellers in our neighborhood had taken the precaution of engaging a watchman, though with no apparent effect, as the burglars naturally employed the simple expedient of waiting until he had gone by the house they wished to enter, and then getting in and escaping with their booty before he returned from the other end of his beat, which was nearly half a mile long.

Gipsy resembled the invaders in some respects. She did a good deal of nocturnal prowling herself, and it was, in a certain degree, with the purpose of appropriating the property of others, since she found a pleasing variety of diet in the little vegetable-gardens of our friends, some of the neighbors having apparently consulted her taste more than we had in planting, and a fence of any ordinary height being no obstacle whatever to her foraging. She seemed to float over a six-foot inclosure with no more effort than a bit of thistle-down. If any one were out later than usual, he was likely to have Gipsy's nose thrust into his hand as an indication that she proposed to escort him home, and this without reference to how near a neighbor of ours he might be, as distance signified very little to her.

From the fluent, if prejudiced, subsequent account of her fellow-actor in the proceedings, and our knowledge of her manners and customs, we could reconstruct what we considered a fairly accurate history of one memorable night as follows:

She was gracefully tiptoeing her way past a side window in the house of a friend who lived a block or so from our home, intent, probably, upon some young vegetables of a peculiarly luscious flavor, when she espied standing before the window, which was open, a man with his back turned to her and both hands stretched to receive a bundle some one in the house was reaching out to him. Seeing a favorable opportunity for a pleasant surprise, she went silently up to him and brought her head against his side with a friendly thwack, securing very gratifying, though unlooked for, results, as the man let the bundle fall with a crash, and, with a muttered exclamation, struck out with his fist in the darkness, but hit nothing. Then, hearing a movement on the veranda, where the son of the house was sleeping, he turned to escape, but fell over Gipsy, who was patiently awaiting some acknowledgment of her greeting, and, receiving this unusual one, uttered a protesting bleat, which served to guide young Mr. Davis to the scene of the misunderstanding. He grappled with the burglar, shouting for help. In another minute his father had come to his assistance, and they secured the intruder, whose confederate had fled in the confusion.

The watchman eventually appeared; the bundle of silver was restored to the house; and the thief was marched off to captivity, a grin spreading over his face as he realized the unlooked-for agency by which his seizure had been effected.

"It 's all right, Boss," he affably remarked. "No hard feelin's at all. I don't mind bein' jugged, but I 'd feel better if I could 'a' got one good swipe at that blamed goat!"

This disrespectful description of our high-bred, dainty pet displeased Jack and me when we heard of it, though we admitted that the man certainly had some reason for reviling her, and felt some uneasiness lest he should plan revenge. So it was a decided shock to us to see, one day when we were passing the lock-up, its solitary occupant standing by the window and reaching through the bars to feed Gipsy, who was complacently munching away, accepting the hospitality of her victim with a whole-hearted confidence that I, at least, was very far from sharing.

"Oh, Jack!" I whispered excitedly, "he 'll poison her. Go over quick and get her—no—whistle!"

But he had already crossed the street, and was greeted in the most friendly manner by the prisoner: "Hello, Sonny—this here circus belong to you? The sheriff said she 'd eat tobacco, but I thought he was gassin'. I sure ought to set 'em up to her after the way she fooled me!"

Jack's heart softened to this appreciative criminal, and his report of his amiable disposition induced Father to investigate his case. He found him a cheerful and irresponsible young fellow, whose account of himself was that he had been tramping to find work, and, being disappointed in this, had become an assistant to a professional burglar, but would much prefer honest work if he could get it. Our village authorities were kindly souls, who were willing to let him have a chance, so he was given a conditional release, and proved himself a most efficient and reliable "handy-man," never relapsing into evil ways, always good-natured, and especially kind with animals. Stubborn horses and unruly cows became mild and affectionate under his ministrations, but Gipsy was always his prime favorite—and indeed, she was a privileged character in all quarters.

Our old clergyman benignly summed up the situation: "Children, your pet has certainly been a power for good in the community. She has driven one criminal away from our vicinity, and reformed another. That," with a kindly twinkle of his eye,—"that is a record for one year that I myself should be exceedingly glad to hold!"



AKBAR and BIRBAL
— The Ride — Through the Villages

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Much did Akbar the King delight to let slip his cares and to ride abroad among the people of the villages with Rajah Birbal, for the rajah knew and loved the people and they loved him; moreover, Birbal had ever upon his tongue the shrewd and merry tales that are told under thatched roofs, so that he was indeed the pleasantest of comrades, albeit one of the wisest.

Once thus fared they forth in the early morning,—Akbar the King, the Rajah Birbal, and Ahmed, the king's servant,—all arrayed in plain robes that they might not be known. And even as they left the king's gardens they beheld a man upon the river-bank, walking curiously about the trunk of an old tree; so that the king, calling his servant by name, said, "What man is that, and of what caste?" And the servant answered, "My Lord, I know not, but I will bring him hither." Then said Birbal, "The man's name is Ahmed, he is a carpenter by trade, and he hath eaten honey at his morning meal."

"Truly, thou must know him right well," said the king.

"Not so," replied Birbal, "for never did I look upon him until this moment."

"How then didst thou know these things?" asked Akbar.

"Thus," replied the rajah: "I knew that his name was Ahmed from the manner in which he did look up when thou didst call thy servant by that name. I knew him for a carpenter, for none other would so try an old tree-trunk to see if the wood were sound and fit for use; and I know that he hath eaten honey, for the bees are even now buzzing about his beard." And when the man was brought to them, all was as Birbal had said.

Now as they rode farther through the streets of the town they beheld two men who saluted each other with much reverence and many salaams, so that the king said, "Surely these be men of great dignity, that each doth show the other such respect."

"Nay," said Birbal, "they be both the humblest of men, and their civility is but born of the secret fear which each hath for the other. Their civility is of the complexion of that which, as it is said in my country, the weaver and the jackal showed to each other."

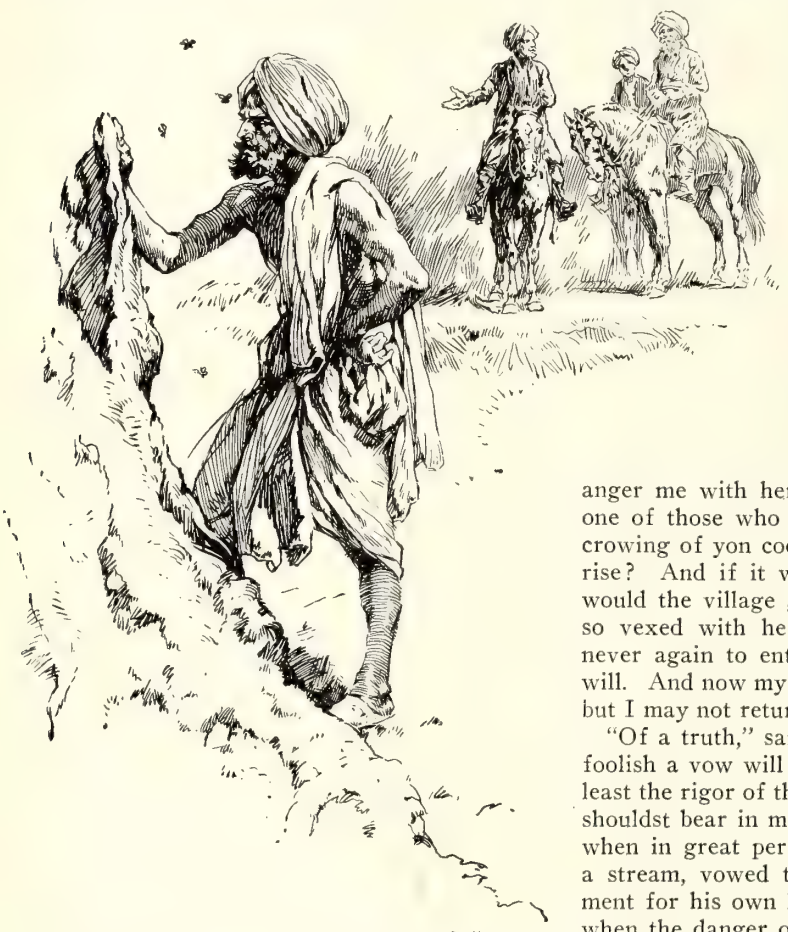
"What is the tale?" asked the king.

And Birbal said: "A weaver, bearing the implements of his craft, was passing through a forest when he came upon a jackal which had but just leaped out of a dyeing-vat into which it had fallen. And the jackal, being ever a cowardly beast, mistook the weaver for an archer and cried out to him in flattery, 'With thy bow on thy shoulder and thine arrows in thy hand, whither art thou going, O Emperor of Delhi?' And the weaver, mistaking the jackal for a tiger, since its sides were striped with dye from the vat, cried in turn, 'O King of the Forest and Lord of the Wilds, only the great know the great!'"

"Yet tell me of these men and wherefore they hold each other in secret fear," bade the king.

"The taller of these men," began Birbal, "is named Hassan, and he is a soothsayer and, it needs not to add, an impostor. Yet it chanced but lately that a certain wood-cutter angered him, and in his rage he prophesied to that wood-cutter, 'Fool, thou shalt cut off thine own nose with thine ax!' And the wood-cutter departed laughing: 'Oho! but that is a false soothsayer! for how could the

thing which he hath foretold come to pass? Now, in truth, if I did *so,*' and he flourished his ax toward his foot, 'I might cut off my foot. And if I did *so,*' and he brandished his ax toward his left hand, 'I might, indeed, cut off my hand. But I could not by any means cut off my nose unless I swept mine ax in front of my face, so!'—and



"THE KING SAID, 'WHAT MAN IS THAT?'"

his nose was off! Thus it is that the soothsayer hath gained great repute for the fulfilment of a prophecy that was, indeed, due to the prophecy itself, as is often the case; and, therefore, many of the ignorant do fear him."

"Yea," said Akbar, "but what of the other man, to whom the soothsayer makes obeisance?"

"He, my Lord," replied Birbal, "is a money-lender, whom too many men have good cause to fear."

By this they had ridden into the open country, and as they crossed a little stream where the buffaloes from a near-by village came to drink, they heard a voice mournfully chanting these words:

"What hath happened to Harichandra, the rajah?
His wife hath placed Lutash, her infant son, upon a stone,
And he hath died from the bite of a cobra.
So the priests are taking golden gifts for the funeral!"

"What sad song is this?" asked the king.

"The song is one which the country-folk do sing when in great distress," answered Birbal. "Let us see."

So they dismounted, and while the servant Ahmed held the reins of the horses they entered a thicket, where they found a man seated upon a mound, pouring dust upon his head in sorrow. To him spake Birbal, gently, "Tell us thy grief."

And the man cried, "Ai! ai! the headman of yonder village am I, and a man of substance. But I have a wife who, though a good wife and a stirring woman, oft doth anger me with her self-importance. For she is one of those who think, 'If it were not for the crowing of yon cock of ours, how would the sun rise? And if it were not for my fire-pot, how would the village get fire?' So at length was I so vexed with her that I vowed a great vow never again to enter my home of my own free will. And now my heart yearns toward my home, but I may not return thither because of my vow."

"Of a truth," said Birbal, "to keep so evil and foolish a vow will not be required of thee; or at least the rigor of thy vow may be lessened. Thou shouldst bear in mind the tale of the Kaffir who, when in great peril of drowning while crossing a stream, vowed to sacrifice two goats in payment for his own life if that were spared. And when the danger of the swift water lessened, he changed the sacrifice to one goat. And when he drew near to the shallows, he changed it again to a dove. But when he found himself safe upon dry land, he smote a gnat that had lighted upon his cheek, crying, 'A life for a life!'"

"Aye," said the man; "but I am no Kaffir. I am the headman of my village, and what harms might not Heaven send upon my village if I abated aught of my vow?"

Now the village buffaloes had finished drinking from the stream and stood with the water dripping from their black muzzles. And Birbal said to the headman, "Which one of these is thine?"

And the man answered, "Lo, that one with the gilded horns, poor beast!"

Then Birbal did take that headman and did tie his hands firmly to that buffalo's tail, and then did smack that buffalo upon the flank with his bare hand, growling the while like a beast of prey. And the buffalo snorted, turned, plunged, and galloped back to the village pulling the man, running, after it. And even as the buffalo dragged him again into the doorway of his own home that headman was heard to shout, "Buffalo! whither art thou taking me against my will?" And to this day that is a saying when one doth protest that others force him, against his will, to do that which he is well known to desire with all his heart.

THUS rode they through the villages, Akbar and Birbal and Ahmed the servant of Akbar, until it was past midday; when they came upon a farmer, or ryot, whose lands bordered a forest. And the farmer hailed them in pleasant country-fashion, saying, "Will it please ye, good travelers, to come with me and share what food my poor home affords?" And they thanked him and went with him, while Birbal whispered to Akbar, "The city man salutes, but the country man gives pot-luck."

And in the man's home they ate heartily of plain country fare and talked merrily the while. And Akbar asked the farmer, "Hast thou ever been within the royal city of Agra?"

"Nay," answered the farmer; "in sooth I fear to go there, since I do think that all cities be much like Anyanyapura, the City of Injustice."

"Tell us, I pray, of that city," said the king.

Then said the farmer: "In Anyanyapura, the City of Injustice, all things are as they should not be, and there an honest man knows not where to turn, since in that city,

> "White is black, black is white;
> Right is wrong, wrong is right.

"And the citizens are full of shifts and tricks. Thus, when a boat laden with a cargo of betel-nut came to the landing-place of that city, one of the citizens took from his own pouch a betel-nut, split it into halves, and cast one of the halves into the boat. So when the owner of the boat sold his cargo, this citizen came boldly forward and demanded an equal share of the selling-price, 'for,' he said, 'half of the betel-nut was mine!'



"'IN HIS RAGE HE PROPHESIED TO THAT WOOD-CUTTER.'"

"And in the market-place of that city two men approached each other, each with a closed bundle. And the first said, 'I have hulled rice in my bundle.' And the second said, 'I have boiled rice in mine.' And the first said, 'Let us exchange.' And the second said 'Yea' thereto. But no sooner had they made an exchange than each, taking the other's bundle, turned his back and ran. But when the first opened the bundle which he had received, he found therein not boiled rice, but sand; and when the second opened the bundle which had been that of the first, he found not hulled rice, but pebbles. Yet were these two men held the most honest in that city, since, forsooth, neither had cheated the other.

"It was likewise in this City of Injustice that a burglar, digging through the wall of a man's house, was killed by the wall of the house falling upon him. Then the widow of that burglar cried for justice upon the owner of the house for not building his wall more securely. And the owner of the house blamed the builder. And the builder blamed a woman who had passed while he was laying the wall, for that her beauty had caused him to look away from his work. And the woman put the blame upon a goldsmith to whom she was going for a necklace, for, she said, if the goldsmith had finished and delivered the necklace at the time agreed upon, she would not have been in the street at that time. And the goldsmith blamed a banker for not furnishing him with the gold that he needed to complete the necklace at the time agreed. So would they have hanged the banker but that he said: 'Lo, I am so fat and heavy of body that I should break the rope. Better were it to hang Ben Ali, the Muslim, for he is of a proper thinness and lightness.' And Ben Ali they would have hanged had he not, by good hap, gone upon a pilgrimage to Mecca!"

Thus passed some hours in pleasant talk until it was time to depart, when the king would fain have paid the farmer in gold for his hospitality. But the man put aside the coins, saying, "Nay, friend, food and drink are gifts of God; and should I take pay for the little that worthy travelers may eat and drink beneath my roof, then should I, of a truth, be as evil a host as was Mittan the Miser."

"Of him I know not," said the king.

"Why, then," said the farmer, "know that this Mittan gave a feast to his friends, who, as the custom is, put off their shoes at the threshold before entering the house. Then did this Mittan secretly send a slave to gather up those shoes and to take them to the bazaar where they were sold for money wherewith to buy food and sweetmeats. And when the feast was over and each departing guest exclaimed, 'Where are my shoes?'



"THE FARMER SALAAMED FULL LOW."

then did this shameless Mittan give answer, 'Thy shoes have entertained thee.'"

"Aye," said Akbar; "but had Mittan kindly entertained his king, even as thou hast now done, would it have beseemed Akbar to depart without giving recompense?"

And when the farmer knew that it was indeed King Akbar who had been seated at his board,

he salaamed full low, saying: "Ah, my Lord, the honor of the great king's presence is of more worth to me than much gold. Moreover, little do I need, and in truth I am one of the unlucky whom gifts avail naught."

"What!" cried Birbal, "dost thou then believe that there are lucky and unlucky men?"

"Surely," replied the farmer. "There was, I remember me, such an unlucky man in the country of the Mahrattas. He had prayed three years for a great gift of money, when it was revealed to him in a vision that on the coming day a pot of gold should be set before him. In the morning this man went forth upon the road to a neighboring town, and the pot of gold was set before him in his very path where he might no ways miss it. Still, as the man went, he passed a blind beggar; whereon he said unto himself, 'Poor unfortunate! Much do I wonder how it may feel to be blind!'

So this man held his eyes tight shut and walked along the road in darkness that he might know how it is with blind men, until his foot spurned the pot of gold from before him into the ditch, where it was lost. Yet this man, trowing that he had kicked a large stone, rubbed his bruised toe and limped upon his way, never knowing how his ill luck had caused him to spurn away a gift of the gods. Even such an unlucky one am I in respect to gifts, since nothing prospers me save that which I earn with these two hands; yet that little, I give thanks, remains sufficient for me and mine."

"Be that as it may," rejoined the king, "yet will I give thee office if I may not give thee gold, and let us see whether thy ill luck may not be cured." So saying, Akbar plucked a large leaf from a tree and wrote upon it a warrant appointing the farmer to the headship of sixty villages, and he sealed the writing with the royal signet and gave it to that man of ill luck.

Then Akbar and Birbal and Ahmed the servant of Akbar turned the heads of their horses toward home. And the dusk came down, and the cry of the jackal, that watchman of ruined villages, was lifted to heaven ere they won back to the city of Agra. But the next day, as the king sat in durbar, the farmer who had been his host rushed into the presence, crying, "My Lord, my Lord! a goat hath eaten the sixty villages!" And Akbar, perceiving that he meant that a goat had eaten the leaf upon which the warrant of appointment to the headship of the sixty villages had been written, laughed right heartily. But in the end he caused a new warrant to be written fair upon good parchment. Thus was that unlucky farmer confirmed in the headship of those sixty villages that the goat had eaten, and, in spite of his ill luck, it is told that he governed them long and well.

THAT H8FUL BOY!

(A "figurative" rhyme)

BY IVY KELLERMAN REED

1 F8FUL day a boy went 4th;
His dog went 2, 4 fun;
The dog 4stalled a 1ton cat,
Which 4thwith tried 2 run.

That poor at1ou8ed cat
Dashed str8way 2 a fence,
And sounds of 3fold rage and h8
Now eman8ed thence.

"This chance I can't af4d 2 miss,"
The boy did specul8;
4thwith he threw 1 stone, which puss
Avoided all 2 l8.

But some 1 now 2 his surprise
At 1ce in view appears,
And chides in 4ceful tones be9
That boy of 1oder years.

"At1od 2 me," his teacher says,
"Why, I 'm disconsol8!
I 'll 4ofy your 1oder mind
With 4titude, not h8."

But quite in4mally the boy
Calls to his ca9 creature,
And pointing 4th his 1 in1ot,
He 6 him on the teacher!

UNDERSTOOD BETSY

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "Hillsboro People," "The Bent Twig," etc.

Chapter III

A SHORT MORNING

Aunt Abigail was gone; Eleanor was gone. The room was quite empty except for the bright sunshine pouring in through the small-paned windows. Elizabeth Ann stretched and yawned and looked about her. What funny wall-paper it was—so old-fashioned looking! The picture was of a blue river and a brown mill, with green willow-trees over it; and a man with sacks on his horse's back stood in front of the mill. This picture was repeated a great many times, all over the paper; and in the corner, where it had n't come out even, they had had to cut it right down the middle of the horse. It was very curious-looking. She stared at it a long time, waiting for somebody to tell her when to get up. At home, Aunt Frances always told her and helped her get dressed. But here nobody came. She discovered that the heat came from a hole in the floor near the bed, which opened down into the room below. From it came a warm breath of baking bread and a muffled thump once in a while.

The sun rose higher and higher, and Elizabeth Ann grew hungrier and hungrier. Finally it occurred to her that it was not absolutely necessary to have somebody tell her to get up. She reached for her clothes and began to dress. When she had finished she went out into the hall, and with a return of her aggrieved, abandoned feeling (you must remember that her stomach was very empty) she began to try to find her way downstairs. She soon found the steps, went down them one at a time, and pushed open the door at the foot. Cousin Ann, the brown-haired one, was ironing near the stove. She nodded and smiled as the child came into the room, and said, "Well, you must feel rested!"

"Oh, I have n't been asleep!" explained Elizabeth Ann. "I was waiting for somebody to tell me to get up."

"Oh!" said Cousin Ann, opening her black eyes a little. "*Were* you?"

She said no more than this, but Elizabeth Ann decided hastily that she would not add, as she had been about to, that she was also waiting for somebody to help her dress and do her hair. As a matter of fact, she had greatly enjoyed doing her own hair—the first time she had ever tried it. It had never occurred to Aunt Frances that her little baby-girl had grown up enough to be her own hair-dresser, nor had it occurred to Elizabeth Ann that this might be possible. But as she struggled with the snarls she had had a sudden wild idea of doing it a different way from the pretty fashion Aunt Frances always followed. Elizabeth Ann had always secretly envied a girl in her class whose hair was all tied back from her face, with one big knot in her ribbon at the back of her neck. It looked so grown-up. And this morning she had done hers that way, turning her neck till it ached, so that she could see the coveted tight effect at the back. And still,—are n't little girls queer?—although she had enjoyed doing her own hair, she was very much inclined to feel hurt because Cousin Ann had not come to do it for her.

Cousin Ann set her iron down with the soft thump which Elizabeth Ann had heard upstairs. She began folding a napkin, and said: "Now reach yourself a bowl off the shelf yonder. The oatmeal 's in that kettle on the stove, and the milk is in the blue pitcher. If you want a piece of bread and butter, here 's a new loaf just out of the oven, and the butter 's in that brown crock."

Elizabeth Ann followed these instructions and sat down before this quickly assembled breakfast in a very much surprised silence. At home it took the girl more than half an hour to get breakfast and set the table, and then she had to wait on them besides. She began to pour the milk out of the pitcher and stopped suddenly. "Oh, I 'm afraid I 've taken more than my share!" she said apologetically.

Cousin Ann looked up from her rapidly moving iron, and said in an astonished voice: "Your share? What do you mean?"

"My share of the quart," explained Elizabeth Ann. At home they bought a quart of milk and a cup of cream every day, and they were all very conscientious about not taking more than their due share.

"Good land, child, take all the *milk* you want!" said Cousin Ann, as though she found something shocking in what the little girl had just said. Elizabeth Ann thought to herself that she spoke as though milk ran out of a faucet, like water.

She was very fond of milk, and she made a very good breakfast as she sat looking about the



"SHE HAD GREATLY ENJOYED DOING HER OWN HAIR."

low-ceilinged room. It was unlike any room she had ever seen.

It was, of course, the kitchen, and yet it did n't seem possible that the same word could be applied to that room and the small, dark cubby-hole which had been Grace's asthmatical kingdom. This room was very long and narrow, and all along one side were windows with white ruffled curtains drawn back at the sides and with small, shining panes of glass through which the sun poured a golden flood of light on a long shelf of potted plants that took the place of a window-sill. The shelf was covered with shining white oil-cloth, the pots were of clean reddish brown, the sturdy, stocky plants of bright green with clear red-and-white flowers. Elizabeth Ann's eyes wandered all over the kitchen from the low white ceiling to the clean, bare wooden floor, but they always came back to those sunny windows. Once, back in the big brick school-building, as she had sat drooping her thin shoulders over her desk, some sort of a procession had gone by, with a brass band playing a lively air. For some queer reason, every time she now glanced at that sheet of sunlight and the bright flowers she had a little of the same thrill which had straightened her back and gone up and down her spine while the band was playing. Possibly Aunt Frances was right, after all, and Elizabeth Ann *was* a very impressionable child. I wonder, by the way, if anybody ever saw a child who was n't.

At one end, the end where Cousin Ann was ironing, stood the kitchen stove, gleaming black, with a tea-kettle humming away on it, a big hot-water boiler near it, and a large kitchen cabinet with lots of drawers and shelves and hooks and things. Beyond that, in the middle of the room, was the table where they had had supper last night, and at which the little girl now sat eating her very late breakfast; and beyond that, at the other end of the room, was another table, with an old dark-red cashmere shawl on it for cover. A large lamp stood in the middle of this, a book-case near it, two or three rocking-chairs around it, and back of it, against the wall, was a wide sofa covered with bright cretonne, with three bright pillows. Something big and black and woolly was lying on this sofa, snoring loudly. As

Cousin Ann saw the little girl's fearful glance alight on this she explained: "That 's Shep, our old dog. Does n't he make an awful noise! Mother says, when she happens to be alone here in the evening, it 's real company to hear Shep snore—as good as having a man in the house."

Although this did not seem at all a sensible remark to Elizabeth Ann, who thought soberly to herself that she did n't see why snoring made a dog as good as a man, still she was acute enough (for she was really quite an intelligent little girl) to feel that it belonged in the same class of remarks as one or two others she had noted as "queer" in the talk at Putney Farm last night. This variety of talk was entirely new to her, nobody in Aunt Harriet's conscientious household ever making anything but plain statements of fact. It was one of the "queer Putney ways" which Aunt Harriet had forgotten to mention. It is possible that Aunt Harriet had never noticed it.

When Elizabeth Ann finished her breakfast, Cousin Ann made three suggestions, using exactly the same accent for them all. She said: "Would n't you better wash your dishes up now before they get sticky? And don't you want one of those red apples from the dish on the side-table? And then maybe you 'd like to look around the house so 's to know where you are."

Elizabeth Ann had never washed a dish in all her life, and she had always thought that nobody but poor, ignorant people, who could n't afford to hire girls, did such things. And yet (it was odd) she did not feel like saying this to Cousin Ann, who stood there so straight in her gingham dress and apron, with her clear, bright eyes and red cheeks. Besides this feeling, Elizabeth Ann was overcome with embarrassment at the idea of undertaking a new task in that casual way. How in the world *did* you wash dishes? She stood rooted to the spot, irresolute, horribly shy, and looking, though she did not know it, very clouded and sullen. Cousin Ann said briskly, holding an iron up to her cheek to see if it was hot enough: "Just take them over to the sink there and hold them under the hot-water faucet. They 'll be clean in no time. The dish-towels are those hanging on the rack over the stove."

Elizabeth Ann moved promptly over to the sink, as though Cousin Ann's words had shoved her there, and before she knew it, her saucer, cup, and spoon were clean and she was wiping them on a dry checked towel.

"The spoon goes in the side-table drawer with the other silver, and the saucer and cup on those shelves there behind the glass doors where the china belongs," continued Cousin Ann, thumping hard with her iron on a napkin and not looking up at all; "and don't forget your apple as you go out. Those Northern Spies are just getting to be good about now. When they first come off the tree in October, you could shoot them through an oak plank."

Now Elizabeth Ann knew, of course, that this was a foolish thing to say, since an apple never could go through a board; but something that had always been sound asleep in her brain woke up a little, little bit and opened one eye. For it occurred dimly to Elizabeth Ann that this was a rather funny way of saying that Northern Spies were very hard when you first pick them in the autumn. She had to figure it out for herself very slowly, because it was a new idea to her, and she was half-way through her tour of inspection of the house before there glimmered on her lips, in a faint smile, the first recognition of humor of all her life. She felt a momentary impulse to call down to Cousin Ann that she saw the point, but before she had taken a single step toward the head of the stairs she had decided not to do this. Cousin Ann, with her bright, dark eyes, and her straight back, and her long arms, and her way of speaking as though it never occurred to her that you would n't do just as she said—Elizabeth Ann was not very sure that she liked Cousin Ann, and she was very sure that she was afraid of her.

So she went on, walking from one room to another, industriously eating the red apple, the biggest she had ever seen. It was the best, too, crisp and white and with a delicious sour-sweet juice which made Elizabeth Ann feel with each mouthful like hurrying to take another. She did not think much more of the other rooms in the house than she had of the kitchen. There were no draperies thrown over anything; there were no lace curtains at the windows, just dotted Swiss like the kitchen; all the ceilings were very low; the furniture was all of dark wood and very old-looking; what few rugs there were were of bright-colored rags; the mirrors were queer and old, with funny old pictures at the top; there was n't a brass bed in any of the bedrooms, just old wooden ones with posts, and curtains round the tops; and there was not a single plush portière in the parlor, whereas at Aunt Harriet's there had been two sets for that one room.

She was relieved at the absence of a piano, and secretly rejoiced that she would not need to practise. In her heart she had not liked her music lessons at all, but she had never dreamed of not accepting them from Aunt Frances as she accepted everything else. Also, she had liked to hear Aunt Frances boast about how much better she could play than other children of her age.

She was downstairs by this time, and, opening a door out of the parlor, found herself back in the kitchen, the long line of sunny windows and the bright flowers giving her that quick little thrill again.

Cousin Ann looked up from her ironing, nodded, and said: "All through? You 'd better come in and get warmed up. Those rooms get awfully cold these January days. Winters we mostly use this room so 's to get the good of the kitchen stove." She added after a moment, during which Elizabeth Ann stood by the stove, warming her hands: "There 's one place you have n't seen yet—the milk-room. Mother 's down there now, churning. That 's the door—the middle one."

Elizabeth Ann had been wondering and wondering where in the world Aunt Abigail was. So she stepped quickly to the door, and went down the cold dark stairs she found there. At the bottom was a door, locked apparently, for she could find no fastening. She heard steps inside, the door was briskly cast open, and she almost fell into the arms of Aunt Abigail, who caught her as she stumbled forward, saying: "Well, I 've been expectin' you down here for a long time. I never saw a little girl yet who did n't like to watch butter-making. Don't you love to run the butter-worker over it? I do, myself, for all I 'm seventy-two!"

"I don't know anything about it," said Elizabeth Ann. "I don't know what you make butter out of. We always bought ours."

"Well, *for goodness' sakes!*" said Aunt Abigail. She turned and called across the room: "Henry, did you ever! Here 's Betsy saying she don't know what we make butter out of! She actually never saw anybody making butter!"

Uncle Henry was sitting down near the window, turning the handle to a small barrel swung between two uprights. He stopped for a moment and considered Aunt Abigail's remark with the same serious attention he had given to Elizabeth Ann's discovery about left and right. Then he began to turn the churn over and over again, and said peaceably: "Well, Mother, you never saw anybody laying asphalt pavement, I 'll warrant! And I suppose Betsy knows all about that."

Elizabeth Ann's spirits rose. She felt very superior indeed. "Oh, yes," she assured them, "I know *all* about that! Did n't you ever see anybody doing that? Why, I 've seen them *hundreds* of times! Every day as we went to school they were doing over the whole pavement for blocks along there."

Aunt Abigail and Uncle Henry looked at her with interest, and Aunt Abigail said: "Well, now, think of that! Tell us all about it!"

"Why, there 's a big black sort of wagon," began Elizabeth Ann, "and they run it up and down and pour out the black stuff on the road. And that 's all there is to it." She stopped, rather abruptly, looking uneasy. Uncle Henry inquired: "Now there 's one thing I 've always wanted to know. How do they keep that stuff from hardening on them? How do they keep it hot?"

The little girl looked blank. "Why, a fire, I suppose," she faltered, searching her memory desperately and finding there only a dim recollection of a red glow somewhere connected with the familiar scene at which she had so often looked with unseeing eyes.

"Of course a fire," agreed Uncle Henry. "But what do they burn in it, coke or coal or wood or charcoal? And how do they get any draft to keep it going?"

Elizabeth Ann shook her head. "I never noticed," she said.

Aunt Abigail asked her now, "What do they do to the road before they pour it on?"

"Do?" said Elizabeth Ann. "I did n't know they did anything."

"Well, they can't pour it right on a dirt road, can they?" asked Aunt Abigail. "Don't they put down cracked stone or something?"

Elizabeth Ann looked down at her toes. "I never noticed," she said.

"I wonder how long it takes for it to harden?" said Uncle Henry.

"I never noticed," said Elizabeth Ann, in a small voice.

Uncle Henry said, "Oh!" and stopped asking questions. Aunt Abigail turned away and put a stick of wood in the stove. Elizabeth Ann did not feel very superior now, and when Aunt Abigail said: "Now the butter 's beginning to come. Don't you want to watch and see everything I do, so 's you can answer if anybody asks you how butter is made?" Elizabeth Ann understood perfectly what was in Aunt Abigail's mind, and gave to the process of butter-making a more alert and aroused attention than she had ever before given to anything. It was so interesting, too, that in no time she forgot why she was watching, and was absorbed in the fascinations of the dairy for their own sake.

She looked in the churn as Aunt Abigail unscrewed the top, and saw the thick, sour cream separating into buttermilk and tiny golden particles.

"Yes, it 's gathering now," said Aunt Abigail, screwing the lid back on. "Father 'll churn it a little more till it really comes. And you and I will scald the wooden butter-things and get every-

thing ready. You 'd better take that apron there to keep your dress clean."

Would n't Aunt Frances have been astonished if she could have looked in on Elizabeth Ann that very first morning of her stay at the hateful Putney Farm and have seen her wrapped in a gingham apron, her face bright with interest, trotting here and there in the stone-floored milk-room! She was allowed the excitement of pulling out the plug from the bottom of the churn, and dodged back hastily to escape the gush of buttermilk spouting into the pail held by Aunt Abigail. And she poured the water in to wash the butter, and herself screwed on the top; and, again all herself (for Uncle Henry had gone off as soon as the butter had "come"), swung the barrel back and forth six or seven times to swish the water all through the particles of butter. She even helped Aunt Abigail scoop out the great yellow lumps—her imagination had never conceived of so much butter in all the world! Then Aunt Abigail let her run the curiously shaped wooden butter-worker back and forth over the butter, squeezing out the water, and then pile it up again with her wooden paddle into a mound of gold. She weighed out the salt needed on the scales, and was very much surprised to find that there really is such a thing as an ounce. She had never met it before outside the pages of her arithmetic-book, and she did n't know it lived anywhere else.

After the salt was worked in she watched Aunt Abigail's deft, wrinkled old hands make pats and rolls. It looked like the greatest fun, and too easy for anything; and when Aunt Abigail asked her if she would n't like to make up the last half-pound into a pat for dinner, she took up the wooden paddle confidently. And then she got one of the surprises that Putney Farm seemed to have for her. She discovered that her hands did n't seem to belong to her at all, that her fingers were all thumbs, that she did n't seem to know in the least beforehand how hard a stroke she was going to give nor which way her fingers were going to go. It was, as a matter of fact, the first time Elizabeth Ann had tried to do anything with her hands except to write and figure and play on the piano, and naturally she was n't very well acquainted with them. She stopped in dismay, looking at the shapeless, battered heap of butter before her and holding out her hands as though they were not part of her.

Aunt Abigail laughed, took up the paddle, and after three or four passes the butter was a smooth yellow ball. "Well, that brings it all back to me!" she said, "when *I* was a little girl, and my grandmother first let me try to make a pat. I was about five years old—my! what a mess I made of it! And I remember—does n't it seem funny?—that *she* laughed, and said her Great-aunt Elmira had taught her how to handle butter right here in this very milk-room. Let 's see, Grandmother was born the year the Declaration of Independence was signed. That 's quite a while ago, is n't it? But butter has n't changed much, I guess, nor little girls either."

Elizabeth Ann listened to this statement with a very queer, startled expression on her face, as though she had n't understood the words. Now for a moment she stood staring up in Aunt Abigail's face, and yet not seeing her at all, because she was thinking so hard! She was thinking: "Why! There were real people living when the Declaration of Independence was signed—real people, not just history people—old women teaching little girls how to do things—right in this very room, on this very floor—and the Declaration of Independence just signed!"

To tell the honest truth, although she had passed a very good examination in the little book on American history they had studied in school, Elizabeth Ann had never to that moment had any notion that there ever had been really and truly any Declaration of Independence at all. It had been like the ounce, living exclusively inside her school-books for little girls to be examined about. And now here Aunt Abigail, talking about a butter-pat, had brought it to life!

Of course all this only lasted a moment, because it was such a new idea! She soon lost track of what she was thinking of; she rubbed her eyes as though she were coming out of a dream; she thought, confusedly: "What did butter have to do with the Declaration of Independence? Nothing, of course! It could n't!" and the whole impression seemed to pass out of her mind. But it was to come again and again during the next few months.

(To be continued.)



The MAGIC GOGGLES



By Ednah Whitney Gerrish

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there was a little prince who lived in a magnificent castle.

Almost everything about this castle was very beautiful, but there was one large room in the east tower that was n't beautiful at all—that is, grown-ups did n't consider it so; but the little prince did. He thought it much finer than the state dining-room, with its ponderous round table, where the king and queen used to dine with fat, fussy old lords and thin, fussy old ladies; or the royal library, with its tiers upon tiers of solemn books that nobody ever read; or even the throne-room itself, where the prince was sometimes obliged to sit through tedious hours while the courtiers knelt before him and kissed his hand.

This particular room that the little prince thought so splendid had no gorgeous rugs or hangings to get in a boy's way. There were no heavy curtains at the windows to hide the glorious out-of-doors. The walls were battered and spotted, the floor worn through its paint. But there was a huge, brick fireplace where the prince could watch orange and purple whips of flame flashing up the dark chimney. Beside the wide windows were racks of picture-books and great cabinets of toys—jumping-jacks and balloons and blocks and oh, ever so many kinds of games! In one corner of this marvelous room stood Adolph, a painted rocking-horse as big as a real pony. Best of all, there was a train of cars, with an engine that whistled, and a tender full of little coals, and coaches with seats, and shining tracks with fascinating curves.

So of course, with such a splendid place to play, the little prince ought to have been very happy—but he was n't. You see, he had no little brothers or sisters to play with him; and of course, being a prince, he was n't allowed to play with the head-gardener's little boy or the lodge-keeper's little girl. Sometimes he could see them from his playroom windows as they fed the swans in the royal pond, or rolled down the green slopes of the royal park. Then he wished he were just a plain boy instead of a prince.

Now one rainy afternoon the little prince was in his playroom, with his tracks and cars arranged about him on the floor. This was his favorite game, but this afternoon it did not satisfy him. If he was engineer, there was no one to be fireman; even if he had a make-believe fireman, there was no conductor to swing lanterns and take tickets, and no passengers to order about.

By and by the prince grew so tired of playing alone that he began to forget about his fine playthings and his books and games. He quite forgot

how many things he had that the head-gardener's little boy and the lodge-keeper's little girl never dreamed of possessing. He even forgot how his father the king and his mother the queen sometimes stole away from the cares of state to play with him, just as if they were children, too.



"'NOW WHERE COULD I HAVE PUT THOSE—'"

"Oh, dear," sighed the little prince, "I can't have any fun at all! What 's the use of trying to play all alone?" And do you know, the more he thought about it, the more unhappy he grew, until pretty soon, when he curled up in the big chair before the fire, his head was so full of his troubles that he could n't see anything happy in life at all.

"O-o-oh, wo-o-oe!" moaned the wind in the chimney.

"Crack, snap!" cackled the log in the fireplace, and shot spiteful points of flame up the dark chimney.

"Bing-bing!" lashed the rain viciously against the windows. Every moment the wind and the fire and the rain sounded uglier, until the prince felt quite frightened and more miserable than ever; and his eyes felt so queer—yes, almost as if they were just going to cry!

Suddenly he sat up sharply. What was that queer little noise over behind his cherished Adolph? It sounded like a chuckle! And, yes,—he rubbed his eyes to make sure,—some one was pulling the fine waving tail of the rocking-horse! Not only pulling it, but climbing it, hand over hand, as a sailor climbs a rope! A little man! And such a funny little man! Round and fat, and not even half so tall as the little prince! Even though so little, he seemed to be quite old, for he had a long white beard hanging down over his roly-poly stomach, and the eyebrows which bunched out over his sharp little black eyes were snow-white, too. He wore a funny little pointed cap of brown, and the oddest little brown suit that looked as if he must have outgrown it years and years ago, and pointed little brown shoes that laced high over his fat, bow legs.

Before you could say "Jack Robinson," there he was rocking away in the prince's own saddle, and shouting jauntily in a thin little voice: "Go it, Adolph! Go it, old boy!" while Adolph's painted face almost cracked in a smile, and Adolph's wooden legs scampered as never before.

"Whoa-a!" and Adolph came snorting to a stop just in front of the big chair where the prince was still rubbing his eyes in amazement. Quite like a circus-rider, the little man, who

seemed to be very nimble in spite of his age, jumped to his feet on the pony's back, raised his pointed cap, and said, with a fat little bow, "Well, here I am!"

"Who—who are you?" quavered the prince.

"Who am I?" The little man chuckled. "Reckon I must be like a blessing in disguise. No one ever seems to recognize me!" And with that he jumped into the air, turned a series of complicated somersaults, and landed with one foot on Adolph's wooden ear.

"Did you ever," he inquired, "hear of a Fairy Godmother?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. *Cinderella* had a lovely one!" exclaimed the prince, brightening a bit.

"Pooh! she was n't much," sniffed the little man. "Though, of course, I hold myself above professional jealousy, I feel bound to say that pumpkin chariots and glass slippers are n't very novel. Besides," he added, "Fairy Godmothers are 'way out of fashion." He puffed his fat little chest and lifted his chin until his long beard curved out like a waterfall. "Now I," he said proudly, "am your Goblin Godfather, and quite the latest thing in guardians!"

"I—I 'm very glad to see you, I 'm sure," said the prince, in his politest fashion. "I hope you 'll come often."

"Perhaps—perhaps, we shall see. Now let 's get down to business. What 's the matter? Why were you feeling so blue? Come! Out with it!"

Now, to tell the truth, the little prince had almost forgotten about being miserable, but troubles are easy things to remember if one tries, and the prince had a good supply just waiting for a chance to be talked about.

"Well, you see, Godfather," he began, and was soon deep in the story of his woe: how he had no one at all to play with, and how he could n't be engineer and fireman and brakeman and conductor and passengers all at the same time; and how it was n't any fun being a prince anyway; and how he could n't do things at all as other boys could. While he talked he kept thinking of more and more things to be unhappy about, until you would have thought that no one else in all the world could be half so miserable as he.

"Dear me, dear me! Oh, oh, oh! My word, my word!" twittered the little Goblin Godfather, in consternation, hopping up and down on Adolph's back. "This is bad! This is very bad, indeed! It 's lucky I came. It 's your eyes, you see! They 're very bad—very bad, indeed!"

The prince did not see it at all. His eyes were the same as usual, except that he felt very much like crying at the thought of his many troubles.

"Eyes? My eyes are all right," he grumbled, "but I can't roll down hills, and I can't play leap-frog, and I can't—"

"Stop it! Stop blubbering!" screamed the Goblin Godfather. "I tell you it is your eyes. There 's nothing else the matter with you at all!"

The prince was startled into silence. People did n't usually speak that way to him. He passed his hand furtively across his eyes and watched the little man, who had leaped and hopped onto the prince's footstool.



"HE BEGAN TO PINCH THE PRINCE'S CHEEKS."

"Oh, dear me, dear me!" he was saying, digging his round fists first into one pocket, then into another and another. "Now where could I have put those— Ha! Here they are!"

"Here are what?" asked the prince, choking back his sobs.

"Why, some Magic Goggles, young man, for your eyes—for your eyes! Lucky I had them with me! Why, I have n't seen such a sorry pair of eyes in years! You can't see anything straight at all!"

"I tell you my eyes are all right!" The prince stamped his foot and sobbed again.

"And I tell you they 're not! But there, there! don't be so cross. If only I can teach you to wear these Magic Goggles, we 'll soon fix them up."

"But they don't fit!" cried the little prince. "I can't see through them at all! They hang 'way down over my nose! Now they 're drooping down over my mouth! And they pinch behind my ears!"

"Well, well, we 'll soon fix that!" chuckled the Goblin Godfather. And do you know, he began to poke at the corners of the prince's mouth and to pinch his cheeks in such a funny, irresistible way that the prince just had to stop crying. Before he quite realized it he was even smiling a bit. And then the queerest thing happened! The little prince just felt those Magic Goggles bounce half-way up his nose! It felt so funny that he almost laughed outright. What do you think? Lucky I came, is n't it?" And before the prince quite realized what was happening, the Goblin Godfather had climbed again upon Adolph's back and was riding him furiously around and around the big playroom.

"But remember, remember!" the prince heard him shout as Adolph charged madly toward his own corner, "that you never, never, never can wear Magic Goggles—unless—you—*smile*,—unless—you—"



"THE PRINCE SEARCHED AND SEARCHED."

At that, the Magic Goggles gave another hop and settled into place before his eyes just as if they had been made to fit in exactly that particular spot.

The prince jumped up and down excitedly.

"Oh, Godfather, Godfather!" he cried, "are n't they just the splendidest Magic Goggles? They make everything look so bright and happy! How fine my playroom is! And my blocks, and games, and toys! And Adolph, you dear old pony, we 'll have a fine old time together soon! And, Godfather, can't you hear the raindrops pattering on the windows in the friendliest way? And oh, Godfather, just look at the fire! See all the beautiful colors—and does n't it sound cheerful?"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" cried the little man; "that 's the way to look at things. Good boy, good boy!

Splash! A gust of wind drove the rain noisily against the windows. The prince sat up in his big chair and rubbed his eyes. Adolph was standing woodenly in his corner, and there was no sign of the Goblin Godfather anywhere. The prince ran eagerly about, and searched and searched. He looked under tables and behind chairs, in the closet and in his cabinets of toys, among his picture-books, even behind the clock on the mantel and under the cushions on the couch. He looked at Adolph, and Adolph appeared as placid as ever.

The prince was puzzled. Could he have fallen asleep and dreamed it all? But no! How absurd! He surely had n't been dreaming, because —yes, sure enough, he could feel them sitting securely before his eyes—the Magic Goggles

were still there! That was why everything looked so bright and cheerful!

Hastily the little prince pulled a chair toward the mantel, where a large mirror hung. He climbed up and looked eagerly in.

"Why—why—I can't see the Magic Goggles at all!" cried the prince. And still he could feel them resting securely in place!

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said the prince, very much puzzled, and a little bit frightened, "I wish my Goblin Godfather had n't been in such a hurry! There were so many things I wanted to ask him about. It is n't any fun feeling things you can't see!"

Bounce! The prince almost fell off the chair in surprise, for he felt those Magic Goggles hop half-way down his nose! To be sure, he could n't *see* them, but he knew they were there, sticking on in the most uncomfortable way, and try as he would, he could n't push them up where they belonged! Even that was n't all, for now the prince could n't see through his Magic Goggles, so nothing seemed bright and cheerful any longer. It was n't a very happy little prince that climbed down from his chair before the mirror, and he was growing more unhappy every moment, I can tell you; and the more miserable he grew, the more he could feel those Magic Goggles slipping, slipping down over his nose, and now over his mouth, so he felt as if he could hardly talk at all, and now even over his chin!

"Oh, Godfather!" cried the little prince, miserably, "why did n't you stay a little longer and explain?"

Splash! sounded the rain against the window, just as it had when Adolph and the Goblin Godfather were driving so madly toward the corner. It startled the prince. He stopped to think. What was it his Goblin Godfather had been shouting? "Remember, remember,—you can never, never, never wear Magic Goggles unless—"

"Hurrah!" cried the prince, "I know what the matter is!" and bounce went the Goggles from his chin to his nose! And bounce again into place before his eyes!

Then, in spite of the rain, it seemed to the little prince that the sun was shining.

Who knows? Perhaps some day your Goblin Godfather will bring you some Magic Goggles. He has? Slipping down over your nose? Oh, but you are forgetting! You never, never can wear Magic Goggles unless you—smile!



LITTLE ARTISTS

BY MABEL LIVINGSTON FRANK

In summer-time, we play that we
Are artists great and grand,
And then we draw a picture
Of the sandman on the sand.
In winter-time, we play that we
Are sculptors great, and so,
We have to build a statue of
The snowman on the snow.

But though we work so very hard
All through each summer day,
The whitecap waves are sure to come
To wash our work away;
And though in winter-time we strive
So hard to gain renown,
The sun *will* melt our statue,
Or the wind *will* blow it down!

ELSA'S COUSIN PHŒBE

BY HELEN WARD BANKS

The telephone bell rang, and Elsa answered it. The moment she heard the voice at the other end, a little frown crept between her eyes and she bit her under lip.

"Yes, Cousin Phœbe, this is Elsa," she answered. "Mother is away. Aunt Mary sent the sleigh for her this afternoon, and Father 's going out there to join her for supper. Oh no! I 'm not at all lonely. Would n't you rather come sometime when Mother 's going to be home? Oh yes, if you 'd like to come. We have supper at half past six. I 'll expect you then. Good-by."

Elsa slammed the receiver back and plumped down on the big hall-sofa.

"Cousin Phœbe does make me mad!" she fretted. "It 's bad enough to have her come when Mother 's home to entertain her, but it just riles me all up to think she 's got to come to-night. As long as Sylvia could n't come, the next best thing was to have my supper on a tray and read while I ate; I adore doing that, and now I 've got to set a table and cook things and wash the dishes afterward, and she won't lift a finger to help. She 'll take the best chair and the best lamp and my book,—she always takes the one I 'm reading,—and poke her nose into it while I do the work. I don't know anybody that makes me madder than Cousin Phœbe!"

Elsa pounded a sofa-cushion wrathfully. Instead of letting out her bad temper, it seemed only to increase it.

"I don't know why I was n't quick enough to make an excuse, but I suppose I could n't. She 's Mother's cousin, and we have to be nice to her. If she 'd only do her share, I should n't mind; but she never asks us there, and she 's always coming here and just sitting. She must know she makes extra dishes, and why does n't she help wash them? Oh, dear! She 's spoiled everything, and I was going to have such a cozy time all alone! I love winter evenings with a good book!"

Sulkily, Elsa gave the cushion a parting thump and came to her feet. "I 've got to spend this whole next hour setting the table and scrambling eggs and making baking-powder biscuit, when I could have been reading—and I 'm just in the most exciting part. Oh, it 's too mean!"

With the corners of her mouth down and her brows drawn together, Elsa stamped her way to the kitchen. Over the table hung a mirror, and in it she caught a glimpse of her cross face.

"A handsome being I am!" she exclaimed; and then she laughed. "I could n't be in a worse state if Cousin Phœbe were riling me up now with her stupid, prattling talk."

She brought out the pastry-board, and placed the flour and butter and other ingredients beside it. Then she went into the dining-room to set the table, and a little of the real Elsa was twinkling again in her eyes.

"I don't want to set the table and wash Cousin Phœbe's dishes because it gets me mad and upsets me," she thought; "but it really is n't the dish-washing that upsets me, but the getting mad. I 'm all upside-down now; and it 's happened before Cousin Phœbe sets her foot inside the door; it 's happened even if she should n't come. And it 's a great deal more bother than washing tons of dishes. I 'm a silly thing! Cousin Phœbe 's coming, and I 'm going through the motions, anyhow, of cooking her supper and washing her dishes. Mad or not, I 'm going to do it. What 's the sense of getting 'all het up' over it, as Cousin Phœbe says? I don't escape doing the thing itself, and I only make it horrid for her and twice as hard for myself. Now, little Elsa, we 'll reform! We won't give Cousin Phœbe this cloth with a spot on it. She shall have a brandy-spandy clean one and everything else the best we can find."

The frown dropped away, the corners of the mouth curled up again, and the blue eyes smiled. When Elsa went back to baking she was not afraid of her own reflection in the mirror over the kitchen table.

"What is that that Mother is always saying to Dad?" she thought, as she rolled out her biscuit. "'Meet life serenely and you will find it serene.' Dad does fuss a good deal, and Mother always is laughing. She works just as hard, but she does have a better time. That 's quite nice. I never realized what it meant before. I 'm going to remember it—'Meet life serenely and you will find it serene.' It sounds like a broad green meadow with the afternoon sun over it."

There was no more temptation to sulk. The suggestion of hospitality had come almost as a game, and Elsa, as she went briskly about her work, determined that her guest should have the best of everything. When Cousin Phœbe came pattering in at the side door, Elsa met her with a hospitality as cordial as her mother's.

"I 'll have supper on in just a minute, Cousin

Phœbe," she said, and chuckled to herself to see Cousin Phœbe drop into the most comfortable chair and take up the exciting book.

The supper was delicious, and Cousin Phœbe did it full justice. Elsa, as she poured the tea, made Cousin Phœbe so truly at home that she chattered unendingly. Elsa listened and laughed and responded. Cousin Phœbe was here, and she should feel welcome, even if she *would n't* help wash the dishes.

But when they rose from the table, Cousin Phœbe asked for an apron. Elsa almost gaped at her in surprise. No such thing had ever happened before.

"You 're all alone," Cousin Phœbe said, "and you 've given me such a pleasant time! I 'd *like* to help you. There 's something about the hospitality of this house different from any other."



"'GO ON WITH SYLVIA, ONLY WRAP UP WARM.'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Elsa flushed hot to her ears. "How horrid it seems now," she thought, "to have meant not to be nice! I 've really had a very good time being head of the table, and Cousin Phœbe 's had a good time too; she must really have had the time of her life to be moved to offer to help. Or do you suppose love is sort of like the multiplication-table; it works across, and then the first thing you know it 's double? Anyway, I 'm glad I was nice."

They washed dishes together in a most friendly manner, and the work was disposed of almost in the "whisk of a lamb's tail."

"'Meet life serenely and you 'll find it serene,'" Elsa sang softly to herself as she hung out her dish-towels, put out the kitchen light, and came back to the living-room. Cousin Phœbe sat in the big chair by the best light "poking her nose," sure enough, into Elsa's book.

"Never mind," said Elsa to herself. "I 'll do something else. I 'm not going to let even that throw shadows across my nice sunny meadow. I wonder what I 'll do. There comes some one. Who can it be?"

Four feet raced up the walk to the side door, and Elsa opened it to her friend Sylvia and Sylvia's young brother, both rosy-cheeked and glowing from the keen, snapping air.

"Hello, Sylvia; hello, Sandy," Elsa said. "Oh, what a lovely night! How the moon makes the snow sparkle! Come on in to the sitting-room."

"It is wonderful," Sylvia answered. "Good evening, Miss Phœbe. Oh, Elsa, Uncle Frank has just telephoned that he will send the sleigh over for us if I 'll make up a party—we can have eight; and we 're going out there to spend the evening and end up with an oyster supper. Just think of riding ten miles behind Uncle Frank's horses a night like this! I could n't stop to telephone you. I just came. Hurry and get ready and come back with us!"

"I don't believe—I can go," faltered Elsa, bitterly disappointed. "Mother is n't home."

Cousin Phœbe put down her book. "What difference does that make? She 'd let you go with Sylvia if she were here, would n't she?"

"Oh, yes, but I was left in charge."

Cousin Phœbe laughed. "Well, now you can leave *me* in charge. I 've nothing in the world to do to-night, and I 've found an interesting book. I 'd just as soon sit here and read till your mother comes as sit at home. Go on with Sylvia, only wrap up warm. I 'll tell you what, you put my fur coat right over yours, then you can't be cold. Your mother 'll lend me something to run home in; it is n't a step. It 's a cold night; you 'll need all the wraps you can get."

There were tears in Elsa's eyes as she threw her arms around Cousin Phœbe and hugged her. It was such an unusual demonstration that Cousin Phœbe was a little embarrassed. She did not know what an epoch-making evening it had been for Elsa. She only knew that Elsa's unusual cordiality had stirred an unusual warmth in her.

"There, run along," she said, patting Elsa's back. "Don't keep them waiting."

Elsa kissed her and let her go. "Thank you so much, Cousin Phœbe—for everything," she said. "I won't be a minute, Sylvia."

She went dancing upstairs to make ready, and as she went she sang: " 'Meet life serenely and you 'll find it serene.' That 's one thing, Mother dear, that I 'll never forget. You 've stated the problem for me, and Cousin Phœbe has demonstrated it."



THE FIRST REAL SNOW-STORM OF THE SEASON.

UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS

BY JOSEPH B. AMES

Author of "The Treasure of the Canyon," etc.

Chapter V

TROUBLE AHEAD

In spite of all that had happened that day, Dale did not forget his appointment with Mr. Curtis. He hurried through supper, and pausing only to tell his mother where he was going, he slipped out of the house and started at a trot toward the scoutmaster's house. Mr. Curtis himself opened the door, greeted the boy cheerily, and ushered him into a room on the left of the hall, a room lined with books and pictures, with a fire glowing and sputtering on the hearth and some comfortable arm-chairs drawn up beside it.

"Well, young man," he said briskly as soon as Dale was seated, "I 've been hearing things about you this afternoon."

Dale flushed, and his fingers unconsciously interlocked. The affair of the afternoon before had been "rubbed into him" at intervals all day, so that he almost dreaded further comment. It seemed as if it had been talked about quite enough and ought now be allowed to fall into oblivion. He hoped Mr. Curtis was n't going to ask him to go over all the details again.

"You seem to have managed admirably," went on the scoutmaster, in a matter-of-fact manner. "What I 'd like to know, though, is how you, a tenderfoot of barely a week's standing, happened to be so well posted on electricity and insulation and all the rest of it?"

"It—it 's in the handbook," explained Dale, haltingly.

"So it is," smiled the scoutmaster; "but it is n't a part of the tenderfoot requirements. I even doubt whether many second-class scouts would be up on it. Have you gone through the whole book as thoroughly?"

Dale leaned back in his chair more easily. "Oh no, sir, not all! But that part 's specially interesting, and I—I like to read it."

"I see. Well, it was a good stunt—a mighty good stunt! It 's the sort of thing true scouting stands for, and I 'm proud of you." In his glance there was something that told a good deal more than the words themselves, but somehow Dale did n't mind that. "I suppose, though, you 've been hearing nothing else all day and must be rather tired of it, so we 'll go on to this drill business. This is only one feature of our work, and perhaps the least important since we 're a non-military organization. But it helps set a fellow up, it teaches him obedience and quick thinking, and is useful in a number of other ways, so we 've included it in the program. The movements are n't intricate. Suppose you take that cane over in the corner, and I 'll go through them with you."

Dale obeyed promptly, and, returning with the article in question, stood facing the scoutmaster, who had also risen. With the feeling of being under inspection, he had naturally taken a good position, shoulders back and chin up, and Mr. Curtis nodded approvingly.

"That 's the idea!" he said. "With the command 'Attention!' you take practically that position, heels together, shoulders back, chin up, and eyes straight ahead. Hold the staff upright with the thumb and first two fingers of the right hand, one end on the ground and the upper part against your right shoulder. That 's the attitude you return to after each one of the movements. Now let 's try the first one."

There were not more than six or seven of these, and the scoutmaster's instructions were so clear and explicit that Dale wondered, with a touch of chagrin, how he could possibly have bungled so on the night of the meeting. In less than half an hour he had the different evolutions fixed firmly in his mind and the cane was laid aside.

"You 'd better run through them every night for ten minutes or so until they come intuitively, without your having to stop and think," advised the scoutmaster. "The main thing is to put snap and ginger into it, so that the whole line moves as one. How did the football go? You were out, were n't you?"

"Yes, sir," the boy answered, his eyes lighting. "It was dandy! It 's a crackerjack team, all right, and we 're going to work like sixty to get that pennant."

"That 's the idea!" smiled Mr. Curtis. He had returned to his chair, but the boy remained standing beside the table. "It will mean work to take the game from Troop One; they 've a corking team, you know. But I think if— Won't you sit down again, or have you lessons to get?"

Dale hesitated. The pleasant room with its glinting fire was very tempting. He had glimpsed a number of interesting-looking old weapons and pieces of Indian beadwork, too, on the walls or

arranged along the tops of the bookcases, which he would like to examine more closely. But, on the other hand, eight waiting problems in algebra and some stiff pages of grammar loomed up to dissuade him.

"Thank you very much, sir, but I guess I 'd better not to-night," he finally decided. "I have n't anything done yet for to-morrow."

"You must come again, then," smiled the scoutmaster. "I 'm always glad to have you boys drop in, even when you have n't anything special to talk over. Good night; and good luck with the football. I may see you at practice to-morrow."

Dale found it hard to wait for that moment. He was devoted to football, and he had not really played in almost a year. Small wonder, therefore, that he looked forward eagerly to even humdrum practice. He did not propose to stay on the scrub if hard work and constant effort could lift him to something better. But even if he failed of advancement, he loved the game enough for its own sake to give to it unceasingly the best that was in him.

As the days passed it began to look as if the pleasure he got merely in playing and in the belief that his efforts contributed a little to the good of the team was to be his sole reward. All that week he played left tackle on the scrub, save for half an hour or so on Friday when Ward tried him at right half, only to return him presently to his former position.

But if Dale was disappointed, he did not show it. He told himself that it was too soon to expect anything else. Sherman would naturally wish to try him out in every way before making a change in the line-up. So the tenderfoot kept himself vigorously to the scratch, growing more and more familiar with the various formations and carefully studying the methods of the fellows opposite him.

It was this latter occupation which brought the first faint touch of uneasiness regarding the strength of the team at large. He could not be quite sure, for of course ordinary practice seldom brings out the best in a player, but it seemed as if the fellows were a bit lacking in unity and cohesion. Of one thing at least he grew certain before he had been on the scrub two days. Wilks, at left tackle, was hesitating and erratic, with a tendency to ducking, which would have been even more apparent but for the constant support and backing of Ranny Phelps. The latter seemed not only able to play his own position with dash and brilliancy, but also to lend a portion of his strength and skill to support the wavering tackle. Whenever it was possible, he contrived to take a little more than his share of buffeting in the forward plunge, to bear the brunt of each attack. There were times, of course,—notably when Ranny himself carried the ball,—that this was impossible, and then it was that Wilks's shrinking became unmistakable.

"He 's got cold feet," decided Tompkins, with the mild wonder of one to whom the game had never brought anything but exhilaration and delight. "They must be mighty good friends for Phelps to help him out like that!"

He sighed a little wistfully. Ranny was letting no chance slip these days to show his disapproval of the newest member of the troop. There were others, too, who followed his example and treated the tenderfoot with marked coldness. Even stout Harry Vedder, though occasionally forgetting himself in the heat of play, lacked the good-natured friendliness of that first day. To be sure, these were far from being a majority. They included practically only the members of Ranny Phelps's own patrol; the others had apparently accepted Tompkins as one of the bunch and continued to treat him as such. But Dale's was a friendly nature, and it troubled him a little, when he had time to think about it, to be the object of even a passive hostility.

These moments, however, were few and far between. What with football every afternoon, with lessons and occasional studying for the second-class tests, to say nothing of his paper-route and some extra delivery-work he had undertaken to add to his "suit" money, his days were pretty full. Besides, that doubt as to the entire efficiency of the team continued to worry him much more than any small personal trouble.

On Saturday they played Troop Six, and Dale sat among the substitutes on the side-lines. It was an admirable chance for sizing up the playing of the team as a whole, and before the end of the second quarter his freckled forehead was puckered with worried lines. He had no fear of their losing the game. Their opponents had notoriously the weakest team in the entire scout league, and already two goals had been scored against it. The tenderfoot was thinking of next Saturday, and wondering more and more what sort of a showing the fellows would make then.

Earlier in the season, Dale had watched Troop One throughout an entire game, and even then he had noted their clever team-work. As individuals, perhaps, they might not match up to his own organization. There was no one quite to equal the brilliant Ranny Phelps, the clever, quick-witted Ward, or the dependable Wesley Becker at full. But the boy knew football well enough to realize that in the long run it is n't the individual that counts. Freak plays, snatching

at chance and the unexpected, may sometimes win a game, but as a rule they avail little against the spirit of cohesion when each fellow works shoulder to shoulder with his neighbor, supporting, backing up, subordinating himself and the thought of individual glory to the needs of the team. During the past week Dale had felt vaguely that it was just this quality Troop Five lacked. Now the certainty was vividly brought home, with all the advantages of a sharp perspective. The center, alone, seemed fairly strong and united, with Bob Gibson in the middle, "Turk" Gardner at right guard, and Frank Sanson at left. But Sanson got no help at all from Wilks, who, in his turn, took everything from Ranny Phelps. Court Parker made an admirable quarter-back, and Ward and Becker played the game as it should be played. But Slater at right tackle and Torrance behind him made another pair who seemed to think more of each other and of their individual success than of the unity of the team. They were great chums, Dale reflected thoughtfully, and in Ranny Phelps's patrol. He wondered if that had anything to do with it. He wondered, too, whether Sherman realized the situation.

"But of course he does!" he muttered an instant later. "Is n't he always after them to get together, though sometimes it seems as if he might go for them a little harder? I—I hope they do—before it 's too late."

But somehow he could not bring himself to be very confident. To pull together a team that has been playing "every man for himself" is one of the hardest things in the world. Defeat will often do it more thoroughly than anything, but, in their case, defeat would mean the loss of all they had been striving for. It would have been better had they been up against any other team to-day. Pushed hard and forced to fight for a slender victory, they might have realized something of their weakness. But the very ease with which goal after goal was scored brought self-confidence and cock-sureness instead of wisdom.

"I guess we 'll grab that little old pennant, all right," Dale heard more than one declare in the dressing-room. "Why, those dubs actually scored a goal on Troop One!"

The boy wanted to remind them that this was at the very beginning of the season, and since then two of their best men had left Troop Six for boarding-school. But from a raw tenderfoot and inconsidered member of the scrub any such comment would savor of cheekiness, so he kept silent.

On Monday the practice started out in such a casual, perfunctory manner that Sherman suddenly stopped the play and lashed out, sparing nobody. He was white-hot, and not hesitating to mention names, he told them just what he thought of their smug complaisance, their careless, unfounded confidence.

"You fellows seem to think all you have to do is to show up on the field Saturday and the other crowd are going to take to cover!" he snapped. "You walk through the plays without an idea of team-work, or mutual support, or anything. That is n't football; it 's just plain foolishness! Why, the lines are as full of holes as a cullender—and you don't even know it! I tell you, unless we get together and stop those gaps and work for the team *right,* that game Saturday will be a joke."

He hesitated an instant, striving for self-control. When he went on, his tone was slightly moderated. "Come ahead, now, fellows; let 's get into it and do the thing the way it should be done. We can if we only will."

Unfortunately, the appeal failed more or less because of its very force. Sherman's one fault as a captain was a certain leniency of disposition. He was a bit easy-going, and preferred to handle the fellows by persuasion rather than force. The latter did not realize that it was n't the happenings of that day alone which had so roused his wrath, that these were only the culmination of all their shortcomings for weeks past, that they had been accumulating until the pressure became so great that an explosion had to come. A few of the players understood, but the very ones who needed his advice the most set down the outburst to whim or temper or indigestion. Either they airily ignored it, or else grew sullen and grouchy. In either case they failed to make a personal application of his words, and the situation remained practically unchanged.

Chapter VI

THE QUARREL

"Great cats and little kittens!" exclaimed Court Parker, stopping suddenly beside the flagpole on the green. "I certainly am a chump."

"Just as you say," grinned the tenderfoot. "I 'd hate to contradict you. How 'd you happen to find it out all by yourself, though?"

They were on their way to the scout meeting, and up to that moment had been deep in a serious discussion of the football situation. But Parker was not one to remain serious for very long at a stretch, so his sudden outbreak failed to surprise Dale, even though he might be ignorant of its cause.

"Why, I had it all planned to coach you up on the drill this week, so you could put one over on Ranny," explained the volatile youth, as they started on again; "but I clean forgot. Hang it all!"

Dale smiled quietly to himself. "I should n't wonder if I could get it to-night," he said briefly. "It 's not so awful hard, is it?"

"N-n-o, but you know Ranny; he 's sure to try and trip you up. Oh, well, no use crying over spilt milk! Just don't let him rattle you, and we 'll have you letter-perfect by next meeting."

Dale's lips twitched again, but he made no further comment as they hurried along Main Street and turned in beside the church. It was with very different feelings from the last time that he entered the parish-house, hung up his cap, and joined one of the groups gathered in the meeting-room. He was still the only one present without a uniform, but to-night he wore his best suit, his hair was smooth and glistening, and he could almost see himself in the brilliant polish of his shoes. It all helped to increase his poise and the feeling of self-confidence his knowledge of the drill had given him.

Mr. Curtis was away that night, and Wesley Becker was in charge. The assistant scoutmaster was perfectly capable of conducting the meeting, but being only a year or two older than many of the boys, it was inevitable that discipline should tend to relax slightly. There were no serious infractions, of course; the fellows, as a whole, were too well trained and too much in earnest for that. But now and then a suppressed snicker followed the utterance of a whispered jest, and Wesley had occasionally to repeat his orders before they were obeyed with the snap and precision that invariably followed the commands of Mr. Curtis.

Dale was not one of the offenders, if such they could be called. In the beginning he was too intent on going through the newly acquired evolutions of the drill to have much thought for anything else. Later on, the behavior of Ranny Phelps took all his attention.

The leader of Wolf patrol was far from being in the best of humors. Perhaps the events of the afternoon had soured his temper; or possibly the mere sight of Tompkins standing erect at the end of the line made him realize that his efforts to put the tenderfoot in his place had been more or less of a failure. At any rate, when staves were distributed and the drill commenced, he at once renewed his nagging, critical attacks of the week before.

For a time Dale tried not to notice it, trusting that his careful, accurate execution of the manœuvers would in itself be enough to still the unjust criticism. But presently he began to realize that Phelps was deliberately blind to his improvement, and a touch of angry color crept into his face. In the next figure he made a minor slip, and a snicker from Wilks increased Dale's irritation.

"Take your time, Tompkins, by all means," urged Phelps, sarcastically, when Becker ordered a repetition of the movement. "Maybe by the end of the evening you 'll be able to do one of the figures half-way right."

Dale's lips parted impulsively, but closed again without a sound issuing forth. A dull, smouldering anger began to glow within him, and one hand gripped his staff tightly. What right had Ranny Phelps to shame and humiliate him before the whole troop? He was doing his best, and he felt that the showing was n't such a bad one for a fellow who had been in the troop little more than a week. Any decent chap would have understood this and made allowances, would even have helped him along instead of trying by every means in his power to make him fail. Dale's chin went up a trifle, and his teeth clenched. By a great effort he managed to hold himself in for the remainder of the drill, but the anger and irritation bubbling up inside resulted in several more errors. When the drill was over and the fellows stood at ease for a few minutes before starting some signal-work, Phelps strode over to the new recruit.

"What 's the matter with you, Tompkins?" he said with cold sarcasm. "At this rate, you 're likely to spend the whole winter getting a few simple stunts into your head."

Dale's eyes flashed. "It might not be a bad idea to learn a few of the scout laws yourself," he snapped back impulsively.

"What 's that?"

Ranny's voice was cool and level, but his eyes had narrowed and a spot of color glowed on each cheek. The fellows near them suddenly pricked up their ears and turned curiously in their direction.

"I said it would n't be a bad idea for you to learn some of the scout laws," repeated Dale, heedless of everything save the anger and indignation surging up within him. "There 's one about being friendly, and another that says a scout is helpful. Maybe you know them by heart, but I don't believe—"

"That 'll do!" cut in Ranny, harshly. "I certainly don't need any advice from *you* on how to—"

"You mean you won't *take* any," interrupted Dale, hotly.

"Patrols, attention!" rang out Becker's voice sharply.

Neither of the boys paid any heed; it is doubtful whether they even heard him. Tight-lipped, with fists clenched, they glared at one another from eyes that snapped angrily. In another moment, however, Becker gripped Phelps tightly by the shoulder and whirled him around.

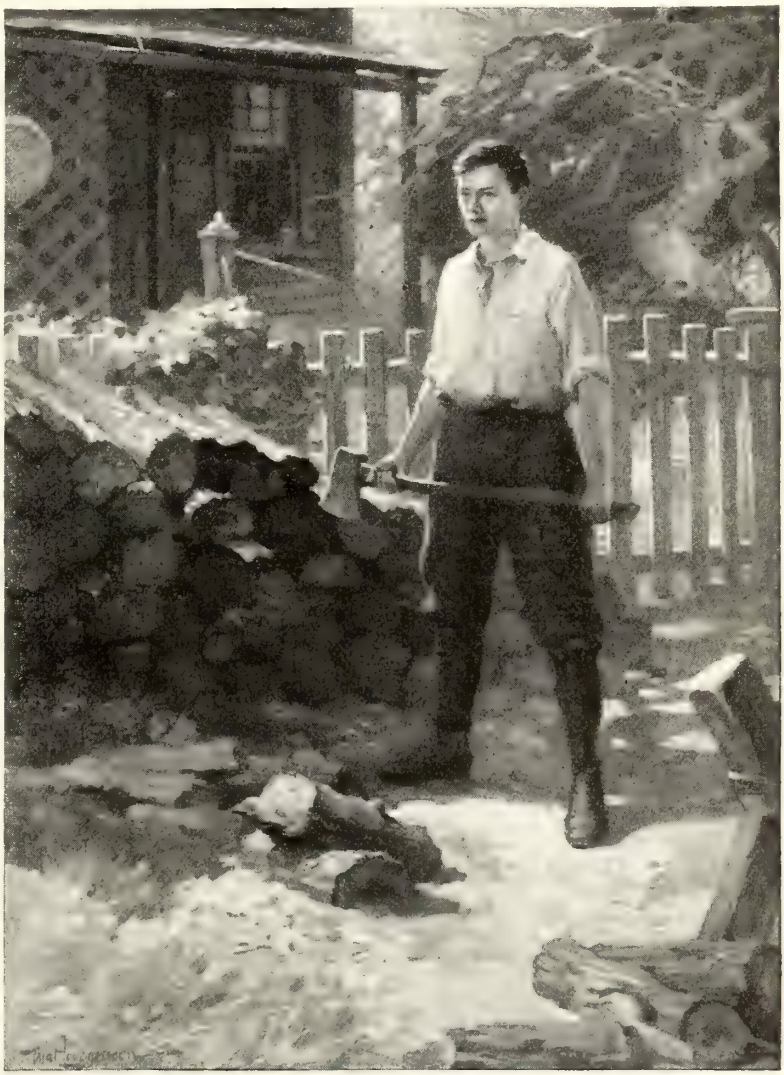
"Cut that out and go back to your place!" he said sternly. "I called for order."

Ranny glowered at him for a moment, and then, without a word, turned on his heel and strode back to the head of the line. In the hush that followed, Dale drew a long breath and swallowed hard. His face still burned, and the fingers of his right hand were stiff and cramped from the grip he had unconsciously maintained on his staff. With an elaborate attempt at nonchalance, he listened to Becker's directions about the signaling, but all the while he was wondering what the fellows thought of him and wishing, with increasing fervency, that he had kept his self-control instead of flaring up in that foolish way.

For the remainder of the evening Phelps seemed coolly oblivious of Dale's existence. He did not even glance at the tenderfoot, though on the way out the two stood for a moment within arm's-length in the entry. He had apparently quite recovered his composure, but there was a cold hardness about his mouth that brought a queer, unexpected pang to Tompkins.

Not for the world would he have acknowledged it to any one—even to Court, who, with several others, expressed unqualified approval of the way in which Ranny had been "set down." It is doubtful, even, had he been given a chance to live over the evening, if his conduct would have been any different. But there could be no question of his keen regret that instead of thawing Phelps's coolness by his increased proficiency at the drill, he had only succeeded in vastly increasing the boy's animosity.

On Wednesday afternoon Dale was made the unconscious cause of still further adding to Ranny's ire. After half an hour of play, Ward suddenly ordered Larry Wilks out of the line-up and told Tompkins to take his place.



"STOPPING TO THINK OF THE STRUGGLE OF THE AFTERNOON."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

At the command the tackle started, stared incredulously at Sherman, and then, with lowering brow and an exaggerated air of indifference, turned and walked deliberately off the field. For an instant Ranny stood silent, a deep red flaming into his face. Then he whirled impulsively on Ward.

"Are you crazy, Sherm?" he demanded hotly.

"Why, you 'll queer the whole team by sticking in a greenhorn only three days before the game."

"I don't agree with you," retorted Ward, curtly. He spoke quietly enough, but a faint twitching at the corners of his mouth showed that he was holding himself in with difficulty. "Wilks has had plenty of warnings, and has seen fit to disregard them utterly. Besides," his voice took on a harder tone as his eyes followed the departing player he had counted on using in the scrub, "I 'd rather use anybody—little Bennie Rhead, even—than a fellow who shows the lack of spirit he does. Take your place, Tompkins. Frazer, shift over to right tackle on the scrub. Edwards, you come in and play left guard for to-day. Scrub has the ball."

Ranny Phelps bit his lip, glared ill-temperedly, and then subsided. Tompkins shifted over to the regulars, his mind a queer turmoil of delight at the advancement, and regret and apprehension at this new cause for bickering among the players. Practice was resumed, but there was a notable feeling of constraint among the fellows, which did not entirely pass off as the afternoon wore away. Ranny held himself coldly aloof, playing his own position with touches of the old brilliancy, but ignoring the chap beside him. Torrance and Slater, and one or two of the scrub who were part of the Phelps clique, whispered occasionally among themselves, or darted indignant glances at the tenderfoot as if he were in some way responsible for the downfall of Wilks. Dale tried not to notice it all, and devoted himself vigorously to playing the game, hoping that by the next day the fellows would cool down and get together.

But somehow they did n't. There had been time for discussion with the disgruntled Wilks himself, and if anything, their animosity was increased. It was so marked, and the effect so disastrous, or so it seemed to Tompkins, to the unity of the team, that after practice the tenderfoot hesitatingly approached Sherman Ward. It was not at all easy for him to say what he had in mind. For one thing, the idea of even remotely advising the captain savored of cheekiness and presumption; for another, he was n't personally at all keen to take the step he felt would be for the good of the team. But at length he summoned courage to make the suggestion.

"Say, Sherm," he began haltingly, after walking beside Ward for a few moments in silence, "don't you think—that is, would it be better for me to—er—not to play to-morrow?"

Sherman stopped short in surprise. "Not play?" he repeated sharply. "Why, what—" He frowned suddenly. "Don't you want to?"

"Want to? Of course I do! But it seems to me things would—would go smoother if—I was n't in the line-up. You know some of the fellows—"

He paused. Sherman's eyes narrowed. "Oh, that 's what you mean, is it?" For an instant he stood staring silently at the freckled face raised to his. "You 'd be willing to get out for—for the good of the team?" As Dale nodded he reached out and caught the boy almost roughly by one shoulder. "Forget it!" he said gruffly. "I know what I 'm doing, kid. You go in to-morrow and play up for all you 're worth. If—if those chumps don't come to their senses, it won't be your fault."

His jaw was square; his lips firm. It flashed suddenly on Dale that Sherman could n't very well follow his suggestion and continue to preserve a shred of authority as captain. It would seem as if he were giving in to the delinquents and allowing them to run the team. They would set him down as weak and vacillating, and pay less attention than ever to his efforts to make them get together and play the game right. A sudden anger flamed up within the tenderfoot, and his teeth clicked together.

"Chumps!" he growled to himself, his fists clenching. "Can't they see what they 're doing? Can't they forget themselves for a minute and think of the team?"

He wished the suspense was over and the moment for the game at hand. Hitherto the days had fairly flown, making the afternoons of much needed practice incredibly brief, but now the very minutes seemed to drag. Saturday morning was interminable. Dale tried to forget his worries by attending to the various chores about the house, but even in the midst of vigorous woodchopping he found himself stopping to think of the struggle of the afternoon, going over the different plays and sizing up the probable behavior of various individuals.

But at last the waiting was over and he had taken his place in that line which spread out across the field ready for the signal. And as he crouched there, back bent, watching with keen, appraising eyes the blue jerseys dotting the turf before him, the tension relaxed a little, giving place to the thrall of the game.

After all, why should he be so certain of the worst? Was n't it quite as likely that the fellows would be awakened and dominated, even stung into unity, by the same thrill which moved him? An instant later he lunged forward and was running swiftly, madly, his face upturned to the yellow sphere soaring above his head and rocking gently in its swooping, dropping flight.

When Ranny Phelps made a perfect catch and

zigzagged down the field, dodging the interference with consummate skill, the tenderfoot thrilled responsive and mentally applauded. When the blond chap was at length downed and the teams lined up snappily, Dale grinned delightedly to himself at the realization of the fine beginning they had made.

But his enthusiasm was short-lived Parker ripped out a signal, and the ball was snapped back to Ward. Dale dove forward, bent on clearing the way for Sherman. Beside him Ranny also lunged into the mêlée, but the tenderfoot was instantly conscious of a gap between them that seemed as wide as the poles apart. Into it the solid blue-jerseyed interference thrust itself, and the forward rush stopped as if it had struck a stone wall.

"First down!" shouted the referee when the heap of players disintegrated. "Ten yards to gain!"

(To be continued.)



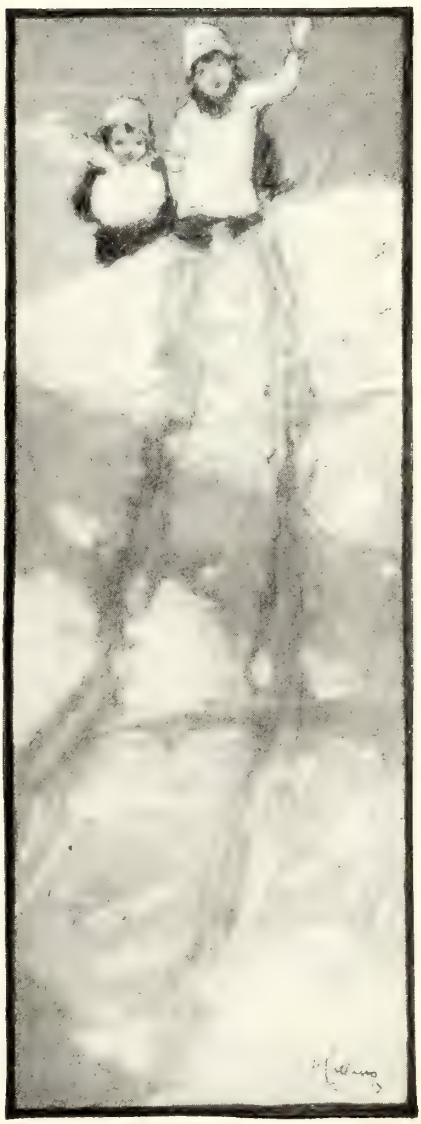
IN RAIN OR SHINE

When Dear One saw the May-flower bloom
In woody hollows far and near,
Breathing the breath of the old earth,
As May, no month seemed half so dear.
When in the field the strawberries came,
Three berries on one stem complete,
Scarlet and luscious, nectar-brimmed,
As June, no month seemed half so sweet.

And when October scattered gold,
And apple-fragrance, most benign,
Filled all the air with balm, indeed
No other month seemed half so fine.
Yet when the clouds shook down the snows,
Or brooks in coats of mail were dressed,
And sleds and skates were sharp and swift,
Of all, December seemed the best.

And so she saw, let what would come,
Though skies were blue, though winds were drear,
Earth was a lovely place to know
In every month of all the year!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.



BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



BLACKMORE AND "LORNA DOONE"

A Chance for Young Critics

It has been said that if any one will read with care, thought, and true interest as many as ten or a dozen really good books, such a reader will have laid the foundation of an excellent literary taste. If one of you boys or girls took the trouble to pick out twelve of the fine books in this world, and then read them not only for the story, but for the way in which the story is told, the way the characters are made real to you in it; if you sincerely tried to see why the book has been called great, and then tried to tell as clearly as you could just how it appealed to you personally, why, you would develop a taste for the best that would last you all your life. And to be a discriminating reader, a lover of noble books, is one of the real blessings of life, a source of the keenest and most enduring pleasure.

Thinking these things, it seemed to me that if I picked out some of these books for you, and told you enough about each one and enough about the man or woman who wrote it to get you interested and to give you some idea of the circumstances under which it came to be written and the reason that it has lasted long enough to prove itself actually fine and true, then I might get you to write out your own idea of what the book is and what it means to you.

So St. Nicholas is going to offer two or three cash prizes, each month, to those boys and girls who, reading the book I have picked out for the month's article, will write a critical appreciation of it, telling what you think are the best points of the book, what interested you most in it, how

you liked the characters. This review must not be longer than five hundred words, and it must be neatly written on one side of the paper, with plenty of space between the lines and a good margin at the left side, say not less than an inch.

Like the rest of the work you do for ST. NICHOLAS, these reviews must be entirely your own. Of course you can talk over the book as much as you like, and discuss your idea of it; but when you sit down to write the review of it, you must do it alone. Furthermore, every contribution *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied,* but is wholly the work of the sender. The best two will be printed, if found worthy, and a cash prize of three dollars and two dollars respectively will be awarded them. The competition will close January 24th (for foreign readers January 30th). Prize announcements will be made and the chosen reviews published in ST. NICHOLAS for May. There will probably be a list of those contributors deserving Honorable Mention; and possibly other prizes may be offered later on. Manuscripts should be addressed: "Books and Reading, ST. NICHOLAS, 353 Fourth Ave., New York."

The first book I want you to write about is "Lorna Doone," by Richard Doddridge Blackmore.

To begin with I will say something about Blackmore himself, because it is just as well to know what kind of a man the writer of the book you are studying was.

Blackmore was born on June 7, 1825, in the English village of Longworth, Berkshire, where his father was the curate in charge. Berkshire lies south of the Thames, a lovely agricultural county of pretty hills and vales, and downs where sheep graze. The boy was sent to school and to Oxford, and at twenty-seven he was admitted to the bar. But he never practised law.

It is interesting to find that in the book "Lorna Doone" Blackmore sends his hero, *John Ridd,* to the same school he attended, Blundell's school at Tiverton, which is a small town in the heart of Devonshire, "a worthy grammar-school, the largest in the west of England, founded and handsomely endowed in the year 1604 by Master Peter Blundell, of that same place, clothier."

It is in Devonshire that "Lorna Doone" is laid, for Blackmore always loved better than any other the county where he spent his school-years. "The fairest county in England," he calls it, in his preface to the sixth edition of the book.

Blackmore began his writing by publishing two books of verse, but neither amounted to very much. Then came a serious breakdown in his health, and he was told that he must no longer try to live in London, which in any event he hated, for he was always a lover of the country, as I think you will not fail to discover when you read some of his beautiful nature-pictures.

Something had to be done in the way of making a living, however, and after some thought Blackmore decided that he would raise fruit for the London market. Looking about for some place near the city, which yet should be quiet and secluded, he hit upon Teddington, a village on the Thames just beyond Twickenham, and, when our author bought his land there, a sweet and sylvan spot, buried in white and pink hawthorn, overhung by ancient trees where the nightingales sang through the June nights, and so quiet that the murmur of the sweetly flowing river made music in the ears of its inhabitants.

Blackmore's house was very plain both inside and out. A building of rather dingy brick, with a slate roof, and not a porch, a dormer-window, anything whatever to break the severe lines of its four flat walls. Inside it was bare and cheerless, for the man was entirely indifferent to luxury or ornament. His study was a small room, with a lounge that served at once for a bed at night and a sofa by day. There was a writing-table, of course, and perhaps a couple of chairs, with a few books in simple bindings, books that were thoroughly used. The rest of the small house was furnished with the same austerity. But every room in it was spotlessly clean and full of fresh air, open to the wind and the sun in all but the most inclement weather.

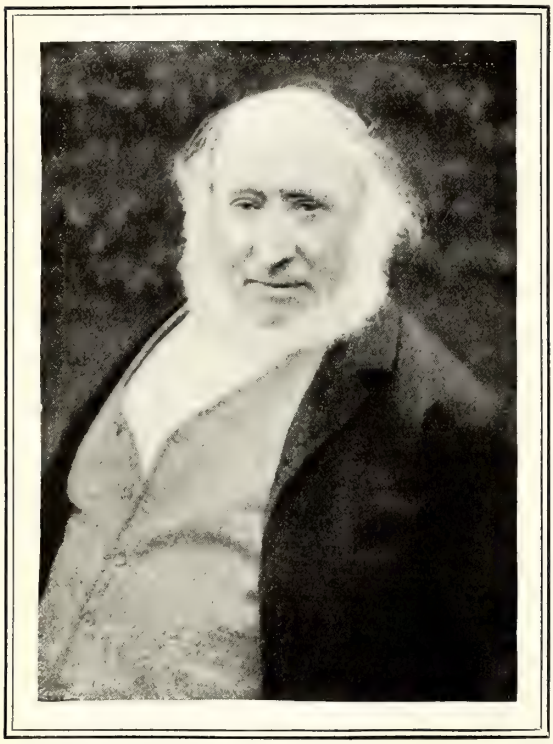
But of his own writings, or of himself at all, it was very difficult to get Blackmore to say a word, for he was shy and modest to a high degree. If you tried to make him talk about his books, he would always slip quickly away to something about peaches or nectarines or plums; or he would ask you to come out and see his garden, and wander there happily, pruning-shears in hand, pointing out his prize fruits and telling you just what must be done to bring each type to perfection.

George Manville Fenn, the novelist, was a dear friend of Blackmore's, and he, too, grew fruit for the London market. The lovely round wicker baskets, packed so carefully, and marked in big black letters with Blackmore's name, would trundle down to Covent Garden Market beside those of Fenn, and many people have said that no better fruit than that raised by the two authors could be bought anywhere.

The business of growing fruit proved to be

more of a hobby than a source of profit, however, and it was Blackmore's books that gave him sufficient income to let him have all the fun he wanted with his garden.

Blackmore is said to have resembled Horace Greeley. Several inches over six feet, with a large, beautifully shaped head, on which his hair tossed wavingly, he wore a beard shaved away



Courtesy of "The Bookman."

R. D. BLACKMORE.

from his upper lip and chin, so that it framed his face, which was as rosy as a girl's. His eyes were full of twinkling humor and kindliness, and there was always about him a sense of the outdoors—of great, calm spaces, winds and fragrances. He dressed carelessly in loose-fitting clothes, taking no trouble to keep in the fashion. His voice was low and musical, and his manners had a touch of old-world courtesy and distinction. He was utterly sincere, and would never pretend to agree to anything because some one else advocated it. His opinions were strong and clear, and he stood by them unwaveringly. He was thoroughly English, thoroughly lovable; a big, quiet, shy man, who loved to tramp all day over the moors or to work over his trees and bushes; who wrote because he loved writing, and who was astounded at the fame and fortune brought to him by his great book.

"Lorna Doone" was not his first novel. That was "Clara Vaughan," published in 1864, a story that met with some praise in its day and was followed by another novel, "Cradock Nowell," which had a slight success. Five years after the publication of the first book, came "Lorna." And at first "Lorna" did not seem to have many friends.

A review or two appeared; one reviewer called it a work of "real excellence," but one "we do not pretend to rank with the acknowledged masterpieces of fiction." Dear, dear! poor "Lorna"!

Blackmore lived to see more than twenty editions of his masterpiece, and the book goes on growing in popularity as time passes. It is a book that is beloved by its readers, and it is re-read perhaps more often than any other story as long as is this full record of love and adventure, friendship and fierce fighting, good and evil.

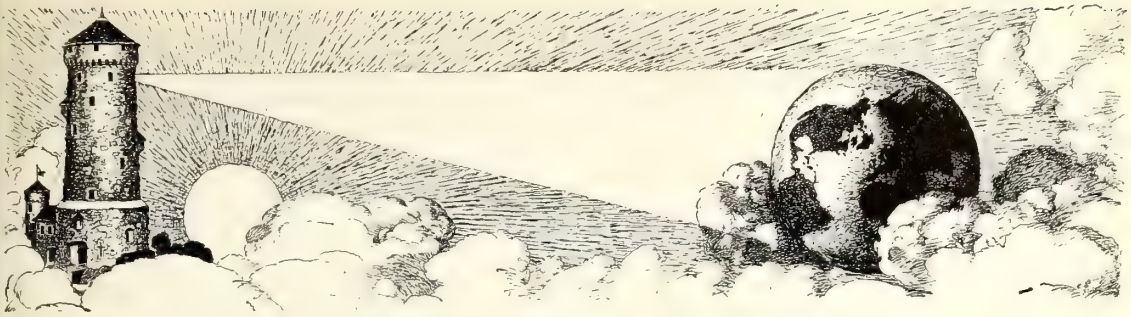
It is a historical novel, and it came at a time when romance was not thought very much of, when every one was reading the realistic novels of Anthony Trollope. That was why no one cared to read it. "What! a story telling of things that happened years before *we* came into the world?" sniffed those who took it up. "No indeed!"

But "Lorna" could afford to wait.

Blackmore always laughed at the attempts made to identify his story with particular localities, for it was the creation of his imagination, although the whole feeling of the moors and the peculiar flavor of the country is wonderfully brought out in his pages. Yet he admitted that the story was based on legends and tales that had come his way from time to time; and the hero is said to have been taken from a real person, though his great strength is more like a fairy-tale than truth.

Blackmore died in January, 1900, and thousands and thousands of people who had never seen him sorrowed at the news. There is a quality to his great book that makes you love the author, and his friends always said that the sweet, strong, sincere spirit of the story was Blackmore's own. He wrote for thirty years after the publication of "Lorna," but none of the books ever took a very strong hold on the public, though he himself is said to have preferred "Perlycross" to it, a book that has an intricate and clever plot and much charm. The public and not the author was right, "Lorna Doone" being a truly great book, and the other writings simply good, well-told stories.

But I want *you* to talk about the book, not *me*. And I feel that you will enjoy working over your reviews all the more for this little picture of the big, lovable, country-loving man who wrote it, who had friends all over the world, and yet lived so quiet and solitary a life.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

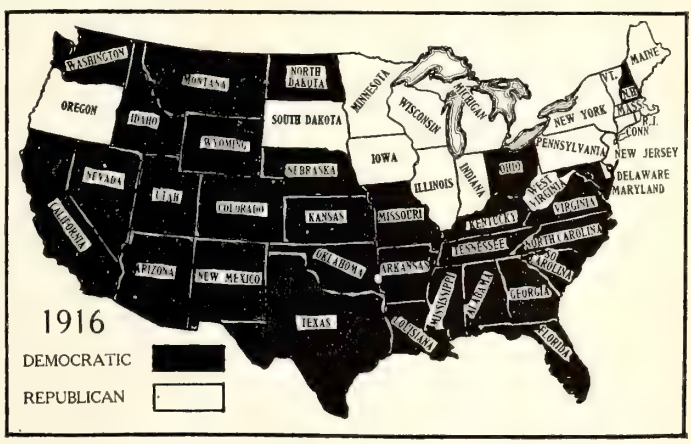
BY S. E. FORMAN

Author of "Advanced Civics," "A History of the United States," etc.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS

THE November elections[1] have so many interesting features that a comfortable little volume might be written about them. The reasons which have been given for the result are almost as numerous as the observers who have attempted to explain the outcome. One tells us that Mr. Wilson won because "he kept us out of war." Another would have us believe that prosperity was the cause of the Democratic victory: "the people were sitting on a rich cushion of prosperity," and they did not want a change One editor believes that the President owes his success to the votes of working-men who swung to his support because he helped the railroad employees to secure an eight-hour day. Another view is that the Republicans lost the election because things were badly managed in California: if Mr. Hughes had shaken hands with Mr. Hiram Johnson and made friends of the Progressives, he would have carried California, and this would have given him a majority of the electoral votes. In the opinion of some, the argument about not swapping horses while crossing a stream won the election. Thus the outcome of the great contest is explained now in one way and now in another, but no one has given an explanation that is entirely satisfactory to everybody.

So although it is not possible to explain with certainty the result of the elections, the returns nevertheless revealed several significant facts about which there seems to be no dispute. In the first place, the elections showed that the center of political power in the United States has shifted from the eastern section of the country to the western section. For many years the balance of power has been held by the great States located east of the Mississippi River: Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois. The votes of these States have tipped the political scales and decided the elections. But this year the elections brought a surprise. Mr. Wilson lost Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Indiana, and Illinois, but carried every State west of the Mississippi River except Iowa, South Dakota, Minnesota, and Oregon. His success in the West gave him the victory.



Courtesy of "The Literary Digest."

MAP SHOWING THE STATES CARRIED BY EACH PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

And so the elections in November showed that "the scepter of power is moving westward, and

[1] The plural form is used because it was not one election that was held on November 7, but forty-eight different elections. (See THE WATCH TOWER for November.)

we must roll up the old political map and make one entirely new."

Another outstanding fact of the elections was that women played a most important part in the contest. It is estimated that two million ballots were cast by them. In the exercise of their duty as voters they were as faithful as the men. In Utah, snow-storms and extremely cold weather



Photograph by Brown Bros.

MISS JEANNETTE RANKIN.

could not keep the women from going to the polls. Of the twelve States in which they have the right to vote, ten—Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming—were carried for Mr. Wilson, while only two—Illinois and Oregon—voted for Mr. Hughes. So it would seem that as a rule the women voters were more favorable to Mr. Wilson than to Mr. Hughes. If this be true, if Mr. Wilson really owes his victory to their votes, politicians in the future will have to reckon not only with the men of the West, but with the women also. Besides showing their strength at the polls, they made it plain that they were not content merely to cast ballots, but that they desired to participate as office-holders in the important tasks of actual government, for in Montana a woman, Miss Jeannette Rankin, was elected to a seat in the National House of Representatives. This is the first time a woman has ever been chosen as a member of Congress.

THE PROHIBITION MOVEMENT

THE friends of prohibition have good reason to be gratified by the progress which their cause is making. The movement for preventing the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors began many years ago. As far back as 1851 Maine passed a prohibition law, and for sixty-five years it has been unlawful to sell or manufacture liquors in that State except for medicinal or manufacturing purposes. From time to time other States followed the example of Maine and passed similar laws, but did not in all cases retain them. At present, twenty-three States and one territory have adopted prohibition. These States, with the dates when this policy went or goes into effect, are shown in this table:

Maine,	1851	Colorado,	1916
Kansas,	1880	Oregon,	1916
North Dakota,	1889	Washington,	1916
Oklahoma,	1907	Arkansas,	1916
Georgia,	1908	Iowa,	1916
Mississippi,	1909	Idaho,	1916
North Carolina,	1909	South Carolina,	1916
Tennessee,	1909	Nebraska,	1917
West Virginia,	1914	South Dakota,	1917
Arizona,	1915	Michigan,	1918
Alabama,	1915	Montana,	1918
Virginia,	1916	Alaska,	

From this table we learn that within the last few years prohibition has been moving forward at a startling rate, while in the two years just passed such laws have gone into effect in States which together have a population of twelve millions. At the elections held in November the people voted on the question of prohibition in Michigan, Nebraska, South Dakota, Montana, California, and Missouri. Two of these States—California and Missouri—voted "wet"; the other four voted "dry." In Nebraska and South Dakota, prohibition is to go into effect this year (1917), while in Michigan and Montana it will not go into effect until next year. Alaska also voted for prohibition at the recent election, but the vote must be ratified by Congress, for no law of a territory is valid unless it is approved by that body.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM

IN 1916 the railroad people had trouble enough, but, unless all signs fail, they will have still more in 1917. For the air is full of talk about railroad problems and how to settle them. As for the eight-hour law—the Adamson Law—it would seem that very little has been settled by that measure. The railroad officers contend that Congress, under our Constitution, had no right to pass a law which in effect regulates the wages of

railroad employees. So they have attacked the Adamson Law as being unconstitutional, and have brought suits in the federal courts, asking that the eight-hour law be not enforced. In the last days of the year these suits were being rushed through the lower courts as fast as lawyers and judges could carry them in order that they might reach the Supreme Court of the United States at the earliest possible day. The Supreme Court will decide whether the law is constitutional or not. If it decides that it *is* constitutional, then it will have to be obeyed; the railroad managers will have to employ the trainmen on an eight-hour basis. If the Supreme Court decides that the law is *un*constitutional, it will not have to be obeyed, and, as far as the Adamson Law is concerned, the hours of the trainmen will be the same as they have been heretofore. But no matter which way the Supreme Court decides the case, the railroad situation is likely to be left in a very unsatisfactory condition. If the law is declared to be constitutional, the railroad owners will in all probability ask that the cost of carrying the law into effect (nearly $100,000,000) be met by an increase in fares and freight-rates. If this request is granted, the public, that is, shippers and travelers, and not the railroads themselves, will be compelled to carry the burden imposed by the eight-hour law, and this burden will not be borne without many angry protests. If, on the other hand, the eight-hour law is decided unconstitutional, the problem will still be unsolved, for the trainmen have given notice that they will still contend for the eight-hour law. Indeed, the leaders of the trainmen have stated in the strongest language that they will have the eight-hour law even if they have to fight for it. This means, of course, that, if necessary, they will strike. So the railroad question, look at it as we may, is dark and even threatening.



Photograph by Brown Bros.

THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT, BACK FROM MEXICO, PASSING UP FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 28, 1916.

MEXICO

After deliberating for three months, the American-Mexican Commission, in the last days of November, agreed upon a plan for the withdrawal of our troops from Mexican territory along the border. According to the terms of this agreement our troops will be recalled in forty days, provided the conditions in northern Mexico are such as to justify their removal, and provided further that Carranza has by that time given proof that he is able to protect our territory from raids. After the American troops have been withdrawn, the border on the Mexican side is to be patrolled by the troops of Carranza, while our own troops are to patrol the American side. The troops of both sides are to work together in the effort to preserve peace. In a memorandum to the agreement, the United States Government asserts its right to cross the border in pursuit of Mexican bandits who have invaded American territory. The document, after being signed by the members of the commission, was sent to President Carranza for his approval.

Early in December it was somewhat difficult to see how Carranza would be able to give proof that he could protect the border from the raids of invaders, for he could not at that time protect even one of his own cities, Chihuahua, from the assaults of Villa, the very man who once invaded our territory. In the attack upon Chihuahua, Villa seemed to have risen from his rank as a bandit and regained the position of a general. He commanded several thousand men, whose movements resembled those of an army. This army, it is true, was poorly equipped and was, in fact, little more than a mob. But the army which Car-

ranza sent against him, and which he defeated, was also poorly equipped and was in some respects little better than a mob. Indeed, as between the forces of Carranza and those of the bandits, it is too often a case of mob against mob. And herein lies the weakness of the Carranza government and the apparent hopelessness of the Mexican situation.

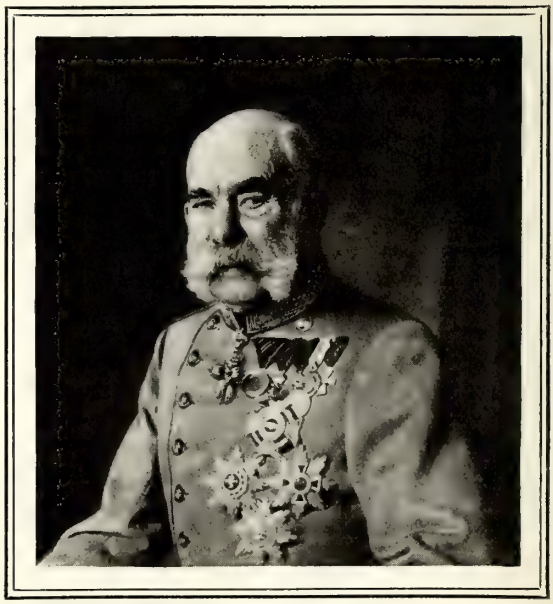
THE HIGH PRICE OF BREAD

IN our November number attention was called to the way in which the price of almost everything is rising, and it was pointed out that the advance in wheat and flour must of necessity be followed by a corresponding increase in the price of bread. This has already begun. Housekeepers are now paying six and even seven cents for a loaf which they have been accustomed to buy for five cents And the price may go even higher, for flour is still soaring. It is predicted that it may go to twenty dollars a barrel, and that, instead of complaining about the six- and seven-cent bread, housekeepers will be lucky if they can buy wheat bread at ten cents a loaf. If this prediction should come true, the poor will suffer in a way that the well-to-do cannot easily realize or understand. In comfortable homes the cost of bread is, after all, not such a very important item of expense when compared with the whole cost of living, but, in the homes of the very poor, bread is in truth "the staff of life," and the amount of money spent for it is much larger than that spent for any other article of food. Where the family is large, five or six loaves are consumed every day, and nearly one third of all the money that can be spared for food is spent for bread. The poorer the family is, the greater, in proportion to its income, is this sum. With this truth in mind, we can easily learn how cruelly the poor are affected by a rise in the price of bread. Let us suppose that a family has been spending each week two dollars for bread and five dollars for meats and vegetables and other articles of diet. Now if the price of bread is doubled, the amount spent for this article will be more than doubled, for as there will be less money for meats and vegetables, more bread than usual will have to be bought in order to feed the family. So if the price of bread is doubled, it is likely that this family will be compelled to spend nearly five dollars a week for bread and will have only about two dollars for all other articles of diet. That is to say, it will be compelled to live almost entirely on bread. This in itself would mean a kind of starvation, for the human system requires a varied diet. The human body cannot be nourished properly on bread alone.

Is it possible to protect the poor from the suffering which they must experience if the price of bread continues to rise? It has been proposed that Congress place an embargo on wheat, forbidding for a period its exportation to foreign countries. If this should be done, it is likely that we should at once go back to the five-cent loaf, for, so far as our own needs are concerned, our crop of wheat is large enough to give us plenty of bread at a fair price. It is the enormous shipment of foodstuffs to foreign countries that is doing most to raise the price of bread in American markets. It is almost certain that the question of preventing further shipments will come up before Congress at the present session, and that our statesmen will have to decide whether we shall keep for ourselves the foodstuffs we have produced, or whether a part of them shall be sent abroad to feed the hungry in foreign lands.

It should be added that, as an offset to the increased cost of the necessities of life, many of the country's great corporations and business houses have raised the wages of their employees.

FRANCIS JOSEPH, THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA



Photograph by Brown Bros.

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

THE death of the venerable Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, removes from the stormy scene of European affairs a most remarkable figure. For sixty-eight years this monarch was the ruler

of the Austrian people, or rather he was the ruler of the many different peoples who lived within the dominion of the Austrian Empire. For Austria, or Austria-Hungary, as the empire is more properly called, is a nation of many races, the population containing large groups of almost



Photograph by Brown Bros.

CHARLES I, THE NEW EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

every branch of the human family—Germans, Magyars, Poles, Czechs, Hebrews, Italians, Slavs. Even the strange people known as Gipsies are present in great numbers, it being estimated that Austria contains nearly 100,000 of this wandering folk. Over this medley of races the emperor held sway for more than two generations. He won the respect and confidence of his subjects, and exerted a powerful influence over them. There were times when his loosely jointed empire seemed on the point of falling to pieces, but he was always able to hold it together. As long as he lived—and his life was prolonged until his eighty-sixth year—his name served as the symbol of Austrian unity.

What will happen to Austria now that the old emperor is gone and the power of his name is no longer felt? Much will depend upon the character of Charles Francis, the grandnephew and the successor of Francis Joseph. This new ruler of Austria, a young man of twenty-nine, as a boy attended the public schools, where he sat on the benches beside the sons of tradesmen, mechanics, and others belonging to the ordinary walks of life. During the years of his education, therefore, he associated with his future subjects and had the opportunity to learn how common people think and feel. He is a thoroughly trained soldier, and, for the last two years and a half, he has been constantly at the front fighting, sometimes against the Italians, sometimes against the Russians. So it would seem that the young emperor is in some important respects well-fitted for the tasks which await him as a ruler.

THE GREAT WAR

As 1916 drew to a close the war situation was more distressing than ever. Another year of carnage had passed, and no really decisive result had been accomplished—although the Germans had brought well nigh to completion a vigorous, and, from a military point of view, brilliant, campaign against Rumania. Within about one hundred days from the date when the Balkan kingdom declared war against the Central Empires, its armies had been steadily driven back across the Carpathians, and the soldiers of the German commanders, Mackensen and Falkenhayn, had joined forces less than twenty miles from the Rumanian capital, Bucharest, and despite the desperate and continued efforts of the Russians and Rumanians to save the city, it was captured on December 6.

But even this conquest, it was declared on all sides, would prove only a minor event in the war as a whole, and would bring the vast conflict not much nearer to a conclusion. The pity of it all is that the embattled nations seem to be fully resigned to the fact that the war must go on. True, Germany was saying that she was willing to make peace; but in the same breath she was asking the German people to gird themselves for further warfare and greater victories. As for the Allies, they declared that they were engaged in a mighty effort to "ward off a most formidable conspiracy against the liberties of Europe," and that they were thinking only of victory. Even the mention of the word "peace," therefore, at this time was distasteful to them. So eager was Great Britain to carry on the fight to the bitter end that her leaders announced to the world at large that any outsider who should venture to interfere, with the purpose of restoring peace, would be regarded as an enemy of the British nation. With six of the greatest powers on earth thus arrayed against each other, in a conflict that grows more terrible year by year, this war must be regarded as by far the greatest calamity in human history. And as yet there is no prospect of its ending at any early day.



Photograph by Wm. Weiss & Co.

"A QUARRY WHERE THE SANDSTONE HAS BEEN STRIPPED OF ITS THIN EARTH COVERING."

SAWING A HOUSE OUT OF A BACK YARD

SUPPOSE you wanted stone to build a house and I were to tell you that all you had to do was to take a saw, go into your back yard, there saw out blocks of stone, white and beautiful, set them up, making a house as pretty as a picture, and then go to living in it. Would you believe that such a thing could ever anywhere be all true? Well, it is. As true as that there is a small little, green little island called Bermuda, where are to be seen these stone houses, steeped in brilliant sunshine.

Bermuda is not a single island but is the name given to a group of islands, probably more than one hundred in number, clustered together in the Atlantic Ocean, nearly seven hundred miles from New York City. The area of all the islands and rocks taken together is about twenty square miles, less than that of Manhattan Island. But what Bermuda lacks in size, it more than makes up in beauty—the beauty of its green fields, of its lily-farms, of its famous oleanders, of its great trees, and of its shimmering, peacock-blue waters. But among all these beautiful features of Bermuda, one must not forget the beautiful houses—all of a pure, dazzling white, and all sawn right out of the grounds of some Bermudian estate.

When a native of Bermuda decides that he wants to build a house, he goes to some quarry

where the soft, rich, creamy coral sandstone has been stripped of its thin earth covering, and begins sawing. He, or some one employed by him, with a long, coarse-toothed saw, cuts out blocks of stone measuring about two feet long, one foot wide, and six inches thick. As soon as he has quarried enough of these blocks, he allows them to stand in the open air for a few weeks to harden, for when first cut they are as full of holes as a Swiss cheese, and almost as soft. The hardening period over, the blocks are placed one on top of another to form the walls, and one beside another on a supporting framework, overlapping a little at their upper and lower edges, to make the roof.

When the building has been erected, the Bermudian covers his outside walls and roof with a thick coat of whitewash, which hides all the cracks and joints and holes in the stone and gives the house a smooth, beautiful finish which is very pleasant to the eye and just as pleasant to the sense of touch. Even the big chimneys, the porches, and the fences are built of the same stone.

These white roofs have another important office, for the rain that falls upon them, as it runs off, is caught and led into cisterns. It is easy to understand how important this is when one learns that there are no streams or wells in Bermuda, and that the islanders are thus entirely dependent on these cisterns for their water-supply.

JOSEPH LAUREN.

A SERMON IN PETRIFIED BONES

WE are told to read sermons in stones; but not often is a sermon so easily read as the one in that collection of stones—petrified bones—exhibited in the National Museum in Washington to show the evolution of the horse.

The nub of the sermon is: Be a specialist; do one thing the best it can be done, and great achievement will be yours. The prehistoric horse was a specialist in one line; and in consequence he preserved his species long after larger, stronger, but less resourceful animals than he became extinct. The companions of his infancy are now to be found only as fossil remains embedded in the deep strata of the earth's crust. Of the more important prehistoric creatures, he alone survives. Because he became a specialist, he has been able to exist in an unbroken line for three million years, the supreme triumph of mundane longevity. So far as lineage is concerned, man with his thousands of years of civilization is still a toddling infant when compared with the horse.

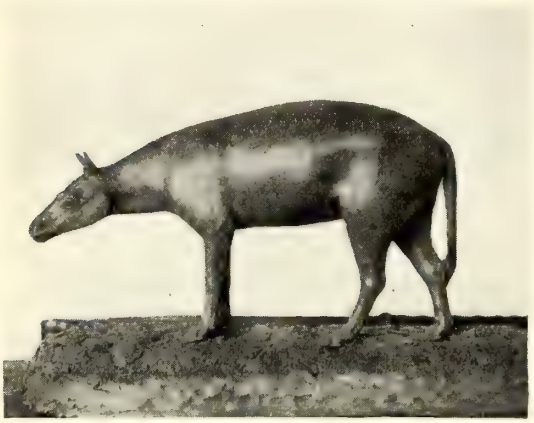
For, you must know, "the little Eohippus, who wanted to be a horse," soon began to walk on his middle toes to achieve his ambition. He was the granddaddy of all the horses. He was about a foot high, and he skipped over the Tertiary rocks on front feet with four toes and hind ones with three.

A geologist, finding Eohippus's remains, and unaware that he had preserved himself, would



"THE BEAUTIFUL BERMUDA HOUSES—ALL OF A PURE, DAZZLING WHITE."

not have given a cent for his chances. He could n't fight; he was neither predatory nor protected But he could run! And he found plenty of occasion to practise his gift of sprinting, for the earth



THE LITTLE EOHIPPUS, OR "DAWN HORSE." (ONE TENTH NATURAL SIZE.)

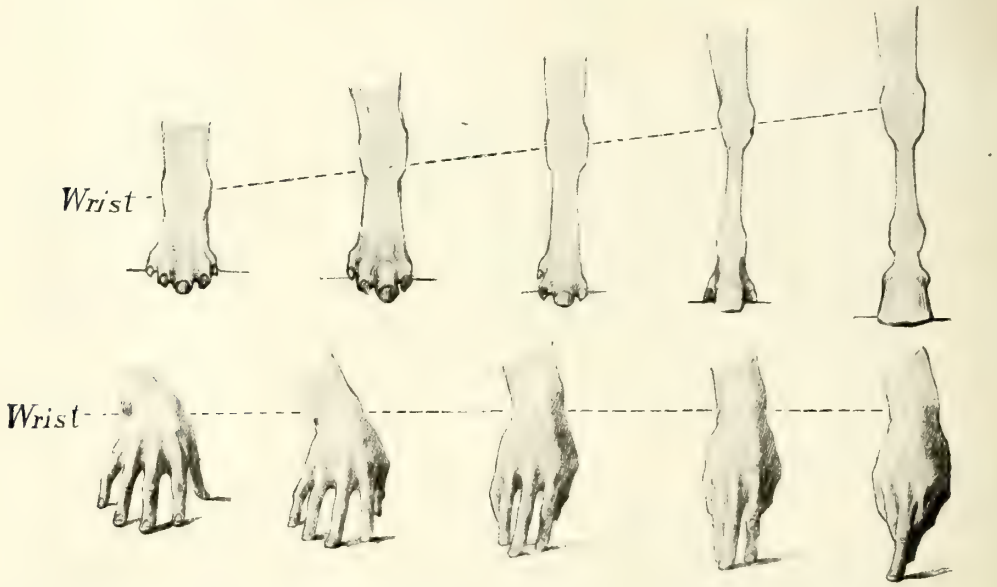
From the restoration by Dr. J. W. Gibley.

was filled with terrible monsters of air, land, and water, whose favorite food was Eohippus meat. He needed to run so fast to escape these dangers that he even found most of his toes in the way. They hindered him by their excess friction.

So he began running upon single toes of each foot. This method of self-preservation was so successful that he continued at it; and then nature became his ally. The single toes lengthened and strengthened, the single claws developed into horny hoofs, while the unused toes weakened and finally either disappeared altogether or remained as the stumpy vestiges which you can see on the ankles of horses to-day.

The horse thus became a specialist in speed. Starting out in creation about the size of a fox, he came to learn that the longer one's legs, the greater one's speed So his legs grew longer as ages of evolution passed. But longer legs require more power to operate them efficiently, so the horse developed a great barrel of a body and massive shoulder and hip muscles. This in turn created a dilemma for him, since he must still feed upon the ground. So his neck and head lengthened in proportion, in order that his teeth (also specially developed for their task) might crop the grass

The great armored creatures of the dawn of existence—the flying reptiles, the mammoth lizards that shook the ground with their thunderous tread—seemed much better fitted to survive than little Eohippus. But they were so protected by their size and ferocity that there was no need for them to specialize in any particular or to exert any class ingenuity. Every trace of their lines has disappeared, while Eohippus, existing only by virtue of his resourcefulness, survives to-day in his descendants.

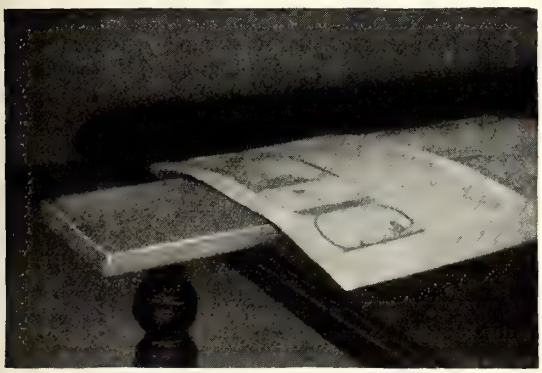


THE FOOT OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HORSES SHOWING, BY COMPARISON WITH THE HUMAN HAND, HOW THE HORSE IN AGES OF EVOLUTION CAME TO WALK UPON THE TIP OF THE MIDDLE TOE.

Eohippus comes from two Greek words meaning the "Dawn Horse." ROBERT F. WILSON.

FEELING THE PRESSURE OF AIR

A SINGULAR little experiment to demonstrate the pressure of the air is very puzzling to those who are not familiar with it. The first thing is to secure a board which may be about two feet in length, five or six inches wide, and half an inch thick. Now place this upon a table in such a way that six inches or so project beyond the edge, as shown in the accompanying photograph. Cover that part of the board which is on the table with a piece of newspaper. Now what will happen if the clenched fist is brought down with a quick hard blow on that part of the board that projects beyond the table? Most people will say at once that the board will be knocked off the table. But this is just what does not take place, providing



READY FOR THE EXPERIMENT.

that the blow is so quickly given that the downward pressure is exerted for only a fraction of a second. However hard the blow may be, in these conditions, the board will remain just as if weighted down to the table. But if one should press slowly, even with the little finger, the board is quite easily tilted up.

This apparent mystery is explained in the following manner: as is well known, the atmosphere weighs down upon all objects at the earth's surface with a pressure that is about equal to fifteen pounds on every square inch. Owing to the fact that this pressure is at ordinary times evenly exerted in all directions, it has no noticeable effect. In the little experiment under consideration the board remains fast on the table because the atmosphere is pressing down on the *top side only* at the moment the blow is delivered, and if the knock is given very sharply, there is no time for the air to rush between the table and the paper covering and so to the under side of the board to equalize the pressure. Thus it is just as if the board were kept in position by great weights piled on top of it, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the board would snap off before it could be moved with a *sudden* blow. On the other hand, where the pressure is deliberate and prolonged, even though it is only given with one finger, there is plenty of time for the air to pass under the board. There being nothing then to counteract the shock, the board falls from the table.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

THE LANGUAGE OF FOOTPRINTS

YOU have often heard it said that "actions speak louder than words." It is a fact that both voluntary and involuntary actions of the body tell truly the mind's purpose, and this is why the Indian studies so assiduously every record of the comings and goings of his fellow creatures, both animal and human.

The footprint, I want you to bear in mind, is, first of all, a picture of all the prominent points on the sole. The ball of the foot, the heel and toes, hoof and claw, each makes its own impress. Even the fish make theirs with their fins, which to them are hands and feet. This is the wood-dweller's autograph. More than this, each series of footprints tells a bit of history, perhaps betrays a secret to the instructed eye, and the natural Indian did not neglect to drill his child thoroughly in this important branch of learning.

I will now ask you to enter the forest with me. First, scan the horizon, then look deep into the blue vault above you, to adjust your nerves and the muscles of your eyes, just as you do other muscles by stretching them. There is still another point; you have spread a blank upon the retina, and you have cleared the decks of your mind, your soul, for action.

Let us divide our scouts into small groups; one alone is sometimes best, when you are pretty well advanced in this study, but at first two or three, with a head scout or teacher, are better. We will assume that you have passed the primary test; that is, you have learned to recognize the footprints of mice, birds, squirrels, rabbits, and perhaps to some extent the next set, those of the dog, the cat, the fox, and the wolf.

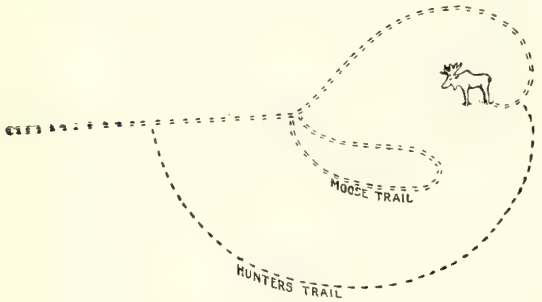
It is a crisp winter morning, and upon the glistening fresh snow we see everywhere the story of the early hours, now clear and plain, now tangled and illegible, where every traveler has left his mark upon the clean, white surface for you to decipher.

The first question is, Who is he? The second, Where is he now? Around these two points you must proceed to construct your story.

If the snow is not deep, the imprint of the toes and even the claw-marks are very distinct; but in deep, soft snow you have only the holes made

by the foot and leg. Some animals, such as the cow, drag their feet, while the wolf kind make a mark much like the print of a cane. This is also true of the cat family; the distinguishing difference is in the gait, as shown in the relative position of the footprints, and this is a matter that calls for careful attention. The break in each print is usually greater behind than before, and this tells you in which direction the animal is going.

The rabbit makes innumerable tracks as soon as it stops snowing, and we may be sure that its burrow is not far distant, for, unless food is scarce or danger imminent, they will not leave their own immediate locality. As to larger animals, other affairs often lead them far afield, and



HOW THE MOOSE WAS TRAILED.

wolves and bears cover much ground; yet even these have their favorite haunts, and they are masters of their map. All these things the student of footprints should bear in mind.

It is essential to estimate as closely as you can how much of a journey you undertake if you determine to follow a particular trail. Many factors enter into this. When you come upon the trail, you must, if possible, ascertain when it was made. Examine the outline; if that is undisturbed and the loose snow left on the surface has not yet settled, the track is very fresh, as even an inexperienced eye can tell. Next determine the sex, and, finally, the age if you can; all these come into the problem of getting your game. It is easy to tell the sex of the deer family by their footprints; the female has sharper hoofs and a narrower foot, while the male has rounded points to the hoofs.

It will also be necessary to consider the time of year. It is of no use to follow a buck when he starts out on his travels in the autumn, and with the moose or elk it is the same. If the track is a running one, the question is, was it made in play or in flight? Look at the toes; if they are widely spread, the run was for sport and exercise; if close together, it was a race for life. Many animals for safety's sake throw a cloud of manœuvers about them before they lie down to rest. For instance, at the end of the trail they make two loops, and conceal themselves at a point where the pursuer must, if he sticks to the trail, pass close by their hiding-place and give timely warning of his approach. This trick is notably a characteristic of the deer and rabbit families.

The tracking of an animal in summer is naturally much more difficult than in winter, unless the footprints are on soft ground. Accordingly, the Indian hunter is even keener in his observations; he looks for the displacement of leaves and blades of grass, or broken dry sticks. These slight displacements will adjust themselves in a short time, to be sure; but in hunting, the fresh track is what is wanted. Other tracks are not much followed, except those of man or bear from whom danger is to be feared. A new trail, especially one made during a dewy night, is easy to trace the next morning, and on the open prairie the reflection of sun on the grass blades helps, so that sometimes a few paces away one may see the trail clearly.

Returning to winter trailing, I remember well an example of perfect accuracy set by my uncle, who was a famous hunter. I was then a boy of about fifteen, living with my people in the wilds of Manitoba.

We came suddenly upon a moose track, evidently made the day before, as the upturned snow was frosted over by a night's cold. He stopped and surveyed the lay of the country. A little way ahead a ravine led down to a lake, of which the outlet was densely wooded with willows and birches. We followed the trail down the ravine and along the lake shore until we reached this stream, and here my uncle paused and climbed a tree.

When he came down, he examined his gun and put in a fresh load, then proceeded cautiously a few paces, when we came upon another trail crossing the first almost at right angles. It, too, was a day old. To my surprise, my uncle now motioned to me to stay where I was, and, throwing off some of his garments and adjusting his moccasins, he ran back on his trail. I waited about half an hour, when I heard the report of his gun, and soon after he returned with the good news, "I got him!"

The diagram shows you how it was done. The moose had covered his position by a swinging loop, and was lying down facing the first turn. At that time of year, they may remain thus for several days. He had seen that we did not enter the loop, and felt safe. My uncle, knowing the

trick, had run back a hundred yards or so, then circled behind the loop, and approached him from the rear, where he easily brought him down.

Among the Indians, the study of human footprints was carried to a fine point. Many of us would be able to say at a glance, "Here goes So-and-So," with perfect accuracy. Even the children would recognize instantly the footprint of a stranger from another tribe. It was claimed by some that character may be read from the footprint, just as some white people undertake to read it from the handwriting, on the ground that certain characteristic attitudes and motions of the body, reflecting mental peculiarities, affect the gait and consequently the pedal autograph. At any rate, our people were close readers of character, and I do not hesitate to say that faithful study of the language of footprints in all its details will be certain to develop your insight as well as your powers of observation.

CHARLES A. EASTMAN (OHIYESA).

LIFE OF A TWELVE-INCH GUN

SIR ROBERT HADFIELD, the noted English maker of projectiles, is authority for the statement that the useful life of a modern high-velocity gun is about three seconds. Which is to say that the time taken by the shell in traveling through the gun, from powder chamber to muzzle, multiplied by the total number of rounds that can be fired before the rifling is so worn as to impair the accuracy, gives a total useful life of only three seconds. Rather a short life for, let us say, a twelve-inch gun costing from fifty thousand to sixty thousand dollars.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

APPLIED SCIENCE & MECHANICS FOR BOYS

INCLUDING BRIEF ARTICLES OF THE "HOW TO MAKE IT" SERIES

BY J. S. NEWMAN

EASY ELECTRICAL LESSONS

WHAT is electricity?

No one knows.

Many scientists have told us what they thought electricity was. But no one really knows. We do know, however, a great many things *about* electricity. We know how to use it and how to manufacture it. We light our homes and run our shops with it. We warm ourselves and cool ourselves with it. We send messages thousands of miles with it.

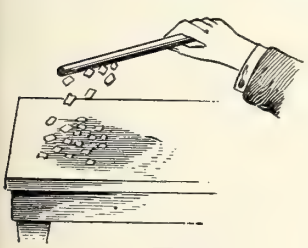


Fig. 1a

What a truly wonderful thing electricity is! Every boy, and every girl too, for that matter, ought to know something about it, for they will find it intensely interesting. Let us start at the beginning. With a few simple pieces of apparatus, we shall soon learn many things.

STATIC ELECTRICITY

WHEN a dry, clean, glass rod is rubbed vigorously with a piece of dry, warm silk, a charge of electricity accumulates on the rod. It is called "static" electricity.

EXPERIMENT 1. Rub a glass rod (it can be obtained from your druggist) with a piece of silk fabric, both having been previously warmed and dried. Then hold the rod next to several tiny pieces of tissue-paper. The paper will jump up toward the glass rod and stick to it (Fig. 1A). Thus we see that a glass rod when rubbed with silk has a certain power which an ordinary glass rod has not. It has been "charged" with electricity.

EXPERIMENT 2. Rub a rubber comb with a piece of warm, dry fur, then hold the comb near the small bits of tissue-paper. The paper will jump up to the comb and stick to it. Thus we see that a piece of hard rubber when vigorously stroked with a piece of fur accumulates a charge of electricity.

Experiments 1 and 2 show us how to "generate" or make "static" electricity by using glass and silk or rubber and fur.

Any two different substances when rubbed together generate static electricity. Some substances generate it better than others. Those that we have used in our experiments generate it readily.

HOW TO MAKE AN ELECTROSCOPE

AN electroscope is a simple instrument for detecting electric charges. Cut a piece of silk

thread six or eight inches long, and at each end of it tie a tiny cork ball a half inch in diameter. When this is done, the two balls should be four

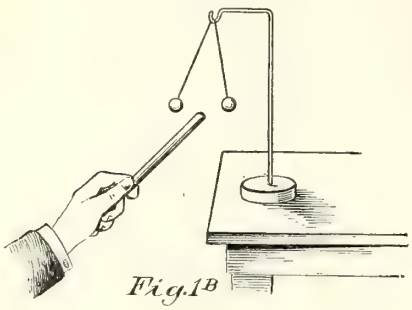


Fig. 1B

inches apart. Cut off all loose ends of silk and then support the thread at the center on an insulating stand, as shown in figure 1B. The stand is made of a piece of bent wire fastened to a wooden base. Our electroscope is now complete.

EXPERIMENT 3. Rub your glass rod once more with the piece of silk, thus charging it with electricity. Bring the rod near the two suspended cork balls on your electroscope. The balls jump toward the rod and stick to it for a moment, and then are violently repelled from it. They try to avoid the glass rod. They also avoid each other and hang apart. Now touch the balls with your fingers. Their repulsion for one another vanishes, and once more they hang peacefully side by side.

EXPERIMENT 4. Repeat experiment 3, but instead of the glass rod use the comb, properly charged. The cork balls on the electroscope act in exactly the same way as when the rod was employed.

EXPERIMENT 5. Charge the cork balls on your electroscope with the rubbed glass rod until they hang apart, that is, until they are repelled both by the rod and by one another. Now bring the charged rubber comb near the balls. The balls, instead of being repelled, as they were by the charged glass rod, are now greatly attracted by the comb. This is strange—the glass rod and the rubber comb seem to have accumulated different kinds of electricity, since one of them attracts the cork balls, and the other one repels them! You are quite right. The rod is charged with a different kind of electricity from the comb.

Thus we learn that there is more than one kind of static electricity. When a glass rod is rubbed with silk, it accumulates a charge of *"positive"* electricity. When a piece of hard rubber is stroked with fur, it accumulates a charge of *"negative"* electricity. We now come to an important electrical law, and after performing the above experiments we shall readily understand it.

An electric charge, whether *positive* or *negative*, will attract any uncharged substance, like cork for instance.

A positive charge will repel any substance already charged with positive electricity.

A negative charge will repel any substance already charged with negative electricity.

A positive charge will attract any substance charged with negative electricity.

A negative charge will attract any substance charged with positive electricity.

The electrical law is usually quoted as follows:

Like charges repel each other. Unlike charges attract each other.

HOW TO MAKE A TELEPHONE FOR FIFTY CENTS

WHEN Alexander Graham Bell tried to interest capitalists in his invention of the telephone he had a rather difficult time of it.

"It is ridiculous," said these wealthy gentlemen, "to think of actually sending such a complex thing as the human voice over wires. The telephone is an interesting toy, but it can never be made practical enough for real use." And yet it is said that every hundred dollars invested at that time has now paid the original stockholders the astonishing profit of $200,000!

Like all great inventions, the telephone is really a very simple apparatus. I am going to tell you how to make one yourself. The only part you will have to purchase is the receiver. Perhaps you have an old telephone-receiver, or can find one in some second-hand shop. At any event, a good telephone-receiver can be purchased from any experimenter's supply-shop or electrical mail-order house for about fifty cents. I advise buying the receiver, not because it is complicated, but because it requires more tools to make it than the average experimenter possesses. You will need the following materials:

One cigar-box.

One piece of thin tin from a square cocoa-box.

Some old battery carbons or arc-light carbons.

A few feet of copper wire No. 26.

Some small nails or brads.

A new or second-hand telephone-receiver of any kind.

All this material, except the receiver, can be easily secured by any wide-awake boy at practically no expense. Select a cigar-box about 2 x 4 x 8 inches in size, and with a sharp pocket-knife cut a round hole in the bottom (see figure 1) about 2¼ inches in diameter. Now cut the piece of thin tin just large enough to cover the

hole in the cigar-box, and with a small nail punch four tiny holes as shown in figure 2.

File out a small piece of battery or arc-light carbon, about ¾ inch long, ¼ inch thick, and ½ inch wide, as shown in figure 3. File four small grooves on the edges of one surface of the carbon as shown at A, B, C, and D. With a few inches of medium-fine, bare copper wire (about No. 26) bind the small piece of carbon to the tin plate by passing the wire through the holes in the tin and around the grooves in the carbon, as shown in figure 4. Twist the ends of the wire so as tightly to bind the carbon block to the tin. Now punch four more holes in the corners of the tin, as shown at E, F, G, H in figure 4. Place the tin, with the carbon block facing inward, directly over the hole in the bottom of the cigar-box, and with very small tacks or brads nail the tin to the bottom of the box as shown in figure 5.

Before nailing the tin bearing the carbon block to the bottom of the cigar-box, a six-inch length of copper wire should be slipped under one nail, as shown at X, figure 5, to make contact with the tin. Then drive the nail down tight, thus holding the wire firmly between the tin and the wood.

Next cut a strip of tin about five inches long and ⅜ inch wide. File a tiny block of carbon ¼ inch square by ½ inch long, pointing one end, as shown in figure 6. Figure 7 shows how this tiny carbon point is fastened firmly to one end of the tin strip by wrapping the strip once about it *very tightly*. The other end of the strip is then bent at right angles, as shown in figure 7, and two nail-holes are punched at M and N.

Figure 8 shows how the entire transmitter is assembled. Note that the carbon point and its tin-strip holder are so arranged that the point rests very lightly against the carbon block already bound to the tin plate. The tin strip is nailed to one side of the cigar-box, after another short length of copper wire has been slipped underneath one of the nails at Y before nailing the

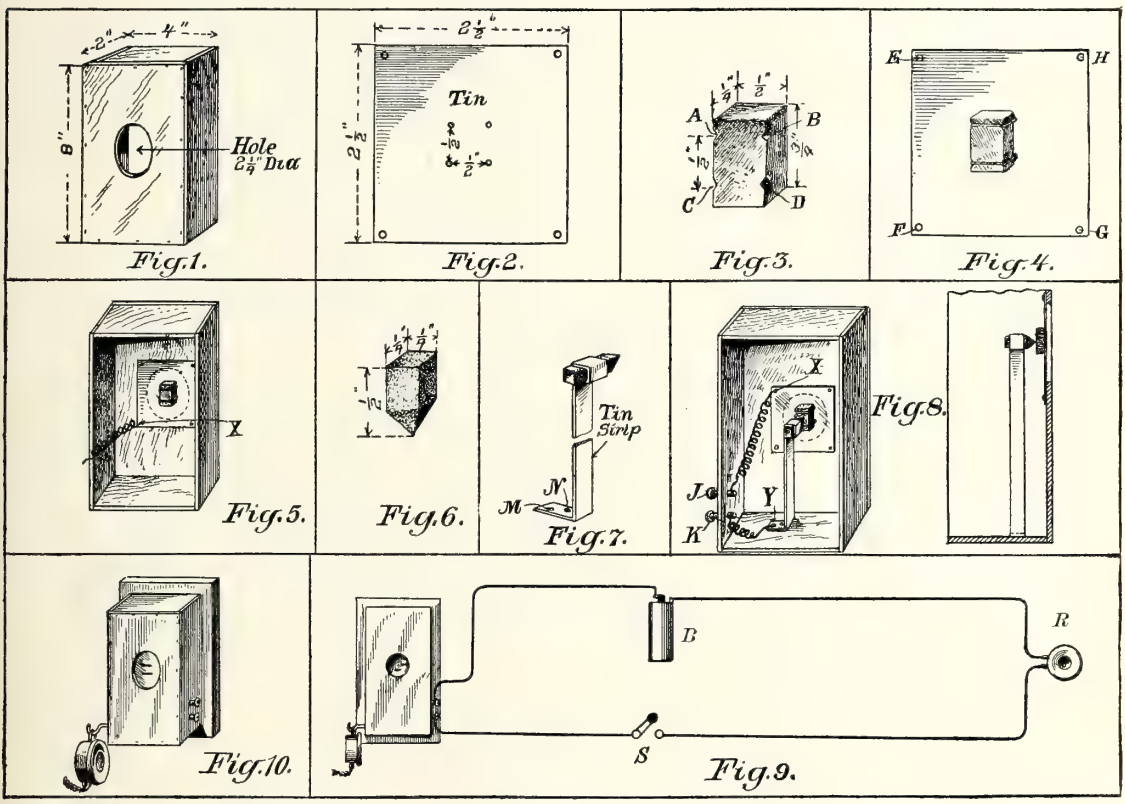


Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3. Fig. 4. Fig. 5. Fig. 6. Fig. 7. Fig. 8. Fig. 10. Fig. 9.

HOW TO MAKE A TELEPHONE.

Fig. 1. Cigar-box, with hole in bottom; Fig 2. Piece of tin, punched for carbon; Fig 3. Carbon block; Fig. 4. How the carbon block is bound to the tin; Fig. 5. The diaphragm in place, showing contact-wire at X; Fig. 6. The carbon point; Fig. 7. The carbon point in its tin holder; Fig. 8. Showing how the transmitter is assembled. Figure at the right shows detail of contact between carbon block and point; Fig. 9. Showing electrical connections for a "one-way" system. Two sets are needed for talking back and forth. A switch may be arranged at S for shutting off the battery when telephone is not in use; Fig. 10. Showing how the transmitter may be mounted.

strip tight. Two small screws are now driven into one side of the box at J and K. The loose end of the wire fastened at Y is wrapped about one of these screws, and the wire from X goes to the other. These screws are contacts or binding-posts. Our transmitter is now complete.

Figure 9 shows how it is used and connected.

Note that each part of the completed outfit is so connected as to make an "endless chain."

The electrical term for this arrangement is called a "circuit." Thus, we start by connecting a wire from one post of the transmitter to one post of the battery (B). Then a wire is connected from the remaining battery-post to one of the posts of the receiver (R), and from the remaining receiver-post back again to the remaining transmitter-post.

In figure 9 is indicated a simple switch, S, for cutting off the battery current when the telephone is not in use. This is easily constructed by cutting a piece of tin ½ inch wide by 2 inches long for the lever, and using a tack for the contact point. Or, a switch of this kind may be purchased for ten cents.

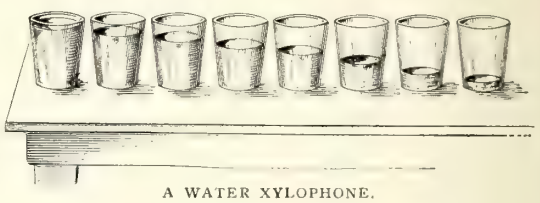
The battery may be secured for the asking from any garage, as worn-out automobile-cells will serve very well. The transmitter may be placed in one room and the receiver in another, or the arrangement may be used between two near-by houses. Talk into the front of the cigar-box directly at the tin plate, which will be visible through the hole. The cigar-box may be mounted on a neat back, as shown in figure 10, a hook being arranged for the receiver to hang on, where a two-way line is set up.

The tension of the carbon point against the carbon block must be very light and can be determined by experiment. The voice is carried to the transmitter by sound waves, as every one knows. These waves make the tin plate vibrate, thus changing the pressure between the carbon block and the carbon point. This change of pressure changes the amount of electric current flowing through the telephone-receiver in exact accordance with the vibrations caused by the human voice. Thus the tiny magnet in the receiver is alternately magnetized and demagnetized, causing a tin disk in the receiver to reproduce the vibrations of the voice. By placing the receiver to the ear, the voice can plainly be heard. Of course, in order to carry on a conversation back and forth both stations must have a receiver and a transmitter. Always disconnect the battery by means of the switch after using the telephone.

THE XYLOPHONE AND HOW TO MAKE ONE

Some rainy day when you have "nothing to do" make a xylophone.

Secure any number of glass tumblers or bottles of similar shape. Set them in a row on the table. Get a pitcher full of water and fill several



A WATER XYLOPHONE.

of the glasses or bottles to various depths. You will note that when you lightly strike these glasses with a spoon or pencil each one gives out a different tone or note. The more water in the glass, the lower the note.

With this information it will be easy for you so to fill each glass that the entire set will represent the musical scale. At least one octave, or eight notes, should be so provided. Of course, if desired, you may so fill glasses as to give sharps and flats, thus requiring thirteen glasses to the octave.

With a little practice you can play simple tunes on this arrangement. Indeed, if good bottles are used, the tone will be very pretty. Perhaps you have seen one of these water xylophones used in vaudeville.

The principle is simply one of sound-wave frequency. Sound is caused by disturbing the air. If the air is made to vibrate in regular impulses, a note or tone results. If the air is violently disturbed, a crash or noise is heard. When you strike a glass tumbler with a spoon, the walls of the tumbler vibrate and make sound-waves in the air, just as a pebble, dropped into water, will make water-waves. The faster the glass vibrates, the higher the resultant note will be; thus, when the glass is partly filled with water its vibration is slower and the sound note is lower. The more water there is in the glass, the lower the note will be.

The study of sound, sound-waves, notes, and harmony is a very lengthy one, but extremely interesting. Many of you will be much interested in reading the famous book on sound, written by England's well-known scientist, John Tyndall.

ONE CHRISTMAS DAY

BY MRS. CARL BANK

Mother was ill. The doctor had said that she must have an ocean voyage, and that she could *not* take the children with her. Only Dad could go.

At first Mother declared she could not put the ocean between her and her two dearest dears, but after the doctor had talked to her sternly, and Dad had talked soberly, and Buddy and Eleanor —after Father had taken them into the library and told them *why* Mother must go—had talked coaxingly, Mother decided that if Aunty May would come and stay with the children, she would go.

And Aunty May did.

When Dad and Mother sailed from San Francisco, it was beautiful June, but one by one the months slipped away until now it was only thirty days to Christmas.

For weeks Buddy and Eleanor had been trying to think of something to send Dad and Mother, but as yet they had not thought of anything *nice* enough, and the steamer would sail for Hongkong in just two days.

Down in the library before the fire they were holding a council of war, as Buddy said, and Aunty May was very serious as she announced, "Now every one must put on his thinking-cap and see who can think of the *very nicest* thing to send!"

And they did.

There was silence in the library for five minutes, and only the snapping fire and the busy little clock said a word.

The busy little clock seemed to say: "Anything! Anything! Send it to 'em! Send it to 'em!" But that did n't help at all.

Suddenly Aunty May cried: "I have it! Come here, my dears, and let me whisper it to you."

"Great!" Buddy declared; and Eleanor danced in delight.

The days flew by, and now it was Christmas morning in Hong-Kong. Christmas in Hong-Kong is much like Christmas in San Francisco—no snow or ice, but sunshine and flowers. Nevertheless, it was crisp and cool.

Mother was, oh, so much better! But she was not very happy! The steamer from San Francisco, which had been due the twenty-second, had not yet arrived, and Mother was just *homesick* for a letter. She sat huddled over the small fire in the grate, thinking of her two dear children so far away, when in walked Dad, his arms full of packages and mail.

"Merry Christmas, Mother!" he called. "The old steamer came in in the night, and here are letters from home, and a package from the children." He laid an oblong box on Mother's knee. "Would n't you know Bud's writing if you saw it in Timbuctoo?" He laughed like a boy. You see, Dad was almost as homesick as Mother, but he tried to hide it to cheer her up.

"Hurry up and open it!" Mother cried, and Dad cut the stout cord with one sweep of his sharp knife.

"What in the world—" he began, as he held up a cardboard cylinder. But Mother's sharp eyes had recognized it.

"Oh, Dad!" she cried in a disappointed voice, "it 's only a record—a phonograph record! What do you suppose those blessed, foolish children have done—sent us the latest American song? Go down to the office and borrow a phonograph!"

In five minutes Dad was back with a native boy carrying the necessary instrument. When they were alone again, Dad put on the record, and he and Mother sat hand in hand waiting to hear the song from over the seas.

For a moment there was only a whirring sound, then came Buddy's voice just as plainly as though he were there in the room speaking to them!

"Merry Christmas, Mother and Dad! I hope you are having a good time. I got good marks at school, and we 're getting along very well, only we miss you both so much. Come home soon. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

Dad and Mother looked at each other in astonishment, but before either could speak there was more whirring, and then came a high, sweet, little-girl voice:

"Merry Christmas, Mother and Dad! Having a good time? We are having lots of fun, and we are going to have a Christmas tree and heaps of presents! We love Aunty May, but *oh, you dear Dad and Mother!* Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The tears were running down Mother's face, and Dad looked quite teary, too.

"Just think," Mother sobbed, "of those blessed children wishing us Merry Christmas across thousands of miles! Oh, Dad, let 's go home on the next steamer!"

And they did.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



BY WILLIAM H. SAVIN, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE dawn of a New Year ushers in also the promise of a better year than ever for our beloved LEAGUE. Never has the membership been so large as at this beginning of 1917, nor the coöperation of our boys and girls more ambitious and enthusiastic. What a vast and ever-growing comradeship the LEAGUE has been and is—a happy combination of academy and festival—a veritable education in itself! No wonder the Editor welcomes each recurring anniversary as a real jubilee, when he thinks of the hosts of American young folk to whom the LEAGUE is, indeed, "a union of cheerful, fun-loving, industrious young people, bound together by worthy aims and accomplishments, and stimulated by a wide range of competitions that offer to every member a chance of recognition and success." Of some seventy thousand American boys enrolled since 1900, there are more than five thousand who, as Prize Winners, are wearing or treasuring the LEAGUE'S gold and silver badges; while a decided majority of the entire membership have found their names repeatedly included in our Roll of Honor, which thus represents a huge multitude of eager young workers. This is a record of which any organization might well be proud; and ST. NICHOLAS takes a still greater pride in it from the fact that it is these young workers themselves who have made it what it is. It belongs to them as fully as they belong to it; it is, in truth, their very own; and that they love and cherish it is evidenced by their loyal devotion to it month by month; their unflagging interest and steadfast effort in each new competition; and their genuine sorrow, voiced in many a fervent letter of regret, when they reach the age-limit and have to say good-bye to it. So let us all take renewed happiness at this New Year Season, in the thought of all that the LEAGUE means to us, and resolve that its 1917 record shall indeed surpass even the best of the years that have gone before.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 203

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Hilda Fletcher Barnard** (age 14), California. Silver badges, **E. Frances Jennings** (age 14), Connecticut; **Lucy Hunt** (age 14), New York; **Fannie R. Lichtenstein** (age 12), Louisiana; **Ruth Gardner** (age 14), New York; **Carol Crowe** (age 9), Missouri; **Ellen B. Lay** (age 17), North Carolina.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Mary Eleanor Abbott** (age 14), Connecticut.
Silver badges, **Dorothy Whiting Hawes** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Alice Hanna** (age 16), Indiana.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Marjorie Wintermute** (age 12), California; **Frances H. Lenz** (age 17), New York.
Silver badges, **J. Asher** (age 14), New Jersey; **Elizabeth E. Clarke** (age 13), New York; **Dorothy P. Woolcott** (age 13), New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Dessa K. Palmerlee** (age 16), Michigan; **Joseph Thoms Resor** (age 14), Ohio; **Margaret Littell** (age 12), New Hampshire; **Margaret G. Mahy** (age 16), Pennsylvania; **John H. Fuqua** (age 11), Illinois; **Laidlaw Williams** (age 12), Maine; **Susan B. Brown** (age 15), New York.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badge, **Janet Scott** (age 14), Illinois. **PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver badges, **E. Custis Bennett** (age 16), Pennsylvania; **John Bransby** (age 15), California; **Emily N. Gunnell** (age 13), D. C.



BY LUCIA K. SHERMAN, AGE 15.



BY PHILIP C. JONES, AGE 12.

"COMING HOME."

THE TURN OF THE ROAD

BY MARY ELEANOR ABBOTT (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1916)

YOUNG pine-trees by the roadside grow,
And near the fence tall goldenglow;
There, armed with tomahawk and bow,
Between them red-faced warriors go,
A-creeping slow and stealthily.
And could one pass that roadway's turn,
Where ever-watchful eyeballs burn?
Not one—and do it healthily!

A-down the road in prim array,
Garbed in their sober suits of gray,
A band of Pilgrims take their way
To celebrate a holiday
With neighbors who live yonder.
They smile not at the lovely view,
Their mien is stern, yet saddened, too,
As on their sins they ponder.

They reach the turn! Then, with a shout,
From their ambush the braves spring out!
The fight is fierce, but brief the bout.
Soon on the ground, in rueful rout,
The white men all lie dying.
Then cries Miles Standish, cheerfully:
"We 'll be the Indians now; and see,
I choose to do the spying!"

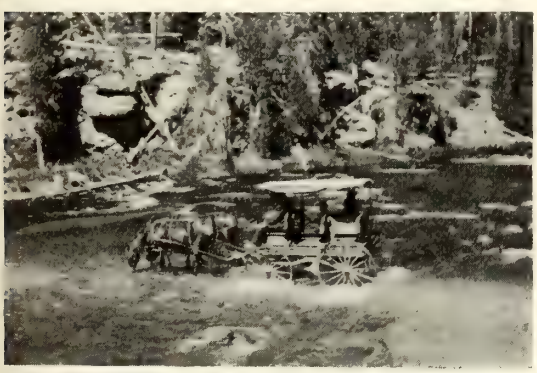
MY HERO

BY E. FRANCES JENNINGS (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

YES, he is my hero, and there could n't be found a nicer one anywhere.

His eyes are just as blue—as blue as the sky on a cool day in September; and he laughs the merriest laugh, not like little tinkling bells, but a big, hearty



"COMING HOME." BY DESSA K. PALMERLEE, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

laugh which comes 'way from the bottom of his big, soft heart. His nose is straight and sensible-looking, and his upper lip is covered by a short mustache.

His hair is brown, with a few lines of gray here and there. But, oh, he 's the jolliest fellow that ever was born! And he was born on George Washington's birthday, too, so perhaps that is one reason for his being a hero. Every boy and girl in the family comes to him with all their troubles and tears; and he laughs and kisses the tears away, and pops a candy into each of their mouths. Or if they are deeper troubles than those that bother childish minds, he listens to them, and soon brings a smile of encouragement to the anxious face.

But I have forgotten to tell you who my hero is!

You will know when I say that every time he comes home from the city there are shouts of "Daddy! Daddy! Did you bring my things?" "Where 's my



"COMING HOME." BY JOSEPH T. RESOR, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

candy?" "Got some fruit?" and many other such cries, while my kindly hero looks down upon his happy little bunch (including myself) and answers the questions put to him. I suppose every girl thinks her father is the best, but many other people say what lucky children *we* are to have him, and I agree with them!

MY HERO

BY LUCY HUNT (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

I

THE whole of Antwerp seemed crossing the bridge at once. The air was filled with the voices of the refugees fleeing with all their household goods, hurriedly packed on whatever vehicle they could find. They passed in a seemingly unending stream.

The crowd parted, and the figure of a man, tall, straight, and calm, was seen watching the people in their flight. But only for a moment—and they closed in again.

II

THE waves thundered up the beach, and the chill wind swept along, blowing the cloak of a man about him. He stood looking out upon the wintry sea. A soldier marching by saluted him. He turned and spoke a friendly word before the passer continued on his way.

III

THE shells screamed through the air and burst on all sides, while the continuous crack of the rifles added to the din and confusion on all sides. A much-decorated general approached, accompanied by a man in the uniform of an officer. The latter spoke to a soldier who was running a machine-gun. The soldier smiled and gave his place to the officer for a short time. Then, as the general and his companion went away, some one cheered. A surprised look came over the soldiers' faces, and then, recognizing their visitors, they took up the cry.

IV

THE Little Country That Lay in the Way is now a ruin. It may be restored to its owners or kept by its conquerors, but Albert of Belgium will forever be king in the hearts of his loyal subjects.

THE TURN OF THE ROAD

BY ELIZABETH CLARKE KIEFFER (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

WHAT 's beyond? It 's a mystery that tempts me to know.
The leaves rustle soft as the autumn winds blow,
Purple asters are blooming down there by the rill,
And I hear the loud splash of a fish in the pond,—
But what is it that waits just beyond, just beyond,
Where the road turns 'round by the hill?



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY ISABEL BACHELER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Just beyond does the goldenrod gleam in its pride?
Are there bright blooming flowers the roadway beside?
Oh, I feel, deep within me, an ecstasy thrill,
And a spirit that calls me to joys vagabond,
For the way would not tempt save for what lies beyond,
Where the road turns 'round by the hill!

Just beyond will adventure come riding to meet?
Does enchantment await my slow-wandering feet?
Will there be nothing more than the wind blowing chill?
Or will fairy be waiting with glistening wand?
Is it happiness waits just beyond, just beyond,
Where the road turns 'round by the hill?

MY HERO

BY HILDA FLETCHER BARNARD (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1916)

MANY have been the great lives since the world began, many have done noble deeds. But my hero is a man who lived in the fifteenth century, namely, William, Prince of Orange, called by some the "silent prince." The way in which he guided the people of the Netherlands through their troubles with the Spanish, how he gave all his riches to help the suffering, shows heroism. The people called him a fool and a traitor, because he would not let them pass through the gates of Antwerp to help their fellow-countrymen, fighting, at Oosterweel; they leveled pikes at Prince William, shouted at him derisively, and demanded an explanation.

The speech with which he quieted the turbulent populace and changed their angry shouts to cheers showed him to be a leader of men.

The federation of nobles was by this time formed. When they presented their petition to the frightened regent, her advisers told her she had nothing to fear from that "crowd of beggars." They accepted this title, and their cry became *"Vivent les Gueux!"* ("Long live the beggars!"). The Prince of Orange opposed the nobles, and he had an enemy in the regent, yet he worked on; and at last, with apparently everything against him, won the freedom of the Netherlands.

Six times was his life endangered—the sixth time the attempt was successful. He did not want the assassins, who were "irresponsible tools in the hands of others," executed. But his wishes were disregarded.

Was not this a hero?

HER HERO

BY FANNIE R. LICHTENSTEIN (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

IT was a bright sunshiny day in October, and the whole park was alive with youth and mirth.

One of the most noticeable persons, however, was a young girl on a coal-black mare, with a large, tawny St. Bernard trotting at the horse's heels. There was something about Betty Allen that always attracted attention.

"Back, Hero, back!" she called, as the dog bounded off after a squirrel. "Why *do* you pretend to be a careless puppy, when you 're really a staid old doggy? Heigh-ho! I suppose it is for the same reason that I insist on feeling as if I were six, instead of sixteen." And she cantered on, in perfect harmony with the life and vividness of the day.

Just then, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, a large, gray stallion came clattering by, with a helpless rider clinging to his mane!

A mounted policeman followed, and instinctively Betty urged her horse on after the runaway.

Almost at once she realized the danger. There was a short turn a little distance beyond, and once there, in rounding the bend, the rider undoubtedly would be thrown among the sharp rocks by the roadside.



"READY." BY MARJORIE WINTERMUTE, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1916.)

It was a hopeless pursuit, however, for the runaway was nearly there already.

Suddenly *something* brown and white dashed across the road—and the stallion slowed down, hampered by Hero's bulk, hanging stubbornly to his bridle.

To and fro he swung the dog, but Hero still held on. At last, with a desperate toss, the horse threw the gallant St. Bernard off. But it was too late. The policeman had reached the scene of action, and was holding the runaway.

A sob arrested the man's attention. Betty was kneeling by the still body of Hero.

"He 's dead!" she cried, passionately. "My own Hero!"



BY FRANCES JAY, AGE 11.



BY MADELAINE R. BROWN, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BY MARGARET LITTELL, AGE 12
(SILVER BADGE)



BY JULIET PEDDLE, AGE 17.



BY SUSAN B. BROWN, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY ANTOINETTE BOSHART, AGE 14.



BY ELIZABETH MCL. TIMPSON, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BY EDA MC COY, AGE 14.



BY MARIE L. PECK, AGE 15.

"COMING HOME."

THE TURN OF THE ROAD

BY DOROTHY WHITING HAWES (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

On a perfect day in June,
Three hours past the hour of noon,
We all started for a ride
In a Ford—to Riverside.

Reaching there at half past four,
All the schools did we explore,
And started on our homeward drive
Just a little after five.

On we sped for an hour, I ween;
Never a better road was seen;
We came to where it did divide,
And passed—with thoughts on Riverside.

It was a beautiful moonlight night.
All we saw quite pleased our sight.
Yet—the road seemed not the same
As the one by which we came.



'COMING HOME." BY JOANNA O. HOLBROOK, AGE 11.

Wondering if we were lost,
Two small boys did we accost:
"Tell us, what 's the town ahead?"
"Providence—two miles," they said.
"Massachusetts, boy?" asked we.
"No, Rhode Island, sir," said he.
Twenty miles from Riverside!
"Oh, that turn in the road!" we cried.

MY HERO

BY RUTH GARDNER (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

THEY were sitting on the top step of the little red school-house. Who? Three little country girls.

"My hero is George Washington," said the girl in blue. "I like him best of all great men, for he was the father of our country. He led the soldiers in the Revolutionary War, and if it had not been for him, I think we might not have won our independence. He was our first President, and did many things for the United States all through his life, and—he is my hero."



"PRACTISING." BY J. ASHER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Oh, I like Lafayette better," and the girl in pink tossed her pretty head. "He left his own country to come over here and fight for people that had not yet won their independence. He taught the colonists how to fight, and he gave money to help us, too. Then, he made France interested, so that she acknowledged our independence and sent men to help us win. He is my hero."

"Who is your hero, Agnes?" asked the girl in blue of the girl at the end.

Agnes bashfully answered, "My hero is coming over the hill there now."

They looked and—a barefoot boy in blue overalls was climbing the hill to the little red school-house.



BY MARGARET G. MAHY, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY JOHN H. FUQUA, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELIZABETH KIMBALL, AGE 15.

"COMING HOME."

MY HERO

BY CAROL CROWE (AGE 9)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE Democratic National Convention was in session. The President was to be nominated that night. The streets were crowded with people.

We were a part of the throng as we waited for a street-car. Our car came, carrying a trailer. Some one in our party cried, "Let 's take the trailer!" We all rushed for the door, which opens in the middle of the car's length at the side. Two of my friends stepped in, and I then grasped the handle. Before I could get in, the door closed, the car started, and I was dangling in the air.

My one thought was to hold on as tight and as long as I could. Some one put an arm around me and swung with me. Then a voice said, "Let go, and I will jump with you." I did as he said, and in an instant we were on the ground.

My mother, who had been left standing on the street, came running to us, and in a few minutes we were surrounded by a crowd. The car stopped at the next corner and the conductor came rushing back. In a little while a long line of cars was standing still.

I stood, all excitement, in the midst of the crowd, but unafraid, for on one side was my dear mother and on the other my hero, the high-school boy whose courage and presence of mind had saved me from being dashed upon the rough stone-paved street.



"COMING HOME." BY LAIDLAW WILLIAMS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE TURN OF THE ROAD

BY JESSIE MARILLA THOMPSON (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

WINDING along the mountain-side, the road
Suddenly turned, and at the very edge
Of a high cliff we paused, and looked beneath.
There lay the rapids, gray, and foaming white;
Across the river on the farther bank
Up rose the mountains, strangely blue, save where
Upon their very tops the fir-trees rose
Black and distinct against the sky; and there
Along the horizon, first a quivering light
Appeared, and brightness followed it; and then
The harvest moon, a beaming golden orb,
Seemingly paused an instant ere it rose
And flooded all the world below with light.
The white foam of the rapids on the rocks
Turned into silver; all the gray was gold.
The river and the mountains, bathed in light,
Lay very clear before our wond'ring view:
Oh, beautifully indescribable!

THE TURN O' THE ROAD

BY MARIE L. LUHRS (AGE 13)

O LET us away, Nan, to velvet-green slopes,
Covered white with the blossoms of spring;
Where cool breezes lap, Nan, thy cheek like a rose,
And robins their melody sing.
So gaily we 'll start, Nan, to-morrow at dawn,
And drop Sorrow's wearisome load;
We 'll follow the highway and follow the hedge
Till we come to the turn o' the road.

Thou shalt rest on rich moss, Nan, and watch the
cloud-ships
A-drifting across the fair sky,
While a silvery stream, Nan, goes bubbling its way
Through fern-leaf and grasses near by.
So gaily we 'll start, Nan, to-morrow at dawn,
And drop Sorrow's wearisome load;
Enjoying the beauty that Nature unfolds
When we come to the turn o' the road.

I shall make thee a throne, Nan, of fresh oaken boughs;
Thy scepter, a lithe willow-wand;
A crown of bright bloom in thy tresses of gold,
And soft daisies kissing thy hand.
So gaily we 'll start, Nan, to-morrow at dawn,
And drop Sorrow's wearisome load;
We 'll follow the highway and follow the hedge
Till we come to the turn o' the road.

MY HERO

BY ELLEN B. LAY (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

HE stands beside a rushing mountain brook,—my hero,—tall, straight, and handsome. He raises his fragrant, feathery branches high above the surrounding pines and spruces for the winds to whisper in or toss about in frenzied vigor. He is the finest hemlock in the whole of New Hampshire as he stands a landmark in this dense forest.



"PRACTISING." BY LORETTA BOGUE, AGE 16.

When I go to sleep in the winter, he showers needles over me, trailing around his feet. He sings to me straight from his sunny heart, cheering the dull, dark days when the fairies have covered me with diamond dust from their wings and all the world is asleep. When the fierce, wintry wind blows his arms about and he howls a weird, moaning dirge, there is always an undertone for me, a note of comfort, hope, and love.

In the spring, after the fairies have uncovered me and Puck has straightened my evergreen dress, he encourages me forth into the cold world again. I fling my trailing white and pink flowers close around his trunk. They bloom, each wee bud and blossom, for him, my

hero. Fragrant, the very essence of Spring herself while my blossoms last, the hemlock does not forget me, Arbutus, 'mid the splendor of early summer, but sings to me of all he sees in the green valley below.

He comforts and encourages me when the radiant autumn is here and my new buds must go to sleep. As the seasons come and go and the years roll on we live and love together, I, Arbutus, and the hemlock, my hero.



"PRACTISING." BY ELIZABETH E. CLARKE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE TURN OF THE ROAD

BY ALICE HANNA (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

"WE have traveled far, the way is long, and the day is almost done;
The road stretches lone, unoccupied, straight toward the setting sun—"
"Oh, no!" the other turned away, "the sun must blind your eyes;
See, here at my feet there 's a turn in the road, and it now toward the Northland lies!"

"No, no!" The other turned again, impatient of any delay.
"We must tarry not; we must hasten on; night follows quick the day."
And they parted there, by their separate roads, to follow the choice of the heart,
And the days grew many, the seasons passed, and still they remained apart.

But the one who had passed on his way toward the north found comrades many and true,
As his path wound over and up and down the northern country through;
And grief and happiness, sorrow and song—he found them all in his life,
But the love in his heart was the talisman to overcome all strife.

And the man who had taken the road of his choice, that lay out straight toward the west,
He also tasted life's bubbling cup—he found its worst and its best.

At last these two, with life's lesson learned, they came together once more
As they followed the one last turn in their roads, to wait at that golden door;
And they both know now, life's journey o'er, as they stand near the Great Abode,
That each was right in that long ago when he followed his turn of the road.

MY HERO

BY HELEN G. DENNISON (AGE 14)

I SHALL never forget the day I saw my first football game. I had read a great many books in which the hero was a wonderful football player. I thought my hero would be one, too.

The first half ended with no score on either side, but in the first quarter of the second half a player on the opposing team charged across the line for a touch-down, afterward making the goal. This made the score six to nothing against us.

Nothing more happened until the last quarter, when the full-back, a player I very much admired, got the ball and raced down the field with it. My—how we yelled! On he ran, nearer and nearer the goal. There was only one more minute to play, but he had crossed the line, and now, if he made the goal, the score would be tied.

The ball was placed. He stepped back, ran forward, and kicked. The ball soared into the air, neared the goal-posts, and dropped—on the wrong side of the cross-bar. My hero had missed the goal, and the game was lost!

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Isabel Conklin
Margaret Manning
Sally R. Davis
Anne Jennings
Jean F. Black
Margaret D. Reese
Marion Shaw
Mary J. Burton
Miriam Greene
Emily D. Fierce
Caroline Johnson
Giles T. Phillips
Mary L. Brown
Barbara Heininger
Ida Chanutin
Madeleine Canlett
Mary E. McNulty
Katharine Woolf
Pauline H. Cozad
Willett Clark
Evelyn Fenlon
Marjorie S. Banks
Josephine Focht
Josephine E. Smith
Jeannette Johnson
Alice Alexander
Keturah MacV. Williams
Virginia Nicholas
Ida Feinberg
Marcia Van der Veer
Elizabeth Gay
Josephine S. Fellowes
Leila Karaghensian
Elise Harrison
Ruby E. Merrill
Shirley M. Tomes
Eleanor Alexander
Florence Nightingale
Esther Rowland
Rose Borsuk
Mary Maclennan
Jane Wright
Margaret L. Davidson
Hortense Finch
Elizabeth B. Loring
Frances N. Chrystie
Katherine Gauss
Janet Johnson
Marion Eddy
Ruth B. Aikman
Irene Shlivik
Eleanor Stone
Margaret Flower
Ruth E. Brown
Mary Hanlon
Lillian Eichler
Gertrude Goodman
Lily Goodman
Blanche I. Graham
Elizabeth Layton
Gwenfread Allen
Carrie McL. Taylor
Marian B. Mishler
Marion Cleveland
Andrew Beger
Elizabeth Ritchie
Elizabeth H. Martin
Florence Lott
Mildred Upjohn
Margaret Klein
Sarah Morris
Elizabeth Bettmann
Ethel Reed
Rezia Rowley
Helen Whiting
Olivia Saunders



"READY" (FOR AN OUTING). BY HELEN DAVIES, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Catherine F. Urell
Renata von Hungen
Lyda Langford
Edith Sinclair
Katharine Boston
Katharine Van R. Holste
Hugh L. Willson
Helen R. Spencer
June Davidson
Virginia Gould
Reeva Kaplan
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Margaret A. Buell
Mabel C. Warren
Gwendolen Graves
Dorothy Maitland
Julitte R. Schoen

Florence E. Wallace
Isabel A. Boone
Dorothy Toering
Julia McCarthy
Gertrude Nelson
Margaret L. Winkle
Dorothy Hovey
Charlotte Bayne
Emily Delafield
Grace Bassett
Agnes E. Conwell
Dorothy O'Reilly
Margaret Foldes
Margaret Mead
Marion Turner
Josephine De Mott
Helen Wood

DRAWINGS, 1

Alice Sternberg
Marjorie C. Stoner



"READY." BY DOROTHY P. WOOLCOTT, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Larry Stevens
Miriam Rubinstein
Virginia Weyerhaeuser
Hannah Rayburn
Ellen A. Walker
Frances Hyde
Helen A. Smith
Imogen C. Noyes
Janet R. Emmons
Jean Moore
Vernita C. Haynes
Arthur H. Palmer
Grace F. Holcomb
Katharine Bradley
Frances R. Andrews

VERSE, 1

Elizabeth M. Dukes
Mary Louise White
Martha E. Hodgson
Helen M. Peavy
Ann E. Sheble
Amelia L. Bush
Barbara G. Frost
Katherine E. Yager
Marjorie Dahut
Ruth M. Cole
Milton Rogers
Mary Harmon
Ruth C. Eger
Florence Markward
Rebecca Emery
Caroline Rankin
Norman Johnson
Katharine Brooks
Marion West
L. B. Crane, Jr.
Miriam Simons
S. W. Childs, Jr.
William Eckstein
Ellen M. Jarden
Beatrice H. Lowenthal
Margaret Southam
Peggy H. Smith
Yvonne Smith
Dorothea A. George
Mildred A. B. Eicker
Edward C. Childs
Fannie Leiss
Jean Harper
Himan Garon
Jean Southam
Mabel Walters
Hilda R. Ziegler
Marion D. Gutman
Mary S. Benson
Christine Staab
Veola Johnson



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY FRANCES H. LENZ, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JAN., 1916.)

Theodore Fimmich
Katharine Winchester
Delia E. Walf
Gretchen Hercz
Helen Leach

PUZZLES, 2

Jacques Ach
Dorothy Morganthau
Elizabeth Stubbs

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Fred Faulstich
Henrietta van Doorn
Margaret Olmsted
Nicholas F. Palmer, 3d
Eunice C. Resor
Helen Busch
Marguerite Zamboni
Edith Pentz
Georgia Nelson
Eleanore B. Richart
George E. Spitzmiller
Helen P. Hoyt
Grace H. Parker
Eleanor K. Newell
Edith Showers

PUZZLES, 1

Janet Scott
Julian L. Ross
Valerie de Milhau
Christine Chipman
Constance M. Pritchett
Helen H. Jones
Helena Van de Carr
Elizabeth A. Harris
Joe Earnest
Janet Newkirk
Mary C. Bogart
Dorothy R. Oppenheim
Olga Mills
Emily Pendleton
Edith Behrens
Virginia Palmer
Jean McLean
Alice Poulin
Philip Van Patten, Jr.
Elsie Stockwell
Virginia Hunt
Elizabeth B. Jacobs
James A. Miller

A CORRECTION

By an inexcusable oversight, which we regret very much, the name of one of the Honor Members, Dorothy E. Handsaker, was wretchedly converted, by misspelling, into Hauksaker, beneath the fine drawing entitled "Admiration," which she contributed to the September LEAGUE pages. We offer our hearty apologies, and regret that a zealous LEAGUE member thus failed to receive the credit which was her due and that her name should have appeared in such unrecognizable form.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 207

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 207 will close **January 24** (for foreign members **January 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **May.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Beyond."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Victor."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue-prints or negatives. Subject, "Where I Spent My Vacation," or, "My Dog."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Repose," or "A Quiet Time," or a Heading for **May.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of THE RIDDLE-BOX.

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in *a few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

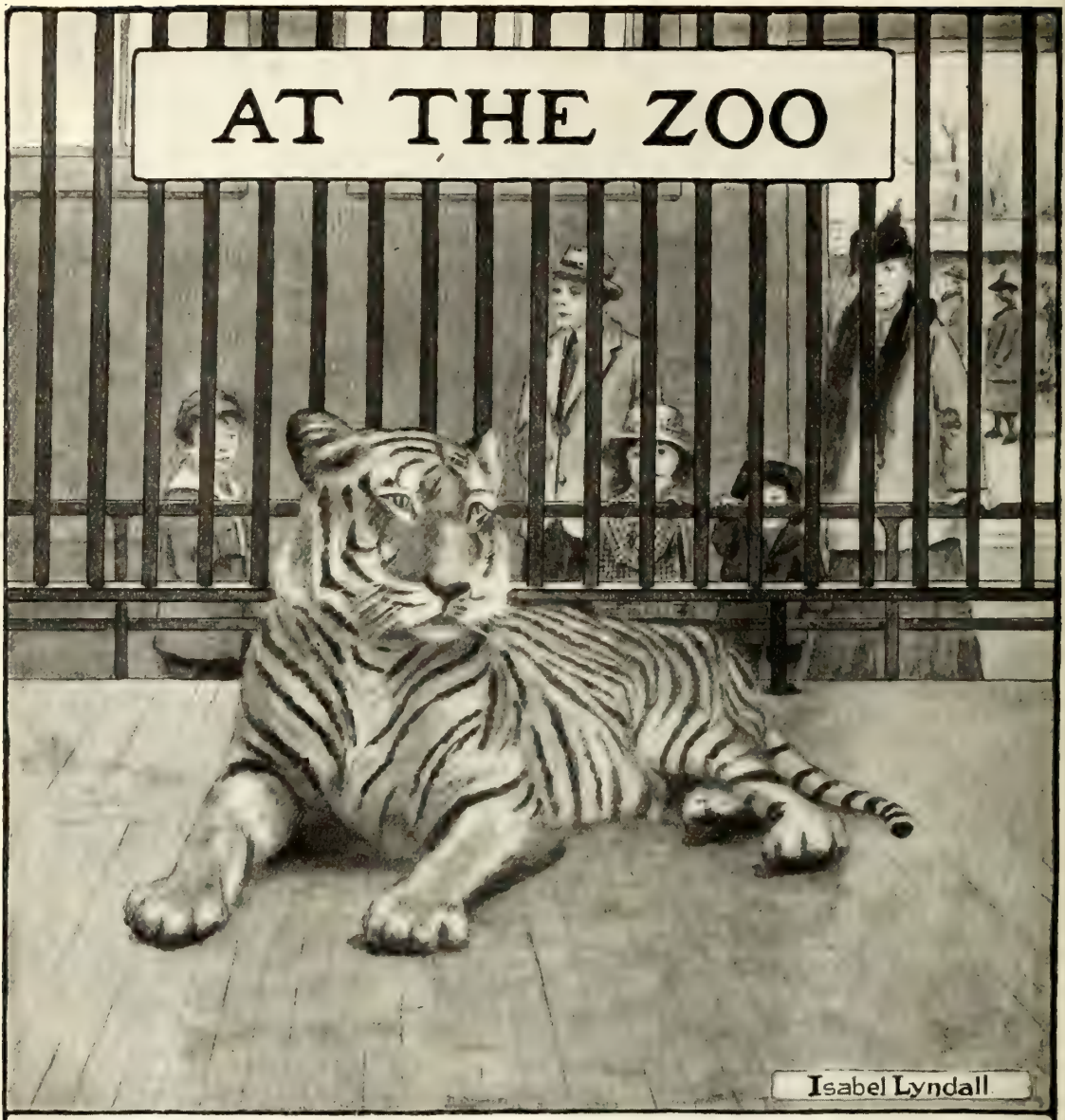
No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*— if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month— not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles." Address: **The St. Nicholas League,** 353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

AT THE ZOO

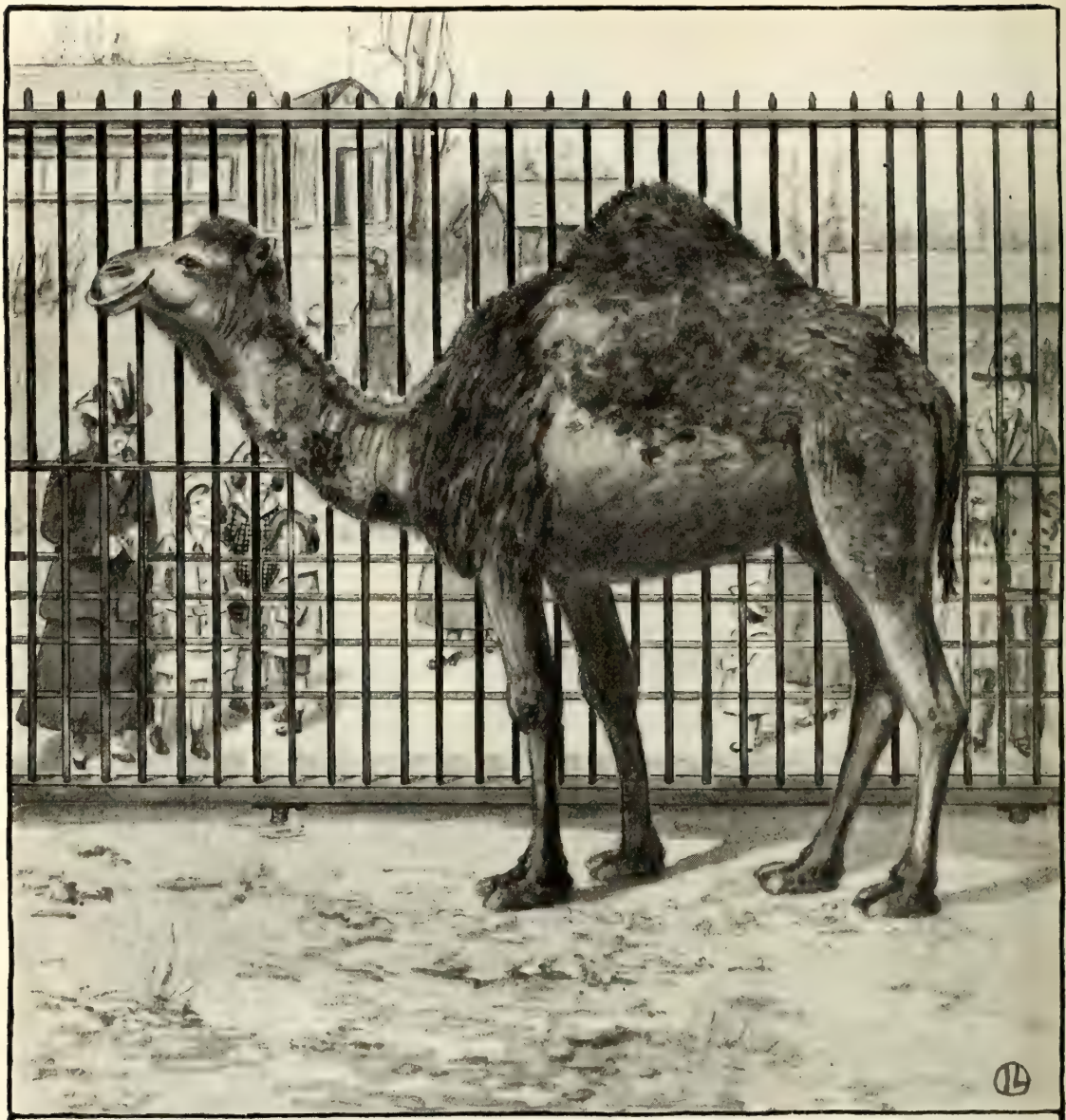


Isabel Lyndall

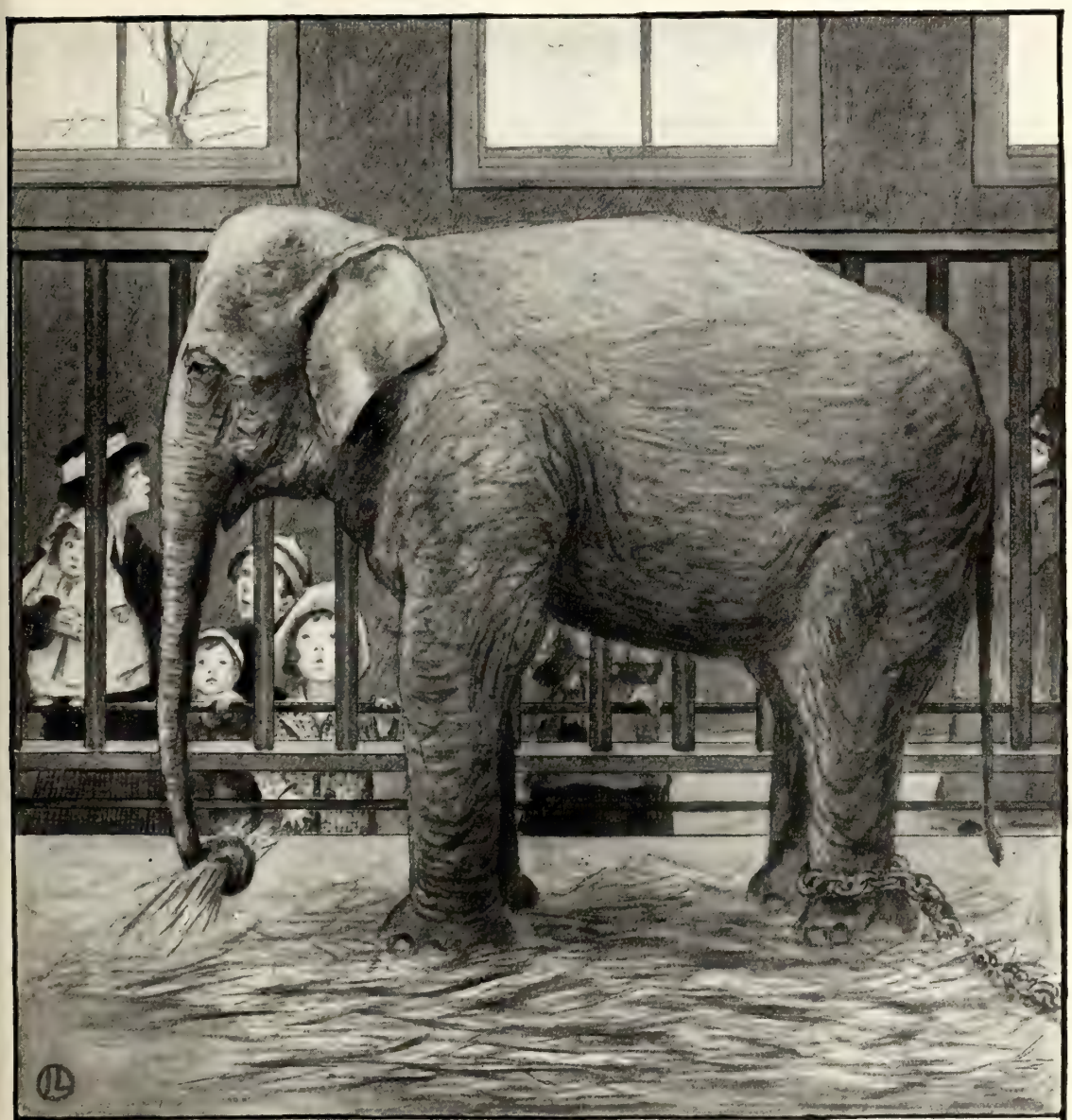
The tiger 's a big, sleepy cat.
He thinks we're not worth looking at.
But when the keeper brings his meat,
He will spring quickly to his feet,
And snarl, and jump, and run about.
I'm sure he hopes he may get out!



Around their cage the big bears walk.
I really think, if they could talk,
We now and then might hear them say:
"Good friends, we do not care to stay.
You know we would much rather be
Out in the woods where we are free!"



I wonder what the camel thinks?
He stands so still and blinks and blinks.
And though he may not like this place,
He has a smile upon his face!
Perhaps he thinks of far off lands,
And his old home 'mid desert sands.



Chained by the leg, the elephant
Would like to walk. Alas he can't!
He stands there, swaying to and fro,
Because he has no place to go.
He could go round a circus track
With all us children on his back!

THE LETTER-BOX

It is well that American boys and girls should know something of the things their parents are interested in and working for, and one of the most important philanthropic movements of the last few years has been the noble effort to abolish, or properly regulate, child labor in the United States. The National Child Labor Committee, composed of some of the most public-spirited citizens of the country, and whose honorary members are President Wilson and ex-Presidents William H. Taft and Theodore Roosevelt, has for twelve years been endeavoring to solve this great problem.

The committee is making an unusual appeal in its announcements of Child Labor Day this year because, as it says, the passage of the federal Child Labor Law has given the child labor campaign an entirely new aspect. The Federal Government has taken over the protection of children in mills, factories, canneries, workshops, mines, and quarries engaged in producing goods for interstate commerce. It is still necessary, however, to work for the protection of other children,—those whom the Constitution bars from federal protection but leaves to that of the States.

We are glad to call attention, therefore, to the fact that, through the efforts of the National Committee, Sunday, January 28, will be observed by churches and Sunday-schools, and Monday, January 29, by clubs, schools, colleges, unions, and other organizations, as Child Labor Day. The National Child Labor Committee, 105 East 22d Street, New York, will be glad to send information and suggestions to any one interested, and to all who would like to coöperate, whether young fólk or their parents.

— — —

Sacikela, Angola, Africa.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am eight years old. I was born in Africa. I have been taking you for two years and enjoy you very much. My mother has read me "The Wonder-Box," and I think it is very interesting.

Now I am going to tell you the way these people fish. There is a plant called *ulu*, and they take the roots and mix them with the leaves of aloes and pound them and take them in baskets to the river. Then the men wade in with the baskets and stir this mixture into the water. Then the other men push in the sides of the river to make the water muddy. Then all wade in to catch the fish.

Yours truly,

Merlin Ennis, Jr.

Burlingame, Cal.

Dear St. Nicholas: This is the second year that I have taken you. I am sure that you cannot imagine how eagerly I wait for each copy. I think that "The Sapphire Signet" was great! And by the look of things, the nineteen-seventeen serials will be even better. "Understood Betsy" and "Under Boy Scout Colors" certainly are starting out dandy. I am *so* glad that Mrs. Seaman is going to write another story. Oh, I think that yours is the nicest magazine in the world, and I know that I am not the only one that thinks it.

I belong to the St. Nicholas League, and I am trying so hard to compose something good enough to send.

I love to read The Letter-Box, and how far some of the St. Nicholas boys and girls have traveled. The greatest distance I have ever traveled is to England. I have traveled over nearly all of England, and I have seen the castles where the ancient kings and queens of England lived, and the Tower of London, where the royal jewels are and where so many historic events took place. And I saw the King of England, when he was out riding. And of course I passed over London Bridge, though it was not falling down.

Dear St. Nicholas, I hope that you will have years and years of prosperity, and continue to make so many children happy each year.

Your loving reader,

Gertrude Jerome (age 12).

My Dear St. Nicholas: I have taken you for two years and I do not know what I should do without you. I never get tired of looking at you, old or new. I am in bed with the grippe and St. Nicholas has just arrived, to my great joy. I liked the story of "Silver-heels," the best because I love horses.

Your faithful reader,

Frances Ames (age 12).

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear St. Nicholas: I want to thank you for the many happy hours that you have given me. All our family like you, and there is always a rush for you. Mama took you when she was a little girl and we have a few bound volumes of you. I like all your new stories, and, though I am a girl, I adore boys' stories. I like "Under Boy Scout Colors" in this number. Sometimes, when we have a little program in our class, the other pupils get news from the "Current Events" and I get something from you. This time I told about the push-ball. Our teacher says that if she wanted a real nice Christmas present she would want you.

We have a Scotch collie named Mamie. She is a very smart dog. She has one bad habit and that is barking and biting at the spokes of machines and wagons. Wishing you much success, I remain,

Your loving reader,

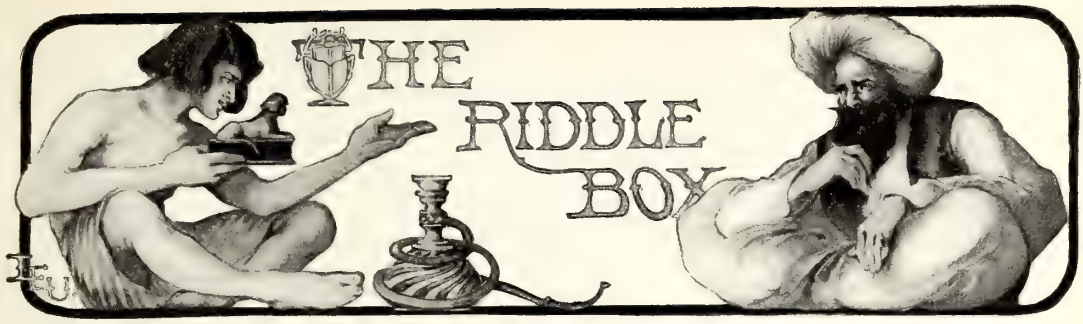
Mary Cowen Swing (age 10).

Manchester, England.

Dear St. Nicholas: I love reading you. You always come about the middle of the month as we live so far away from your home. Manchester is a very smoky place, although I love it. We have had you for eight years and we admire you very much. I love "Silver-heels." I have been to the United States for five weeks, and I liked it very much. I love reading the advertisements. I have only just started reading The Letter-Box. We see a lot of soldiers, wounded ones. Most of them seem very cheerful, although they are all bandaged up. On our holidays the soldiers came and drilled right outside our house, and Viscount French inspected them, and we saw him.

Your devoted reader,

Eric L. Rée (age 11).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER

ZIGZAG. Christmas. Cross-words: 1. Chain. 2. Ghost. 3. Sarah. 4. Chair. 5. Songs. 6. Lofty. 7. Comic. 8. Party. 9. Share.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Eloquence is logic on fire."

A CHAIN OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. B. 2. Gas. 3. Baste. 4. Sty. 5. E. II. 1. E. 2. End. 3. Enter. 4. Den. 5. R. III. 1. R. 2. Lea. 3. Rents. 4. Ate. 5. S. IV 1. S. 2. Eke. 3. Skill. 4. Elm. 5. L. V. 1. L. 2. Lad. 3. Laces. 4. Dew. 5. S. VI. 1. S. 2. Gap. 3. Sahib. 4. Pin. 5. B. VII. 1. B. 2. Ore. 3. Broad. 4. Ear. 5. D. VIII. 1. D. 2. Way. 3. Dales. 4. Yet. 5. S. IX. 1. S. 2. Ant. 3. Snare. 4. Try. 5. E. X. 1. E. 2. And. 3. Ensue. 4. Due. 5. E. Centrals, St. Nicholas.

CHANGED HEADS. I. Right, night, light, sight, tight, fight, might. II. Back, sack, rack, hack, tack, pack, lack. III. Core, pore, lore, fore, more, sore, bore, tore, wore.

ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC. Gladstone. Born December 29, 1809. 1 Flag 2. Pail. 3. Soda. 4. Sled. 5. Pins. 6. Blot. 7. Polo. 8. Gown. 9. Cone.

ADDITIONS. Diagonal, Christmas.
Cross-words: 1. Claim-able. 2. Shrink-age. 3. Pur-chaser. 4. Be-fitting. 5. Tomb-stone. 6. Die-cutter. 7. Plough-man. 8. Manhat-tan. 9. Life-boats.

CHARADE. Hay-low, halo.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Mississippi. 1. Amid, maid. 2. Chin, inch. 3. Vase, save. 4. Dash, shad. 5. Skin, inks. 6. Last, salt. 7. Mash, sham. 8. Dice, Iced. 9. Leap, pale. 10. Lamp, palm. 11. Time, item.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Apple. 2. Pleas. 3. Pears. 4. Larva. 5. Essay. II. 1. Clean. 2. Ladle. 3. Edges. 4. Alert. 5. Nests. III. 1. Stamp. 2. Tibia. 3. Abyss. 4. Mists. 5. Passé. IV. 1. Yearn. 2. Endue. 3. Addle. 4. Ruled. 5. Needs. V. 1. Sheep. 2. Heave. 3. Eases. 4. Event. 5. Pests. VI. 1. Laden. 2. Aside. 3. Dirge. 4. Edged. 5. Needs. VII. 1. Scrap. 2. Cause. 3. Rumor. 4. Asoak. 5. Perry. VIII. 1. Sober. 2. Opera. 3. Began. 4. Erase. 5. Ranee.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received before October 24 from Janet Scott—Claire A. Hepner—Helen McIver—Elizabeth Lee Young—Florence Noble—"Allil and Adi"—Florence S. Carter—"Midwood."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received before October 24 from Regina Stolz, 9—Heyltje Stewart, 9—Malcolm D. Brown, 9—John Bransby, 9—Helen Adda Vance, 8—Marian Ansbacher, 8—Barbara Beardsley, 8—Helen A. Moulton, 8—Alice Poulin, 8—Edith M. Heyer, 8—Gwenfread E. Allen, 8—"St. Anna's Girls," 8—Florence Helwig, 8—Mary H. Downing, 7—Eleanor Rau, 6—Nancy Hough, 6—Marigold White, 6—Edith M. Hutchinson, 6—Katherine M. Dennis, 5—Helena A. Dillingham, 4—Morton Milsner, 4—Dorothy Kellam, 3—Dorothy A. Donovan, 3—A. Wortley, 1—M. Wilbrandt, 1—L. F. Allen, 1—L. Levy, 1—H. Wiepert, 1—M. Boyd, 1—C. Pratt, 1—J. McKelvey, 1—E. Allen, 1—B. Probasco, 1—J. P. McCoy, 1—D. Bickel, 1.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE

(*One word is concealed in each couplet*)

A FLOUNDER, triumphant, emerged from the sea,
And held in his grasp a cerulean bee.

"But that 's the wrong color," objected the hake.
"That 's the principal error you foolish ones make."

"We 'll halt arbitration," the flounder declared;
"Why should n't a bee become blue if he dared?

"You 'd better a good panacea secure,
By the sound of his buzz I am feeling quite sure

"When I loosen my fin that he 's going your way."
And the hake preferred under the water to stay.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

NOVEL ZIGZAG

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper, left-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous narrative poem. The initials of the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh cross-words will spell the surname of the author, and the last letters of the seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh cross-words will spell the Christian name of the heroine of the poem named by the zigzag.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To depart. 2. To ward off. 3. To move sidewise. 4. Part of a flower. 5. To excel. 6. A kind of candy. 7. A tenth. 8. A hard outside covering. 9. To laud. 10. To proclaim loudly. 11. To exhaust. 12. To agitate. 13. Swiftness.

JOHN BRANSBY (age 15).

CENTRAL ACROSTIC

WHEN the following words are rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a famous estate in Virginia.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To indulge. 2. To equal. 3. Spirited. 4. To control. 5. A month. 6. To restore to freshness. 7. Complete in all parts. 8. To disturb or irritate.

ALICE WINDES (age 12), *League Member.*

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of forty letters and form a quotation from Carlyle.

My 13–20–6 is an exclamation of reproof. My 14–32–35–8 is part of a table. My 24–38–27–39–3 is the surname of a famous pioneer. My 30–2–25–21–10 is a fine game. My 4–17–12–34–19 is polish. My 29–1–15–22–9 is condition. My 26–23–37–18–7–31–28 is to hold. My 36–33–11–16–5–40 is time to come.

GEORGE BISSELL (age 14), *League Member.*

DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning at the upper, left-hand letter, will spell the surname of a signer of the Declaration of Independence who was born in January. When he signed his name he wrote it in large letters, "so that George the Third might read it without spectacles."

Cross-words: 1. A fish. 2. An official command. 3. Captious. 4. A vagabond. 5. A vain bird. 6. An implement for digging and grubbing. 7. The subject of a beautiful poem by Shelley.

ALICE KNOCHE COBB (age 10), *League Member.*



Each of the six pictures shown represents the name of a famous battle. What are their names?

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My *first* is in Fillmore, but not in Pierce;
My *second* is in Pierce, but not in Fillmore;
My *third* is in Jackson, but not in Harrison;
My *fourth* is in Harrison, but not in Jackson;
My *fifth* is in Washington, but not in Garfield;
My *sixth* is in Garfield, but not in Washington;
My *seventh* is in Roosevelt, but not in Taylor;
My *eighth* is in Taylor, but not in Roosevelt.

My *whole* is the surname of a President who was born on January 29, less than seventy-five years ago.

KATHARINE BROOKS (age 13), *League Member.*

TRANSPOSITIONS

(*Silver Badge*, St Nicholas League Competition)

Example: Transpose sound, and make to observe. Answer: tone, note.

1. Transpose an emblem of office, and make arrived. 2. Transpose emaciated, and make to imply. 3. Transpose a feminine name, and make a great number. 4. Transpose to weary, and make a dress of state. 5. Transpose a small duck, and make tardy. 6. Transpose dry, and make ages. 7. Transpose large casks, and make to stupefy. 8. Transpose to chant, and make machines used for separating the seeds from cotton. 9. Transpose a hard substance, and make like ebony. 10. Transpose severe, and make crude metals. 11. Transpose oversight, and make a contest. 12. Transpose a conceited fellow, and make to hold fast. 13. Transpose a big bundle, and make a famous island. 14. Transpose an attendant, and make to stare. 15. Transpose sluggish, and make certain wise-looking birds. 16. Transpose a row, and make a ceremony. 17. Transpose produced, and make a lady. 18. Transpose to wander, and make above. 19. Transpose part of a horse, and make to specify.

When these transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the new words formed will spell the name of a famous English soldier who was born and who died in January.

E. CUSTIS BENNETT (age 16).

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

I. Diamond: 1. In machinery. 2. The sound made by a sheep. 3. Divinely supplied food. 4. A common insect. 5. In machinery.

II. Square: 1. A brute. 2. To penetrate. 3. To expiate. 4. Reason. 5 Forest growths.

III. 1. In machinery. 2. A sprite. 3. A feminine name. 4. Nourished. 5. In machinery.

IV. 1. Musical compositions. 2. Open to view. 3. At no time. 4. A swimming bird. 5. To scatter.

V. 1. In machinery. 2. A pronoun. 3. A feminine name. 4. Unusual. 5. In machinery.

VI. 1. To give. 2. The grass-cloth plant. 3. To entertain. 4. A Jewish month. 5. Certain youthful years.

VII. 1. In machinery. 2. The evening before a holiday. 3. Each. 4. Epoch. 5. In machinery.

EMILY N. GUNNELL (age 13).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS

Example: Triply behead and curtail an aromatic plant, and leave a limb. Answer, spe-arm-int.

1. Triply behead and curtail making more dear, and leave part of the head. 2. Triply behead and curtail marvels, and leave to excavate. 3. Triply behead and curtail to strip of furniture, and leave a human being. 4. Triply behead and curtail to furnish afresh, and leave a vase. 5. Triply behead and curtail suggesting or indicating as additional, and leave a word of negation. 6. Triply behead and curtail in a condign manner, and leave to delve. 7. Triply behead and curtail broke up or dissolved, and leave to forbid. 8. Triply behead and curtail born under the planet Saturn, and leave a vase. 9. Triply behead and curtail figures having four sides and four angles, and leave a shred. 10. Triply behead and curtail playing in a mischievous or senseless way, and leave that which serves to solve something difficult. 11. Triply behead and curtail upholding, and leave termination.

The initials of the eleven three-letter words remaining will spell the name of a famous British statesman.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 15), *Honor Member.*

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.


The great resort hotels of Semi-tropic California expect a big rush of travel this winter
No better inns the world over than along this American Riviera
And no better way to reach California than "Santa Fe all the way", taking in Grand Canyon of Arizona
Four trains every day Santa Fe de-luxe, weekly in winter. Fred Harvey meal service
En route visit Petrified Forest, and Castle Hot Springs in Arizona Hawaii afterwards
Booklets of trips and trains on request
W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr. A.T.&S.F.Ry.
1072 Railway exchange, Chicago
Santa Fe
California
resort hotels



Get One Like Mine

Then you can safely go lickety-split down hill and stop just about where you want to with this Coaster Brake.

There wasn't much fun in the old wheel—had to pedal hard all the time—no let up till I got this

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

The Brake that Brought the Bike Back

Now I can go twice as far in about half the time and come back as fresh as when I started. Because more'n half the time I'm coasting. Riding's a real treat now—this brake has sure put some new pleasure in the old wheel.

Be sure your new bike has a New Departure Coaster Brake on it like mine.

A gold-plated "Joy Boy" stick pin free to live boys who send the name of their nearest bicycle dealer.

The New Departure Mfg. Co.
105 Main St., Bristol, Conn.

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND Cream

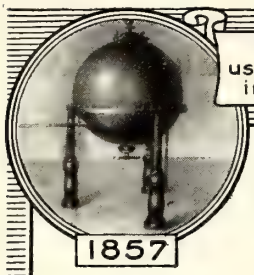
This is the season when Hinds Cream *proves its greatest worth,* for not only will it *soften* the skin that's roughened by frosty winds, but 'twill quickly *restore* the irritated, chapped and very sore skin. The delicate complexion will retain its charm of velvety smoothness and natural color by using the cream morning and night. Let us send you *free samples* of Liquid and Cold Cream. Write now, enclose 2c stamp for postage.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

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TRY HINDS CREAM SOAP
Ideal for delicate complexions.
Trial size cake postpaid, 5c.



Vacuum Pan used by Gail Borden in the early 50s.

1857

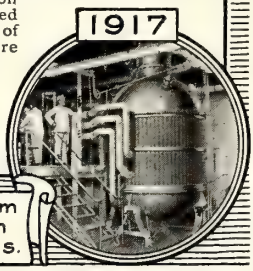
Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

BORDEN'S as an institution is sixty years old. The primitive little device at the top of this advertisement made possible the first "Eagle Brand" Milk. The giant apparatus shown below is one of over 100 now in operation. They constitute a monument to Gail Borden's work, as well as gratifying evidence of the public confidence won and held.

The original "Eagle Brand" is probably the most widely known food product in the world today. Its reputation as an infant food and as a table delicacy, based on quality, has maintained an unbroken record of public favor that we are justly proud of.

BORDEN'S
CONDENSED MILK CO.
Leaders of Quality
Est. 1857 New York

1917



A Modern Vacuum Condensing Pan Capacity 25,000 lbs.

Boy and Girl Scouts

In decorating your rooms with your Photographs, Pictures, Trophies, Pennants and reminders of all your pleasant outings, the neatest, simplest and easiest way to attach these decorations to your walls is by using the famous

Moore Push-Pins

The dainty and almost invisible glass heads improve the decorations, and make the work of decorating rooms a pleasure. The needle points are so sharp that they will not mar the finest woodwork or wall paper. They make scarcely a mark in a picture, print or pelt.

For heavy pictures, bookshelves, clocks, etc., Moore Push-less Hangers are what you need.

When you arrange your camping outfit, add several packages of the Push-Pins and Push-less Hangers. You will find them very handy in your tents.



Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads, Steel Points.
2 sizes, long and short heads.

Moore Push-less Hangers
The Hanger with the Twist.
For heavy pictures. 4 sizes.



10-cent packets at stores or by mail.
Illustrated booklet and samples free.

MOORE PUSH-PIN COMPANY
Dept. 38 Wayne Junction, Phila., Pa.

THINGS TO EAT



You would never think of preparing a meal without having the table-salt handy, as one of the things most necessary for its success. You would not feel that your meat, potatoes, or any other vegetable was palatable without using salt for seasoning. Almost everything that is cooked needs "a pinch of salt."

There are a great many people who never think of the salt-shaker except in the preparation of food, when, as a matter of fact, there is no article in the house which can be used in so many ways as salt. Just at this time of year it can be made to do service outside the house too, for if it is sprinkled on a slippery sidewalk, due to snow or ice, it will melt the frozen substance and the walk will be safe for any one, with no danger of injury from falling.

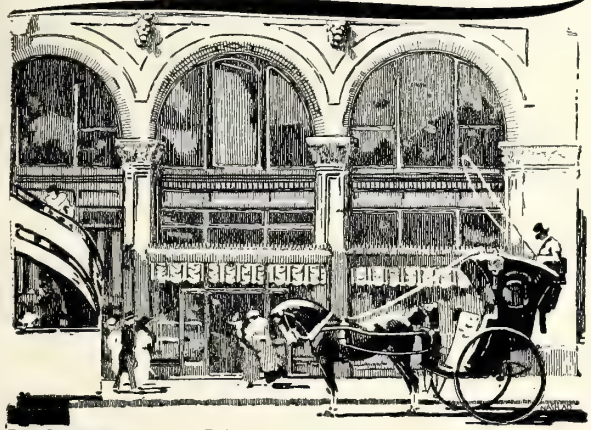
Of the many uses to which salt can be put, remember these few, in which it will readily prove its worth: If ink is spilled on the carpet, salt, sprinkled on the spot, will soak it up. A little salt placed in the oven under baking-pans will prevent the contents from scorching. To remove grease stains from clothing, use salt dissolved in alcohol. Cotton or linen goods soaked in salt and water before being made up will not fade with the first washing. You have heard of the salt-water bath as a wonderful tonic for loss of appetite and sleeplessness. Sea salt, purposely prepared for bath use, can be bought by the bag at drug-stores. Great quantities of salt are used in the making of ice-cream, ices, and other frozen goodies.

The production of salt in the United States in one year was over 9,000,000,000 pounds. Just think of it! An average of 90 pounds to every person in this country.

* * *

The outside leaves of lettuce make a dainty dish, cooked and served like spinach. They should be thoroughly washed and put in a covered kettle over a slow fire, with only enough water to keep them from scorching. Cook for fifteen minutes, drain through a coarse sieve, add a piece of butter, pepper, and salt. This is a nice dish for a change, and proves an economy in these days.

Maillard



Chocolates
Bon Bons~French Bonbonnieres

HERE is a picture of Maillard's store—where those delicious candies come from—and which every boy and girl should visit.

Ask Mother or Dad, on your next trip to town, to point out Maillard's—then ask them to take you in. Your eyes will bulge at the sight of so many "good goodies"—all as *good* for you as they are delicious.

Afternoon tea in the luncheon restaurant, three to six

Make a note of the address

FIFTH AVENUE
AT 35th STREET NEW YORK

Write today for the little booklet, "Maillard's Confections" and Poster Art Stamps, FREE. Address Publicity Department, 116 West 25th St., New York

COLONIAL TOYS

MINIATURE TOY FACTORY

This is the toy for the boy or girl who likes to make things. It never gets tiresome, something new can be made every time.

With a set of the Miniature Toy Factory, you can make your own toys A set consists of metal molds, a supply of quick-setting molding material, a box of paints, a spoon, a measure, and everything needed to cast and finish the miniature figures. You can quickly make a regiment of soldiers or a band of Indians, build a house or make a farmyard with all the animals in it, and paint them any color you wish. There are six different sets at $1 00, $1.50 and $2.00.

Colonial Toy Mfg. Co.
352 W. 13th Street, New York City



Send for booklet describing our latest success—a beautiful toy horse and wagon; the Colonial "Noah's Ark" and other new and delightful toys.

USE COUPON

THE ZAIDEN DOLL

Every little girl would love to own one of these dolls. It 's just like a real baby—moves its tongue—closes its eyes when it goes to sleep—is jointed so as to sit and lie in natural infant positions. You 'll certainly love this little maiden.



The Zaiden Doll is not stuffed like an ordinary doll, but has a smooth pink body like a baby's, and you can wash her without injury. The legs and arms are joined with springs instead of the usual rubber, that soon wears out.

There are more than fifty different kinds of Zaiden Dolls, so you are sure to get just the dolly you want.

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Please send me booklet of Colonial Toys
Name.....
Address.....
Write your dealer's name in the margin.
Jan. S.N.



"Fancy" Shoes Are Cruel

IN the name of "style" and "fashion" they twist the tender bones of little feet, and in time cause corns, bunions, flatfoot, callouses and ingrown nails.

Educators are *kind*. For they "let the feet grow as they should."

Protect the children from lifelong foot troubles by teaching them *now* to wear roomy, comfortable Educator shoes.

For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

Get the children into Educators today, and it won't be long before *you'll* want Educators for yourself.

You can always tell the orthopaedically correct Educator shape by the mark EDUCATOR branded on the sole. Be sure to look for this.

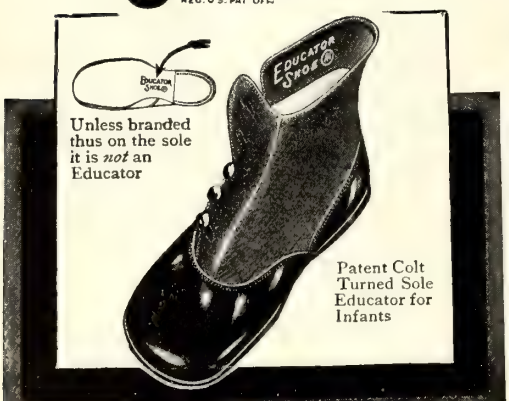
Send today for *free* booklet on care of the feet—"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet."

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

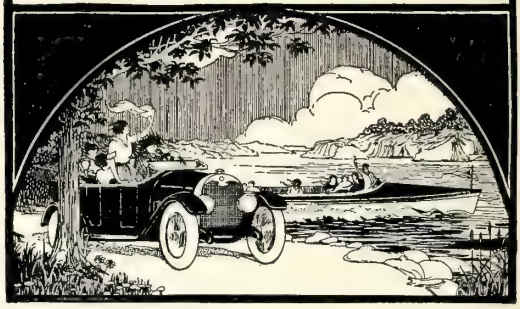
RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



MOTOR



THIS new department of ST. NICHOLAS is designed to help boys and girls—and grown-ups, too—to become better acquainted with motor-cars and motor-boats.

* * *

"How fast shall we drive our car?" is an important question for every one who drives or rides in an automobile.

When automobiles first came, and horses were frightened by them, almost every city and town passed ordinances limiting the speed of these "street locomotives" to a certain number of miles per hour. This plan created much unnecessary hardship, and did not safeguard the public whom it was designed to protect. The old rules still remain in many localities, but many state laws are being changed. Instead of giving the permissible speed within city limits, at crossings, street-car track intersections, around corners, etc., they now say that a car must not be driven faster than is "reasonable and safe" or "careful and prudent."

The law of Louisiana is called the model speed-law, and the American Automobile Association is working for its adoption in all the States. This law permits a car to be driven at any speed that is *safe* for the passengers and for pedestrians and other users of the highways. A "safe" speed may be two miles per hour, or thirty-five, or more or less, depending entirely upon where the car is being driven. If it is in a park with no intersecting streets or sidewalk crossings, a safe speed may be faster than a safe speed on a shopping thoroughfare. If any one is injured by negligence or recklessness in driving, whether an outside person or a passenger, the driver of the automobile, *or any passenger assisting or encouraging such negligence or recklessness,* may be fined not more than one thousand dollars or imprisoned for not more than two years.

So the correct answer to the question, "How fast shall we drive our car?" is, "At no greater speed than is absolutely *safe* for outsiders and passengers."

(*Continued on page 23.*)

MOTOR

(*Continued from page 22.*)

A boy asks this question: "What happens if I forget to fill the water-tank in our automobile?"

Let us see why it is necessary to have water in the tank. Every one knows that the power of the motor is obtained by a series of explosions inside of the metal cylinders of the engine. When any fuel is burned it gives off heat. When the gas, made up of gasolene and air, is set on fire by the electric spark in the spark-plug, the explosion causes heat inside of the cylinders. Much of this heat escapes through the exhaust-pipe, but more of it goes into the metal of which the engine's cylinders are made. This heat becomes greater as the speed of the motor increases. It is necessary to cool the cylinders in some way; otherwise they would get red-hot, the oil would burn up, the pistons would expand and stick in the cylinders, and the valves would warp. In one well-known car, cooling air is forced against the outside of the exposed cylinders, but most automobile engines are cooled by water. A water-jacket, or overcoat, completely surrounds all the cylinders. Water flows from the radiator through pipes into this jacket, where it absorbs the heat from the cylinders; then it flows back to the radiator to be cooled, and cool water takes its place in the jacket. While the engine is running, the water is always flowing, like a river.

* * *

Another boy, interested in the waterworks of an automobile, asks, "What makes the water flow from the bottom of the radiator in a Ford automobile, uphill around the motor, and into the top of the radiator?"

This is called the thermo-siphon cooling system. It is simpler than the system in which a pump is used to keep the water in motion. First let us examine the separate parts which make up the thermo-siphon system. There is the radiator, the water-jacket, and the pipes which connect the radiator and the water-jacket at the top and bottom. You know that water becomes lighter as it gets warmer. Warm water rises. Cold water falls. This is the principle employed in hot-water heating systems to heat houses, and it is the same principle which keeps the water constantly moving around in a Ford car. As the water becomes heated from contact with the hot cylinders, it rises to the top of the jacket and flows to the radiator, where it cools and drops to the bottom. As long as there is a difference in temperature between the radiator and the jacket,

(*Continued on page 24.*)



Is Your New Year's RESOLUTION The Same as Betty's?

Dear Dr. Lyon's Co.:

I have been thinking about you quite often during the Holidays. Many of my friends were delighted with their Christmas packages of "Dr. Lyon's," the tooth-brush and holder. Have you any left? I have several friends who want one after seeing how their friends like "Dr. Lyon's."

Shall I tell you my New Year's Resolution? I am going to tell at least one person every day how pleasant Dr. Lyon's is for regular use each night and morning. I am going to tell boys especially. I know one who can't go skating to-day because his teeth are bad. He never used "Dr. Lyon's" but he says he will from now on.

I think the name "Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth-Powder or Dental Cream" is dreadfully long. Can't I call it "Dr. Lyon's for the teeth"?

Your friend
Betty.



To each and every St. Nicholas reader

Betty's suggestion about the name is good. Don't you think so? After this we will print the name like this

DR. LYON'S for the teeth

Tooth Powder *Dental Cream*

If you want a package like the one Betty mentions, send 35 cents to us and tell us whether you want tooth powder or dental cream. There are only a few left—so write soon!

I. W. LYON & SONS, 533 W. 27th St., New York







MOTOR

(*Continued from page 23.*)

the water continues to circulate; and the hotter the engine becomes, the faster the water moves.

* * *

"How can I find out about the mechanism of a motor-car?"

Go to the library and read the instruction-books issued by manufacturers of different cars. Every library, besides these, has other books on the construction, operation, and repair of automobiles, some of them written so simply that one can understand them without having had a mechanical education. The first essential is to learn the principles upon which all cars operate. Then you will be in a position to understand and compare the leading features of different makes. Read automobile advertisements in magazines, and if there is anything you do not understand, ask the motor editor of ST. NICHOLAS to explain it. Do not confine your studies to books, but examine the mechanism of any car to which you have access. Study "what makes the wheels go 'round," and find out the reason for every wheel and part. We need not suggest that you ask questions of those about you; you will be sure to do that.

* * *

Now that Americans have become accustomed to getting from place to place in no time at all, by automobiles and limited trains, there has been a change in the design of motor-boats. A few years ago cabin cruisers, capable of running ten knots an hour, were satisfactory.

Such boats were even used for ocean races from New York to Bermuda. When the desire came for speed boats, runabouts and hydroplanes were purchased by many people, but they were wet and uncomfortable, though able to make from twenty to forty miles an hour. During 1916, express cruisers became very popular, especially boats from forty to sixty feet in length. They make from fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour.

* * *

Some very small motor-boats set some very high records last year. *Miss Minneapolis,* a twenty-footer, driven by an eight-cylinder engine, made a speed of approximately sixty miles an hour, in half-mile dashes. This little hydroplane contains barely room for her engine and two men.



"Aw—this ain't Beech-Nut Peanut Butter."

ASK Mother if she knows the *reason* why you like Beech-Nut Peanut Butter so much better than other peanut butter. Ask her if she knows the reason why it *tastes so good.* And why it is so smooth and *free from grit.*

Ask her, too, if she knows that a Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwich will feed you just the same *Strength*, *Heat* and *Energy* that a glass of rich milk contains.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.



"Gee—this is Beech-Nut Peanut Butter!"



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and ***freight prepaid*** on the new 1917 **"RANGER"** bicycle. **Write at once** and get our *big catalog* and *special offers* before buying.

Marvelous improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1917 price offers. *You cannot afford to buy* without getting our *latest propositions.* WRITE TODAY.

Boys, be a **"Rider Agent"** and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our *liberal terms* on a sample to introduce the new **"RANGER."**

Tires, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line **half usual prices.** Auto. and Motorcycle Supplies.

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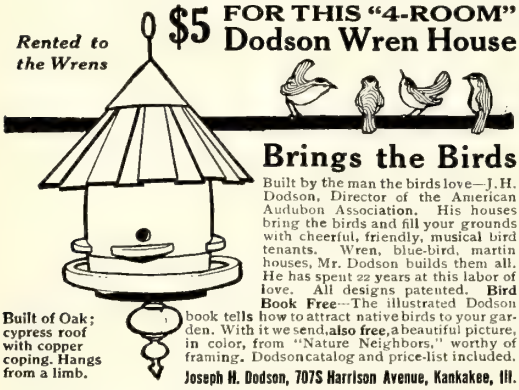
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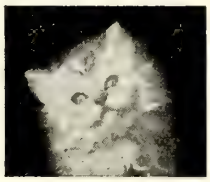


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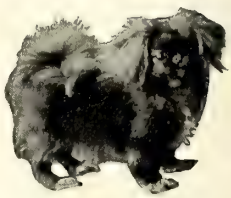
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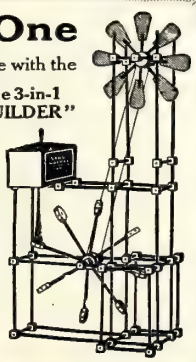
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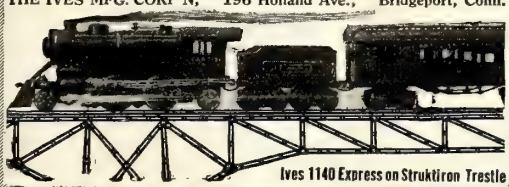
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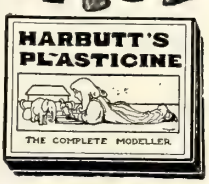
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES

MANY of the newer varieties have been only surcharges. These are very difficult to illustrate to advantage. Mexico has sent quite her usual quota of them. There are various types of the "G. C. M." both plain and enclosed in a scroll design. Also "G. P. de M." in a similar scroll and lathe-work design. All of these are on remainders of several earlier issues. Then there is a "G. P. de M." with a new value, 5 centavos brown, on 1 centavo head of Josefa Ortiz (Scott No. 310), 10 cent. on the same (of this we have seen copies on both white and bluish paper), and 20 cent. on 5 cent., head of Miguel Hidalgo (Scott No. 314). In addition to these surcharges they have issued the remainder of the current set, certain values of which we illustrated several



THE 1 CENT. VIOLET AND THE 40 CENT ULTRAMARINE OF MEXICO

months ago. The 1 cent. violet of this current issue depicts in a new setting the Aztec eagle, already so familiar to us on other Mexican stamps. (See illustration.) The 40 cent. ultramarine will be hailed with joy by those collectors who are fond of maps. It shows the map of Mexico, outlining the various states and indicating by dotted lines the ocean routes for both eastern and western Mexican ports. (See illustration.) The 1 peso, brown and black, shows a lighthouse, and the 5 peso, claret and black, the general post-office building. We also illustrate a new stamp, 5 centavo, blue, from Bolivia. It is a jolly little pictorial stamp, showing in the center a distant mountain or volcano, while below the picture are the words *El Illimani*. Can any of our readers tell us what this means? Returning for a moment to the matter of surcharges, Africa is showing some activity. The Belgians are now surcharging their Congo issues for use in the conquered sections of German East Africa. Again, the stamps of British Nyassaland are surcharged for the English troops operating in German East Africa; and the monthly circular of the Scott Stamp and Coin Company is authority for the statement that Portugal has issued a series of provisionals for her forces in the German territory bordering on Lake Nyassa. These, we understand, are surcharged "Kionga"; so here is a new name for stamp-collectors.



THE 5 CENTAVO OF BOLIVIA

TO BEGINNERS

ST. NICHOLAS for some time past has been urging upon its readers not only the pleasures of stamp-collecting, but the benefits, mental and otherwise, to be derived from it. One result of this is that the mails are bringing to us more and more letters asking for suggestions about beginning a stamp-collection—what is the first thing to do. There have been so many of these letters that the present moment seems to afford a good opportunity for a little talk along these lines. This article, then, is for the benefit of those who are just beginning; those who, as yet, do not even know what they should seek for in collecting stamps. In such a talk one must begin at the very beginning; perhaps even before the beginning. So let us see what it is that we want to do, and then how to do it. First let us consider what is meant by stamp-collecting. Some people think it is simply the amassing of as many stamps as possible, no matter how higgledy-piggledy they may be. The real meaning is to collect or acquire as many different kinds of stamps as we can, and to know wherein and how these various specimens differ one from the other. The fascination and the incidental educational features of stamp-collecting lie in this study of differences. The beginner has not yet thought much of these differences. He does not yet know what constitutes a "variety." Stamps differ from one another in many ways. Some of these differences are not at once apparent to the novice, while others suggest themselves immediately.

Every beginner should ask father to bring home from the office all the stamps that come on his envelops. This gives the boy an opportunity to study more or less the common, every-day stamps of his own country. Now, what is he to look for—what varieties can he find which should form part of his collection? The most apparent difference is the face value, or denomination, of the stamps. Obviously one wants a specimen of all the values—one-cent, two-cent, three-cent, and so on up to the one-dollar value, which is the highest denomination now in use. The second thing to attract attention is the design. Differences here are usually well marked and easily recognized by all. For instance, the beginner may find that some of his one-cent or two-cent stamps have numerals in the lower corners, while others of the same value do not have them. These are all distinct varieties and should be collected. Or the words "U. S. Postage" may be in a straight line or curved. Or he may find a stamp of entirely different design, belonging to one of the older issues. All these varieties should be sought for. Color constitutes a marked difference in stamps. The novice will find many one-cent stamps green in color; in fact, nearly all of them will be green, but occasionally a blue one will be found. Then, too, nearly every collector likes to have several well-marked shades of the stamps of his own country. There is a fertile field in this, especially in the two-cent stamps, which can be found in a great variety of interesting shades. These are legitimate varieties and rightly belong in collections. (Indeed, some

(*Continued on page 31.*)

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

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(*See also page 30.*)

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10 Cents Each—12 Bulgaria; 20 Canada; 5 Canal Zone; 10 Cape Good Hope; 5 Cape Verde; 10 Ceylon; 20 Chile; 14 China; 6 Colombia; 9 Costa Rica; many others. NEEL, 880 CLARKSON, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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50 incl. new issues cat. $2.00 for 50c. 60% Approvals.
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Free 7 large beautiful stamps. Request our ½c. approvals.
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500 spaced, illustrated Album, 250 hinges, and 100 varieties stamps, **5c.** A. WRIGHT, 47 COURT ST., BOSTON, MASS.

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30 U. S., 55 Foreign, 5 Cuba, 5 Mexico, 10 Canada. This entire lot of **105 Different Stamps,** no trash, for **21c.** 1000 hinges, 10c. H. GAST, 588 JACKSON ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FREE— 5 unused stamps to approval applicants.
EDWIN H. BAILEY, FARMINGDALE, N. Y.

All for 20c. { 40 diff. U. S., 8 diff. Switzerland, 30 diff. Sweden, 10 Argentine, all diff., 3 Orange River Colonies, all diff. FOYE STAMP CO., DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

(*See also page 29.*)

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Continued from page 28.)

grown-up collectors think there is nothing so fascinating as these different shadings in stamps.) The next important thing to watch for is the perforation. This difference is not so readily recognized as those previously mentioned. Perforations are collected according to size. This does not mean the size of the little punctures or holes, but the number of holes in the space of two centimeters. This is rather technical, so pay no attention to it for the present. Wait until you are farther advanced. Only, when you get a stamp that looks exactly like one you already have, do not lay it aside as a duplicate until you have matched the perforations of the two both at the sides and at the top or bottom. As the novice becomes more experienced he will meet another difference—the water-mark; but this can wait until later on.

After these hints as to what to collect, comes the question how to collect. This is difficult to answer, because so much depends upon the opportunities of the individual. First of all ask your parents and friends for the stamps they may have on old letters. That gives you a good start in early United States. Possibly some of your friends have been abroad, or correspond with some one abroad. One lad wrote us of the fine Swedish stamps which were given him by his mother's cook. Another had some fascinating Chinese stamps given him by the laundryman. Another boy wrote that his father knew some one in an importing house, and many stamps reached him through that friendship. Another was proud of some Turkish stamps which his rector procured through a missionary. These are just suggestions about what others have done. You each know your own opportunities, and the fun is in the chase for stamps. After one has exhausted all home-sources of supply he turns to the stamp-dealer for help and buys what he needs. Here, again, individuality comes in. His personal supply of pocket-money determines his purchases. But he will enjoy looking over the advertisements of stamps, and picking out a "packet" or a "set" which pleases him, or which promises to fill up some of the spaces in his album. For, of course, he must have an album—a suitable home for his treasures. A printed album is by far the best for the beginner. The illustrations which it contains are exceedingly helpful, and the arrangement is a great guide both as to where to place the stamp and as to how many others are needed to complete the set. The beginner, as a rule, collects everything, and for him we recommend what is called the Junior Album. It is on sale everywhere—at all stamp-dealers, and many department stores and newsdealers. Hand in hand with his album goes the Standard Catalogue, published by the same house. It prices all stamps, and illustrates all foreign ones. (It is against the law to illustrate the stamps of the United States.)

One more hint is needful. Never paste your stamps in the album, nor affix them by means of their own gum, either wholly or by one small corner. Instead use what are called "hinges"—small die-cut pieces of thin paper, coated on one side with some kind of "stickum." Do not try to be economical in the price you pay for these hinges; get the best "peelable" hinge you can. They cost about twenty-five cents per thousand. Fold them crosswise so as to crease them in unequal parts, the shorter, one quarter to one third the length of the hinge, to be applied to the stamp, the longer part to the album.



"Easy to Fill"
PARKER
SELF FILLING
SAFETY
FOUNTAIN PEN
TRANSPARENT OR BLACK RUBBER
At Dealers – Catalog on Request
PARKER PEN CO. 182 Mill St. JANESVILLE, WIS.
NEW YORK RETAIL STORE, WOOLWORTH BLDG.



CLASS RINGS
PINS-MEDALS-PENDANTS
CATALOG FREE. Pins 15c and upward.
K10 and K30, Plate, 50c.; 14K Gold, $2.00.
9170 RING
Sterling 1.00 each
Gold 3.75 each
C. K. GROUSE CO., Mfrs.
North Attleboro, Mass. Box 24.

Was He Truthful?

A man once advertised to sell a steel engraving of George Washington for $1.00. Those who answered received a 2c. stamp. The man was truthful but not honest.

Postage Stamps are often little art gems of brilliant colorings. They may depict some stirring event in a country's history, some great natural wonder or a prominent ruler.

A good New Year's resolution is to never pass by a good opportunity without looking into it. You can learn how much fun and interest there is in stamp collecting by sending 2c. for an application blank to the

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP CLUB
353 Fourth Avenue New York City

CONTINENTAL "Get Acquainted" Offer
OUR
JANUARY OFFER
This month we give you two specials, both of which are real winners
YOUR CHOICE OF EITHER
This Reg. $8.00 Hockey Skate & Shoe Outfit $4.95 with Coupon
or this $8.00 Heavy Shaker Knit Sweater
Either boys' or girls'. All delivery charges prepaid by us
CONTINENTAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE with every purchase. Bank reference, U. S. Mtge. & Trust Co. of N. Y.
Write for Fall and Winter Catalog "S. N."
Watch for next month's special
CONTINENTAL SPORTING GOODS Co.
WORLD'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER SPORTING GOODS HOUSE
125 West 125 Street N.Y.C.
Coupon Value $3.05 Offer Jan. S. N.


Guests are coming
NABISCO
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
TOKENS
Fig Newtons
Zu Zu
GINGER SNAPS
Social Tea Biscuit
Lemon Snaps
CHEESE SANDWICH
GRAHAM
AS AN EVERYDAY ARTICLE OF FOOD THESE GOODS ARE UNEQUALED
CRACKERS
Uneeda Biscuit



WHEN Polly and Peter arrived at home for the Christmas holidays they found awaiting them many large and mysterious bundles and packages marked in conspicuous letters: "Not to be opened until Christmas." But the most mysterious package of all did not arrive until five days after Christmas and it was marked "Not to be opened until January first."

"Now I wonder what *that* means," puzzled Peter, and Polly replied, "It's probably some joke." "It's heavy, all right," declared Peter, "but I'll wager it is filled with bricks or stones."

New Year's day dawned bright and clear and cold. But before it dawned, Peter was taking a brisk shower-bath followed by a quick but vigorous rub-down with Pond's Extract to help him keep in good trim so he won't catch cold.

Polly met him at the head of the stairs and they went down to their own store-room in the cellar. Peter called this room "The Sporting Goods Store" because all around were the things that furnished so many good times and so much good health for him and Polly.

Peter ripped the mysterious box open. On top was a letter addressed: "Mr. Peter and Miss Polly Ponds."

Peter glanced hastily at the signature. "It's from Uncle John!" he exclaimed. Uncle John's Christmas gifts this year had been conspicuous by their absence, so his letter was read eagerly. Here it is, just as Peter read it to Polly:

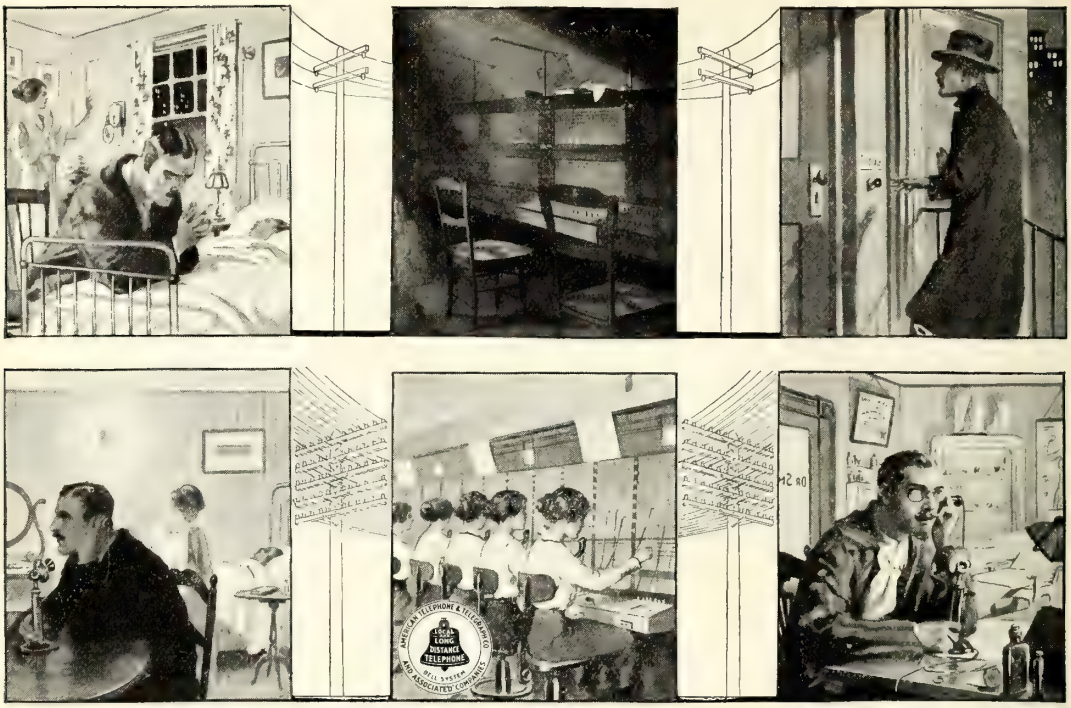
> "Dear Polly and Peter: You know there is a saying that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Of course I do not know how you will feel when you receive this gift, but I can tell you that I am taking a tremendous amount of pleasure in giving it. Before selecting it, I learned what you had received for Christmas. I selected this particular gift because of those other gifts. Each package in this box bears a different tag around it. But the contents of each and every package are the same. It is *all* good old Pond's Extract."

"Hooray!" yelled Peter, waking up everyone in the house. "Now I guess we 'll never be out of it. My room will be the most popular place in school when the fellows find out what a supply of Pond's Extract I 've got."

"Let 's look at the tags," suggested Polly, who was curious. They looked. Look at the picture and you will see what they saw. Each tag bore an inscription suggesting how useful Pond's Extract is in different emergencies, and each emergency was suggested by some gift Polly and Peter had received for Christmas.

When you receive an injury, a bruise or a painful bump while skating, or riding your bicycle, or playing ball, or enjoying your other gifts, remember that Pond's Extract will be as good a friend to you, then, as it has been for many, many years to hundreds of thousands of *St. Nicholas* boys and girls.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street New York City



Best and Cheapest Service in the World

Here are some comparisons of telephone conditions in Europe and the United States just before the war.

Here we have:

Continuous service in practically all exchanges, so that the telephone is available day and night.

A telephone to one person in ten.

3,000,000 miles of interurban or long-distance wires.

Prompt connections, the speed of answer in principal cities averaging about 3½ seconds.

Lines provided to give immediate toll and long-distance service.

In Europe:

Nine-tenths of the exchanges are closed at night, and in many cases, at mealtime.

Not one person in a hundred has a telephone.

Not one-eighth as many miles in proportion to population and territory.

In the principal cities, it takes more than twice as long for the operator to answer.

No such provision made. Telephone users are expected to await their turn.

As to cost, long-distance service such as we have here was not to be had in Europe, even before the war, at any price. And exchange service in Europe, despite its inferior quality, cost more in actual money than here.

Bell Service is the criterion for all the world, and the Bell organization is the most economical as well as the most efficient servant of the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

The Riddle of the White Ribbon and the Wicked Elf



"Is it true," said Prince Goodheart, "that you will marry any one who can ask you a riddle which you cannot answer?" "Absolutely," dimpled the Beautiful Princess, who was even more lovely than usual on this particular morning.

"Good!" said the Prince. "Give ear, O Princess, to my riddle. There was once a Wicked Elf who hid himself in a Pearl. Three Charms were tried to drive him out. The first Charm was a Boar's Bristles. It failed. The next Charm was a Sprinkling of Water. That also failed. The last Charm was a White Ribbon. And the White Ribbon drove out the Wicked Elf. What is the answer to this riddle?"

"The answer," said the Princess, "is as easy as using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, which 'comes out like a ribbon and lies flat on the brush.' The Wicked Elf is a Decay-Germ hiding in a Pearl of a Tooth. The Boar's Bristles —a toothbrush—failed because the brush needs help to thoroughly clean. Nor was water alone enough. But"—and here the Princess laughed merrily—"the Winning Charm *does* look like a White Ribbon, doesn't it, as it lies flat on the brush?"



Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the delicious dentifrice that cleans the teeth so safely and so well. Get a "White Ribbon" today to keep the Wicked Elves away from your pearls of teeth. Ribbon Cream is sold everywhere—or a trial tube sent for 4c. in stamps.

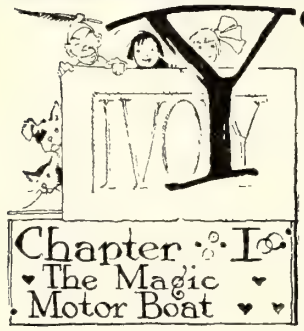
COLGATE & CO., Dept. 60, 199 Fulton St., NEW YORK

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined
A new size at 10c. a cake



COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
TRADE MARK

THE CRUISE of the IVORY WHITE

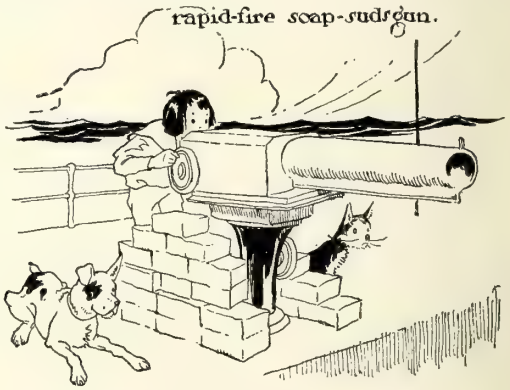


YOU all have read, at least have heard of Bob and Betty White, and also Gnif, the jolly gnome, that enterprising sprite. You've heard of Yow, the handsome Cat, and Snip, the canine, who made up that most heroic group known as "The IVORY Crew." For years they sailed an IVORY Ship, or steered the IVORY bubble around the sea and earth and sky relieving dirtsome trouble. These heroes conquered dirt and grime; o'er mussy beasts they gloated; 'mid many victories bravely won with IVORY SOAP they "*floated.*" What wonder that such doughty deeds should point to duty plain and make such heroes *ache* to go on some new voyage again.



He wagged his tail nearly off.

So Mother White said they might go upon adventures if accompanied and counseled by that wise and *careful* Gnif. Yow put his back far in the air with joy expressing yowls, Snip nearly wagged his tail off 'mid enthusiastic growls. Then our brave heroes promptly made a wondrous boat indeed and stored aboard all sorts of things adventurers might need. Their boat was just a *monster* cake of IVORY SOAP and our wise Gnif installed beneath its decks a "secret" force and power. It was a magic *motor boat* with one electric mast. Its speed could beat two railroad trains by going *twice* as fast.



Its cabins were most comfortable; its pantries crowded tight with foods to fully satisfy most *any* appetite. The hold was filled with tons and tons of IVORY ammunition, and rapid-fire soapsuds guns all in the best condition.

At last the day of parting came, their boat with cleanness glistened. Said Mother, "Oh, *it's ivory white,*" so "IVORY WHITE" 'twas christened. "Good-by, my Dears," called Motherkin, "may luck and fun defend you, and may good hope and IVORY SOAP and cleanly ways attend you." "Me-o-w, bow-wow," said Yow and Snip. "Farewell," called Bob and Betty. "We're *off*," cried Gnif as breezes stiff splashed spray across the jetty. Forth rushed that magic power boat. Its wake spread left and right and soon we'll tell what next befell the good boat "IVORY WHITE."

This craft of Gnif's was, without doubt, the strangest ship afloat.
But perfect safety is assured upon an IVORY boat.

Reprinted by special permission of JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK (The Child's Magazine)

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
99 44/100% PURE





Luxury Keeps Pace With The Seasons

While the winter lasts it is assuredly a great comfort to have the protection of a beautiful enclosed car.

And yet next summer, in this same car, you may avail yourself of every friendly breeze that blows.

Side windows and supports may be easily and quickly dispensed with.

But at the first gust of wind and rain the windows may be quickly slipped into place.

Such perfect protection makes practical a beautiful interior finish.

The seats are upholstered in a beautiful, gray cloth and the sides and ceiling are lined with the same rich material.

A dome light softly illuminates the whole car when desired.

The floor is richly carpeted.

The comfortable front seats are divided by a generous aisle-way affording free passage between front and rear compartments.

This luxurious body is available on either the Big Four or the Light Six Chassis.

Both are especially remarkable for their easy riding qualities.

Long forty-eight inch cantilever rear springs ease the car over rough roads, absorbing the shock of rough cobblestones, cuppy macadam or deep ruts.

New and improved seat springs also contribute to your ease—each spiral spring is separately encased and thus air-cushioned and checked against rebound, they are smaller but more numerous than is usual and you sink into your seat comfortably instead of perching on top of it.

They are quality cars throughout—exceptional values because they share in the economies made possible by our production and sale in large quantities of a complete line of automobiles.

See the Overlands first.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 860

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

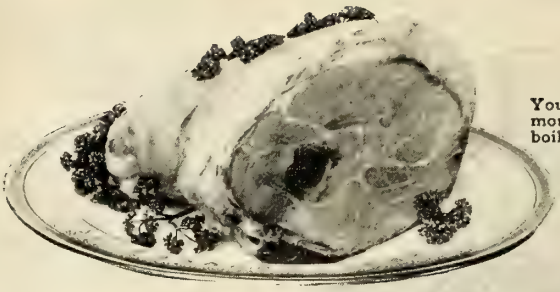
Manufacturers of Overland and Willys-Knight Automobiles
"Made in U. S. A."


Paves the Way
for
Cleanliness
and
Good Cheer
Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases
A Merry
Xmas
and
A Happy
New Year
"Yours
"Old Dutch"

ST NICHOLAS



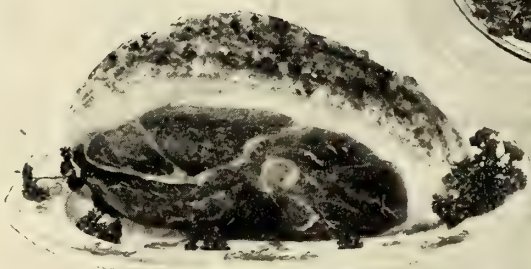
FEBRUARY 1917



Your family will ask for more and more when you serve the shank, boiled. It is so tender—so delicious.

They will enjoy it when you serve the savory center slices broiled or fried without parboiling.





All the rich, yet mild flavor brought out in baking the butt.

Buy it whole – so delicious your family will want it often

So popular are they for their flavor, that thousands of women buy "Swift's Premium" Hams whole.

They find that with a whole Premium ham they can give their families a greater variety of dishes than with any other meat—each dish so good that the family asks for it over and over again.

You would understand why the flavor of "Swift's Premium" Ham is so delicious if you could see the care and skill which is lavished on every detail of preparation. Experts select the very choicest hams. They are given a special cure which takes longer, is more expensive and troublesome than that ordinarily used, but which produces a far more delicious flavor. In the spicy, fragrant smoke of hickory wood, all the mellowness, all the savor is brought out. Even with all this care, only one ham out of five is considered so perfect as to be branded "Swift's Premium."

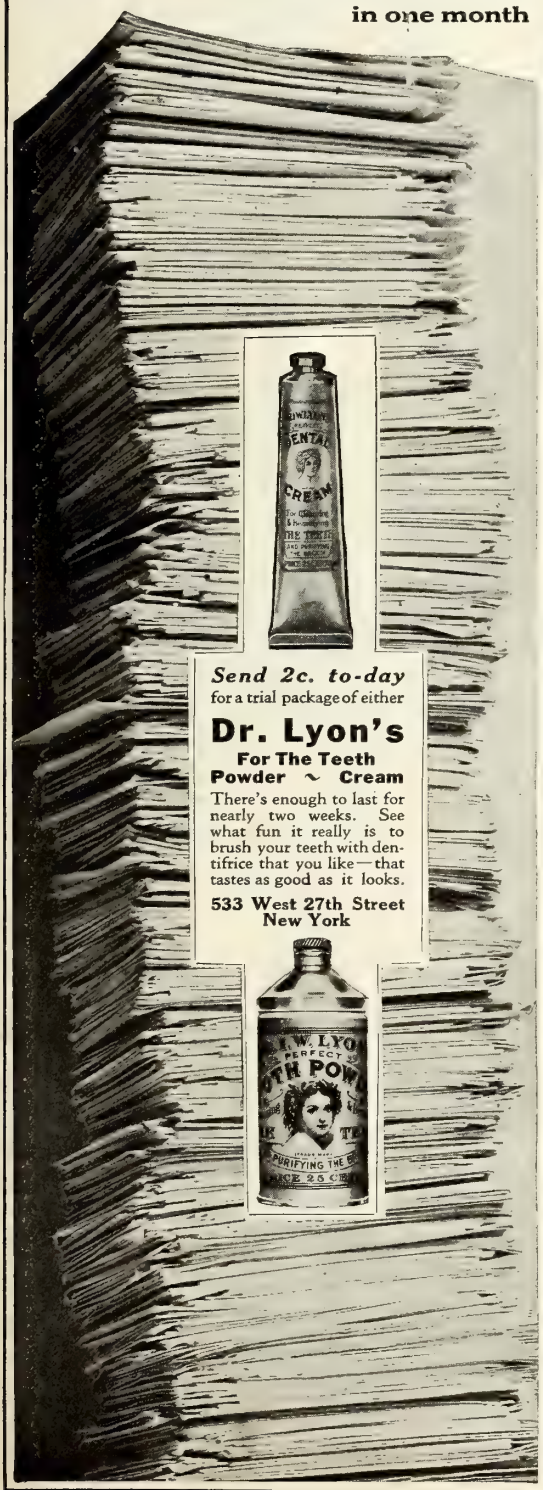
Get one of these hams today and see how much your family enjoys its flavor—how quickly it disappears once they taste it.

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

"Swift's Premium" Ham

Do not parboil before broiling or frying

Some of the 1350 letters received from ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls in one month



Send 2c. to-day
for a trial package of either

Dr. Lyon's
For The Teeth
Powder ~ Cream

There's enough to last for nearly two weeks. See what fun it really is to brush your teeth with dentifrice that you like—that tastes as good as it looks.

533 West 27th Street
New York



Dear Dr. Lyon's Co.,
What a lot of letters you must receive from boys and girls telling you how grateful they are for "Dr. Lyon's".
It must be very pleasant to be a part of "I.W. Lyon & Son" because you are doing so much good all the time. I told my second cousin James about it* at Christmas and to-day he 'phoned to tell me that he appreciated it "Hey Betty," he said, "I used to hate to brush my teeth but Dr. Lyon's isn't half bad." That's just like a boy, isn't it? He means it is great and that he enjoys using it. Well, I must close. I hope every St. Nicholas reader uses "Dr. Lyon's" this year.
Your friend, Betty.
*"Dr Lyon's"



GODFREY LYON, PRESIDENT · C. M. LYON, VICE PRESIDENT · FLOYD V. KEELER, 2ND VICE PRESIDENT · RALPH LYON, TREASURER · HORACE G. LYON, SECRETARY

I. W. Lyon & Sons, Incorporated
ESTABLISHED IN 1866
WILLEMINE BETTY CHILDES
DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER | DR. LYON'S PERFECT DENTAL CREAM
CARLA LYONPOWDER
520 WEST 27TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Dear Betty:-

We thank you for writing us. We like to hear from you as well as other St. Nicholas boys and girls. We had a photograph taken of the St. Nichclas letters that came in one month's mail. There were 1350 of them! Fortunately we enjoy answering them.

Your cousin James ought to see what other boys say about

DR. LYON'S
for the teeth
Tooth Powder Dental Cream

They like it because it helps to keep their teeth from aching and because it really tastes good.

A letter just received from Lillian Mills- a St. Nicholas reader- says, "'Dr. Lyon's' produces clean teeth which are necessary to health." That expresses a big fact in a few words. We join you in wishing that every St. Nicholas reader will learn the merits of Dr. Lyon's before 1917 comes to a close.

Faithfully yours,
I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.

Miss Betty St. Nicholas,
Everywhere,
U.S.A.



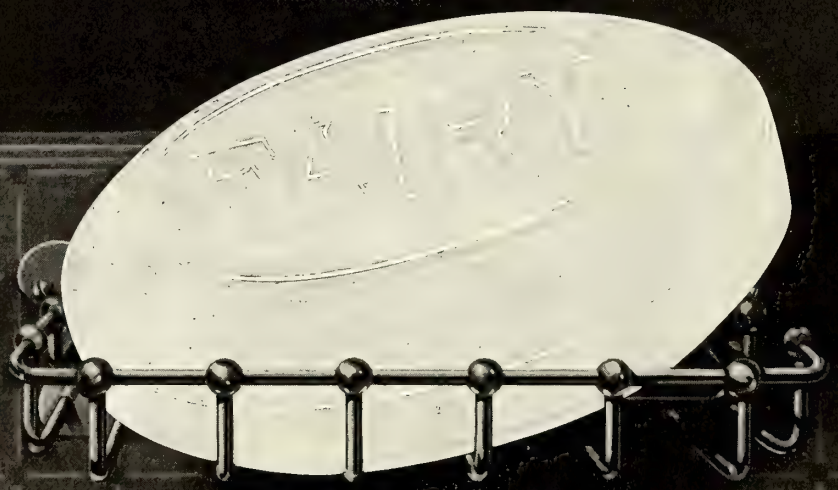
PURE as its whiteness suggests—refreshing in its cleansing qualities—there is more than ordinary satisfaction in the use of

FAIRY SOAP

for toilet and bath

Skillfully made of the choicest materials, Fairy Soap offers—for 5 cents a cake—*quality* which cannot be excelled at any price.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY





"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

5¢

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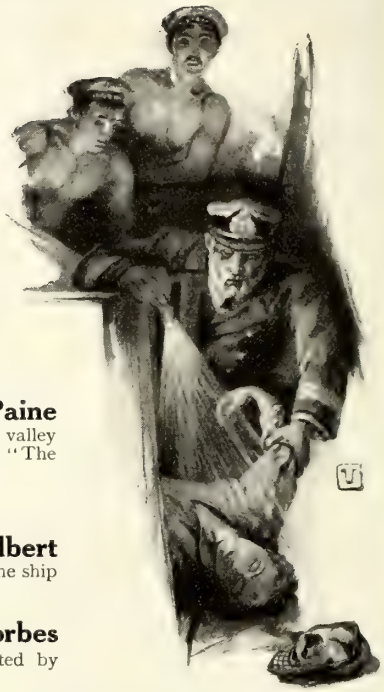
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ST. NICHOLAS *for* MARCH



"MOTOR DAYS IN FRANCE"

***By* Albert Bigelow Paine**

The delightful story of a motor tour up the quaint and picturesque valley of the Rhone—in the Golden Age before the war; by the author of "The Boys' Life of Mark Twain."

"A CONFLICT IN THE DARK"

***By* H. B. Hulbert**

What the stowaway discovers amid the cargo; and how he saves the ship by *not* lighting a match. With pictures by Varian.

"THE LAFAYETTE ROSE" *By* Helen Forbes

A story of the great Lafayette, a child, and a rose; illustrated by W. M. Berger.

"THE WORK OF A CHILDREN'S GARDEN CLUB"

***By* Olive Hyde Foster**

An article full of suggestion for suburban dwellers; how to bring the suburbs to the town. Describing a new and delightful form of social welfare work. Illustrated with photographs.

"THE TALE OF THE BOBCAT" - - *By* Mrs. Karl Moon

Retelling a charming Indian legend—how the bobcat lost his tail; with illustrations by Karl Moon.

"HEROES OF TO-DAY AND HEROINES OF SERVICE"

***By* Mary R. Parkman**

The heroine in March will be Madame Curie, the famous discoverer of radium; the hero, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell. The latter article will be supplemented by "In Dr. Grenfell's Town," describing the doctor's "plant" in Labrador, from the pen of a fellow-worker, Alice Kendall.

"ABOUT THE SPRITESKY AND HIS TRUE-BLUE SCALES"

***By* Blanche E. Wade**

A real old-fashioned fairy story about an ant, a spider, a little child and the wonderful world above the clouds.

"THE GIRL NEXT DOOR" - - *By* Augusta Huiell Seaman

Marcia and Janet make a new and promising acquaintance, and the mystery that seems on the point of clearing grows more dense than ever.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Why not join the St. Nicholas family now? Use this coupon to get in, if you are not already a member.

THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: Please find enclosed $3, for which send ST. NICHOLAS for one year, beginning with the March number, to

Name .....

Address .....

(St. N.—2-'17)

BLUE STREAKS



Why These Are Good Tires



Suppose we were not giving the best value possible in Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tires.

Suppose we scrimped and saved on the material and workmanship that we put into these tires.

Now, as you know, the biggest part of our business is in automobile tires.

How could we get around this fact that would meet us at every turn:

The bicycle riding boy of today is the automobile owner of tomorrow.

We have got to make a good bicycle tire now if we expect to sell you an automobile tire in the future.

You may be doubly sure that Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tires represent the best possible value when you consider the world-known honesty and fairness of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., which makes them.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Advertising Competition No. 182

Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS may enter this competition. The names of those who solve the problem correctly will be printed in the April issue of ST. NICHOLAS in an Honor Roll. The names of the senders of the ten contributions most artistically and painstakingly prepared will be printed under the heading "High Honors"—and this is a very high honor indeed. The correct answers will also be printed.

Competition No. 182

This competition is so very easy that unless you are very careful you are quite certain to make some mistake. Alexander suggested it—and he is a sly person, as every one knows.

The name of this competition is "Heads and Hands."

Turn to your January ST. NICHOLAS.

There you will find 19 *full-page* advertisements, including ST. NICHOLAS' and THE CENTURY CO.'S own announcements, but *not* pages 8 and 10. In every one there is a picture of one or more persons; some real and some imaginary ones.

How many heads of people are there in all of these pages?

Count them carefully and write the total on a piece of paper.

How many times does the *word* "hand" (or "hands") appear in these 19 advertisements?

Count them carefully and write the total on a piece of paper.

Put your name, age and address on the paper; tell whether or not you are a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS; if not, whose copy you read, and how many years you have read it.

Address an envelope to Alexander the Little, care of ST. NICHOLAS, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Mail your answer so it will be received before February 20th. Then wait for the April ST. NICHOLAS and see if this competition is as "easy" as it sounds. One can never tell, you know. Perhaps it is not so easy, after all. At any rate, it is "fun."

How many heads?

How many hands?

Who knows?

Report on Advertising Competition No. 180

Yes, it is admitted even by the Judges that this competition was the hardest ever. And so we think that you will be interested to see the correct answers, which follow:

1. Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
2. Columbia Grafonola.
3. The N. K. Fairbank Co.
4. D. Appleton & Co.
5. Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.
6. Parker Pen Co.
7. American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
8. The New Departure Mfg. Co.
9. The Genesee Pure Food Co.
10. The Foster Rubber Co.
11. Western Electric Co.
12. The Embossing Co.

Now you can see wherein your mistakes were made. But the letters telling the stories you competitors liked best were splendid, and the reasons still better, all of which more than pleased the Judges. Here are the names of the successful ones:

One First Prize ($5.00)

John O. Logan - - - Age 16, Illinois

Two Second Prizes ($3.00 each)

Harry C. Bailey - - - Age 18, Pennsylvania
Anna L. Eastman - - - " 13, New York

Three Third Prizes ($2.00 each)

Herbert McAneny - - Age 13, New York
Eleanore F. Reiley - - " 11, Pennsylvania
Margaret Upshur - - - " 14, Virginia

Ten Fourth Prizes ($1.00 each)

Louise Werth - - - Age 13, Missouri
Mary Wallace Lambright - " 11, Florida
Lydie Blackman - - - " 12, New York
Eleanor J. Smith - - - " 16, California
Catherine R. Stryker - - " 12, New Jersey
Harold A. Beatty - - - " 12, New York
Lucy F. Rogers - - - " 18, Massachusetts
Virginia Richards - - - " 14, New York
Helen Woods - - - " 13, Massachusetts
Hope D. Warner - - - " 13, New York



MASSACHUSETTS, Cape Cod, Brewster, P. O. Box T.

SEA PINES SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS

Distinctly devoted to developing personality. Exceptional home life. Cape climate favorable for outdoor sports. 100 acres: pine groves; 1000 feet of seashore. Gymnastics, Music, Domestic Arts, Secretarial Course. Address

REV. THOMAS BICKFORD, MISS FAITH BICKFORD } Principals.

CONNECTICUT, Washington.

RIDGE SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG BOYS

A Home and School in the country for very small boys. Wholesome outdoor life. Every care.

MRS. WILLIAM GOLD BRINSMADE.

NEW-YORK, Briarcliff Manor.

MRS. MARSHALL'S SCHOOL
FOR LITTLE GIRLS

A home-like boarding and day school for girls under fifteen, affording an abundance of healthful recreation, and fitting pupils for the leading boarding schools of the East. Tuition $1000.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, Plymouth.

Holderness School for Boys Five buildings. Twenty acres.

Prepares for Colleges and Technical Schools. Ranks with the highest grade schools of New England, yet by reason of endowment the tuition is moderate. Modern gymnasium. Skating. All winter sports. 38th year. REV. LORIN WEBSTER, L.H.D., Rector.

MASSACHUSETTS, Andover.

ABBOT ACADEMY

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. FOUNDED 1828.

23 miles from Boston. General course with Household Science. College Preparation. Address MISS BERTHA BAILEY, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Bradford.

Bradford Academy for Young Women.

114th year. Thirty miles from Boston.

Address the Principal,

MISS LAURA A. KNOTT, A.M.

DISTRICT of COLUMBIA, Washington (Suburbs).

National Park Seminary For the higher education of young women. Home

Economics, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Music, Painting, Dramatic Art, systematic study of the National Capital. Illustrated book on request to Registrar. JAMES E. AMENT, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., President, Box 178, Forest Glen, Md.

Miss Hall's
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

In the Berkshire Hills, on the Holmes Road to Lenox. Forty-five acres. One thousand feet above the sea level.

Miss MIRA H. HALL, Principal
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

PENNSYLVANIA, Bryn Mawr.

THE BALDWIN SCHOOL

A Country School for Girls.

ELIZABETH FORREST JOHNSON, A.B., Head of School.

NEW-YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson.

Ossining School for Girls Suburban to New York. Preparatory, Vocational,

Art, Music, and Home Making Courses. Gardening and Horticulture. 49th year. Modern buildings in a ten-acre park. *Separate house for younger girls.* Year Book on request. CLARA C. FULLER, Principal, MARTHA J. NARAMORE, Associate Principal, Box 106.

MASSACHUSETTS, Easthampton.

Williston Seminary for Boys 77th year opens September.

$100,000 residence hall. Efficient masters. Small units. Boys' personality directed. Scientific and preparatory departments. 6 buildings. Athletic fields. Moderate rates. *Lower school* in separate building. Booklet. JOSEPH H. SAWYER, L.H.D., Principal.

Unclassified

Boys! Girls! Speak a Foreign Language!

Learn on your own talking machine at home, during spare moments—**French, German, Spanish, Italian**—easily and quickly. No tiresome rules. Just listen to the native professor's voice pronounce each word and phrase until you know it. Study becomes play by use of the



LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
And Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

Send for our free Booklet on Language Study, particulars of free trial and easy payment plan. Our disc records fit all talking machines—Columbia, Victor, etc.

THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD, 979 Putnam Bldg., 2 W. 45th St., New York

Unclassified Schools—Continued

QUEEN ELIZABETH, A SECRET CIPHER, and THE RIVERBANK SCHOOL

What boy or girl is n't interested in a secret language? Have n't all of you at one time or another invented a private code by means of which you could communicate with your best friend, so nobody else in the whole world could understand? Did n't you delight in substituting numbers for letters, or reversing letters, or inventing symbols to stand for the good old-fashioned alphabet—thus baffling the curiosity of the others? Of course you did, and great fun it was, too.

Now here 's a cipher that the greatest writers of three centuries ago invented and concealed so cunningly in their works that the sharp eyes of hundreds of scholars did not detect it. But at length this cipher was discovered and worked out by scholars of our century. What a marvelous new world opened to their wondering eyes! Stories and conspiracies, history and biography that had never reached the light before—unraveled a fascinating thread for these scholars.

And now the Riverbank School offers you the opportunity to learn this cipher. You can learn it through a series of correspondence lessons, as well as at the school in Riverbank, Geneva, Ill. At any rate, if you are at all interested (and who would n't be?) in this remarkable discovery, write now to the Riverbank School, and ask them to tell you all about it—it 's an interesting story.

THE RIVERBANK SCHOOL OF DECIPHERING, Riverbank, Geneva, Ill.
ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP, *Director*

What Do Boys Do at Summer Camps?

EVERYONE knows that boys have great sport when they go away to an organized camp for a month or for the entire summer. "But just what do they do?" asks someone. They live in the open air, in tents or open shacks. They learn a great many things.

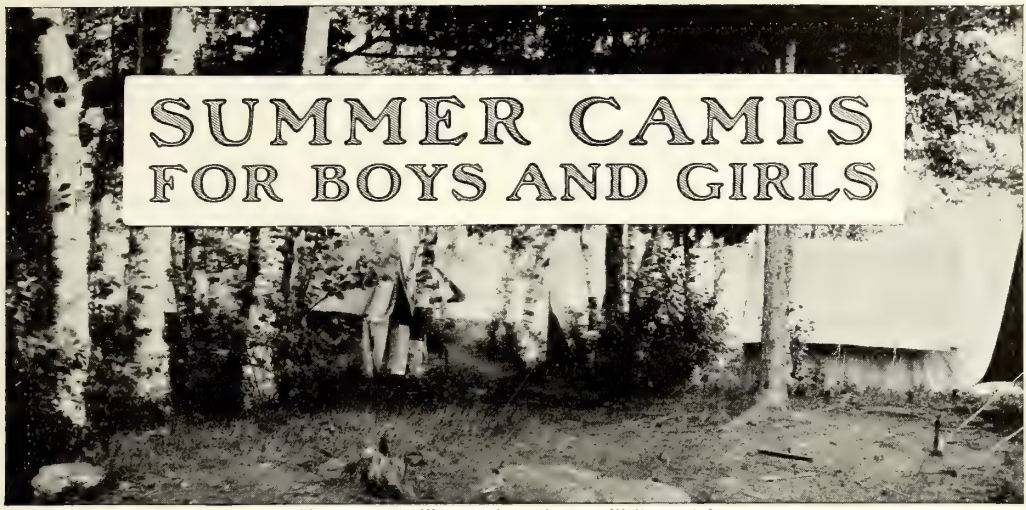
Some boys learn to paddle a canoe safely and easily; some may even learn to stand on their heads on the seat of the canoe, but all of them learn the best thing of all: they learn to be self-reliant, to "paddle their own canoes"; they learn to take care of themselves.

Of course they learn to swim well; that is the first thing they do. They learn woodcraft. They fish. They play all sorts of games. In fact, baseball, tennis, field and water sports (like the tub race in the picture) are the principal part of every day's "work." They take hikes and rides, automobile trips, horseback rides and motor boat trips. They visit

(*Continued on page 11*)







Photographed by Walter P. Yamall, age 14, Wallingford, Pa.



Winona Camps for Boys

MOOSE POND **Tenth Season**

Two camps graded (ages 8 to 16).
For Illustrated Booklet address
C. E. COBB, Denmark Inn, Denmark, Maine

CAMP CHAMPLAIN



AN IDEAL CAMP FOR BOYS, located among the pines on the shores of Mallet's Bay, Lake Champlain. 1917 will be the twenty-fourth successful season in the history of Camp Champlain. Its object is to give the boys the happiest, most profitable and healthful summer possible—and it carries out its purpose. All land and water sports—fishing, swimming, baseball, tennis, athletic meets. Motorboats, rowboats, canoes. Hikes and trips to the Adirondacks, Green Mountain and Montreal. Tutoring if desired. In charge of counselors who understand boys. Spend a summer with splendid fellows from the best kind of homes. References required. $175.00 for season. Send for the illustrated booklet and read the rest of the story.

WM. H. BROWN
311 West 83d Street **New York City**

Maine, Norway.

CAMP PENNESSEEWASSEE

A camp for boys who want real camp life. Base-ball, tennis, field sports, swimming, canoeing, tramping, fishing, etc. The best kind of camp influences. Booklet will tell you the rest. Write to-day to
Shepard & Packard, Norway, Maine.

New Hampshire, West Ossipee.

CAMP FESSENDEN

On Lake Ossipee. Excellent swimming beach. All camp sports. "Small group" canoe and hiking trips a feature. One councilor to every three boys. Fifth season. References required. For booklet, address John Porter, Jr., Fessenden School, West Newton, Mass.

Maine, Oxford.

CAMP OXFORD

"A healthful, happy, helpful summer place for boys."—*Bishop Edwin H. Hughes.* Land and water sports of every kind. A Camp where good-fellowship is manufactured and maintained. Booklet.
A. F. Caldwell, A.M.

New-York, Adirondacks.

CAMP POK-O'-MOONSHINE

Unquestionably one of the finest camps in the country. Ages 9-17. *12th season.* $20,000 equipment. Rates absolutely inclusive. Address
Dr. C. A. Robinson, Peekskill Academy, Peekskill, N. Y.



CAMP IDLEWILD

Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.
26th YEAR.

FIRST THINGS
Development of character
Cultivation of good manners.
Idealizing of purity of mind and body.
Vigilance for safety.

EXPERIENCE COUNTS
Twenty-five years of camp life.
Over fifteen hundred boys in camp.
Not a single serious accident.
Mr. Dick's personal supervision for twenty-five years.

7 miles of lake shore. Fleets of canoes and motor boats. Big new speed boat.

Your boy deserves the best. Idlewild provides it. 32-page Illustrated Descriptive Booklet on request.
Address JOHN M. DICK, B. D., 358 Exchange Building, Boston, Mass.

Camps for Boys and Girls—Continued

The Tela-Wauket Camps



FOR GIRLS. ROXBURY, VERMONT.

Seniors, 14-20; Juniors, 10-14. 200 acres of wooded mountain-side and meadows in the very heart of the Green Mountains. Private pond for water sports. Athletic fields. Clay tennis courts. Camping trips. Daily horseback riding over mountain roads and trails. No charge for horses or instruction. Rustic sleeping bungalows. Assembly hall for dancing, music and games around the big fireplace. Screened dining porches. Enthusiastic councilors. $150 for July and August. Illustrated booklet.

MR. & MRS. C. A. ROYS, 10 Bowdoin St., Cambridge, Mass.

New Hampshire, Peterboro.

Sargent Camps for Girls

Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, Pres.

Two camps—Seniors, 14-24; Juniors, 8-13. Finest plant and equipment in America. All sports. Horseback Riding. Arts and Crafts. Dramatics. Safety and health our first consideration.

The Secretary, 22 Everett St., Cambridge, Mass.

WINNETASKA

A Summer Camp for Girls
Squam Lake. N. H.



The Camp is situated in the beautiful mountain and lake region of New Hampshire, the location affording many interesting walking trips.

Limited to thirty-six girls, thus preserving the personal bond between the Girls, the Council, and the Directors.

Splendid swimming and canoeing; basket-ball, tennis, nature study, handicrafts (stencilling, designing, sketching, basketry), and campcraft. Pleasurable entertainments for the evenings (dancing, playlets, singing around the campfire).

The WINNETASKA booklet will tell you all about it, and show you what fine times WINNETASKA girls have.

Dr. and Mrs. John B. May, Cohasset, Mass.

New Hampshire, Conway.

Pine Knoll Camp

means the happiest summer in a girl's life. Heart of White Mountains. Most beautiful spot in New England. On picturesque secluded Iona Lake. Full camp programme. Wonderful equipment. Illustrated booklet.

Mrs. Frances H. White, 115 S. Ocean St., Lynn, Mass.

CAMP WINNAHKEE

For Girls
On Mallets Bay

Lake Champlain, between the Green and Adirondack Mountains



The camp for good fun, and high ideals. Swimming, boating, fishing, horseback-riding, tennis, physical training, nature study, woodcraft. Councilors that are real companions and at the same time advisers and guides. Something interesting to do every minute, and the best kind of companionship, because Winnahkee girls can only come with the best of references. Ideal conditions for a wonderful time. $200, including fare. Booklet tells about it. Send to **Wm. H. Brown, 311 W. 83d St., N.Y.C.**

Lake Champlain, Valcour Island.

CAMP PENN

ELEVENTH SEASON

Camp-time is coming, and we would like you to know something about CAMP PENN, which is unlike any camp you ever heard of. For it is a REAL camp, one of the best-equipped and most interesting, with something doing EVERY MINUTE. No boys over sixteen, and a separate camp for the Juniors.

Our booklet is ready for you!

Chas. K. Taylor, M.A., Chestnut Hill, Phila., Pa.

Maine.

Camp Katahdin

For Boys. In the Maine Woods. 17th Season. Fishing and all sports of real camp life. Playing and athletic fields. Horseback riding under direction of a West Pointer. Mountain trips. Water sports. Games. Log cabins and tents. Safety, health and a good time. George E. Pike, B.S., Ralph K. Bearce, A.M., Powder Point School, Duxbury, Mass.

Maine, Sebago Lake Region.

WILDMERE

A camp that cares. We welcome boys whose parents believe in the old-fashioned virtues. Remarkable equipment. Good, wholesome food, prepared by cooks who "know how." Send for unique booklet.

Irving C. Woodman, Box 79, Station L, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Maine, Lake Kezar.

CAMP KINAPIK

Unique combination of Maine woods, lakes and White Mountains. Woodcraft, fishing, canoeing, mountain climbing. Boys—8 to 15. Personal care. Director endorsed by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Address H. C. Went, Director, Bridgeport, Conn.

Maine, Bath.

BOOTHBAY CAMP FOR BOYS

The ideal camp for a real summer holiday. All the sports a regular boy wants and splendid councilors to help enjoy them. Companionship with boys of fine character. Write to-day to

A. R. Webster, 1325 Cypress St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Massachusetts, Orleans, Cape Cod.

Mrs. Norman White's Camp for Girls

A Seaside Camp in the pines. All pleasures of life by the sea. Outdoor sleeping in well-protected Cabins. Limited to 35 girls, from 8 to 16. Long distance Phone. Booklet.

Address Mrs. Norman White, 424 West 119th St., N. Y.

New-York, Lake Keuka.

CAMP AREY FOR GIRLS

Complete equipment for health, safety, happiness. Limited enrollment. Illustrated booklet.

Mrs. A. C. Fontaine, Roslyn, L. I.

Vermont, Thetford.

THE HANOUM CAMPS

Hill Camp for girls under 16; Lake Camp, over 16. Come gypsy through the mountains, ride horseback, swim, canoe, cook, design jewelry, etc., by camp-fire. Dance and sing with us next summer. Illustrated booklet. Professor and Mrs. C. H. Farnsworth, Teachers College, Columbia University, N. Y. City.

Vermont, Fairlee, Lake Morey.

HOKOMOKO

CAMP FOR GIRLS

Swimming, canoeing, tennis, basket-ball, field hockey, horseback riding, dancing, mountain climbing, picnics, auto trips, hiking. Good fun every minute. Booklet. Mrs. David S. Conant, Bradford, Vt.

Pennsylvania, Pocono Mountains, Lake Arthur.

ONEKA

THE PENNSYLVANIA CAMPS FOR GIRLS

Elevation 2000 ft. Bungalows and tents on lake shore. All field and water sports, horses, etc. Trained nurse. Junior and Senior camps. Booklet on request. Under the personal supervision of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sipple, 350 W. Duval St., Germantown, Phila.

Connecticut, Guilford, Pipe Bay.

Menuncatuk

Seashore Camp for Girls. Acres of beautiful woodland by the ocean. All water and land sports. May to November. Catalogue.



Mrs. Theodora Ames Hooker,
High School, Saugus, Mass.

Camps for Boys and Girls—Continued



Aloha

Camps for Girls

Locations: Fairlee, Vt., South Fairlee, Vt., and Pike, N. H.

3 distinct camps—ages, 7-13, 13-17, 17-25. Fun, Frolic, Friendships.

Swimming, canoeing, horseback riding, tennis, basketball, baseball. Handicrafts, Dramatics. Music.

Character development, cultivation of personality and community spirit. Vigilance for health and safety.

12 years of camp life. 1000 girls have been in camp and not a single serious accident. Mr. and Mrs. Gulick's personal supervision.

Splendid equipment. 64-page illustrated booklet.

Mrs. E. L. Gulick, 232 Addington Rd. Brookline, Mass.



Wyonegonic Camps for Girls

MOOSE POND **Sixteenth Season**

Three separate camps (ages 8 to 21).
For Illustrated Booklet address

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. COBB, Denmark, Maine

WISCONSIN, Lake Winnebago.

Camp Olympia A High Grade Camp for Girls. Situated on the north shore of Lake Winnebago. Offers a summer of sane, wholesome living, which affords physical, mental, and moral development. For illustrated booklet, address
MISS RUTH E. PATTERSON, Woodruff Pl., Indianapolis, Ind.

MAINE, Bath.

CAMP MERRY MEETING for GIRLS

A camp where you can spend a summer with pleasure and profit. Splendid councilors, good influences, and good fun. The booklet tells you all about it. Write to-day to
MRS. A. R. WEBSTER, 1325 Cypress St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

An Indian's Canoe For You

Write for Catalog

A real Indian's canoe—as swift, safe and strong. Always ready to carry you on some adventure—long paddles that make big muscles—the finest canoe a boy ever had. You can get one of these beauties for only $34. Catalog tells all about them. Write for it. Get your "Old Town" from dealer or factory. 4000 ready to ship.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 632 Fourth St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

"Old Town Canoe"







(*Continued from page 8*)

other camps. They go off for overnight picnics. They participate in all the joys and mysteries of outdoor life and they go back home with bright eyes, sound bodies and keen minds, ready to do a young man's work in the world.

If you are a boy who would like to know some more about these camps, fill out and mail the coupon now.

If you are a girl and are interested in going to a girls' camp, fill out the coupon and the camp editors will be glad to see that you obtain the desired information.

ST. NICHOLAS CAMP EDITOR
353 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Will you please send me information about summer camps? I prefer a camp in.....
(Insert name of State or section desired.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

PARENT'S SIGNATURE .....



THE BOOK MAN

I WONDER how many of my readers have seen "The Book of Friendly Giants" (The Century Co., $2.00 net), the delightful collection of giant legends retold by Eunice Fuller and illustrated in a unique way by Pamela Colman Smith. Those who have not come across this book will be surprised to learn that, in spite of "Jack and the Beanstalk," by far the greater number of giants have had only the kindest feelings toward the little race of humans and especially boys and girls.

Miss Fuller, in fact, is quite concerned over the giants having got such a bad name. She says that it is most unjust, for no self-respecting giant would any more think of threatening a little boy, or of grinding up people's bones to make flour, than a fairy godmother would. Giants' dispositions are in proportion to the size of their bodies, and so when they are good, as most of them are, they are the gentlest-hearted folk in the world and like nothing better than helping human beings out of scrapes.

The truth is that many of the giant stories were written by people who never really knew giants at all. This is the more of a pity because a great many people have had a chance to know them intimately. For in the old days the giants used to live all over the world—in Germany, and Ireland, and Norway, and even here in America. And their history is as simple as their good-natured lives. They all originally came from one big giant family, and wherever they went they kept the same giant ways and enjoyed playing the same big, clumsy jokes on one another.

So at least Miss Fuller says, and I don't see how anyone can doubt it, considering the *very* friendly and good-natured stories she has been able to collect about them from all sorts of sources—German, Celtic, Norse, Hungarian, Oriental, and American-Indian. Folk-lore everywhere, in short, seems to agree that there was ever so much more of good than of bad in the giants.

And no wonder! Think of all the nice things they used to do for people! There was the Hungarian giant, for instance, who, just

THE BOOK MAN—Continued

because Ivan the little herdboy did him some small service, took him to see the other giants dancing around the magic fountain, and carried him on his shoulder down to the giants' feast in their great hall under the earth, and finally presented him with a magic loaf of bread that gave out gold pieces inexhaustibly whenever it was bitten, and so enabled Ivan to marry the pretty princess. Then there were the giants who treated Thor and Loki and Thialfi so kindly when the little Scandinavian gods came to their castle to bid them do homage. Of course the giants could n't agree to that, for they were so much stronger than the gods and had such forces of magic on their side; but they let Thor and his companions down as easily as they could and gave them a great banquet and did everything they could to cheer the gods up and send them home not too downcast after their humiliating experience in Giantland.



You probably know the story of the Giant Who Became a Saint; but really, as you read these stories you begin to believe that most of the giants *were* naturally patient and kind, and that Saint Christopher was no exception. Think of the Wigwam giants, for example, who took such endless pains to keep Oscoon and Pulowech out of harm's way and invited them and their family to come back every year—as they did—and make them another visit. And then there was the young giant Hurtali, who was a good deal smaller than his ancestors had been, but still measured a mile high. Perhaps you did not know that it was he who pushed the Ark off the rocks and, for all we know, saved the whole human race from extinction. At any rate, Noah was very grateful to him, and so were Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and their wives.

Of course there are lots of other stories besides these in Miss Fuller's book, and Pamela Colman Smith's drawings are quite what they should be. I have chosen one of them to go in the middle of this page; it is quite small, but there is not room enough for the best ones.

The Book Man

How to Make Houses and Apartments Homes

THE NEW INTERIOR

By Hazel H. Adler



Here and there in America, sometimes working independently, sometimes working together, are groups of artists interested in interior decoration who have developed new and original color combinations, new glazes, new tilings, and all manner of materials and methods for beautifying and making more useful the interiors of American houses.

Mrs. Adler's book shows just what this new and unique American craftsmanship is. It emphasizes the possibility and desirability of people making more of their own furnishings and decorations, and indicates how to do it. Forty-nine illustrations; eight in full color. *Price $3.00 net.*

THE HOUSE IN GOOD TASTE

By Elsie de Wolfe, America's Most Successful Woman Decorator

A unique and illuminating discussion of the problems of house furnishing which come to every woman, whatever her environment or her income; the chronicle of a professional decorator's actual experiences. Very delightful is the friendly autobiographical flavor which runs through all the pages, especially in the description of the author's own lovely homes: the old Washington Irving house; her present New York residence; and the gem of all, the Villa Trianon. Four insets in color and forty-eight in black and white. *Price $2.50 net.*

THE LURE OF THE ANTIQUE

By Walter A. Dyer

A complete, satisfactory, and very delightful guide for the intelligent buying and appreciation of old furniture and household appointments. All through it runs the fine spirit of one who knows "how heart-warming and heart-softening a thing it is to associate, day by day, with the household belongings of a past generation." One hundred and fifty-nine illustrations. *Price $2.40 net.*

EARLY AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN

By Walter A. Dyer

A survey of the lives and work of our American Old Masters in architecture, carving, cabinet-making, glassware, pewter, pottery, etc.—artists of surprising distinction whose careers have been brought to light by the developing vogue of Americana. More than one hundred illustrations. *Price $2.40 net.*

BY-PATHS IN COLLECTING

By Virginia Robie

Every enthusiast over rare and unique things which have passed the century mark will want this book, with its wealth of reliable information. Charmingly made and illustrated. *Price $2.40 net.*

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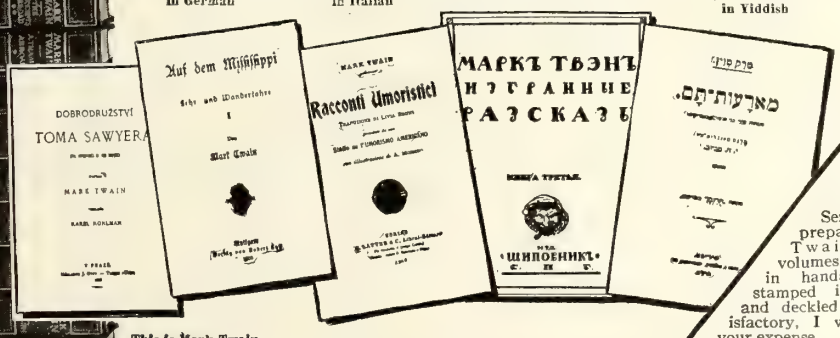
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(NELLY CUSTIS'S WEDDING-DAY.)

ST. NICHOLAS

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WASHINGTON'S INTEREST IN YOUNG PEOPLE

BY H. A. OGDEN

FROM the time of his marriage to Mrs. Custis, the young widow with two little children, Washington's affection for, and care of, young people was one of the strongest interests in his life.

John Parke Custis was a little boy of six and his sister Martha a tot of four when the young Virginia colonel, in 1759, became their stepfather, taking them to his heart as if they were his own children to watch over and care for as long as they lived.

By many of the earlier historians and biographers, Washington has, as a modern writer has said, "been lifted up into a lonely greatness and put outside of the range of human sympathy." Responsibility came to him early in life, when he was scarcely more than a boy, for at the age when our young men of to-day are about leaving college, Washington was in command of troops and fighting battles. Such a life made him grave and thoughtful, besides giving him a knowledge of men and affairs. All this made him seem, to many, cold and unsympathetic. It is true that he was not a demonstrative man, but those who were related to him, or knew him in his private life, have recorded many proofs of his warm-heartedness and affection, showing that he was as great in those qualities as in character and ability.

First to claim his care were his wife's two children, "Jack" and Martha, or "Patsy," Custis. In sending to London for various goods, shortly after he became their guardian, he specified ten shillings' worth of toys, six little books, and a fashionably dressed doll for the little girl, followed, when they were somewhat older, by Bibles and prayer-books, with their names inscribed in gold letters, and a spinet for Miss Patsy. Their share of their father's estate was managed with great care, even after Jack grew to manhood and married, and during the years of the Revolutionary War Washington continued to advise him as to the sale of his lands and cattle.

Washington's own limited schooling made him desirous of impressing upon all of the young people with whom he came in contact the need of education and study, toward which he was ever ready to aid with both purse and advice.

As a boy, Jack was not a very diligent student; in fact, he was a true Virginia gallant and much more fond of dress and of hunting the fox with his stepfather and the Mount Vernon hounds than of books. Washington's letters to him when he was being tutored by a clergyman at Annapolis were certainly like lectures, for while an amiable and generous boy, his disinclination to study was a source of anxiety to his parents. For a short time he was entered at King's (now Columbia) College, in New York, but was called home to Mount Vernon when his sister Patsy died in 1773. This young girl had been her mother's constant companion, and was very dear to Washington, who is said to have mourned for her as if she had been his own daughter.

Soon after his return from college and while



"WHEN WASHINGTON FIRST MET THE NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD ALEXANDER HAMILTON."

much too young, Washington thought, the nineteen-year-old Jack married Miss Eleanor Calvert, of Maryland, and settled with his bride of sixteen at Abingdon on the Potomac.

While we know that Washington had no children of his own, he was blessed with many nephews and nieces, who, looking up to him as the head of the family, received many favors from his hand. His sister Betty, Mrs. Fielding Lewis, had several boys, Washington, when nineteen, standing godfather to the eldest. Two of her boys, Howell and Lawrence, made their home with their famous uncle at Mount Vernon at different times. Another nephew, Bushrod, a son of Washington's brother John Augustine, was an especial favorite. His career as a lawyer was helped by Washington, who followed it with the greatest pride and interest, and frequently consulted him on legal matters. The Mount Vernon mansion, its library and private papers, and four thousand acres of land were left to this nephew, besides his appointment as one of Washington's executors. Of his brother Samuel's children, Washington helped educate the three boys, and gave their sister Harriot a home under his own roof for nine years.

Another favorite was George Augustine Washington, the eldest son of his brother Charles. A military commission and an appointment on Lafayette's staff were secured for this nephew, Washington also, at a later time, giving him funds with which to travel when his health demanded it; and on his marriage to a niece of Mrs. Washington's, he, too, took up his residence at Mount Vernon and was made manager of the estate.

Of the six executors of Washington's will, five were nephews, all young men, the sixth being his adopted son, not yet of age. Each of these nephews received a sword, with the injunction "not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood except it be for self-defense, or in defense of their country and its rights; and, in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof." Which shows how high a place these young men held in Washington's affections.

It was not only to his own youthful kindred that Washington gave a helping hand, for to



"PLACING A 'NELLY CUSTIS' ROSE IN THE BUTTONHOLE OF HER FOSTER-FATHER'S COAT." (SEE PAGE 295.)

his old friend Dr. Craik he once sent thirty pounds to aid in his boy's schooling. Of the son of Tobias Lear, the last of his private secretaries,

Washington was very fond. In writing to the widow of his old companion in arms, General Greene, he shows his kindness of heart by saying that if she will trust his namesake G. Washington Greene to his care, he will be given "as good an education as this country affords to fit him for any profession his friends select, at my own cost and expense."

During the active years of the War for Independence, Washington was surrounded by many young men, either as members of his "military family," as his staff was called, or in other commands. Lafayette was under twenty when he left France and his young wife to give his services to the cause of American liberty. He very soon endeared himself to the commander-in-chief, who gave him many proofs of his confidence and lasting affection.

It was in noticing the able way that a young artillery captain had posted his guns in the earthworks at Harlem that Washington first met the nineteen-year-old Alexander Hamilton. In March, 1777, the commander-in-chief made him one of his aides-de-camp, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and so began the close relations of these two great men which lasted through their lives. The wonderful intellect of the young officer made him invaluable to his chief, his "boy," as Washington often called him, being not only a ready and forceful writer, but having the mind of a statesman and the spirit of a soldier as well. On many occasions the tall and stately general took counsel with the slender little youth of less than half his age, not only during the time of war, but, in later years, in the formation of the government.

John Laurens and Tench Tilghman were two other youngsters of the "staff," while the dashing young cavalryman, "Light Horse" Harry Lee, was a great favorite, his mother having been a sweetheart of Washington's boyhood.

After the battle of Long Island and the retreat of our army to New York, a young graduate of Yale volunteered to get the information, so needed by Washington, of the enemy's movements. History has not recorded what passed between the general and Captain Nathan Hale when the latter reported at headquarters for instructions, but we may be sure that when word was received of his capture and how he sacrificed his life for his country, no one felt his loss more deeply than the kind-hearted Washington.



"WHEN CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE REPORTED AT HEADQUARTERS FOR INSTRUCTIONS."

During the campaigns, numerous instances are told of his notice of, and kindness to, children, sometimes very little ones. Mrs. Bowers, an old lady of Cooperstown, New York, used to tell

how, when she was a little three-year-old tot, General Washington once stopped at her mother's; and how, dignified as he was, he could con-



"SHE WAS TAKEN UP ON THE GENERAL'S KNEE."

descend to amuse a little child. When her mother left the room for a few minutes, she was taken up on the general's knee and trotted as he sang the ludicrous rhyme:

There was an old, old man and an old, old woman;
They lived in a vinegar bottle together.
Shelter'd alike from wind and from weather,
They lived in a vinegar bottle together,

repeating the last line several times for a chorus. When her mother returned to the parlor, the general told how he had been occupied in her absence, adding: "The little jade wished to know how the old people escaped from the bottle; and before I had time to reply to her question, she anticipated me by saying, 'I guess, General, they knocked off the neck!'"

Whenever Washington and his staff made a stop at a farm-house, the children were brought to see the great general. On one such occasion he is said to have replied, as he took the hand of a little girl who wanted to see him, "Well, my dear, you see a very tired man in a very dirty shirt." During his New England tour, in the first year of his Presidency, Washington stopped at the house of a Mr. Taft at Uxbridge, where he was so much pleased at the attentions of his host's young daughters that, from his next stopping-place, a gift was sent to each, accompanied by the following characteristic letter to their father.

Hartford, 8th November, 1789.

Sir: Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being moreover very much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Patty and Polly, I do for these reasons send each of these girls a piece of chintz; and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited more upon us than Polly did, I send five guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornament she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself. As I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of, or even to its being known, the less there is said about the matter the better you will please me. But, that I may be sure the chintz and money have got safe to hand, let Patty, who I dare say is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, di-



"'A VERY LITTLE GENTLEMAN HOLDING FAST TO ONE FINGER OF THE GOOD GENERAL'S HAND.'"

rected to "The President of the United States at New York." I wish you and your family well, and am your humble Servant,

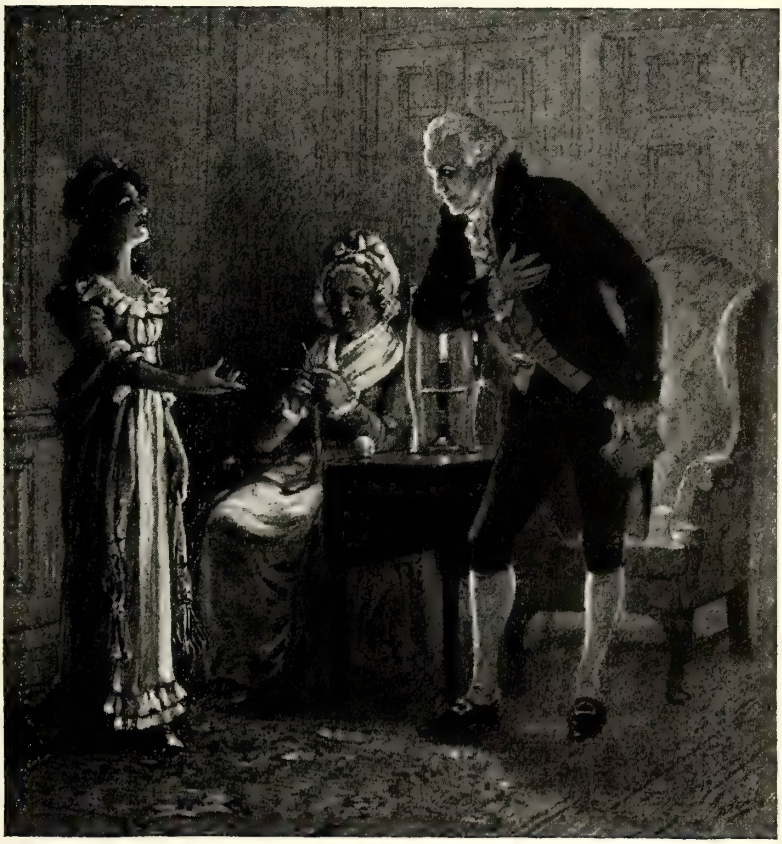
Geo. Washington.

When Lafayette was a prisoner in Austria during the French Revolution, his son, named after Washington, sought an asylum in this country. Arriving while Washington was still President, it was arranged that the young Frenchman and his tutor should live in New York for a time, in order to avoid giving offense to the French Republic; but immediately upon retirement from office and once again a private citizen, Washington sent for the young Lafayette and took him, with his tutor, to Mount Vernon, where they remained as his guests until it was safe to return to their own country, Washington in the meantime doing all in his power to have the elder Lafayette set free. A letter he once wrote to little Virginia Lafayette also shows how fond he was of his old friend's children. He says:

> Permit me to thank my dear little correspondent for the favor of her letter of the 18th of June last, and to impress her with the idea of the pleasure I shall derive from a continuance of them. Her papa is restored to her with all the good health, paternal affection, and honors which her tender heart could wish. He will carry a kiss to her from me (which might be more agreeable from a pretty boy), and give her assurances of the affectionate regard with which I have the pleasure of being her well-wisher,
>
> GEORGE WASHINGTON.

During the few happy years of his life spent at Mount Vernon, Washington always had young people around him. We see how he was interested in all their doings. His letters to his nieces or Mrs. Washington's granddaughters were full of wise advice, at which, being young people, they doubtless smiled, but prized nevertheless as being proofs of his interest in their welfare.

Of these granddaughters of his wife, Eleanor, or "Nelly," Custis, the youngest, was, without doubt, the dearest of all his young relations. On the death of her father (the Jack Custis previously told of), in 1781, just after the surrender at Yorktown, his two youngest children, Nelly, then three years old, and George Washington Parke Custis, born only six months before, were adopted by Washington as his own children, making Mount Vernon their home. The story of their lives is a beautiful one. Washington treated them as if they were his own children, being indulgent and almost lavish of expense in their education. Nelly had her private tutors and was instructed in drawing, dancing, and music, the harpsichord that he presented to her still being in the music-room at Mount Vernon. With such advantages, and surrounded by the best of influences and loving care, she grew in the seventeen years of her life spent under his guardian-



"'MY CHILD, I BEG YOUR PARDON!'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

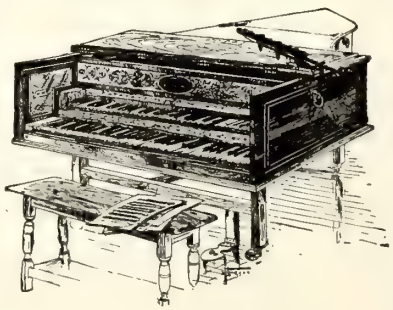
ship into a charming and beautiful young woman, whose sweet disposition, lively talk, and grace made her very dear to Washington, whom she fondly loved in return.

In the garden near the mansion one of the most beautiful species of roses was named for her, and we can easily imagine the fair Nelly placing in the buttonhole of her foster-father's coat, as they saunter along the trim box-bordered paths, a "Nelly Custis" rose.

Irving tells an anecdote that shows Washington's indulgence toward her when Grandmama was inclined to be strict. It seems that Nelly, being young and romantic, was fond of roaming

around the grounds by moonlight, which Grandmama thought wrong and unsafe, and she obtained from Nelly a promise not to go again alone. But one evening she was missing, and, on being found, was taken to the room where the general was pacing up and down with hands behind him, as was his habit. Grandmama, with her knitting, sat in her easy-chair. From her, Miss Nelly received a severe reproof, and was reminded of the promise she had made. Knowing she had done wrong, the delinquent made no excuse, and, when there was a pause, started to leave the room. As she was closing the door she overheard the general, in a low voice, intercede in her behalf by saying to Mrs. Washington, "My dear, I would say no more; perhaps she was not alone." At this Nelly turned back, and standing proudly before the general exclaimed, "Sir! you brought me up to speak the truth, and when I told Grandmama I was alone, I hope you believe *I was alone!*" At this, Washington made her one of his most impressive bows, and, with hand on heart, replied, "My child, I beg your pardon!"

It was in 1798 that young Lawrence Lewis, a son of Washington's sister Betty, came to live at Mount Vernon in order to relieve his famous uncle of some of the cares of hospitality and his enormous correspondence. The friendship of two young people thus living under the same roof soon grew into a much warmer attachment, greatly to Washington's satisfaction, for he felt that, of all of Nelly's suitors, a marriage with this well-loved nephew would prove a happy one. So on the twenty-second of February, 1799, Washington's last birthday, the wedding took place. Great preparations had been made for the event; relatives and members of the prominent families of the surrounding country were among the invited guests. In the great banquet-hall, decorated with flowers and evergreens and lighted with many waxen tapers, the ceremony was performed. Washington, in his Revolutionary War uniform, gave the bride away. It was, indeed, a brilliant occasion. The rich, picturesque costumes of the time, the buckles and brooches, powder and ruffles, on every side made the most notable scene Mount Vernon had ever witnessed, and one long remembered by the fortunate guests. A tract of two thousand acres of land in the neighborhood was presented to the young couple, upon which they later built a stately mansion, their home for many happy years. Nelly lived to be an old lady of eighty and left numerous descendants to whom she never tired of telling of the affection and indulgence shown her by the venerated master and mistress of Mount Vernon in the days of her girlhood.



NELLY CUSTIS'S HARPSICHORD.

Washington's other adopted child, Nelly's brother, G. W. Parke Custis, has left many interesting recollections of his boyhood and life in the Washington home. This "child of Mount Vernon" was only four when a tutor was engaged for "little Washington," as he was called, that he might have a liberal education. At both New York and Philadelphia, during Washington's Presidency, it was a part of the private secretary's duty to direct the studies of the lad. But like his father, Jack Custis, little Washington was not a student. Greatly to his foster-father's disappointment, he failed to pass the examinations at the colleges of Philadelphia, Princeton, and Annapolis, to which, in turn, he had been sent. A private tutor was finally engaged for a few weeks, and then Washington, seeing "that it was in vain to keep him to any literary pursuits either in a public seminary or at home," procured him a commission in the new army being organized for the expected war with France. When the great general died, this adopted son was eighteen and continued to live at Mount Vernon with his grandmother until her death, when he built the mansion at Arlington, near the city of Washington, on an estate inherited from his father. Here he spent the rest of his life, writing in later years the recollections of his early life, which are a high tribute and appreciation of the loving care bestowed upon him when a boy.

When Lafayette, accompanied by his son, visited this country in 1824, G. W. P. Custis was his host at Arlington and went with them to Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington. In recalling his previous visit to the mansion, the great Frenchman told Mr. Custis that the first time he had seen him was on the portico of Mount Vernon, in 1784—"a very little gentleman with a feather in his hat, holding fast to one finger of the good general's remarkable hand, which (so large that hand) was all, my dear sir, you could well do at the time."

From the instances that have been related we can but feel assured that through many years of a busy life spent in the service of his country Washington nevertheless found time to give much thought and devote many hours to the interest and welfare of young people.

The Girl Next Door

by Augusta Huiell Seaman

Author of "The Boarded-up House," "The Sapphire Signet," etc.



Chapter I

Marcia's Secret

"Marcia Brett, do you mean to tell me—"

"Tell you—what?"

"That you 've had a secret two whole months and never told me about it yet? And I 'm your *best* friend!"

"I was waiting till you came to the city, Janet. I wanted to *tell* you; I did n't want to *write* it."

"Well, I 've been in the city twelve hours, and you never said a word about it till just now."

"But, Janet, we 've been sight-seeing ever since you arrived. You can't very well tell secrets when you 're sight-seeing, you know!"

"Well, you might have given me a hint about it long ago. You know we 've solemnly promised never to have any secrets from each other, and yet you 've had one *two whole months!*"

"No, Jan, I have n't had it quite as long as that. Honest! It did n't begin till quite a while after I came; in fact, not till about three or four weeks ago."

"Tell me all about it right away, then, and perhaps I 'll forgive you!"

The two girls cuddled up close to each other on the low couch by the open window and lowered their voices to a whisper. Through the warm darkness of the June night came the hum of a great city, a subdued, murmurous sound, strangely unfamiliar to one of the girls, who was in the city for the first time in all her country life. To the other the sound had some time since become an accustomed one. As they leaned their elbows on the sill and, chins in hand, stared out into the darkness, Marcia began:

"Well, Jan, I might as well commence at the beginning, so you 'll understand how it all happened. I 've been just crazy to tell you, but I 'm not good at letter-writing, and there 's such a lot to explain that I thought I 'd wait till your visit.

"You know, when we first moved to this apartment, last April, from 'way back in Northam, I was all excitement for a while just to be living in the city. Everything was *so* different. Really, I acted so *silly*—you would n't believe it! I used to run down to the front door half a dozen times a day, just to push the bell and see the door open all by itself! It seemed like something in a fairy-story. And for the longest while I could n't get used to the dumb-waiter or the steam-heat or the electric lights, and all that sort of thing. It *is* awfully different from our old-fashioned little Northam—now is n't it?"

"Yes, I feel just that way this minute," admitted Janet.

"And then, too," went on Marcia, "there were all the things outside to do and see—the trolleys and stores and parks and museums and the zoo! Aunt Minerva said I went around 'like a distracted chicken' for a while! And beside that, we used to have the greatest fun shopping for new furniture and things for this apartment. Hardly a bit of that big old furniture we brought with us would fit into it, these rooms are so much smaller than the ones in our old farm-house.

"Well, anyhow, for a while I was too busy and interested and excited to think of another thing—"

"Yes, too busy to even write to *me!*" interrupted Janet. "I had about one letter in two weeks from you, those days. And you 'd *promised* to write every other day!"

"Oh well, never mind that now! You 'd have done the same, I guess. If you don't let me go on, I 'll never get to the *secret!* After a while,

though, I got used to all the new things, and I 'd seen all the sights, and Aunt Minerva had finished all the furnishing except the curtains and draperies (she 's at that, yet!), and all of a sudden everything fell flat. I had n't begun my music-lessons, and there did n't seem to be a thing to do, or a single interest in life.

"The truth is, Jan, I was frightfully lonesome —for *you!*" Here Marcia felt her hand squeezed in the darkness. "Perhaps you don't realize it, but living in an apartment in a big city is the *queerest* thing! You don't know your neighbor that lives right across the hall. You don't know a soul in the house. And as far as I can see, you 're not likely to if you lived here fifty years! Nobody calls on you as they do on a new family in the country. Nobody seems to care a rap who you are, or whether you live or die, or anything. And would you believe it, Janet, there is n't another girl in this whole apartment, either older or younger than myself! No one but grown-ups.

"So you can see how awfully lonesome I 've been. And as Aunt Minerva had decided not to send me to high school till fall, I did n't have a chance to get acquainted with any one of my own age. Actually, it got so that I did n't do much else but moon around and mark off the days till school in Northam closed and you could come. And, oh, I 'm *so* glad you 're here for the summer! Is n't it gorgeous!" She hugged her chum spasmodically.

"But to go on. I 'm telling you all this so you can see what led up to my doing what I did about —the *secret.* It began one awfully rainy afternoon last month. I 'd been for a walk in the wet, just for exercise, and when I came in, Aunt Minerva was out shopping. I had n't a new book to read nor a blessed thing to do, so I sat down right here by the window and got to thinking and wondering *why* things were so unevenly divided —why you, Jan, should have a mother and father and a big, jolly lot of brothers and sisters, and I should be just *one,* all alone, living with Aunt Minerva (though she 's lovely to me), with no mother, and a father away nearly all the time on his ship.

"And it seemed as if I just hated this apartment, with its little rooms, like cubbyholes, all in a row. I longed to be back in Northam. And looking out of the window, I even thought I 'd give anything to live in that big, rambling, dingy old place next door, beyond the brick wall, for at least one could go up and down *stairs* to the different rooms.

"And then, if you 'll believe me, Jan, as I stared at that house it began to dawn on me that I 'd never really 'taken it in' before—that it was a very strange-looking old place. And because I did n't have another mortal thing to do, I just sat and stared at it as if I 'd never seen it before, and began to wonder and wonder about it. For there were a number of things about it that seemed decidedly *queer."*

"What 's it like, anyway?" questioned Janet. "There were so many other things to see to-day that I did n't notice it at all. And it 's so dark now I can't see a thing."

"Why, it 's a big, square, four-story brick house, and it 's terribly in need of paint. Looks as if it had n't had a coat in years and years. It stands 'way back from the street, in a sort of ragged, weedy garden, and there 's a high brick wall around the whole place, except for a heavy wooden gate at the front covered with ironwork. That gate is always closed. A stone walk runs from the gate to the front door. 'Way back at the rear of the garden is an old brick stable that looks as if it had n't been opened or used in years.

"You 'll see all this yourself, Janet, when you look out of the window in the morning. For this apartment-house runs along close to the brick wall, and as we 're three floors up, you get a good view of the whole place. This window in my room is the *very* best place of all to see it—fortunately.

"But the queer thing about it is that, though the shutters are all tightly closed or bowed,—every one!—and the whole place looks deserted, it really *is n't!* There 's some one living in it; and once in a long while you happen to see signs of it. For instance, that very afternoon I saw this: 'most all the shutters are tightly closed, but on the second floor they are usually just bowed. And that day the slats in one of them were open, and I thought I could see a muslin curtain flapping behind it. But while I was looking, the fingers of a hand suddenly appeared between the slats and snapped them shut with a jerk.

"Of course, there 's nothing so awfully strange about a thing like that, *as a rule,* but somehow the way it was done seemed *mysterious.* I can't explain just why. Anyhow, as I had n't anything else to do, I concluded I 'd sit there for a while longer and see if something else would happen. But nothing did—not for nearly an hour; and I was getting tired of the thing and just going to get up and go away *when—"*

"What?" breathed Janet, in an excited whisper.

"The big front door opened (it was nearly dark by that time) and out crept the queerest little figure! It appeared to be a little old woman all dressed in dingy black clothes that looked as if they must have come out of the ark, they were so old-fashioned! Her hat was a queer little bon-

net, with no trimming except a heavy black veil that came down over her face. She had a small market-basket on her arm, and a big old umbrella.

"But the queerest thing was the way she scuttled down the path to the gate, like a frightened rabbit, turning her head from side to side, as if she was afraid of being seen or watched. When she got to the gate, she had to put down her basket and umbrella and use both hands to unlock it with a huge key. When she got outside of it, on the street, she shut the gate behind her, and of course I could n't see her any more.

"Well, it set me to wondering and wondering what the story of that queer old house and queer little old lady could be. It seemed as if there *must* be some story about it, or some explanation; for, you see, it 's a big place, and evidently at one time must have been very handsome. And it stands right here in one of the busiest and most valuable parts of the city.

"The more I thought of it, the more curious I grew. But the worst of it was that I did n't know a soul who could tell me the least thing about it. Aunt Minerva could n't, of course, and I was n't acquainted with another person in the city. It just seemed as if I *must* find some explanation. Then, all of a sudden, I thought of our new colored maid. Perhaps she might have heard something about it. I made up my mind I 'd go right out to the kitchen. So I went and started her talking about things in general and finally asked her if she knew anything about that old house. And *then*—I wish you could have heard her! I can't tell it all the way she did, but this is the substance of it:



"'BUT WHAT ABOUT THE *SECRET?* AND *DID* YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING ELSE?'"

"It seems that she 's discovered that the janitor here is the son of an old friend from North Carolina. Of course she 's been talking to him a lot, and he has told her all about the whole neighborhood, and especially about the queer old house next door. He says it 's known all around here as 'Benedict's Folly.'"

"Why?" queried Janet.

"Well, because years and years ago, when the owner built it (his name was Benedict), it was 'way out of the city limits, and everybody thought he was awfully foolish, going so far, and building a handsome city house off in the wilderness. But he was n't so foolish after all, for the city came right up and surrounded him in the end, and the property is worth no end of money now.

"But here 's the queer thing about it. Old Mr. Benedict 's been dead many years, and the place looks as if no one lived there—but *some one*

does! It 's a daughter of his, a queer little old lady, who keeps herself shut up there all the time; some think she 's alone, others say no, that some one else is there with her. No one seems to know definitely. Anyhow, although she is very wealthy, she does all the work herself, and the marketing; and she even carries home all the things, and won't allow a single one of the tradesmen to come in.

"Mr. Simmonds (that 's our janitor) says that two years ago, in the winter, a water-pipe there burst, and Miss Benedict just *had* to get a plumber; and he afterward told awfully peculiar things about the way the house looked,—the furniture all draped and covered up, and even the pictures on the walls covered, too,—and not a single modern improvement except the running water and some old-fashioned gas-fixtures. And the little old lady never raised her veil while he was there, so he could n't see what she looked like.

"Mr. Simmonds says every one thinks there is some great mystery about 'Benedict's Folly,' but no one seems to be able to guess what it can be. Now, Janet, is n't that just fascinating? Think of living next door to a mystery!"

"It 's simply thrilling!" sighed Janet. "But, Marcia, I still don't see what this has to do with a *secret*. Where do *you* come in? I don't see why you could n't have written all this to me."

"Wait!" said Marcia. "I have n't finished yet. That was absolutely all I could get out of our maid Eliza, all she or any one else knew, in fact. But as you can imagine, I could n't get the thing out of my mind, and I could n't stop looking at the old place, either. I tried to talk to Aunt Minerva about it, but she was n't a bit interested. Said she could n't understand how any one could keep house in that slovenly fashion, and that 's all she would say. So I gave up trying to interest *her*.

"Now, I must tell you the odd thing that happened that very night. You know I 've said it was raining hard all that day, and by ten o'clock the wind was blowing a gale. I was just ready for bed, and had turned off my light and raised the shade, when I thought I 'd take another peep at my mysterious mansion across the fence. All I could see, however, were just some streaks of light through the chinks in the shutters in that one room on the second floor. All the rest of the place was as dark as a pocket. And as I sat staring out, it suddenly came to me what fun it would be to try to unravel the whole mysterious affair all by myself. It would certainly help me to pass the dull days till you came!

"But then, too, the only way to do it would be to watch this old place like a cat, and I knew *that* would n't be right. It would be too much like spying into your neighbor's affairs, and, of course, that 's horrid. Finally, I concluded, that if I could do it without being meddlesome or prying, I 'd just watch the place a *little* and see if anything interesting would happen. And while I was thinking this, a strange thing *did* happen—that very minute!

"The wind had grown terrific, and, all of a sudden, it just took one of the shutters of that lighted room, and ripped it from its fastening, and threw it back against the wall. And the next moment a figure hurried to the window, leaned out, and drew the shutter back in place again. But just for one instant I had caught a glimpse of the whole inside of the room! And what do you suppose I saw, Jan?"

"*What?*" demanded Janet.

"Well, not much of the furnishing, except a lighted oil-lamp on a table. But, directly in the center of the room, in a perfectly enormous arm-chair sat—a woman! And it was n't the one I 'd seen in the afternoon, either. I 'm sure of that. I could n't see her face, for it was in shadow, but she was looking down at something spread out on her lap. And she held her right hand over it in the air and waved it back and forth, sort of uncertainly. You can't imagine what a strange picture it was—and then the shutter was closed. There was something so *weird* about it all.

"If I was curious before, I was simply *wild* with interest then. It seemed as if I *must* know what it all meant—what that strange old lady could be doing, sitting there in state in the middle of the room, and all the rest of it. You don't blame me, do you, Jan?"

"Indeed I don't! I 'd be ten times worse, I guess. But what about the *secret?* And *did* you find out anything else?"

"Yes, I did. And that 's the secret The whole mysterious thing is the secret, because no one but you knows I 'm the least interested in the affair, and I don't want them to—now! I 'll tell you what happened next."

But just at this moment they were interrupted by a knock at the door, and a voice inquiring:

"Girls, *girls!* have n't you gone to bed yet? I 've heard you talking for the last hour."

"No, Aunt Minerva!" answered Marcia, "we are sitting by the window."

"Well, you must go to bed *at once!* It 's nearly midnight. You won't either of you be fit for a thing to-morrow. Now, mind, not another word! Good-night!"

"Good-night!" they both answered, but heaved a sigh when Aunt Minerva was out of hearing.

"It 's no use!" whispered Marcia. "We 'll have to stop for to-night. But there 's lots more, and the *most* interesting part of it, too. Well, never mind, I 'll tell you all the rest to-morrow!"

Chapter II

THE FACE BEHIND THE SHUTTER

Janet had no sooner hopped out of bed next morning than she flew to the window to examine "Benedict's Folly" by broad daylight. In the streaming sun of a June morning the dingy old mansion certainly bore out the truth of Marcia's mysterious description.

"Gracious! I should think you would have been interested in it from the first!" she exclaimed.

"Interested in what?" yawned Marcia, sleepily, opening her eyes.

"'Benedict's Folly,' of course! Let 's see," went on Janet, who possessed a very practical, orderly mind; "from your story last night it seems there must be two people living there—but look here! how did you know, Marcia, that it was another old lady you saw that night when the shutter blew open?"

"Why, for several reasons," answered Marcia. "In the first place, the one who goes out is short and slight. The one sitting in the chair was evidently large, and rather stout, and—and different, somehow, although I did n't see either of their faces. And then, it was n't the lady in the chair who closed the shutter. She evidently never moved. So it *must* have been some one else."

"Yes, it must have been," agreed Janet, convinced. "Queer that nobody seems to know about the second one. I wonder who she is? And are there any more? Go on with your story, Marcia."

"No," said Marcia. "Wait till we can be by ourselves for a long while. I don't want to be interrupted. Aunt Minerva 's going out this morning, and then we 'll have a chance."

So, later in the morning, the two girls sat by Marcia's window, each occupied with a dainty bit of embroidery, and Marcia began anew:

"Well, after that rainy night, for several days I did n't see a thing more that was interesting about the old house or the queer people who live in it. I used to watch once in a while to see if the little lady in black would go out again in the afternoon, as she did before, but she did n't. Then, a day or two later, I did something that surprised even myself, for I had n't the faintest *intention* of doing it. I had been taking a walk that afternoon and was just coming home, passing on the way the high brick wall of the Benedict house. It was just as I reached the closed gate that an idea popped into my head.

"You know, they say that no visitors are ever admitted, and no rings or knocks at the gate are ever answered. Well, something suddenly prompted me to ring that bell and see what would happen. I never stopped to ask myself what I should say if some one came and inquired what I wanted. I just rang it suddenly (and I had to pull hard, the old thing was so rusty) and far away somewhere in the house I heard a faint tinkle.

"Then I got kind of panic-stricken, wondering what I 'd say if any one did really come. But I need n't have worried, for what do you suppose happened?"

"Nothing!" answered Janet, promptly.

"That 's just where you 're mistaken; but you 'd never guess what it was. About a minute after I 'd rung the bell, I heard light footsteps on the walk behind the gate. *But,* instead of coming *toward* the gate, they were hurrying *away* from it; and in another minute I heard the front door close. After that it was all quiet, and nothing else happened. Then I went on home."

"I know," interrupted Janet, whose quick mind had already worked out the problem, "exactly what occurred. It was Miss Benedict, who had been just about to come out on her way to do the marketing. And your ring frightened her, and sent her hurrying back into the house. *Is n't* it all singular!"

"Yes, that must have been it," agreed Marcia. "And it made me more curious than ever to understand about it. And I was so annoyed at myself for ringing at all. If I had n't, I might have seen Miss Benedict close by, when she came out of the gate. It served me right for doing such a thing, anyhow!

"But after that I got to watching, every time I went out, thinking I might see her on the street somewhere, especially if it was about the time she usually did her marketing—along toward dusk. Several days passed, however, and I never did. I *had* thought of watching from my window to see when she went out, and then following her. But that did n't seem right, somehow. It would be too much like spying on her. So I just concluded I 'd trust to chance. And luck favored me at last, one morning, about a week after I 'd rung her bell.

"It happened that the night before, Eliza suddenly discovered we were all out of oatmeal for breakfast, and I promised her I 'd get some very early in the morning, when I went to take my walk. You know, I 've found that on these warm summer days in the city it 's much pleasanter to take a walk in the real early morning than to wait till later in the day, when it 's crowded and hot.

And I always used to love walking in the early morning, up in Northam.

"Well, anyhow, I got up that day about six. I knew that no stores near here would be open so early, and I decided to walk over toward the other side of town. It 's a sort of poor section there, and the stores often open up quite early, so that folks can do their marketing before they go to work. It was a beautiful, cool morning, and I was quite enjoying myself when—Jan, *what* do you think?—I looked up, and about half a block ahead of me was a little black figure with a market-basket, hurrying along. I *knew* it was Miss Benedict!



"MARCIA TURNED TO STARE OUT OF THE WINDOW AT THE HOUSE OPPOSITE."

"Can you imagine my surprise—and delight? I suddenly made up my mind I 'd keep behind her, and go into the same store she did. There could surely be no harm in *that!* And by and by I saw her turn into a little grocery-shop; and a minute or two after in I walked, went to the counter, and stood right near her. There was no one in the store beside ourselves and the grocer. He looked sleepy, and was yawning while he wrapped up something for her. He asked me to 'Wait a minute, please!' which, of course, I was only too delighted to do, as it gave me a perfect right to stand close by my mysterious little neighbor and hear her speak.

"And it was right there, Janet, that I got the surprise of my life. She still wore her black veil, and it was so thick that not a bit of her face could be seen. Her dress was the most old-fashioned thing—it looked twenty years old, if not more. I don't know what sort of a voice I had expected to hear, but it was nothing in the least like what I *did* hear.

"I can't exactly describe it to you, Jan, but it was the most beautiful *speaking* voice I 've ever heard in my life! It was soft, and flute-like, and so—so *appealing!* It somehow went straight to my heart. It made me feel as if I wanted to take *care* of Miss Benedict, somehow, I can't exactly explain it. Even when she was speaking of such commonplace things as butter and eggs and sugar, it was like—like *music!*

"Well, in a few moments she had finished, and the grocer packed her things in her basket, and she went away. I had to stay, of course, and get my oatmeal, and I did n't see her again. But being so close to her and hearing that lovely voice had changed my whole feeling about her. At first, I had just been interested and awfully *curious* about the whole mysterious affair, and, I 'll confess, just a wee bit repelled by the account of the queer little lady and the strange way she lived. I wanted to know the explanation of the mystery, but I did n't particularly want to know *her*. But after that, I felt different,—sort of bewitched by that beautiful voice. I wanted to *help* that Miss Benedict. I wanted to *do* something for her, or try to make her happier, or—or *something*, I could n't quite explain what. And I wanted—oh, so much!—to see her *face*, and know what she was like, and more about *herself*. Can you understand, Jan?"

"Indeed, I can. But do go on. Did you ever meet her again?"

"No, I did n't. But I 've seen—and heard—something else that 's strange, more strange than all the rest!"

"Tell me, quick!" demanded Janet.

"Two nights ago, I sat here by the window. It was too hot to turn on the light, but it was very dark outside. Presently I heard footsteps in the Benedict garden. They were light, quick footsteps, and sounded exactly as if some one were running about, or skipping and jumping. First I thought it must be a big dog, for it could n't possibly have been either one of those two old ladies, running and skipping that way! And then I heard a soft humming, as if some one were singing a tune half under the breath. And then, very soon after, a door opened, and a voice called out, very softly, 'Come in, now!' And after that all was quiet. Now, Janet McNeil, I 'm simply positive there 's *some one else* in that house beside the two old ladies,—some one who has n't been seen yet What do you make of it?"

"You must be right," replied Janet, thoughtfully. "It *could n't* be either of them running about the garden in the dark and humming a tune. It is n't at all what they 'd be likely to do. I think it must be some one else, more—more *human* and natural, somehow. And younger, too. But what on *earth* do they all keep so shut up for, and act as if they were afraid to be seen! It 's the queerest thing I ever heard of. You certainly *have* moved next door to a 'dark-brown mystery,' Marcia!"

For the ensuing hour the girls embroidered steadily and discussed "Benedict's Folly" and its inmates in all their peculiar phases. But, turn and twist it as they might, they could find no answer to the riddle. After a while, Janet changed the subject:

"By the way, Marcia, how are you coming on with your violin practice? Have you begun taking lessons here yet? You know that was one of the principal things you folks moved to the city for,—so that you could study with the best teachers."

"Yes, I 've begun with Professor Hardwick," said Marcia, "and I 've practised quite hard lately. It 's about all I had to do. He says I 've made some progress already."

"Oh, *do* get your violin and play some for me!" begged Janet. "I 'm just starving for some good music. I have n't heard any since you left Northam."

So Marcia obligingly went to the parlor and brought back her violin. When she had tuned it and tucked it lovingly under her chin, she sat down in the window-seat and ran her bow over the strings in a shower of liquid melody. For one so young she played astonishingly well. Janet listened, breathless, absorbed.



"A FACE LOOKED OUT."

"Marcia dear, you *have* improved!" she exclaimed, as her chum stopped for a moment. "Now do play my favorite!" Marcia laid her bow on the strings once more, and slipped into the tender reverie of the "Träumerei." But before it was half finished, Janet, wide-eyed with astonishment, laid her hand on Marcia's arm.

"Look!" she breathed. Marcia followed the direction of her gaze, and turned to stare out of the window at the house opposite. And this is what she saw:

The shutter of a window on the top floor had been pushed partly open, and a face looked out,—a face with big, appealing eyes, and a frame of golden, curling hair falling all about it. Straight over at the two in the window it gazed, eager, absorbed, delighted. And then suddenly, as it detected their own interested stare, it withdrew, and the shutter was softly closed.

The two girls drew a long breath and gazed at each other.

"Janet,—*what* did I tell you! There *is* some one else in that house!" cried Marcia.

"I guess you 're right!" admitted Janet, quieter, but no less excited. "But do you realize who that third person *is,* Marcia Brett? It is n't an old lady; it 's some one just about our own age—it 's a young *girl!*"

(To be continued.)



Telling The Bees

By Clara Platt Meadowcroft

Trumpets sang a golden summons; heralds rode o'er hill and dale:
"Greeting! Thus your king commands you: 'Henceforth all the Arly vale
Lying westward, hill to forest, shall be kept a pleasure-ground.
Let no dweller in these borders by next holiday be found.' "

Smiling spoke the king, my father: "Choose the gift you will, Beaumain.
Anything is yours for asking when your fête-day comes again.
All the court shall join the revels, decked in carnival array;
In the pleasure-grounds of Arly we will keep the holiday."

"Griflet, aid me now in choosing." "We must ponder well indeed,
When so much is to be given and so many stand in need."
So we both fell silent, thinking, while along the road we strolled.
All the trees were scarlet banners and the fields were cloth of gold.
Just before us on the roadway flew a little honey-bee.
"Does it mean that we should follow?" "Let us follow, Prince, and see."
On and up the road went winding, and we followed up the steep,
Till a vale spread fair below us, lying in the sun asleep.
Down the slippery path went sliding; down the honey-bee then flew;
Down right suddenly thereafter, tripping, tumbling, went we two,
Landing in a sleepy garden. There a beehive's golden dome
Rose beneath the shady branches,—and the bee had led us home.

So it was, we saw an old, old man, a staff within his hand.
Tremblingly he stood, o'erlooking all the sunny, sleepy land;
Then he tottered to the beehive: " 'Bees, awake! O bees, awake!
For your master is departing, and another you must take.'
Eastward from my sheltering forest, westward from my sunset hill,
Here, between, my little homestead,—can I bear so much of ill?
'All the Arly vale henceforward shall be kept a pleasure-ground.'
I must not be found here longer.—Where, then, where shall I be found!"

Oh, I could not wait to listen! "Quickly, Griflet, let us go.
I must choose my birthday present. Now I know! oh, now I know!"
But we stopped before the beehive: " 'Bees, awake! O bees, awake!'
No, your master is not going. It was only a mistake."



"Bees, awake! O Bees, awake!
For your Master is departing."

WITH A COIL OF ROPE

BY EDWARD HUNTINGTON

The afternoon sun, settling toward the flat horizon-line, shone as a fierce red disk flanked by two fiery "sun-dogs"—infallible harbingers of arctic weather in that desolate, wind-swept, prairie country. The peculiar red glare reflected from the surface of the boundless waste of snow seemed to augment, rather than lessen, the piercing cold. A solitary white jack-rabbit, hardly distinguishable in the surrounding whiteness except by its elongated, bobbing shadow, hopped about with its peculiar jerking gait, indifferent to the temperature; and a mixed company of snow-buntings and Lapland longspurs scurried along before the wind just above the tops of the dead weed-stalks, chirping a cheery defiance to the cutting blasts.

On this vast, cheerless, snow waste there appeared to be only one other moving object. This was a bob-sled, drawn by a pair of diminutive prairie horses, in which two boys were racing before the cutting wind.

The smaller of the boys, a lad of twelve, drew the robe closer about him and shivered. His companion, who was driving, occasionally shouted encouragement to the horses and struck them sharply with the reins.

"Cold?" the larger boy asked presently, without turning his head.

"Yes, clean frozen," the other replied, emphasizing his statement with a shiver.

"Slap your hands and stamp your feet," his companion instructed; "we 've got ten miles to go yet."

The smaller boy stamped feebly, whipped his arms across his body a few times, and then curled under the robe again, his teeth chattering.

Meanwhile the larger boy continued to shout to the horses and urge them on with slaps of the reins. His round, red face had become wreathed in frost from his breath, even his eyebrows filling so fast with the white crystals that he must brush them away every few minutes.

The two bay ponies drawing the sled were blanketed all over with the white frost, while long icicles formed rapidly at their mouths and nostrils, causing them to shake and toss their heads impatiently.

The storm had come upon the boys without the slightest warning. With a suddenness characteristic of these dreaded "northers" the wind had shifted to the northwest, causing the temperature to fall forty degrees in less than that number of minutes and turning a mild winter breeze into an arctic hurricane. Fortunately for the boys in the sled, there was no snow in the air, as the stiff crust formed by the first icy blasts of the wind held the snow-crystals in a grasp of steel.

In this great, flat, prairie country the two things most dreaded by the widely scattered population were the grasshoppers in summer and the northers in winter. The insect scourge took its toll in crops; the winter storm, in human lives.

The fierceness of these storms cannot be conceived by one who has not experienced them. Wild animals freeze stiff in the blasts when caught away from their protecting shelters. Domestic animals perish by thousands. Men have lost their way and been frozen to death in attempting to go from their barns to their houses, a distance of perhaps a hundred yards. To guard against this peril, the inhabitants connected their houses and barns by running heavy wires from one building to the other—life-lines for guiding groping hands to the protecting door-steps in a blast so fierce that eyesight and sense of direction are lost. For, curiously enough, in this land of blizzards houses and barns are built far apart; in mild New England they are joined under one roof.

Horses and cattle sometimes perished in their stalls when, by ill luck, a door or window in the stable had been left open at the time the storm struck. For not even the danger of losing his dearest possession—the live stock—would tempt the average farmer beyond the threshold of his warm house until the storm had spent itself.

The norther which had overtaken the two boys in the sled was relatively a mild one; and fortunately for them, the wind was at their backs. Yet the cold penetrated every fiber like a knife, and there were still ten miles of open, treeless prairie to traverse before the nearest habitation would be reached. Back of them, only two miles away, was another house where they could have found shelter had the storm given them warning. But in the face of the wind they could not now retrace their steps.

The larger boy, slapping his arms and urging on the horses, kept himself comparatively warm. He was a native of Norway and accustomed to cold and hardship. But even he felt the peril that lurked insidiously in that frightfully penetrating, but deceptive, cold. When he blew the moisture from his lips, he noticed that the drops froze in the air with a snap, and struck the crust as little

ice-globules. And when he winked, his eyelashes froze together for an instant. That meant that the mercury was far below zero, and in that dry air a man could freeze a hand or a foot almost without knowing it. So the Norwegian boy kicked his feet and slapped his hands vigorously.

Occasionally he paused long enough to urge his companion to action, or ask him if he was keeping warm. At first he received some response, followed by feeble arm-whippings and stampings of the feet. But presently he noticed that the smaller boy, huddled down in his cap, his chin buried in his coat collar, his arms folded across each other for warmth, made no response, either in words or action. The older boy nudged him with his elbow and shouted to him; then he hugged him sharply, and finally shook him violently with his free arm; but all this failed to rouse him.

Instantly the Norwegian boy knew what that sleep meant: it was the stupor of one freezing. If he could not rouse the sleeper at once and induce or force him to exert himself to get warm, the boy would be beyond hope before they could reach the house still five miles away.

In quick succession several plans suggested themselves. The lad's first impulse was to wrap his companion in his own overcoat and rush the frosted team forward as fast as possible; but a moment's reflection showed the futility of this. The younger boy was too thoroughly chilled to be warmed by the scant covering of another overcoat. He thought, also, of cutting the traces, turning loose the horses, and making a fire of the sled; but in the gale he would probably exhaust his supply of matches without getting the fire started. And even if he did succeed, the small amount of wood furnished by the sled would hardly be sufficient to more than thaw out his companion, and then they would be left on the prairie, afoot, and worse off than before. For aside from the few bunches of dead grass scattered about, there was no other fuel of any kind within miles.

His only alternative was to rouse the lad into action. So with a hard pull he brought the impatient horses to a walk, leaped out, and stumbled along beside the sled, still holding the reins. With his free arm he pulled the stupefied boy from the seat, and, supporting him against his side, attempted to make him walk. By shouting to him and jerking him violently he could get him to take a step or two, but almost immediately the lad would drop again into his lethal sleep, and would have fallen but for the supporting arm.

This would never do. That stumbling gait would not quicken the slowly moving blood-streams in the boy's benumbed arteries. Nothing but violent exercise would do that.

In his perplexity the Norwegian lad noticed a coil of rope protruding from under the seat of the sled. In that country every driver carried such a coil against emergencies that may arise out on the desolate plains. A novel idea suggested itself.

Stopping the team, he tied one end of the rope under the arms and around the body of the half-conscious boy, making the other end fast to one



"HE ATTEMPTED TO MAKE HIM WALK."

of the rings on the upright stake of the sled. Then he sprang into the seat, leaving his companion lying in the road, and started the horses, holding them to a walk for a few steps until the rope tightened and the inanimate body began dragging along the snow-crust. Watching over his shoulder, letting the team have its head, but carefully controlling the speed, he brought the horses into a brisk trot, the apparently lifeless thing at the end of the rope jolting about on the uneven places with limp, flapping arms and legs. Eagerly he watched for some sign of returning consciousness, stamping his feet and whipping first one hand and then the other across his chest, for he too was becoming chilled to the bone.

On each side of the road were patches of tall dead grass. Swinging the horses to one side, the boy dragged the unconscious lad, tossing and rolling, into this rattling growth. The thick bunches of rank stems whipped across the unprotected

face with tingling blows, and the body was jerked and twisted violently in the entangling stalks.

For several minutes the ruthless battering seemed to have no effect. Then feebly an arm was thrown across the face for protection. The boy in the sled, looking over his shoulder, saw the at last, on a level piece of road, he raised his head and attempted feebly to get up.

The driver, watching every movement intently, slackened the speed of his horses. The boy at the end of the line, after several futile attempts to catch the rope or to rise, sank back motionless.



"FOR SEVERAL MINUTES THE RUTHLESS BATTERING SEEMED TO HAVE NO EFFECT."

action—the first animate movement that the freezing lad had given—and shouted exultantly, partly to give vent to his feelings and partly as encouragement to the team.

Straining at the traces at full trot now, they went forward, the driver guiding the team so that the boy on the rope was dragged against every available bunch of grass and over the uneven places in the icy road. Several times, after a particularly hard jolt when the boy's limp body had been thrown or twisted violently, he showed signs of approaching consciousness, covering his face with his arm, or groping out with his hands to check himself as he rolled over and over. And Instantly the driver put the horses into their swift trot again, dragging his inanimate burden through the bunches of grass, tossing and jolting it as before. Again the lad raised his arms for protection, this time with more vigor, and again the driver slowed the horses down to a walk.

Then the boy at the rope's end began making desperate efforts to rise, pulling and twisting and writhing about in his attempts to gain a footing. The exertion made the blood surge through his veins, and the pink color come to his cheeks, which were white and ghastly a few moments before. At first his efforts were aimless and not coördinated. But presently he began making defi-

nite, well-directed endeavors to rise. Then, as his dulled senses quickened, he began calling to the Norwegian lad—shouting feebly at first, then stronger, and sputtering with anger as he bumped against some unusually rough place. But the driver was apparently absorbed with his task of driving the horses, whipping his arms, and stamping his feet.

Yet out of the corners of his eyes the young Scandinavian had watched every movement of the lad struggling at the end of the rope and gauged the speed of his team just to suit his purpose. These violent struggles were warming his friend back to life,—the rope was doing what his shouts and shakings had failed to accomplish,—and soon the boy would be all aglow with warmth. But he knew that as yet the half-frozen lad was in a dazed, semiconscious state from which he would quickly lapse into insensibility again and freeze in the piercing cold. He must encourage him or force him to continue his violent exertions until he was completely warmed. By that time they would be nearly home. So he carefully slackened the speed of the horses to enable the boy to rise, letting them speed ahead again just as he was about to get a footing. When he saw indications that this method was losing its effect, he resorted to taunting words, trying to anger his friend into violent efforts.

At last, on a little rise of ground, the lad seized the rope and pulled himself to a standing position. The momentum of the sled jerked him forward sharply, but this time he kept his balance. Then, still holding the rope, he ran forward, trying to reach the sled. But at that moment the driver started the horses into their brisk trot again, so that the boy could not gain an inch and had all that he could do to keep his feet. Frequently he stumbled to his knees; but he was strong now, and, assisted by the pull of the rope, would struggle to his feet again after a few efforts.

Sometimes the pace slackened, encouraging him to strain every fiber to catch the elusive sled; but just as his hands were about to touch the end-board, the steaming team would spring forward again, and a derisive laugh from the Norwegian boy answer his shouts. Stung to madness by this, and with every muscle tingling with vigor, he began slowly gathering in the rope, hand over hand, running at such speed that he gained little by little on the horses' swift trot—a speed that started the perspiration from every pore.

For almost half a mile he more than held his ground against the racing team, gaining inch by inch, the taunting shouts of the driver spurring him on whenever he flagged for a moment. He was glowing with warmth, but his breathing was becoming labored, and his knees bent under him. With a final effort, he flung himself forward in an attempt to catch the end-board, but missing it, he rolled over and over on the crust, this time too exhausted to rise.

In a moment the horses stopped, and the big boy on the seat turned to him.



"'WHAT WERE YOU TRYING TO DO, ANYWAY?'"

"Come and get in!" he called cheerily. "I guess you 're warm now. We 've only got a mile more, anyhow."

Without stopping to untie the rope, the exhausted boy rose and staggered forward to the seat, wheezing and coughing as he did so.

"You blamed Scandahoovian!" he gasped, half choking with rage, as he took his seat. "What were you trying to do, anyway, kill me?"

The big Norwegian boy grinned, the film of ice cracking on his encrusted cheeks.

"Kill you, Charlie?" he repeated, still laughing. "Kill you? No, saving your life. And I 've nearly frozen myself, trying to thaw you out."

Nurse's Song

By William Blake
("Songs of Innocence." 1789)

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.
"Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies."

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep."
"Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed."
The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laughed,
And all the hills echoèd.



H H G.

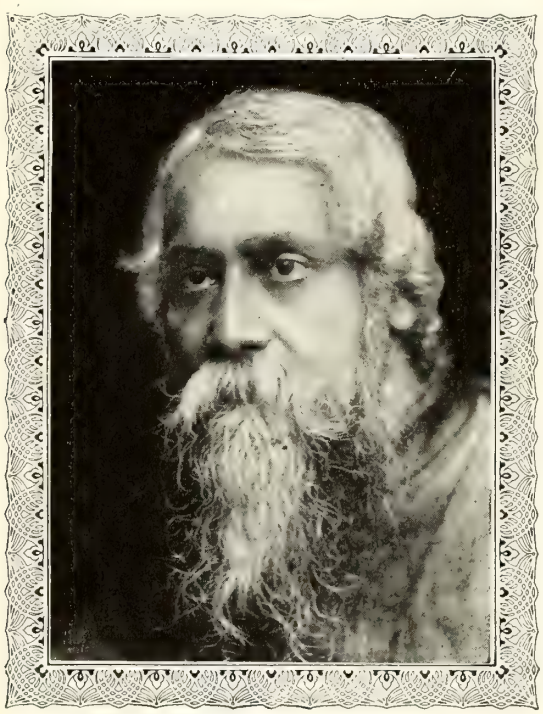


"'BESIDES, IN THE SKY THE LITTLE BIRDS FLY.'"

A WISE MAN FROM THE EAST

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

A GREAT poet from India has been visiting America. In his long brown robes, his patriarchal beard, and his iron-gray hair, crowned by a high black velvet hat, it seems as though he had stepped from a picture of the Magi following the Star. For his eyes are luminous with the sparkle of dreams about them; his song, when he writes, is full of love for all things high and low; his



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SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

smile illumines his face. He is a Wise Man from the East, known as Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

It is a name familiar to most of us in the West, because to him was once awarded the Nobel Prize for poetry, and because King George the Fifth, of England, gave him a knighthood. But in India it is a household name, his songs being sung in crowded quarters of the cities and by travelers on the far-off caravan-trails. And probably there is no man alive to-day more anxious for the world to be at peace, and more truly a lover of mankind, than he.

To meet Mr. Tagore is to enter as part of a splendid story of which he is the hero. Whenever he spoke I felt, in his presence, as though some folk-tale of India were about to be told me —so different is he from any Wise Man of the West I have ever seen. We are living in a world where all things move with speed; he dwells in a land where no sky-scrapers loom up and hide the far horizon, and where his eyes may follow an approaching storm hours before it breaks. We in the West must ever be changing old things for new; while he, seated on the roof-top of his home in India, silent and contemplative, believes that life must not be so crowded with fleeting objects, but must be strengthened by dreams as well.

This man, so rich in his vision, has been telling us in America all about India, and about all the many kinds of peoples living there under English rule. To most of us only Kipling's India is known; *Mowgli* and *Kim* are our Indian heroes. But Mr. Tagore speaks of the people that are close to him in every-day life—the workers on his estates, the merchants in the large cities, the princes of the land, who travel on the backs of elephants, and the children of his school. He has a message for grown people, but perhaps what makes him even more loved than he otherwise would be is that above all else he is happiest with children. "They are nearer my own age!" this Wise Man of fifty-five years exclaims. His volume of verses, "The Crescent Moon," contains poem after poem as full of young folks' ways as Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses."

This understanding of childhood is apparent in everything he does. He visited a school while he was in New York, and during a reading which he gave he sat in a large arm-chair, his hand caressing the hair of the smallest child, who sat next to him unafraid and full of wonder. In Bolpur, India, where he has his own school for the Bengali boys, when of an evening he reads to them some song he has made, some play he has written, or when they can persuade him to spin a yarn of magic or adventure, the littlest ones creep into the room and sit beside him, listening, even though they may not wholly grasp the meaning of what he says. Such is the bond between this gentle-hearted man and children. Not long ago he was in Japan, and talked before a school filled with his young Japanese friends. "Do not be frightened at me," he said, "or think that I am going to give you a long lecture, or good advice, or moral lessons. I know I look rather formidable, with my gray beard and white hair and flowing India robe, and people who know me by my exterior make the absurd mistake that I am an

old man, and give me a higher seat and pay me deference by keeping at a distance from me. But if I could show you my heart, you would find it green and young—perhaps younger than some of you who are standing before me. And you would find, also, that I am childish enough to believe in things which the grown-up people of the modern age, with their superior wisdom, have become ashamed to own—and even modern school-boys also. That is to say, I believe in an ideal life. I believe that in a little flower there is a living power hidden in its beauty which is more potent than a Maxim gun. I believe that in the bird's notes nature expresses herself with a force which is greater than that revealed in the deafening roar of the cannonade."



THE SCHOOL AT BOLPUR—SHANTINIKETAN, "THE HOUSE OF PEACE."

When Mr. Tagore was a boy, his life was lonely. For his father—a great man, who had much to tell the people of India—was obliged to travel far and wide. And his mother died before he could fully know what she meant to him. His sisters and brothers, less wise than this small lad who dwelt amidst comfort and luxury, left him, not to himself—which would have been well, for he loved nature and had a rich imagination—but to the charge of servants, who more than likely locked him in a room and forbade him moving outside a circle which they drew upon the floor.

Even as Tennyson, when a child, was accustomed to run in the fields and shout rhyming words into the air, so did Rabindranath Tagore, when scarcely more than six, begin the task of writing verses. When his family tried to send him to school, he would often play truant; and though later on they planned to make a lawyer of him by sending him to Oxford, in England, he planned otherwise. Indeed, Rabi, as his brothers called him, shortening a very long name, would have had a very difficult boyhood had it not been that his father, known the country wide as the *Maharshi,* or the Sage, began taking his son on trips with him. Once they traveled to Bolpur, where there was a retreat, or *Ashram,*—a house to which Tagore's father could go undisturbed and spend days thinking of what was most needed for the welfare and future happiness of India. In such an atmosphere the boy was left to roam the country over, and there grew within him a love for nature under the burning sun of midday and the full moon of night which touches all his verse and filters through all his song. With his father, he got his first glimpse of the Himalayas; with his father, he came to love Bolpur. Therefore it is no surprise to find him selecting this special village as the site for his own school in later years. Maybe at Bolpur, with the memories of his own days at school still fresh in mind, he determined that when he grew as wise as those who grow old are supposed to become he would make the boys in his school love the things he loved and do the things he had done—all except play truant!

Thus Rabindranath Tagore grew from boyhood into manhood. In company with his father, and while superintending his father's plantations, he also began to realize what India most needed for her good. By this time, having been a student at Oxford for a year, he could speak English sufficiently well to write in that language. And though his poems and songs and stories and plays were first composed in his own native language, Bengalese, he began to translate what he had thus written into English, with the consequence that his voice, sounding in far-off India, gave a new idea to the West of the joys and sorrows and dreams and picturesque excitement of Indian life. Suddenly the people of the West began to give heed to the poet of the East, until to-day the name of Rabindranath Tagore is almost a household word, as it has been for years in India.

Is he a new poet, every one queried? Has he come suddenly into fame, they asked? And they were surprised to learn that not only had this Wise Man of the East been preaching love and peace and hope to his people for many years, but that he was a teacher whose school, founded fifteen years ago, was doing much to further the welfare of his country. They found, these surprised and interested people of the West, that in the East the Tagore family had a history stretching back three hundred years. It was an honored name in India, representing princes and philosophers and painters and musicians and teachers. In which one of these groups can we place Rabindranath Tagore? First, he is a poet, supreme in his song. Then he is a musician, giving encouragement to his nephew who conducts the music of his school. In his earlier days he fought for wiser laws to govern the Indian people. And he has written deep books of philosophy interpreting the great truths of the world. But his pride and his joy seem centered in his school at Bolpur.

Bolpur is a hundred miles from Calcutta. The school is three miles from the village. Here, fifteen years ago, with only two or three boys under his direction, Mr. Tagore began his work with the youths of India. From that time to this the school has gradually grown in size and importance, until to-day there are one hundred and fifty boys, mostly Bengali lads, who are living at Shantiniketan, or the House of Peace. Here, under his wise direction, with teachers who are good comrades rather than strict disciplinarians, these boys are taught what the Western boys are taught. But their school life is lived in a different manner.

At first glance, we might think it rather irksome to get up at four-thirty in the morning and begin the day's work. We know how hard it is even at eight-thirty to go to school when there are so many more tempting things to do. But the Bolpur students begin their day thus early, singing as they go, happy in their tasks and ready for them. Seated upon mats, the boys carry on their studies out of doors. In the rainy season—a season which brings wonderful cloud effects over the land—they sit under the cover of a porch. A classroom, with hard benches and the dusty atmosphere of chalk, is not known to them. They are free in their movements, and are not subject to the rigorous rules of the classroom. In fact, a visitor once arriving at Bolpur during the time of examination was surprised to find how splendidly alive the honor system was. When he looked for the boys who were writing their examination papers, he found some of them seated beneath the trees, others perched high up in the branches, away from the increasing heat of the sun, all of them with the spirit of freedom from being watched. That is the spirit of Bolpur, the spirit Mr. Tagore believes in.

They call him *Guru,* or Master, and they come to him with all their plans and all their grievances. He is their comrade, and they are always sure of being understood. The school is governed by a jury selected from among the boys. For minor offenses the young culprit is brought before his own companions to be judged. If the offense is very great, he is brought before the council of teachers. At one time, three boys were thus tried by the higher court and were on the eve of being expelled from the school, when they went to their *Guru* for advice. He told them that he himself would be their lawyer, would go before the teachers and plead their case, provided they would promise good behavior in the future. "I do not want to know what you have done," said Mr. Tagore; "it is enough that you promise to back my words with true goodness." There are teachers who believe that sparing the rod spoils the child, but when it was finally decided that the three boys were to remain, on the *Guru's* recommendation, a sudden change came over the culprits and in the end they proved to be three of the finest lads in the school. Such is the fair and manly tone in Shantiniketan.

The boys live in the midst of nature. They study beneath trees, seated on the grass; they walk through the woods, their eyes keen and alert to every new flower and to every strange call of bird. An amusing story is told of how one morning, when the English class was gathered around their teacher, the strange call of a bird new to the neighborhood was heard. The entire class rose from their mats, headed by their teacher, and went in search of the new bird, reciting their

lessons as they moved along. Yet, it would be difficult, in a crowded city, to have a school like that at Bolpur. Mr. Tagore realizes this, and is glad that Bolpur is not a great city.

The older boys, in the hours toward evening, often beg their teachers to go on long walks with them, giving their talks and lectures on the way. In the night-time, under the power of the beautiful moonlight and the cool of the evening, they go into the deep woods, these Indian lads, and they sit around on a mossy bank and tell stories until far into the night. Sometimes it is Mr. Tagore who is the story-teller, or he will begin, and then ask other boys to continue the tale, until all of them have spun a yarn of some length and some excitement. Thus the spirit of comradeship between teachers and pupils is allowed to grow.



"SEATED UPON MATS, THE BOYS CARRY ON THEIR STUDIES OUT OF DOORS."

There are many beautiful customs followed by the boys at Shantiniketan. They have morning and evening song-services. They have anniversary celebrations in the springtime and around Christmas. They have particular poems to recite at every change of the season, no better exemplified than in the following interesting story:

In India, people seek the roof-tops for relief from the heat. It is on the roof that Mr. Tagore often spends hours in thought, listening now and then to the shouts of joy and laughter from the boys below. One day he and some of his teachers were on the roof and noticed on the far horizon an approaching storm. Now, a storm in India gets into the blood of the inhabitants as the Christmas season or any holiday-time creeps into our hearts. Mr. Tagore became very much excited at the approach of the storm. Shortly afterward the teachers missed him. He had disappeared, and was not seen again for several hours. The storm broke in all its fury over the school, and in the midst of the downpour, far off could be heard the strains of approaching song. In a little while, Mr. Tagore, with twelve boys, came in joyfully, but soaking wet from head to foot. They had gone out to meet the storm, as is the custom, singing the Indian songs of greeting. It is in this manner that Mr. Tagore inculcates in the hearts of his boys a love for nature.

This love is seen among the older boys, and even among the small ones. There is a flower that grows in India called the *champa,* and its blossoms, instead of showing themselves, have a way of hiding beneath the thick foliage. Many *champa*-trees are planted around Shantiniketan, and it is the sport of the smaller boys to see which will gather the most flowers before morning classes begin. "How often," said one of the teachers to me, "have I been awakened as early as three in the morning by the chattering of young voices in the *champa*-trees beneath my window, as their owners were eagerly seeking for the blossoms."

These Bengali lads make a sport of the smallest thing. Every day they will go about inventing unseen heroes in nature. Without any warning, they will suddenly say, "We are going to have a circus"; and within ten minutes the fields are



THE FOOTBALL CLUB.

converted into a regular traveling show. But they are as quick to drop a thing as they are to begin it. They do not do things, however, by halves. Having returned, probably, from a Calcutta fair, they will suddenly decide to have a fair themselves, and little booths and stalls will be established all over the place, while the boys will turn to the kitchen and begin cooking things for sale. It is all a very jolly spirit, coupled with a very keen imagination and a very retentive memory of what has been seen. How often have these Bolpur lads been taken to Calcutta on a little wheezing railway that travels at the rate of only eighteen miles an hour, and if, while in the city, they have seen a long play, they come back to school and reproduce it almost verbatim for the amusement and entertainment of their teachers and comrades.

They have their games, such as peg-top and football, and they play like all healthy lads of the West. But they know when to keep quiet, when not to worry the *Guru,* who might be writing. For when Mr. Tagore writes, these boys understand that he will come to them after he is done and read his poem or his play to them. Mr. Tagore does not force them to do what they do not wish to do. It is his desire that they should tell him what they like, and, if it is possible for him to satisfy them, he does. When the school was first started, there was no regular music-teacher. Mr. Tagore had visions of little boys and girls placed upon stools, practising five-finger exercises when they should have been out at play. So he determined that music-lessons should not be given in his school until his boys expressed a desire to be taught. Gradually the boys kept coming into the room during the morning and evening song-services, and joined in the singing. And gradually, too, Mr. Tagore saw that they wanted the music, and then he sent for his music-teacher. In a similar way, also, he hopes to discover that his boys have an interest in making things. He wants for Shantiniketan a carpenter shop, where his boys can go and see how useful objects are turned out by hand and by machinery.

During all this time the boys are taught the fundamentals we are taught at school—geography, reading, writing, arithmetic, together with Bengali, English, and Sanskrit. They have their libraries of English books, as well as of those of



THE GLEE CLUB.

India, and under Mr. Tagore's guidance they are told the legends contained in the "Ramayana," a great classic folk-tale of the East. We may ask what English books these Indian lads most en-

joy. It will be interesting to note that, among the younger, George MacDonald's "At the Back of the North Wind" is the most popular; and that among the older boys Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" is in constant demand. Even the youngest do not seek for books of one syllable. They are not spoken to by Mr. Tagore as though they were childish. They live in an atmosphere of high thinking; and high thinking brings high thought.

They are not petted and pampered. They are hardened in their bodies by free contact with the earth as they walk here and there barefooted. They have their boyish tests of strength, as all lads have when they get together. One of the teachers, only last summer, found a young Bengali on the roof-top with his back bared to the blazing sun. When the boy was questioned, he said he was taking up a dare made by another boy that he could not do it.

There are two characteristics of the Bengali lads as seen in Shantiniketan. The one is self-sacrifice, and the other, implicit trust where trust is given. I am told that no matter how young the boys may be, they are wonderful in a sick-room, showing a gentleness and an understanding which we usually associate with grown people. Often, through an entire night, these boys will take turns in sitting up with one of their sick comrades. Not only that, but many of the older boys, who might otherwise spend their evenings wandering afield in the moonlight, go to the near-by village and teach in a night-school, giving to the natives the instruction which otherwise they could not afford to get.

Then, because of the comradeship existing between teachers and pupils, it is possible to have a self-governing school. Not many years ago there was a young teacher studying for his Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of Calcutta. He taught at Shantiniketan, and the boys followed him here and there, hanging on every word because of the beautiful faith he had in them. "He was barely nineteen," writes Mr. Tagore, "but he had a wonderful soul, keenly responsive to all that was beautiful and great in the realm of nature and the human mind. With him, the boys never felt that they were confined in the limits of the teaching class. They would go with him to the forest when in the spring the sal-trees were in full blossom, and he would recite to them his favorite poems. He used to read to them Shakspere, and even Browning, explaining to them in Bengali with his wonderful power of expression. He knew that it was not at all necessary for the boys to understand literally and accurately, but that their minds should be roused, and in this he was always successful." That is the way teachers work with their pupils at Shantiniketan.



MR. TAGORE AT SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

The visitor to the *Ashram* will see many things far different from our Western life, but he cannot fail to be impressed by the happiness of the place presided over by the Wise Man from the East. And when he is about to leave, he will become the center of a ceremony described very vividly by Mr. W. W. Pearson, who is now one of the teachers at Shantiniketan. "The morning I left," he writes, "there was a farewell ceremony, according to ancient Hindu custom when a guest leaves an *Ashram* for the outer world. I was garlanded, and a handful of rose-petals, together with some grains of paddy and some grass (symbolic of the plentitude and fruitfulness of life), was offered me, and at the same time one of the teachers pronounced over me the blessing which is found in the Sanskrit 'Sakuntala' and which has been translated by the poet: Pleasant be thy path, with intervals of cool lakes green with the spreading leaves of lotus, and with the shady trees tempering the glare and heat of the

sun—let its dust be gentle for you even like the pollen of flowers borne by the calm and friendly breeze—let your path be auspicious."

It takes about a month for the West to travel to Bolpur. It is a far-off land, with strange customs and problems different from ours. But I do not doubt that were a Western boy to visit Shantiniketan, it would not take him long to understand the ways of these Bengali boys. He might find it difficult to move rapidly in bare feet, for our boys have become accustomed to shoes, and to them who wear shoes it is, as the Persian legend says, "as though the whole world were covered with leather." The Western boy might not be able to climb trees with that intimate knowledge of every branch the Bengali boy has; but with the understanding that exists between young people, he would soon find himself at home. Certainly, Rabindranath Tagore might look strange to him in his long robes, but he would come under the spell of this master-poet, even as the West is now listening to all that the Wise Man from the East has written. It makes no difference whether the verses in "The Crescent Moon" were first set down in Bengali; child-life, with its love of adventure and imagination, is the same the world over.

It is well that both young and old know something of Rabindranath Tagore. He is a Wise Man from the East, but not so wise that the smallest of us cannot understand him.

FATE AND FIAMETTA

(Founded on fact)

BY HENRY A. FARNHAM

If Fate, being forehanded and always "on the job," has planned every man's future in advance, as certain poets and other profound thinkers have held, why does she not do the same by Persian kittens? Is n't it reasonable to suppose it was all written on Fiametta's forehead from the first, even to the bull-terrier and the psychological moment? Most certainly it is. Everything dovetails together much too closely to admit of doubt in the mind of one who is at all enlightened. Consider, and then decide for yourself.

Begin, say, at Bronxville, and work carefully southward until you come to the Harlem River. Search as long as you like, and you will find no family happier than Papa and Mama Tartoué and little Jean and Fiametta, who lived in a cottage with a scraggly rose-bush beside the front door and piles of rusty tin cans beside the back.

Papa Tartoué's Christian name was Pierre, and he worked in a phonograph factory, hoarding every penny of his wages against the day they should all return to the little village in war-ridden Lorraine that he still called home. Incapacitated for the army because of a crippled foot, he nevertheless longed to share, in the midst of the friends of his early years, whatever might be in store for his beloved country. For five long, happy years the little cottage had held them, until Fiametta the kitten had attained to full-grown cathood. But "*petit* Jean"—he was still *petit*.

And now comes, I promise you, the only note of tragedy. Let us dwell upon it no longer than is necessary.

There came a day when Mama Tartoué sickened and took to her bed. Two weeks later she died, and Jean was heartbroken. It was this that caused Papa Tartoué to leave the phonograph factory and the cottage, now grown all too lonely, and go back to France once more.

"And Fiametta? She goes with us?" queried little Jean, when his father told him of the forthcoming voyage.

"*Non*, Fiametta remains!" answered Papa Tartoué. Nor did tears or entreaty move him. He became as adamant, or chilled steel, or charity, or a mattress in a hall-bedroom, or whatever it is that is hardest. And so, for the time, the matter ended.

On sailing day, a week later, there appeared on the North River pier of the Parisian Line M. Tartoué and son, with trunks, bags, boxes, and second-cabin tickets for home. Among their belongings was a wicker basket, filled mostly with linen. And inside,—you have cleverly guessed it at once,—curled up on a pile of sheets and pillow-cases, was Fiametta, surreptitiously placed there before leaving home by the wily Jean, hopeful of smuggling his pet aboard the steamship despite his father's mandate. Alas for the futility of human hopes! It was not to be.

Nearly all the passengers were on board, the last trunk had been stowed in the hold, and the gangway was about to be trundled from the liner's side by a horde of grimy longshoremen, when Fate mysteriously moved. From the recesses of the basket came an unmistakable "*Meouw!*" and then another and another. Surprise, understanding, and indignation registered upon M. Tartoué's countenance in kaleidoscopic waves that broke into storm.

The tempest that followed attracted a circle of spectators. Little Jean's pleadings were of no avail. Time was pressing. The cover was torn from the basket. Fiametta was tossed unceremoniously to the floor of the dock. M. Tartoué and the weeping Jean hastened on board just as the gangway was lowered, and, to the accompaniment of the deep-throated whistle, cheers, and the waving of handkerchiefs, the liner commenced moving, stern foremost, out into the stream. They are sad, these partings—always.

It is perhaps pardonable in a cat, even a Persian cat, who has been carried several miles inside a wicker basket, and who has had no end of other strange experiences, to lose, temporarily, a bit of her usual *savoir-faire* on suddenly finding herself dumped in the center of a steamship pier as a liner is leaving. Almost any cat might. At any rate, Fiametta did.

She looked about wildly. Glimpsing sunlight at the street end of the dock, she started for it, scurrying between men's legs and under automobiles and horses, in-



"FIAMETTA WAS TOSSED UNCEREMONIOUSLY TO THE FLOOR OF THE DOCK."

tent only upon going elsewhere—*wanderlust* in acute form, as it were.

As Fiametta emerged on the asphalt she wavered uncertainly, turning southward. Then Fate appeared in the form of a brindle bull-terrier, the property of a storekeeper on the opposite corner. The dog had been viewing life with a bored air, showing occasional interest in fleas, when Fiametta's frenzied flight brought her into his line of vision. It seemed almost too good to be true, and he started for her with enthusiasm.

On the outside of the pier-shed, running from the street to the extreme riverward end of the dock, was a string-piece, perhaps a foot in width. Cleats were affixed to it at intervals. To them the big hempen hawsers that held the liner were made fast. Fiametta started down the stringer with the bull-terrier three jumps behind.

By this time, half the length of the steamship, with stubby-nosed tugboats puffing about, projected beyond the end of the pier into the river. All the hawsers had been cast off save the one at the bow, usually the last link with land. And to this came Fiametta, with her enemy in close pursuit. It was a sporting chance, but Fiametta took it. Up the rope she started, her claws clutching the fibers at every leap. The terrier looked longingly, but, realizing his limitations, made no attempt to follow. His part in the drama was over, he felt. Fiametta's most thrilling scene was yet to come.

Clustered in the bow about the steam windlass, bearded sailors in greasy blue denim watched her precarious progress up the rope. She reached the deck, and at a nod from the second officer, who stood over them, they started for her. A few very lively seconds followed, and then one of the sailors had a scratching, struggling ball of fur in his arms. The officer's head inclined toward the rail. Without hesitation the sailor hurled Fiametta far outward over the murky water. She straightened herself in mid air and shot downward.

But Fate was wide awake. Instead of a splash,



"FIAMETTA STARTED DOWN THE STRINGER WITH THE BULL-TERRIER THREE JUMPS BEHIND."



Fiametta, gazing about in terror, merely landed lightly upon the deck of a tugboat directly beneath. She had not long to wait. Having seen her hurtling through the air, two deckhands started, the spirit of the huntsman burning within. They stretched out hands to seize the quarry—and Fate played the ace.

Towering above was the wall-like side of the steamship, glistening in its coat of fresh black paint. Four feet over the spot where Fiametta crouched was an open port-hole. She glimpsed it, and, gathering herself, sprang upward.

It should not be difficult to guess the rest. On the other side of the port, of course, sat little Jean, still sobbing because of the loss of his Fiametta. Imagine, then, his joy when she so miraculously sailed through the opening before him, scarcely eight inches in circumference, and landed in his lap, unharmed. Amazement and then a wave of delirious happiness seized him and he clasped her to his breast. Outside, one by one, the tugboats dropped astern, and with prow pointed down-stream, the great liner commenced feeling her way toward the Ambrose Channel and the open sea beyond.

And Fate laughed.

UNDERSTOOD BETSY

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

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Chapter IV

BETSY GOES TO SCHOOL

Elizabeth Ann was very much surprised to hear Cousin Ann's voice calling "Dinner!" down the stairs. It did not seem possible that the whole morning had gone by. "Here," said Aunt Abigail, "just put that pat on a plate, will you, and take it upstairs as you go. I 've got all I can do to haul up my own two hundred pounds, without any half-pound of butter into the bargain."

The little girl smiled at this, though she did not exactly know why, and skipped up the stairs proudly with her butter. Dinner was smoking on the table, which was set in the midst of the great pool of sunlight. A very large black-and-white dog, with a great bushy tail, was walking around and around the table, sniffing the air. He looked as big as a bear to Elizabeth Ann; and as he walked, his great red tongue hung out of his mouth and his white teeth gleamed horribly. Elizabeth Ann shrank back in terror, clutching her plate of butter to her breast with tense fingers. Cousin Ann said, over her shoulder: "Oh, bother! There 's old Shep, got up to pester us begging for scraps! *Shep!* You go and lie down this minute!"

To Elizabeth Ann's astonishment and immense relief the great animal turned, drooping his head sadly, walked back across the floor, got upon the couch again, and laid his head down on one paw very forlornly, turning up the whites of his eyes meekly at Cousin Ann.

Aunt Abigail, who had just pulled herself up the stairs, panting, said, between laughing and puffing: "I 'm glad *I 'm* not an animal on this farm. Ann does boss them around so."

"Well, *some*body has to!" said Cousin Ann, advancing on the table with a platter. This proved to have chicken fricassee on it, and Elizabeth Ann's heart melted in her at the smell. She loved chicken gravy on hot biscuits beyond anything in the world, but chickens are so expensive when you buy them in the market that Aunt Harriet had n't had them very often for dinner. And there was a plate of biscuits, golden brown, just coming out of the oven! She sat down very quickly, her mouth watering, and attacked with extreme haste the big plateful of food which Cousin Ann passed her.

At Aunt Harriet's she had always been aware that everybody watched her anxiously as she ate, and she had heard so much about her light appetite that she felt she must live up to her reputation, and had a very natural and human hesitation about eating all she wanted when there happened to be something she liked very much. But nobody here knew that she "only ate enough to keep a bird alive," and that her "appetite was *so* capricious!" Nor did anybody notice her while she stowed away the chicken and gravy and hot biscuits and currant jelly and baked potatoes and apple pie—when did Elizabeth Ann ever eat such a meal before! Actually, her belt felt tight.

In the middle of the meal Cousin Ann got up to answer the telephone, which was in the next room. The instant the door had closed behind her, Uncle Henry leaned forward, tapped Elizabeth Ann on the shoulder, and nodded toward the sofa. His eyes were twinkling, and as for Aunt Abigail she began to laugh silently, shaking all over, her napkin at her mouth to stifle the sound. Elizabeth Ann turned wonderingly and saw the old dog cautiously and noiselessly letting himself down from the sofa, one ear cocked rigidly in the direction of Cousin Ann's voice.

"The old tyke!" said Uncle Henry. "He always sneaks up to the table to be fed if Ann goes out for a minute. Here, Betsy, you 're nearest; give him this piece of skin from the chicken neck!" The big dog padded forward across the room, evidently in such a state of terror about Cousin Ann that Elizabeth Ann felt for him. She had a fellow-feeling about that relative of hers. Also, it was impossible to be afraid of so abjectly meek and guilty an animal. As old Shep came up to her, poking his nose inquiringly on her lap, she shrinkingly held out the big piece of skin, and though she jumped back at the sudden snap and gobbling gulp with which the old dog greeted the tidbit, she could not but sympathize with his evident enjoyment of it. He waved his bushy tail gratefully, cocked his head on one side, and, his ears standing up at attention, his eyes glistening greedily, he gave a little begging whine.

"Oh, he 's asking for more!" cried Elizabeth Ann, surprised to see how plainly she could understand dog-talk. "Quick, Uncle Henry! give me another piece!"

Uncle Henry rapidly transferred to her plate a wing-bone from his own, and Aunt Abigail, with one deft swoop, contributed the neck from the

platter. As fast as she could, Elizabeth Ann fed these to Shep, who woofed them down at top speed, the bones crunching loudly under his strong white teeth. How he did enjoy it! It did your heart good to see his gusto.

There was the sound of the telephone-receiver being hung up in the next room—and everybody acted at once. Aunt Abigail began drinking innocently out of her coffee-cup, only her laughing old eyes showing over the rim; Uncle Henry buttered a slice of bread with a grave face, as though he were deep in conjectures about who would be the next President; and as for old Shep, he made one plunge across the room, his toe-nails clicking rapidly on the bare floor, sprang up on the couch, and when Cousin Ann opened the door and came in, he was lying in exactly the position in which she had left him, his paw stretched out, his head laid on it, his brown eyes turned up meekly so that the whites showed.

I 've told you what these three did, but I have n't told you yet what Elizabeth Ann did. And it is worth telling. As Cousin Ann stepped in, glancing suspiciously from her sober-faced and abstracted parents to the lamb-like innocence of old Shep, little Elizabeth Ann burst into a shout of laughter. It 's worth telling about, because, as far as I know, that was the first time she had ever laughed out heartily in all her life. For my part, I 'm surprised to know that she knew how.

Of course, when she laughed, Aunt Abigail had to laugh too, setting down her coffee-cup and showing all the funny wrinkles in her face screwed up hard with fun; and that made Uncle Henry laugh, and then Cousin Ann laughed and said, as she sat down, "You are bad children, the whole four of you!" And old Shep, seeing the state of things, stopped pretending to be meek, jumped down, and came lumbering over to the table, wagging his tail and laughing too; you know that good, wide dog-smile! He put his head on Elizabeth Ann's lap again, and she patted it and lifted up one of his big black ears. She forgot that she was terribly afraid of big dogs.

After dinner Cousin Ann looked up at the clock and said, "My goodness! Betsy 'll be late to school if she does n't start right off." She explained to the child, aghast at this sudden thunderclap: "I let you sleep this morning as long as you wanted to, because you were so tired from your journey. But of course there 's no reason for missing the afternoon session."

As Elizabeth Ann continued sitting perfectly still, frozen with alarm, Cousin Ann jumped up briskly, got the little coat and cap, helped her up, and began inserting the child's arms into the sleeves. She pulled the cap well down over Elizabeth Ann's ears, felt in the coat pocket, and pulled out the mittens. "There," she said, holding them out, "you 'd better put them on before you go out, for it 's a real cold day."

As she led the stupefied little girl along toward the door Aunt Abigail came after them and put a big sugar cooky into the child's hand. "Maybe you 'll like to eat that for your recess-time," she said. "*I* always did when I went to school."

Elizabeth Ann's hand closed automatically about the cooky, but she scarcely heard what was said. She felt herself to be in a bad dream. Aunt Frances had never, no *never*, let her go to school alone, and on the first day of the year always took her to the new teacher and introduced her and told the teacher how sensitive she was and how hard to understand; and then she stayed there for an hour or two till Elizabeth Ann got used to things! She could not face a whole new school all alone—oh, she could n't, she would n't! She could n't! Horrors! Here she was in the front hall—she was on the porch! Cousin Ann was saying: "Now run along, child. Straight down the road till the first turn to the left, and there are the cross-roads, and there you are." And now the front door closed behind her, the path stretched before her to the road, and the road led down the hill the way Cousin Ann had pointed. Elizabeth Ann's feet began to move forward and carried her down the path, although she was still crying out to herself, "I can't! I won't! I can't!"

Are you wondering why Elizabeth Ann did n't turn around, open the front door, walk in, and say, "I can't! I won't! I can't!" to Cousin Ann?

The answer to that question is that she did n't do it because Cousin Ann was Cousin Ann. And there 's more in that than you think! In fact, there is a mystery in it that nobody has ever solved, not even the greatest scientists and philosophers, although, like all scientists and philosophers, they think they have gone a long way toward explaining something they don't understand by calling it a long name. The long name is "personality," and what it means nobody knows, but it is perhaps the very most important thing in the world for all that. And yet we know only one or two things about it. We know that anybody's personality is made up of the sum total of all the actions and thoughts and desires of his life. And we know that though there are n't any words or any figures in any language to set down that sum total accurately, still it is one of the first things that everybody knows about anybody else. And that is really all we know!

So I can't tell you why Elizabeth Ann did not go back and cry and sob and say she could n't and she would n't and she could n't, as she would

certainly have done at Aunt Harriet's. You remember that I could not even tell you why it was that, as the little fatherless and motherless girl lay in bed looking at Aunt Abigail's old face, she should feel so comforted and protected that she must needs break out crying. No, all I can say is that it was because Aunt Abigail was Aunt Abigail. But perhaps it may occur to you that it 's a rather good idea to keep a sharp eye on your "personality," whatever that is! It might be very handy, you know, to have a personality like Cousin Ann's, which sent Elizabeth Ann's feet down the path; or perhaps you would prefer one like Aunt Abigail's. Well, take your choice.

You must not, of course, think for a moment that Elizabeth Ann had the slightest *intention* of obeying Cousin Ann. No indeed! Nothing was farther from her mind as her feet carried her along the path and into the road. In her mind was nothing but rebellion and fear and anger and oh, such hurt feelings! She turned sick at the very thought of facing all the staring, curious faces in the playground turned on the new scholar as she had seen them at home! She would never, never do it! She would walk around all the afternoon, and then go back and tell Cousin Ann that she could n't! She would *explain* to her how Aunt Frances never let her go out of doors without a loving hand to cling to. She would *explain* to her how Aunt Frances always took care of her! It was easier to think about what she would say and do and explain, away from Cousin Ann, than it was to say and do it before those black eyes. Aunt Frances's eyes were soft, light blue.

Oh, how she wanted Aunt Frances to take care of her! Nobody cared a thing about her! Nobody *understood* her but Aunt Frances! She would n't go back at all to Putney Farm. She would just walk on and on till she was lost, and the night would come and she would lie down and freeze to death, and then would n't Cousin Ann feel—

Some one called to her, "Is n't this Betsy?"

She looked up astonished. A young girl in a gingham dress and a white apron like those at Putney Farm stood in front of a tiny square building, like a toy house. "Is n't this Betsy?" asked the young girl, again. "Your Cousin Ann said you were coming to school to-day, and I 've been looking out for you. But I saw you going right by, and I ran out to stop you."

"Why, where *is* the school?" asked Betsy, staring all around for the usual big, brick, four-story building.

The young girl laughed and held out her hand. "This is the school," she said, "and I am the teacher, and you 'd better come right in, for it 's time to begin." She led Betsy into a room with geraniums at the windows, where about a dozen children of different ages sat behind their desks. At the first sight of them Betsy blushed crimson with fright and shyness and hung down her head; but looking out of the corners of her eyes, she saw that they, too, were all very red-faced and scared-looking and hung down their heads, looking at her shyly out of the corners of their eyes. She was so surprised by this that she forgot all about herself and looked inquiringly at the teacher.



"'OH, HE 'S ASKING FOR MORE!' CRIED ELIZABETH ANN."

"They don't see many strangers," the teacher explained, "and they feel very shy and scared when a new scholar comes, especially one from the city."

"Is this my grade?" asked Elizabeth, thinking it the very smallest grade she had ever seen.

"This is the whole school," said the teacher. "There are only two or three in each class. You 'll probably have three in yours. Miss Ann said you were in the third grade. There, that 's your seat."

Elizabeth sat down before a very old desk, much battered and hacked up with knife-marks. There was a big H. P. carved just over the ink-well, and many other initials scattered all over the top.

The teacher stepped back to her desk and took up a violin that lay there. "Now, children, we 'll begin the afternoon session by singing 'America,' " she said. She played the air over a little, very sweetly and stirringly, and then, as the children stood up, she came down close to them, standing just in front of Betsy. She drew the bow across the strings in a big chord, and said "*Now!*" and Betsy burst into song with the others. The sun came in the windows brightly, the teacher, too, sang as she played, and all the children, even the littlest ones, opened their mouths wide and sang lustily.

Chapter V

What grade is Betsy?

After the singing the teacher gave Elizabeth Ann a pile of school-books, some paper, some pencils, and a pen, and told her to set her desk in order. There were more initials carved inside, another big H. P. with a little A. P. under it. What a lot of children must have sat there, thought the little girl as she arranged her books and papers. As she shut down the lid the teacher finished giving some instructions to three or four little ones and said, "Betsy and Ralph and Ellen, bring your reading-books up here."

Betsy sighed, took out her third-grade reader, and went with the other two up to the battered old bench near the teacher's desk. She knew all about reading lessons and she hated them, although she loved to read. But reading lessons! You sat with your book open at some reading that you could do with your eyes shut, it was so easy, and you waited and waited and waited while your classmates slowly stumbled along, reading aloud a sentence or two apiece, until your turn came to stand up and read your sentence or two, which by that time sounded just like nonsense because you 'd read it over and over so many times to yourself before your chance came. And often you did n't even have a chance to do that, because the teacher did n't have time to get around to you at all, and you closed your book and put it back in your desk without having opened your mouth. Reading was one thing Elizabeth Ann had learned to do very well indeed, but she had learned it all by herself at home from much reading to herself. Aunt Frances had kept her well supplied with children's books from the nearest public library. She often read three a week—very different, that, from a sentence or two once or twice a week.

When she sat down on the battered old bench she almost laughed aloud, it seemed so funny to be in a class of only three. There had been forty in her grade in the big brick building. She sat in the middle, the little girl whom the teacher had called Ellen on one side, and Ralph on the other. Ellen was very pretty, with fair hair smoothly braided in two little pig-tails, sweet blue eyes, and a clean blue-and-white gingham dress. Ralph had very black eyes, dark hair, a big bruise on his forehead, a cut on his chin, and a tear in the knee of his short trousers. He was much bigger than Ellen, and Elizabeth Ann thought he looked rather fierce. She decided that she would be afraid of him and would not like him at all.

"Page thirty-two," said the teacher. "Ralph first."

Ralph stood up and began to read. It sounded very familiar to Elizabeth Ann, for he did not read at all well. What was not familiar was that the teacher did not stop him after the first sentence. He read on and on till he had read a page, the teacher only helping him with the hardest words.

"Now, Betsy," said the teacher.

Elizabeth Ann stood up, read the first sentence, and paused, like a caged lion pausing when he comes to the end of his cage.

"Go on," said the teacher.

Elizabeth Ann read the next sentence and stopped again, automatically.

"Go *on*," said the teacher, looking at her sharply.

The next time the little girl paused the teacher laughed out good-naturedly. "What is the matter with you, Betsy?" she said. "Go on till I tell you to stop."

So Elizabeth Ann, very much surprised, but very much interested, read on, sentence after sentence, till she forgot they were sentences and just thought of what they meant. She read a whole page and then another page, and that was the end of the selection. She had never read aloud so much in her life. She was aware that everybody in the room had stopped working to listen to her. She felt very proud and less afraid than she had ever thought she could be in a school-room. When she finished, "You read very well!" said the teacher. "Is this very easy for you?"

"Oh, *yes!*" said Elizabeth Ann.

"I guess, then, that you 'd better not stay in this class," said the teacher. She took a book out of her desk. "See if you can read that."

Elizabeth Ann began in her usual school-reading style, very slow and monotonous, but this did n't seem like a "reader" at all. It was poetry, full of hard words that were fun to try to pronounce, and it was all about an old woman who would hang out an American flag, even though the town was full of rebel soldiers. She read faster and faster, getting more and more excited, till she broke out with "Halt!" in such a loud, spirited voice that the sound of it startled her and made her stop, fearing that she would be laughed at. But nobody laughed. They were all listening, very eagerly, even the little ones, with their eyes turned toward her.

"You might as well go on and let us see how it came out," said the teacher, and Betsy finished triumphantly.

"*Well!*" said the teacher, "there 's no sense in your reading along in the third reader. After this, you 'll recite out of the seventh reader with Frank and Harry and Stashie."

Elizabeth Ann could not believe her ears. To be "jumped" four grades in that casual way! It was n't possible! She at once thought, however, of something that would prevent it entirely, and while Ellen was reading her page in a slow, careful little voice, Elizabeth Ann was feeling miserably that she must explain to the teacher why she could n't read with the seventh-grade children. Oh, how she wished she could! When they stood up to go back to their seats she hesitated, hung her head, and looked very unhappy.

"Did you want to say something to me?" asked the teacher, pausing with a bit of chalk in her hand.

The little girl went up to her desk and said what she knew it was her duty to confess: "I can't be allowed to read in the seventh reader. I don't write a bit well, and I never get the mental number-work right. I could n't do *any*thing with seventh-grade arithmetic!"

The teacher looked a little blank and said: "*I* did n't say anything about your number-work! I don't *know* anything about it! You have n't recited yet." She turned away and began to write a list of words on the board. "Betsy, Ralph, and Ellen study their spelling," she said. "You little ones come up for your reading."

Two little boys and two little girls came forward as Elizabeth Ann began to con over the words on the board. At first she found she was listening to the little chirping voices, as the children struggled with their reading, instead of studying "doubt, travel, cheese," and the other words in her lesson. But she put her hands over her ears, and her mind on her spelling. She wanted to make a good impression with that lesson. After a while, when she was sure she could spell them all correctly, she began to listen and look around her. She always "got" her spelling in less time than was allowed the class, and usually sat idle, looking out of the window until that study period was over. But now the moment she stopped staring at the board and moving her lips as she spelled to herself the teacher said, just as though she had been watching her every minute instead of conducting a class, "Betsy, have you learned your spelling?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think so," said Elizabeth Ann, wondering very much why she was asked.

"That 's fine!" said the teacher. "I wish you 'd take little Molly over in that corner and help her with her reading. She 's getting on so much better than the rest of the class that I hate to have her lose her time. Just hear her read the rest of her little story, will you, and don't help her unless she 's really stuck."

Elizabeth Ann was startled by this request, which was unheard of in her experience. She was very uncertain of herself as she sat down on a low chair in the corner of the school-room away from the desks, with the little child leaning on her knee. And yet she was not exactly afraid, either, because Molly was such a shy little roly-poly thing, with her brown hair cut short like a boy's and her bright blue eyes very serious as she looked hard at the book and began: "Once there was a rat. It was a fat rat." No, it was impossible to be frightened of such a funny little girl, who peered so earnestly into the older child's face to make sure she was doing her lesson right.

Elizabeth Ann had never had anything to do with children younger than herself, and she felt very pleased and important to have anybody look up to *her!* She put her arm around Molly's square, warm, fat little body and gave her a squeeze. Molly snuggled up closer, and the two children put their heads together over the printed page, Elizabeth Ann correcting Molly very gently indeed when she made a mistake, and waiting patiently when she hesitated. She had so fresh in her mind her own suffering from quick, nervous corrections that she took the greatest pleasure in speaking quietly and not interrupting the little girl more than was necessary. It was fun to teach, *lots* of fun! She was surprised when the teacher said, "Well, Betsy, how did Molly do?"

"Oh, is the time up?" said Elizabeth Ann. "Why, she does beautifully, I think, for such a little thing."

"Do you suppose," said the teacher, thought-

fully, just as though Betsy were a grown-up person, "do you suppose she could go into the second reader, with Eliza? There 's no use keeping her in the first if she 's ready to go on."

Elizabeth Ann's head whirled with this second light-handed juggling with the sacred distinction between the grades. In the big brick schoolhouse nobody *ever* went into another grade except at the beginning of a new year, after you 'd passed a lot of examinations. She had not known that anybody could do anything else. The idea that everybody took a year to a grade, no *matter* what! was so fixed in her mind that she felt as though the teacher had said: "How would you like to stop being nine years old and be twelve instead? And don't you think Molly would better be eight instead of six?"

However, just then her class in arithmetic was called, so that she had no more time to be puzzled. She came forward with Ralph and Ellen again, very low in her mind. She hated arithmetic with all her might, and she really did n't understand a thing about it! By long experience she had learned to read her teachers' faces very accurately, and she guessed by their expression whether the answer she gave was the right one. And that was the way she could tell. You never heard of any other child who did that, did you?

They had mental arithmetic, of course (Elizabeth Ann thought it just her luck!), and of course it was those hateful eights and sevens, and of course right away poor Betsy got the one she hated most, seven times eight. She never knew that one! She said dispiritedly that it was fifty-four, remembering vaguely that it was somewhere in the fifties. Ralph burst out scornfully, "Fifty-six!" and the teacher, as if she wanted to take him down for showing off, pounced on him with nine times eight. He answered, without drawing breath, "Seventy-two." Elizabeth Ann shuddered at his accuracy. Ellen, too, rose to the occasion when she got six times seven, which Elizabeth Ann could sometimes remember and sometimes not. And then, oh horrors! It was her turn again! Her turn had never before come more than twice during a mental-arithmetic lesson. She was so startled by the swiftness with which the question went around that she balked on six times six, which she knew perfectly. And before she could recover, Ralph had answered and had rattled out a hundred and eight in answer to nine times twelve; and then Ellen slapped down an eighty-four on top of seven times twelve. Good gracious! Who could have guessed, from the way they read, they could do their tables like this! She herself missed on seven times seven, and was ready to cry. After this the teacher did n't call on her at all, but showered questions down on the other two, who sent the answers back with sickening speed.

The lesson over, the teacher said, smiling: "Well, Betsy, you were right about your arithmetic. I guess you 'd better recite with Eliza for a while. She 's doing second-grade work. I should n't be surprised if, after a good review with her, you 'd be able to go on with the third-grade work."

Elizabeth Ann fell back on the bench with her mouth open. She felt really dizzy. What crazy things the teacher said! She felt as though she were being pulled limb from limb.

"What 's the matter?" asked the teacher, seeing her bewildered face.

"Why—why," said Elizabeth Ann, "I don't know what I am at all. If I 'm second-grade arithmetic and seventh-grade reading and third-grade spelling, what grade *am* I?"

The teacher laughed at the turn of her phrase. "*You* are n't any grade at all, no matter where you are in school. You 're just yourself, are n't you? What difference does it make what grade you 're in? And what 's the use of your reading little baby things too easy for you just because you don't know your multiplication table?"

"Well, for goodness' *sakes!*" ejaculated Elizabeth Ann, feeling very much as though somebody had stood her suddenly on her head.

"Why, what 's the matter?" asked the teacher again.

This time Elizabeth Ann did n't answer, because she herself did n't know what the matter was. But I do, and I 'll tell you. The matter was that never before had she known what she was doing in school. She had always thought she was there to pass from one grade to another, and she was ever so startled to get a little glimpse of the fact that she was there to learn how to read and write and cipher and generally use her mind, so she could take care of herself when she came to be grown up. Of course, she did n't really know that till she did come to be grown up, but she had her first dim notion of it in that moment, and it made her feel the way you do when you 're learning to skate and somebody pulls away the chair you 've been leaning on and says, "Now, go it alone!"

(To be continued.)



THE PLAY HOUR

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THERE were three little people, quite gentle and mild:
Gwendolyn Gladys, a golden-haired child,
Marmaduke Michael, with eyes brown and bright,
And Lucy Louise, who was very polite.

These three little people sat talking one day,
Discussing quite earnestly what they should play,
When Marmaduke Michael said: "I 'll tell you what!
Let 's play we are pirates,—it 's fun—a whole lot!"

Though Gwendolyn Gladys looked scared just a bit,
She said she would play, if she need n't be "It";
And Lucy Louise, in her affable way,
Said, "It gives me great pleasure to join in your play."

"Now, you see," observed Michael, "to do this thing right,—
To be proper pirates,—you have guns, and fight.
And you have to have black masks,—and cutlases,—*Zip!*
And a black flag waves wild at the top of your ship!
And ear-splitting war-whoops you screech and you yell,
And no victims escape as you chase them pell-mell—"
Michael suddenly paused, for, without a word more,
Scared Gwendolyn Gladys flew out through the door;
And Lucy Louise also took to her heels,
With a series of shrill, but polite, little squeals,
Leaving Michael alone. He stood, pulling his curls,
And thoughtfully musing: "Well, girls will be girls!
I s'pose they *were* scared at the tale I was telling,
But even the pirates can't beat them at yelling!"

THE GREAT UPHEAVAL

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "The Boys' Life of Mark Twain," etc., etc.

We had been on a motor-trip through France, and I mean to speak of that, too; but I must tell you first what came later, before it becomes too old a story.

It was on the tenth of July that we returned to Vevey, Switzerland, our starting-point, and it was a little more than three weeks later that the world—a world of peace and the social intercourse of nations—came to an end.

We had heard at Tours of the assassination of the Austrian archduke and his duchess, but no thought of the long-threatened European War entered our minds. Neither did we discover later any indications of it. If there was any tension along the Franco-German border, we failed to notice it. Arriving at Vevey, there seemed not a ripple on the drowsy summer days. Even when Austria finally sent her ultimatum to Servia, there was scarcely a suggestion of war-talk. We had all the nations in our hotel, but they assembled harmoniously in the little reading-room after dinner, over the papers and harmless games, and if the situation was discussed at all, the word "arbitration" was oftenest heard.

Neither did the news come to us gradually or gently. It was like a bomb, exploded one evening by Billy Baker, an American boy of sixteen, and a bulletin of merit. Billy had been for his customary after-dinner walk uptown, and it was clear the instant he plunged in that he had gathered something unusual.

"Say, folks!" he burst out, "did you know that Austria has declared war against Servia and is bombarding Belgrade, and that now all the others are going to declare, and we Americans have got to beat it for home?"

There was a general stir. Billy's items were often delivered in this abrupt way, but his news facts were seldom questioned. He went on, adding quick, crisp details, while the varied nationalities assumed attitudes of attention. The little group around the green center-table forgot what they were there for. I had just drawn a spade when I needed a heart and did not mind the diversion. Billy concluded his despatches:

"We 've all got to beat it, you know, *now*, before all the ships and trains and things are used for mobilization, and before the fighting begins. If we don't, we 'll have to stay here all winter." Then, his mission finished, Billy in his prompt way pulled a chair to the table. "Let me in this, will you?" he said; "I feel awfully lucky tonight."

Americans laugh at most things. We laughed now at Billy Baker—at the dramatic manner of his news, with its picturesque, even if stupendous, possibilities; at the vision in every one's mind of a horde of American tourists "beating it" out of Europe at the first drum-roll of war.

But not all in the room laughed. The "little countesses"—two Russian girls—and their white-haired companion talked rapidly and earnestly together in low voices. The retired French admiral, old and invalided, rose, his long cape flung back across his shoulder, and walked feebly up and down, stopping at each turn to speak to his aged wife, who sat with their son, himself an officer on leave. An English judge, with a son at home, fraternized with the Americans and tried to be gay with them, but his mirth lacked freedom. A German family instinctively separated themselves from the others, and presently were no longer in the room. Even one of the Americans, a Southern girl, laughed rather hysterically:

"All my baggage but one suitcase is stored in Frankfort," she said. "If Germany goes to war, I 'll have a gay time getting it."

Morning brought confirmation of Billy Baker's news, at least so far as Austria's action was concerned, and the imminence of what promised to be a concerted movement of other great nations toward war. It was said that Russia was already mobilizing, that troops were in motion in Germany and in France. That night, or it may have been the next, a telegram came for the young French officer summoning him to his regiment. His little son of nine or ten raced about repeating excitedly:

"L'Allemagne a mobilisé—mon père va à la guerre!"

The old admiral, too feeble, almost, to be out of bed, seemed to take on a new bearing.

"I thought I was done with war," he said; "I am an invalid, and they could not call on me. But if France is attacked, I shall go and fight once more for my country."

The German family—there were two grown sons in it—had already disappeared.

It was about the third morning that I took a walk down to the American consulate. I had been there before, but had not found it exciting.

It had been a place of silence and inactivity. There were generally a few flies drifting about, and a bored-looking man, who spent an hour or two there morning and afternoon killing time and glad of any little diversion in the way of company.

The consulate was no longer a place of silence and buzzing flies. There was buzzing in plenty, but it was made by my fellow-countrymen,—countrywomen, most of them,—who were indeed



"'WE AMERICANS HAVE GOT TO BEAT IT FOR HOME!'"

making things hum. I don't know whether the consul was bored or not. I know he was answering questions at the rate of one per second, and, even so, not keeping up with the demand for information.

"Is there going to be a war?" "Is England going into it?" "Has Germany declared yet?" "Shall we be safe in Switzerland?" "Will all Americans be ordered home?" "Are the trains going to be stopped?" "Shall we have to have passports?" "I have got a sailing in September; will the ships be running then?" "How can I send a letter to my husband in Germany?" "How about money—are the Swiss banks going to stop payment on letters of credit?"—these, repeated in every varying form, and a hundred other inquiries that only a first-class registered clairvoyant could have answered with confidence. The consul was good-natured. He was also an optimist. His replies in general conveyed the suggestion to "keep cool," that everything was going to be all right.

The Swiss banks, however, did stop payment on letters of credit and various forms of checks forthwith. I had a very pretty-looking check myself, and a day or two before I had been haggling with the bank man over the rate of exchange, which had been gently declining. I said I would hold it for better terms. But on the day that Germany declared war I decided to cash it, anyway, just to have a little extra money, in case—

Oh, well, never mind the details; I did n't cash it. The bank man looked at it, smiled feebly, and pointed to a notice on the wall. It was in French, but it was an "easy lesson." It meant:

"No more checks or letters of credit cashed until further notice.

By Order of the Association."

I don't know yet what "Association" it was that was heartless enough to give an order like that, but I hope it will live to repent it. The bank man said that in view of my position as a

depositor he might be induced to advance me ten per cent. of the amount of the check. The next day he even refused to take it for collection. Switzerland is prudent; she had mobilized her army about the second day and sent it to the frontier. We had been down to the big market-place to see it go. I never saw anything more quiet, more orderly. She had mobilized her cash in the same prompt, orderly fashion and sent it into safe retirement.

It was a sorrowful time, and it was not merely American—it was international. Switzerland never saw such a "busted community" as her tourists presented during August, 1914. Every day was "Black Friday." Almost nobody had any real money. A Russian nobleman in our hotel, with a letter of credit and a roll of national currency, could not pay for his afternoon tea. The little countesses had to stop buying chocolates. An American army-officer, retired, was unable to meet his laundry bill. Even Swiss bank-notes (there were none of less than fifty francs in the beginning) were of small service, for there was no change. All the silver had disappeared as if it had suddenly dissolved. As for gold, lately so plentiful, one no longer even uttered the *word* without emotion. Getting away, "beating it," as Billy had expressed it, was still a matter of prime importance, but it had taken second place. The immediate question was how and where to get money for the "beating" process. The whole talk was money. Any little group collected on the street might begin by discussing the war, but, in whatever language, the discussion drifted presently to finance. The optimistic consul was still reassuring. To some he advanced funds—*he* was more liberal than the bank of Switzerland.

There was a percentage, of course, a lucky few, who had money, and these were getting away. There were enough of them along the Simplon Railway to crowd the trains. Every train for Paris went through with the seats and aisles full. All schedules were disordered. There was no telling when a train would come, or when it would arrive in Paris. Billy Baker promptly mobilized his party, and they left some time in the night—or it may have been in the morning, after a night of waiting. It was the last regular train to go. We did not learn of its fortunes.

No word came back from those who left us. They all went with promises to let us know, but a veil dropped behind them. They were as those who pass beyond the things of earth. We heard something of their belongings, however. Sometimes, on clear days, a new range of mountains seemed to be growing in the west. It was thought to be the American baggage, heaped on the French frontier. Very likely our friends wrote to us, but there was no more mail. The last American, French, and English letters came August third. The last Paris "Herald" hung on the hotel file, and became dingy and tattered with re-reading. No mails went out. One could amuse himself by writing letters and dropping them in the post-office, but he would know when he passed a week later that they had remained there. You could still cable if you wished to do so—in French; and there must have been a scramble in America for French dictionaries, and a brisk hunting for the English equivalents of whatever terse Berlitz idiom was used to convey:

"Money in a hurry—dead broke."

Various economies began to be planned or practised. Guests began to do without afternoon tea, or to make it themselves in their rooms. Few were paying their hotel bills, yet some went to cheaper places, frightened at the reckoning that was piling up against settling day. Others, with a little store of money, took very modest apartments and did light housekeeping to stretch their dwindling substance. Some, even among those at the hotels, in view of the general uncertainty, began to lay in tinned meats and other durable food against a time of scarcity. It was said that Switzerland, surrounded by war, would presently be short of provisions. Indeed, grocers, by order of the authorities, had already cut down the sale of staples, and no more than a pound or two of any one article was sold to a single purchaser. Hotels were obliged to send their servants, one after another, and even their guests, to get enough sugar and coffee and salt to go around. Hotel bills of fare, always lavish in Switzerland, began to be cut down by *request of the guests themselves.* It was a time to worry or—to "beat it" for home.

We fell into the habit of visiting the consulate each morning. When we had looked over the little French paper and found what new nations had declared war against Germany overnight, we strolled down to read the bulletins on the consulate windows, which generally told us what steamer lines had been discontinued, and how we could n't get money on our checks and letters of credit. Inside, an active commerce was in progress. No passport had been issued from that consulate for years. Nobody in Europe needed one. You could pass as freely from Switzerland to France or Germany as from Ohio to Indiana.

Things were different now. With all Europe going to war, passports properly viséd were as necessary as train tickets. The consul, swamped

with applications, had called for volunteers, and at several little tables young men were saying that they did not know most of the things those anxious people, women mainly, were asking about, but that everything would surely be all right soon. Meantime, they were helping their questioners make out applications for passports.

There were applications for special things—personal things. There was a woman who had a husband lost somewhere in Germany, and was convinced he would be shot as a spy. There was a man who had been appointed to a post-office in America, and was fearful of losing it if he did not get home immediately. There were anxious-faced little school-teachers, who had saved for years to pay for a few weeks abroad, and now found themselves with only useless travelers' checks and a return ticket on a steamer which they could not reach, and which might not sail even if they reached it. And what of their positions in America? Theirs were the sorrowful cases, and there were others.

But the crowd was good-natured, as a whole—Americans are generally that. The stranded ones saw humor in their situation, and confessed to one another, friends and strangers alike, their poverty and their predicaments, laughing a good deal, as Americans will. But there were anxious faces, too, and everybody wanted to know a number of things which he asked of everybody else and of the consul—oh, especially of the consul!—until that good-natured soul was obliged to take an annex-office upstairs where he could attend to the passports, while downstairs a Brooklyn judge was appointed to supervise matters and deal out official information in judicial form.



"'CAN'T I STAY IN SWITZERLAND IF I WANT TO?'"

The judge was qualified for his appointment. Every morning before ten o'clock, opening time, he got together all the matters—letters, telegrams, and the like—that would be apt to interest the crowd, and dealt this substance out in a speech, at the end of which he invited inquiries on any point he had failed to make clear.

He got them, too—mainly questions that he had already answered, because there is a type of mind which does not consider information valid unless delivered to it individually and in person. I remember, once, when among other wild rumors it had been reported that because of the food scarcity all foreigners would be ordered out of Switzerland in five days, a woman who had listened attentively to the judge's positive and repeated denial of this *canard* promptly asked him, "Can't I stay in Switzerland if I want to?"

The judge's speech became the chief interest of the day. It was the regular American program to assemble in front of the consulate, exchanging experiences and reading the bulletins until opening-time. The place was a quiet side-street of the quaint old Swiss city, a step from the lake-front promenade, with a background of blue mountains and still bluer water. Across the street stood a sixteenth-century château, with its gardens of greenery. At ten o'clock the consulate doors opened and the little group pressed in for the speech. I am sure no one in our stranded assembly will easily forget those mornings.

Promising news began to come. The judge announced one morning that five hundred thousand francs had been placed to the consular credit in Switzerland by America for the relief of her citizens. Great happiness for the moment! Hope lighted every face. Then some mathematician figured that five hundred thousand francs amounted to a hundred thousand dollars, and that there were ten thousand Americans in Switzerland—hence, ten dollars apiece. The light of hope grew dim. There was not a soul in that crowd who needed less than two hundred dollars to pay his board and get him home. Ten thousand times two hundred—it is a sizable sum. And what of the rest of Europe? The mathematician figured that there were a quarter of a million Americans in Europe, all willing to go home, and that it would take fifty million dollars and a fleet of five hundred fair-sized ships to deliver them in New York.

Still, that five hundred thousand francs served a good purpose. An allotment of it found its way to our consul, to use at his discretion. It came to the right man. Here and there were those who had neither money nor credit. To such he had already advanced money from his own limited supply. His allowance, now, would provide for those needy ones until more came. It was not sufficient, however, to provide one woman with three hundred francs to buy a set of furs she had selected, though she raged up and down the office and threatened to report him to Washington and eventually flung some papers in his face. And then it turned out later that she was not an American! I don't know what she was—mostly wildcat, I judge.

Further news came—still better. The Government would send a battle-ship—the *Tennessee*—with a large sum of gold. The deposit of this specie in the banks of Europe would make checks and letters of credit good again. Various moneys from American banks, cabled for by individuals, would also arrive on this ship.

Things generally looked brighter. With the British fleet protecting the seas, English, French, and Dutch liners were likely to keep their schedules; also, there were some Italian boats, though these were reported to be overrun by swell Americans who were paying as high as one thousand dollars for a single berth. Perhaps the report was true—I do not know. None of our crowd cared to investigate.

There were better plans nearer home—plans for "beating it" out of Switzerland on a big scale. Special trains were to be provided—and ships. A commission was coming on the *Tennessee* to arrange for these things. The vessel had already left New York.

The crowd at the consulate grew larger and more feverishly interested. Applications for passports multiplied. Over and over and in great detail the Brooklyn judge explained just what was necessary to insure free and safe departure from Europe when the time came to go. Over and over we questioned him concerning all those things, and about ever so many other things that had no particular bearing on the subject; and he bore it and beamed on us and was at least as patient as was Moses in that other wilderness we wot of.

Trains began to run again through France—at least they started, and I suppose they arrived somewhere. Four days, six days, eight days was said to be the time to Paris, with only third-class coaches, day and night, all the aisles full, no food and no water except what was carried. It was not a pleasant prospect, and few of our people risked it. The *Tennessee* was reported to have reached England, and the special American trains were promised soon. In fact, one was presently announced. It went from Lindau through Germany and was too far east for most of our crowd. Then there were trains from Lucerne and elsewhere; also special English trains. Then, at last, a Simplon train was scheduled: Territet, Montreux, Vevey, Lausanne, Geneva—all aboard for Paris!

Great excitement at the consulate. The *Tennessee* money could arrive any day, now; everybody could pay up and start! The Brooklyn judge rehearsed each morning all the old details and presented all the news and requirements. The train, he said, would go through a nation that was at war. It would be under military surveillance. Once on the train, one must stay on it until it arrived in Paris. In Paris, passengers must go to the hotels selected; they must leave at the time arranged and by the train provided, and must accept without complaint the ship and berth assigned to each. It would be a big tourist-party personally conducted by the United States for

her exiled citizens. The United States was not ordering its citizens to leave Switzerland; it was merely providing a means for those who must go at once and had not provided for themselves. The coaches would be comfortable, the price as usual, red cards insuring each holder a seat would be issued at the consulate. Tickets through to New York would be provided for those without funds—the Government could do no more. Any questions, please?



PANORAMIC VIEW OF VEVEY, SWITZERLAND.

Then a sharp-faced, black-haired, tightly-hooked woman got up and wanted to know just what style the coaches would be; whether they would have aisles down the side; whether there would be room to lie down at will; whether meals would be served on the train; whether there would be time at Dijon to get off and see some friends; whether she could take her dog; whether her ticket would be good on another train if she did n't like this one when she saw it. The judge will probably never go into the tourist-agency business, even if he retires from the law.

Well, that particular train did not go after all. Or, rather, it did go, but few of our people went on it. There was a misunderstanding somewhere. The Germans were getting down pretty close to Paris just then, and from the invisible "somewhere" an order came countermanding the train. The train did n't hear of it, however, and not all of the people. Those who took it must have had plenty of room, and they must have gone through safely. If the Germans got them we should have heard of it, I think. Those who failed to take it were not entirely sorry. The *Tennessee* money had not been distributed yet, and it was badly needed. I don't know what delayed it. Somewhere—always in that invisible "somewhere"—there was a hitch about that, too. It still had not arrived when the *next* train was scheduled—at least, not much of it. It had not come on the last afternoon of the last day, when the train was to go early in the morning. It was too bad. There was a borrowing and an arranging and a negotiating at the banks, that had become somewhat less obdurate these last days, with the *Tennessee* in the offing. But many went away pretty short of money, and but for the consulate, the shortness would have been shorter and more general.

It was a fine, big, comfortable train that went next morning. A little group of us who were not yet ready to "beat it" went down to see our compatriots go. There seemed to be room enough, and at least some of the coaches had aisles down the sides. I do not know whether the sharp-faced, tightly-hooked woman had her dog or not. There was a great waving, and calling back, and much laughter as the train rolled away. You could tell as easily as anything that the Americans were "beating it" for home.

Heavy instalments of the *Tennessee* money began to arrive at the consulate next day. I got some of it myself. It was probably just as well that those other people did not get it in time. They might have spent it in Paris.

A day or two later I dropped into the consulate. It had become a quiet place again, as in the days that already seemed very long ago. It was hard to believe in the reality of the eager crowd that used to gather there every morning to tell their troubles and laugh over them and to collect the morning news. Now, again, the place was quite empty, except for a few flies drowsing about and the rather tired, bored-looking man who came to spend an hour or two there every morning, killing time, and glad of any little diversion in the way of company.

(To be continued.)

AKBAR AND BIRBAL

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE TALE OF THE WISE MINISTER

"Rejoice, O Rajah!" said Badaoni Khan, in spiteful tone; "for our king hath appointed thee Lord of all the Apes!"

"It is well," merrily answered the Rajah Birbal. "Bow down and obey my orders, since thou art then the meanest of my subjects."



"'BOW DOWN AND OBEY MY ORDERS.'"

Then—for like too many others he could more lightly break a jest than take one—Badaoni went his way in a great rage, and sought out more that were enemies to the Rajah Birbal, and they made a plot against him. And the next day, in open durbar, Akbar the Emperor said to Birbal: "My Rajah, thy name hath been spoken to me by several here that hold thy wit in high esteem as that of him who is best fitted to carry through a mission to the city of Kabul. What hast thou to say thereto?"

Now the city of Kabul is in the country of the Afghans, who were ever a fierce and violent race, wherefore it was but too likely that he who went to them upon a mission would no more be seen alive. So Birbal made answer bluntly: "My lord, methinks that they that thus spoke my name with no good intent should remember the fate of the Brahmans, who likewise plotted against the wise minister of Fùr that was king in days gone by."

Then laughed the king, "Lo, some of them are even now about the throne! It were well to let them hear the tale."

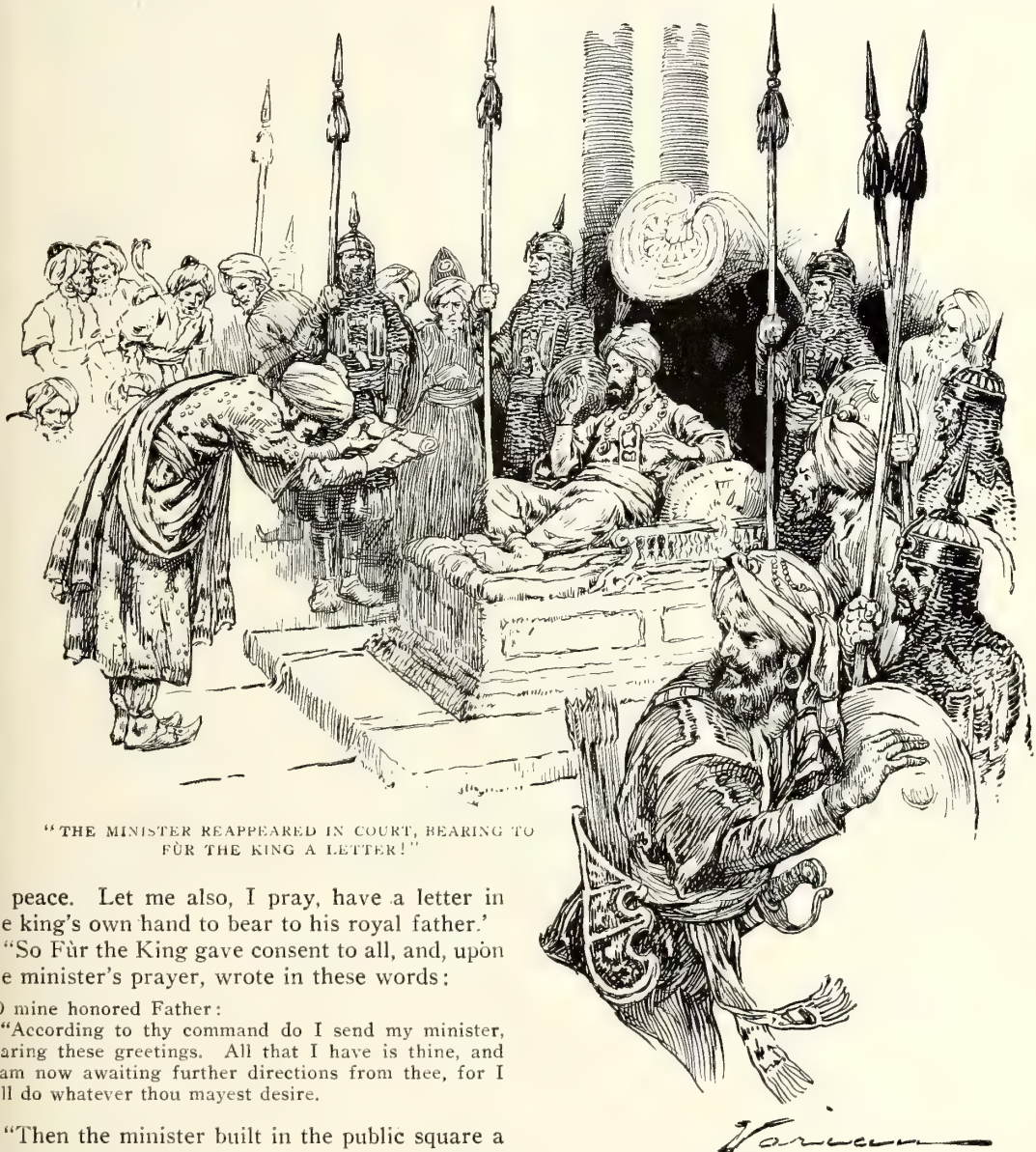
Then said Birbal: "It is related in the books of Ind that when Fùr the Hindu sat upon the throne of this thy realm, he had a wise minister who had served the king's father aforetime. Yet was this able minister bitterly hated by the Brahmans, whose power he had curtailed. So the Brahmans wrote a letter to Fùr in the name of Fùr's father, who was then but lately dead, sealed it with the royal signet, and laid it upon the king's pillow when he slept. And when the king awaked he saw the letter, and breaking the seal, he read these words:

"O my belovèd Son:

"Know that I am most happy where I am, rejoicing to see that the land which I left thee is well and ably governed. Yet am I somewhat distressed for lack of my minister, since I have no one like him with whom I may confer. I pray thee, send him straight to me.

"Now Fùr deemed that this letter was truly from his dead father, and, like a dutiful son, bade his minister prepare for a journey to the other world. And the minister with cheerful countenance said: 'As it is the will of my king, right gladly shall I journey to the present court of his noble father whom once I served. Let me have

but a week to arrange my affairs, to give presents to my friends, and to redress any injustices of which I may have been guilty, that I may depart



"THE MINISTER REAPPEARED IN COURT, BEARING TO FÙR THE KING A LETTER!"

in peace. Let me also, I pray, have a letter in the king's own hand to bear to his royal father.'

"So Fùr the King gave consent to all, and, upon the minister's prayer, wrote in these words:

"O mine honored Father:

"According to thy command do I send my minister, bearing these greetings. All that I have is thine, and I am now awaiting further directions from thee, for I will do whatever thou mayest desire.

"Then the minister built in the public square a huge funeral pyre; but beneath it he secretly digged a tunnel leading into his own home. And when his week of grace was gone, the minister showed himself in the midst of the funeral pyre. And the Brahmans, covertly rejoicing, set fire to the wood and deemed that he whom they hated was burned to ashes. But, in sooth, it was only an effigy that was burned, for the minister had slipped through the tunnel, filling it up behind him, and had safely passed into his own home.

"Now three months had gone by, and the affairs of Ind were already in confusion, owing to the misgovernment and dishonesty of the Brahmans, when, to the horror and dismay of these plotters, the minister whom they deemed their own eyes had seen wrapped in destroying flames suddenly reappeared in court, bearing to Fùr the King a letter, sealed with the signet of the king's dead father. And this letter read:

"O my worthy and belovèd Son:

"I thank thee that thou hast sent me my trusted minister, for I have enjoyed many days of pleasant and

profitable converse with him. Yet do I see that thy kingdom is falling to ruin, both for lack of his wise judgment and because of the treachery of the Brahmans. Therefore do I send him again to thee that he may restore the realm to its former high estate. And I pray thee, in turn, to despatch to me the Brahmans, so that I may be at peace in the knowledge that thy throne may receive no further injury from them.



"'O BIRBAL!' CRIED THE KING; 'WHAT ART THOU DOING WITH THAT POOR BEAST?'"

"Thereupon Fûr the King joyfully restored his minister to power; but the Brahmans were burnt and their ashes scattered by the wings of birds.

"And," said Birbal, making an end to his tale, "thus may it ever be with those who, designing evil, plot to send others upon perilous errands!"

Yet as all withdrew from the durbar Akbar whispered a word in private to Rajah Birbal, saying, "Often do I fear me, Rajah, lest some day these may find means to force thee from my side."

But Birbal laughed in answer, saying, "Nay, that can never be while I hold my lord's favor. For when the elephant feeds upon sugar-cane, can any number of mosquitos drive him away?"

THE PARABLE OF THE ASS

Now, as all men know, the Brahmans burn, whereas the Muslims bury, their dead; wherefore the Rajah Birbal, holding all men to be brethren, made the proverb which declares, "Father Adam had two sons; one was burned, one was buried."

Then those who pondered mischief against him carried this word to the king with much scorn; and Akbar, seeming, as was his wont, to mock at Birbal, said to him: "Thou wouldst have it that there is so small difference betwixt Muslim and Brahman. Then make me a Brahman."

"Even so, my lord," replied Birbal; "I shall make a Brahman of thee as soon as I shall have finished a like task that I have begun."

"And what is this task of thine, Rajah?" asked the king.

"I pray that my lord and his nobles do but come into the court of my poor house at eventide, and they shall see," answered Birbal.

So at set of sun they came to Birbal's house, and there they beheld him currying a shaggy-coated ass.

"O Birbal!" cried the king; "is this thy so great work? Truly, a task worthy of a rajah of Akbar! What art thou doing with that poor beast?"

"Mock not, my lord," answered Birbal; "I am making a horse of him; and when I have accomplished that feat, shall I make a Brahman of thee."

Thus is it said in the bazaar, "Trimming a donkey's ears will not make him a horse."



HEARTS



BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

THERE are two little girls in the city of K——;
Miss Geraldine Grace and plain Kitty O'Shea;
Although each one moves in a different set,
A collection of hearts both are trying to get.
And that their success is assured, you will see,
If you listen for just a few moments to me.

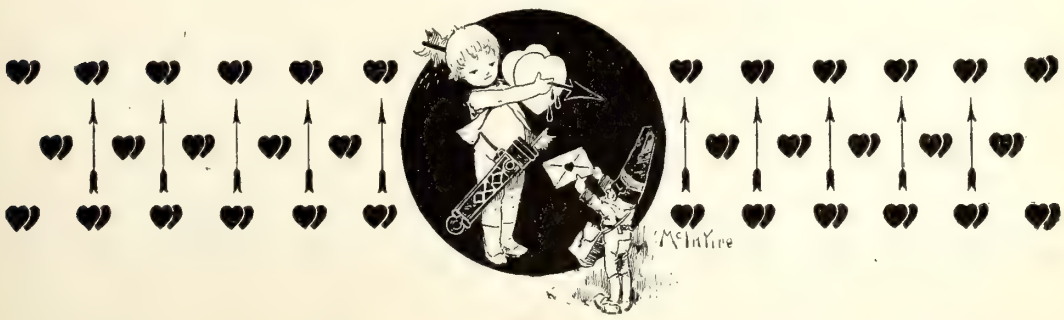
The hearts that belong to Miss Geraldine Grace
Are fashioned from filigree, tissue, and lace;
Of pale silken ribbon and satin rosette,
All scented with roses and sweet mignonette.
In short, just the flowery, fluttery things
That once in a year good St. Valentine brings.

They cover the mantel, the table, and desk—
The pretty things painted in quaint arabesque.
There are jeweled hearts, also, of silver and gold,
That a delicate chain has been twisted to hold.
For all of her friends had a trinket to place
In the dainty collection of Geraldine Grace.

Now the hearts that belong to plain Kitty O'Shea
Were collected by her in a different way.
She tended the baby of Mrs. McKee
While she went to the store for a brown loaf for tea;
She tidied the room and she scrubbed clean the floor
Of the weary young seamstress who lives just next door;

She helped in the ironing, napkin and slip,
Of poor Mrs. Flynn, who was ill with the grippe;
She shared her one orange with little lame Pat,
And gave up her supper to feed a stray cat.
She sang at her work like a gay little lark,
To cheer an old blind man, who lived in the dark.

So, you see, week by week, and for every kind thing,
Some one added a warm loving heart to her string!
And every day it is growing apace,
While the joy of it shines in her bright little face.
You have heard; and now which string would suit *you,* I pray?—
That of Geraldine Grace or of Kitty O'Shea?





HEROINES OF SERVICE

—

FRANCES E. WILLARD

A Maiden Crusader

BY

MARY R. PARKMAN



"Instead of peace, I was to participate in war; instead of the sweetness of home, I was to become a wanderer on the face of the earth; but I have felt that a great promotion came to me when I was counted worthy to be a worker in the organized crusade for 'God and Home and Native Land.' . . . If I were asked the mission of the ideal woman, I would say it is to make the whole world homelike. The true woman will make every place she enters homelike—and she will enter every place in this wide world."

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

THERE is no place like a young college town in a young country for untroubled optimism. Hope blossoms there as nowhere else; the ideal ever beckons at the next turn in the road. When Josiah Willard brought his little family to Oberlin, it seemed to them all that a new golden age of opportunity was theirs. Even Frances, who was little more than a baby, drank in the spirit of the place with the air she breathed.

It was not hard to believe in a golden age when one happened to see little Frances, or "Frank," Willard dancing like a sunbeam about the campus. She liked to play about the big buildings, where Father went every day with his big books, and watch for him to come out. Sometimes one of the students would stop to speak to her; sometimes a group would gather about while, with fair hair flying and small arms waving, in a voice incredibly clear and bird-like, she "said a piece" that Mother had taught her.

"Is that a little professorling?" asked a newcomer one day, attracted by the child's cherub face and darting, fairylike ways.

"Guess again!" returned a dignified senior. "Her father is one of the students. Have n't you noticed that fine-looking Willard? The mother, too, knows how to appreciate a college, I understand—used to be a teacher back in New York where they came from."

"You don't mean to say that this happy little goldfinch is the child of two such solemn owls!" exclaimed the other.

"Nothing of the sort. They are very wide-awake, alive sort of people, I assure you,—the kind who 'd make a success of anything. The father wants to be a preacher, they say,—wait, there he comes now!"

It was plain to be seen that Mr. Willard was an alert, capable man and a good father. The little girl ran to him with a joyful cry, and a sturdy lad who had been trying to climb a tree bounded forward at the same time.

"I trust that my small fry have n't been making trouble," said the man, giving his free hand to Frances and graciously allowing Oliver to carry two of his armful of books.

"Only making friends," the senior responded genially, "and one can see that they can't very well help that."

The Oberlin years were a happy, friendly time for all the family. While both father and mother were working hard to make the most of their long-delayed opportunity for a liberal education, they delighted above all in the companionship of neighbors with tastes like their own. After five years, however, it became clear that the future was not to be after their planning. Mr. Willard's health failed, and a wise doctor said that he must leave his book-world and take up a free, active life in the open. So the little family joined the army of westward-moving pioneers.

Can you picture the three prairie-schooners that carried them and all their goods to the new home? The father drove the first, Oliver "gee-hawed" proudly from the high perch of the next, and Mother sat in the third, with Frances and little sister Mary on a cushioned throne made out of Father's topsyturvy desk. For nearly thirty days the little caravan made its way—now through

forests, now across great sweeping prairies, now over bumping corduroy roads that crossed stretches of swampy ground. They cooked their bacon and potatoes, gipsy-fashion, on the ground, and slept under the white hoods of their long wagons, when they were not kept awake by the howling of wolves.

When Sunday came, they rested wherever the day found them—sometimes on the rolling prairie, where their only shelter from rain and sun was the homely schooner, but where at night they could look up at the great tent of the starry heavens; sometimes in the cathedral of the forest, where they found Jack-in-the-pulpit preaching to the other wild flowers and birds and breezes singing an anthem of praise.

It was truly a new world through which they made their way—beginnings all about,—the roughest, crudest sort of beginnings, glorified by the brightest hopes. Tiny cabins were planted on the edge of the prairies; rough huts of logs were dropped down in clearings in the forest. Everywhere people were working with an energy that could not be daunted—felling trees, sowing, harvesting, building. As they passed by the end of Lake Michigan they caught a glimpse of a small, struggling village in the midst of a dark, hopeless-looking morass, from which they turned aside on seeing the warning sign *No bottom here.* That little settlement in the swamp was Chicago.

Northward they journeyed to Wisconsin, where on the bluffs above Rock River, not far from Janesville, they found a spot with fertile prairie on one side and sheltering, wooded hills on the other. It seemed as if the place fairly called to them: "This is home. You are my people. My fields and hills and river have been waiting many a year just for you!"

Here Mr. Willard planted the roof-tree, using timber that his own ax had wrested from the forest. Year by year it grew with their life. "Forest Home," as they lovingly called it, was a low, rambling dwelling, covered with trailing vines and all but hidden away in a grove of oaks and evergreens. It seemed as if Nature had taken over the work of their hands—house, barns, fields, and orchards—and made them her dearest care. Here were people after her own heart, people who went out eagerly to meet and use the things that each day brought. They found real zest in plowing fields, laying fences, raising cattle, and learning the ways of soil and weather. They learned how to keep rats and gophers from devouring their crops, how to bank up the house as a protection from hurricanes, and how to fight the prairie fires with fire.

Frank Willard grew as the trees grew, quite naturally, gathering strength from the life about her. She had her share in the daily tasks; she had, too, a chance for free, happy, good times. There was but one other family of children near enough to share their plays, but the fun was never dependent on numbers or novelty. If there were only two members of the "Rustic Club" present, the birds and chipmunks and other wood-creatures supplied every lack. Sometimes when they found themselves longing to "pick up and move back among folks," they played that the farm was a city.

"'My mind to me a kingdom is,'" quoted Frank, optimistically; "and I think if we all put our minds to it, we can manage to people this spot on the map very sociably."

Their city had a model government and ideal regulations for community health and enjoyment. It had also an enterprising newspaper of which Frank was editor.

Frank was the leader in all of the fun. She was the commanding general in that famous "Indian fight" when, with Mary and Mother, she held the fort against the attack of two dreadful, make-believe savages and a dog. It was due to her strategy that the dog was brought over to their side by an enticing spareribs and the day won. Frank, too, was the captain of their good ship *Enterprise.*

"If we do live inland, we don't have to *think inland,* Mary," she said. "What 's the use of sitting here in Wisconsin and sighing because we 've never seen the ocean? Let 's take this hen-coop and go a-sailing. Who knows what magic shores we 'll touch beyond our Sea of Fancy!"

A plank was put across the pointed top of the hen-coop, and the children stood at opposite ends steering, slowly when the sea was calm and more energetically when a storm was brewing. The hens clucked and the chickens ran about in a panic, but the captain calmly charted the waters and laid down rules of navigation.

Perhaps, though, the best times of all were those that Frank spent in her retreat at the top of a black-oak tree, where she could sit weaving stories of bright romance to her heart's content. On the tree she nailed a sign with this painted warning: "The Eagle's Nest. Beware!" to secure her against intruders. Here she wrote a wonderful novel of adventure, some four hundred pages long.

But this eagle found that the wings of her imagination could not make her entirely free and happy. She had to return from the heights and the high adventures of her favorite heroes to the dull routine of farm life. She was not even allowed to ride, as Oliver was.

"Well, if I can't be trusted to manage a horse, I 'll see what can be done with a cow and a saddle. I simply must ride *something,*" Frank declared, with a determined toss of her head.

It took not only determination, but also grim endurance and a sense of fun to help her through this novel experiment, which certainly had in it more excitement than pleasure. However, when her father saw her ride by on her long-horned steed, he said with a laugh:

"You have fairly earned a better mount, Frank. And I suppose there is really no more risk of your breaking your neck with a horse."

That night Frank wrote in her journal:

"Hurrah! rejoice! A new era has this moment been ushered in. Rode a horse through the corn—the acme of my hopes realized."

In the saddle, with the keen breath of a brisk morning in her face, she felt almost free—almost a part of the larger life for which she longed. "I think I 'm fonder of anything out of my sphere than anything in it," she said to her mother, whose understanding and sympathy never failed her.

Perhaps she loved especially to pore over a book of astronomy and try to puzzle out the starry paths on the vast prairie of the heavens, because it carried her up and away from her every-day world. Sometimes, however, she was brought back to earth with a rude bump.

"When I had to get dinner one Sunday, I fairly cried," she said. "To come back to frying onions, when I 've been among the rings of Saturn, is terrible."

She did n't at all know what it was for which she longed. Only she knew that she did n't want to grow up—to twist up her free curls with spiky hair-pins and to wear long skirts which seemed to make it plain that a weary round of shut-in tasks was all her lot and that the happy days of roaming woods and fields were over.

Through all the girlhood days at "Forest Home" Frank longed for the chance to go to a real school as much as she longed to be free. Oliver went to the Janesville Academy, and later to Beloit College, but she could get only fleeting glimpses of his more satisfying life through the books he brought home and his talks of lectures and professors. She remembered those far-off days at Oberlin as a golden time indeed. There even a girl might have the chance to learn the things that would set her mind and soul free.

It was a great day for Frances and Mary Willard when Mr. Hodge, a Yale man, who was, like her father, exiled to a life in a new country, decided to open a school for the children of the neighboring farms. On the never-to-be-forgotten first day the girls got up long before light, put their tin pails of dinner and their satchels of books with their coats, hoods, and mufflers, and then stood watching the clock, whose provokingly measured ticks seemed entirely indifferent to the eager beating of their hearts. At last the hired man yoked the oxen to the long "bob-sled," and Oliver drove them over a new white road to the new school. The doors were not yet open.

"I told you it was much too early," said Oliver. "The idea of being so crazy over the opening of a little two-by-four school like this!"

"It does look like a sort of big ground-nut," said Frank, with a laugh, "but it 's ours to crack. Besides, we have a Yale graduate to teach us, and Beloit can't beat that!"

"Let 's go over to Mr. Hodge's for the key, and make the fire for him," suggested Mary.

There was an unusually long entry in Frank's diary that night:

> At last Professor Hodge appeared, in his long-tailed blue coat with brass buttons, carrying an armful of school-books and a dinner-bell in his hand. He stood on the steps and rang the bell, long, loud, and merrily. My heart bounded, and I said inside of it, so that nobody heard: "At last we are going to school all by ourselves, Mary and I, and we are going to have advantages like other folks, just as Mother said we should. O! goody-goody-goody! I feel satisfied with the world, myself, and the rest of mankind."

This enthusiasm for school and study did not wane as the days went by. "I want to know everything—*everything,*" Frank would declare vehemently. "It is only *knowing* that can make one free."

The time came when she was to go away to college. Wistfully she went about saying good-by to all the pleasant haunts about Forest Home. For a long time she sat on her old perch in the "Eagle's Nest," looking off toward the river and the hills.

"I think that as I know more, I live more," said Frank to her mother that night. "I am alive to so many things now that I never thought of six months ago; and everything is dearer—is more a part of myself."

The Northwest Female College, at Evanston, Illinois, was Frank's alma mater. Here her love of learning made her a leader in all her classes; and her originality, daring, and personal charm made her a leader in the social life of the students. She was editor of the college paper, and first fun-maker of a lively clan whose chief delight it was to shock some of their meek classmates out of their unthinking "goody-goodness." She was known, for instance, to have climbed into the steeple and to have remained on her

giddy perch during an entire recitation period in the higher mathematics.

In her days of teaching, Frank was the same alert, free, eager-minded, fun-loving girl. First in a country school near Chicago, and afterward in a seminary in Pittsburgh, she was a successful teacher because she never ceased to be a learner.

"Frank, you have the *hungriest* soul I ever saw in a human being. It will never be satisfied!" said one of her friends.

"I shall never be satisfied until I have entered



From photograph by Brown Bros.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

every open door, and I shall not go in alone," said Frank.

In all of her pursuit of knowledge and culture she was intensely social. She was always learning with others and for others. A bit from her diary in 1866 reveals the spirit in which she worked:

> I read a good deal and learn ever so many new things every day. I get so hungry to know things. I 'll teach these girls as well as possible. . . . Girls, girls, girls! Questions upon questions. Dear me, it is no small undertaking to be elder sister to the whole 180 of them. They treat me beautifully, and I think I reciprocate.

"Miss Willard seems to see us not as we are, but as we hope we are becoming," one of her girls said. "And so we simply *have* to do what she believes we can do."

No one was a stranger or indifferent to her. When her clear blue eyes looked into the eyes of another, they always saw a friend.

Through these early years of teaching Frances Willard was learning not only from constant study and work with others, but also from sorrow. Her sister Mary was taken from her. The story of what her gentle life and loving comradeship meant to Frank is told in the first and best of Miss Willard's books, "Nineteen Beautiful Years," which gives many delightful glimpses of their childhood on the Wisconsin farm and the school-girl years together. Soon after Mary's death Forest Home was sold and the family separated. Frank wrote in her journal at this time:

> I am to lose sight of the old familiar landmarks; old things are passing from me, whose love is for old things. I am pushing out all by myself into the wide, wide sea.

The writing of the story of Mary's life, together with essays and articles of general interest for the papers and magazines, "took the harm out of life for a while." In all her writing, as in her teaching and later in her public speaking, her instinctive faith in people was the secret of her power and influence as a leader.

"For myself, I liked the world, believed it friendly, and could see no reason why I might not confide in it," she said.

When another sorrow, the loss of her father, threatened to darken her life for a time, a friend came to the rescue and "opened a new door" for her—the door of travel and study abroad. They lived for two and a half years in Europe, and made a journey to Syria and Egypt. During much of this time Miss Willard spent nine hours a day in study. She longed to make her own the impressions of beauty and the haunting charm of the past.

"I must really enter into the life of each place," she said, "if it is only for a few weeks or months. I want to feel that I have a right to the landscape—that I 'm not just an intruding tourist, caring only for random sight-seeing."

But Miss Willard brought back much more than a general culture gained through a study of art, history, and literature, and a contact with civilization. She gained, above all, a vital interest in conditions of life, particularly those that concern women and their opportunities for education, self-expression, and service. The Frances E. Willard that the world knows, the organizer and leader in social reform, was born at this time. On her thirtieth birthday she wrote:

> I can *do* so much more when I go home. I shall have a hold on life, and a fitness for it so much more assured.

Perhaps—who knows?—there may be noble, wide-reaching work for me in the years ahead.

It seemed to Miss Willard, when she returned to her own country, that there was after all no land like America, and no spot anywhere so truly satisfying as Rest Cottage in Evanston, where her mother awaited her home-coming. A signal honor awaited her as well. She was called to be president of her alma mater; and when the college became a part of the Northwestern University, she remained as Dean of Women.

At this time many towns and cities of the Middle West were the scene of a strange, pathetic, and heart-stirring movement known as the Temperance Crusade. Gentle, home-loving women, white-haired mothers bent with toil and grief, marched through the streets, singing hymns, praying, and making direct appeals to keepers of saloons "for the sake of humanity and their own souls' sake to quit their soul-destroying business." Their very weakness was their strength. Their simple faith and the things they had suffered through the drink evil pleaded for them. A great religious revival was under way.

In Chicago a band of women who were marching to the City Council to ask that the law for Sunday closing of saloons be enforced were rudely jostled and insulted by a mob. Miss Willard, who had before been deeply stirred by the movement, was now thoroughly aroused. She made several eloquent speeches in behalf of the cause, which was, she said, "everybody's war." Her first instinct was to leave her college and give her all to the work. Then it seemed to her that she ought to help just where she was—that everybody ought. So, just where she was, the young dean devoted her power of eloquent speech and her influence with people to the cause. Day by day her interest in reform became more absorbing. She realized that the early fervor and enthusiasm of the movement needed to be strengthened by "sober second thought" and sound organization.

"If I only had more time—if I were more free!" she exclaimed.

Then the turn of events did indeed free her from her responsibility to her college. A change of policy so altered the conditions of her work that she decided to resign her charge and go east to study the temperance movement. The time came when she had to make a final choice. Two letters reached her on the same day: one asked her to assume the principalship of an important school in New York at a large salary; the other begged her to take charge of the Chicago branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at no salary at all. The girl who had worshiped culture and lived in books decided to accept the second call; and turning her back on a brilliant career and worldly success, she threw in her lot with the most unpopular reform of the day. Frances Willard, the distinguished teacher, writer, and lecturer, became a crusader.

"How can you think it right to give up your interest in literature and art?" wailed one of her friends and admirers.

"What greater art than to try to restore the image of God to faces that have lost it?" replied Miss Willard.



Photograph by Harris & Ewing.

THE STATUE OF MISS WILLARD IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

Those early days in Chicago were a brave, splendid time. Often walking miles, because she had no money for car-fare, the inspired crusader "followed the gleam" of her vision of what this woman's movement might accomplish. When others saw only an uncertain group of overwrought fanatics, she saw an organized army of earnest workers possessed of that "loftiest chivalry which comes as a sequel of their service to the weakest."

"I seemed to see the end from the beginning,"

she said; "and when one has done that, nothing can discourage or daunt."

Miss Willard often said that she was never happier than during this time, when her spirit was entirely free, because she neither longed for what the world could give nor feared what it might take away. She felt very near to the poor people among whom she worked.

"I am a better friend than you dream," she would say in her heart, while her eyes spoke her sympathy and understanding. "I know more about you than you think, for I am hungry, too."

Of course, in time, the women discovered that their valued leader did not have an independent income as they had imagined (since she had never seemed to give a thought to ways and means for herself), and a sufficient salary was provided for her. But always she spent her income as she spent herself—to the utmost for the work.

The secret of Miss Willard's success as a speaker lay in this entire giving of herself. The intensity of life, the irrepressible humor, the never-failing sympathy, the spirit that hungered after all that was beautiful shone in her clear eyes, and, in the pure, vibrant tones of her wonderful voice, went straight to the hearts of all who listened. She did not enter into her life as a crusader halt and maimed; all of the woman's varied interests and capacities were felt in the work of the reformer.

"She is a great orator because in her words the clear seeing of a perfectly poised mind and the warm feeling of an intensely sympathetic heart are wonderfully blended," said Henry Ward Beecher.

Miss Willard was not only a gifted speaker, whose pure, flame-like spirit enkindled faith and enthusiasm in others; she was also a rare organizer and indefatigable worker. As president of the National Union, she visited nearly every city and town in the United States, and, during a dozen years, averaged one meeting a day. The hours spent on trains were devoted to making plans and preparing addresses. On a trip up the Hudson, while everybody was on deck enjoying the scenery, Miss Willard remained in the cabin busy with pad and pencil.

"I know myself too well to venture out," she said to a friend who remonstrated with her. "There is work that must be done."

Under Miss Willard's leadership the work became a power in the life and progress of the Nation and of humanity. There were those who objected to the very breadth and inclusiveness of her sympathies and interests, and who protested against the "scatteration" policies, that would, they said, lead to no definite goal.

"I cannot see why any society should impose limitations on any good work," said this broad-minded leader. "Everything is not in the temperance movement, but the temperance movement should be in everything."

In 1898 the loyal crusader was called to lay down her arms and leave the battle to others. She had given so unstintedly to every good work all that she was, that at fifty-eight her powers of endurance were spent. "I am so tired—so tired," she said again and again; and at the last, with a serene smile, "How beautiful it is to be with God!"

In the great hall of the Capitol, where each State has been permitted to place statues of two of its most cherished leaders, Illinois has put the marble figure of Frances E. Willard, the only woman in a company of soldiers and statesmen. In presenting the statue to the Nation, Mr. Foss, who represented Miss Willard's own district in Illinois, closed his address with these words:

Frances E. Willard once said, "If I were asked what was the true mission of the ideal woman, I would say, 'It is to make the whole world homelike.'" Illinois, therefore, presents this statue not only as a tribute to her whom it represents,—one of the foremost women of America,—but as a tribute to woman and her mighty influence upon our national life; to woman in the home; to woman wherever she is toiling for the good of humanity; to woman everywhere, who has ever stood "For God, for home, for native land."





Photograph by Henry Dixon & Son, London.

THE SISTERS. PAINTED BY S. MELTON FISHER.

UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS

BY JOSEPH B. AMES

Author of "The Treasure of the Canyon," etc.

Chapter VII

IN THE LAST QUARTER

As Dale scrambled to his feet and sought his place again, his face was flaming. He had a feeling that he must be partly to blame for the failure. Perhaps he had been a bit too quick in his forward lunge. As he crouched in the line, head low and shoulders bent, his hands clenched themselves tightly. It must n't happen again, he told himself.

But swiftly it was borne upon him that the blame did not lie on his shoulders. A try around right end brought them barely a yard. Something had gone wrong there, too. He could not tell just what it was, but it seemed as if Slater and Torrance had failed somehow to back up Ted MacIlvaine as they should have done. The tackle's teeth grated, and a flood of impotent anger surged over him. They were playing as they had played in practice, each fellow for himself, without even an effort to get together and tighten up.

With the inevitable kick which gave the ball to Troop One, this fact became even more apparent. Solid and compact, the blue line swept down the field with a machine-like rush that carried everything before it. They seemed to find holes everywhere in the opposing line, and only the handicap of a high wind and the brilliant work of three or four individuals kept them from scoring in the first quarter.

That such a calamity could be long prevented seemed impossible to Dale. He greeted the intermission with a sigh of thankfulness. Brief as it was, it was a respite. Sherman's bitter, stinging onslaught on the team passed almost unheeded by the anxious tackle. He was thinking of the three remaining quarters with a foreboding that made him oblivious to all else.

To be sure, when play was resumed, the fellows seemed to show a slightly better spirit. It was as if the first dim realization of their errors was being forced upon them. But they had been split apart so long that they seemed to have forgotten how to work together in that close-knit, united manner which alone could make any head against these particular opponents. Time and time again they were driven back to the very shadow of their goal-posts, where, stung by shame or the lashing tongue of their captain, they rallied long enough to hurl back the attack a little, only to lapse again when the pressing, vital need was past.

Then, toward the very end of that second quarter, when Tompkins was just beginning to hope again, the thing he had dreaded came suddenly and unexpectedly. Some one blundered, whether Slater, or Torrance, or Ted MacIlvaine, the boy did not know. With a last swift rush the blue-clad interference charged at the right wing, through it, over it, and, hurling aside all opposition, swept resistlessly over the last six yards for a touch-down. They missed the goal by a hair, but that did not lessen the sense of shock and sharp dismay which quivered through the line of their opponents.

Dale Tompkins took his place after the long intermission, a dull, bitter, impotent anger consuming him. He was furious with the fellows who by their incredible stupidity were practically throwing away the game. He even hated himself for seeming to accomplish so little; but most of all he raged at the blond chap next to him. Some of the others were at least trying to get together, though their lack of practice made the effort almost negligible. But Ranny Phelps remained as coldly aloof, as markedly determined to withhold support and play his game alone as he had been in the beginning.

It made a hole in the line which could not escape the attention of the opposing quarter-back. Already he had sent his formation through it more than once, but now he seemed to concentrate the attack on that weak spot. Time and time again Dale flung himself to meet the rush, only to be overwhelmed and hurled back by sheer numbers. Sometimes Sanson pulled him out of the scrimmage, more often he scrambled up unaided to find his place, sweat-blinded and with breath coming in gasps, and brace himself for the next onset.

Silently, doggedly, he took his punishment, and presently, under the strain, he began to lose track of the broader features of the game. Vaguely he realized that they had been forced back again and again almost against their own goal-posts, and there had rallied, tearing formations to shreds and hurling back the enemy with the strength of despair. Dimly he heard the voice of Ward, or Court Parker's shriller notes, urging them in sharp, broken phrases to get together. But the real, the dominating thing was that forward plunge, the tensing of muscles, the crash of meeting bodies, the heaving, straining struggle,

the slow, heartrending process of being crushed back by overwhelming weight—that and the sense of emptiness upon his left.

Then came a time when things went black for an instant before his eyes. He did not quite lose consciousness, for he knew when the weight above was lifted and two arms slid around him, dragging him to his feet. It was Sanson, he thought hazily—good old Frank! Then he turned his head a little and through the wavering mists looked straight into the eyes of Ranny Phelps!

Wide, dilated, almost black with strain and excitement, they stared at him from out the grimy face with a strange mingling of shame and admiration that sent a thrill through the tenderfoot and made him pull himself together.

"Take it easy," came in gruff, unnatural accents. "You want to get your wind—old fellow."

"I—I 'm all right," muttered the tenderfoot.

He passed one hand vaguely across his forehead. Some one brought a tin dipper, from which he rinsed his mouth mechanically. His head was clearing, but he could n't seem to understand whether the transformation in the chap beside him was real or only a creation of his bewildered brain. But when he took his place again and dropped his shoulders instinctively, another shoulder pressed against him on the left, and that same hoarse, unfamiliar voice sounded in his ears:

"Together now, kid; we 'll stop 'em this time!"

The words seemed to give Dale a new strength. Stirred to the very fiber of his being, he dived forward to meet the onward rush. Still with that new, stimulating sense of support where none had been before, his outstretched hands gripped like tentacles around sturdy legs. There was a heaving, churning motion; then the compact mass of players toppled over, and he knew that they had succeeded.

Nor was it a solitary advantage. Unobserved by Tompkins, the whole line had been slowly stiffening. Slowly, gradually, the other holes had been closed up and the advance checked. When the kick put the ball in their possession, a new spirit animated Troop Five. Scattered no longer, but welded by stern necessity into a single unit, they forgot their handicap, forgot that the minutes of the final quarter were speeding in mad flight, forgot everything but the vital need of breaking through that line of blue and carrying the fight toward those distant goal-posts that loomed so far away.

Forming up swiftly, they swept forward for a gain of eight yards. Before the opposition recovered from their surprise, they had passed the fifty-yard line.

Here the blues rallied, and for a space the two lines surged back and forth in the middle of the field. It was a period of small gains and frequent punts, when neither side held the ball long, nor the advantage. Thrilled by their success, exhilarated by that strange new sense of comradeship with the boy beside him, Dale fought fiercely, heedless of the shock of bodies, of pain, of weariness, of blinding sweat, or hard-won breath. His only worry was a growing fear that they would not have time to score, and this had only just begun to dominate him when the unexpected happened.

They were battling on the enemy's forty-yard line. It was Troop One's ball, and they had tried to force a gain through center. Shoulder to shoulder, Ranny and Dale plunged forward to meet the rush. The advance checked, Tompkins gained his feet swiftly and thrilled to see the precious ball rolling free not a dozen feet away.

With a gasp he lunged for it and scooped it up without slackening speed. At almost the same instant Ranny Phelps shot out of the scrimmage as if propelled from a catapult, and a moment later the two were thudding down the field, a stream of players trailing in their wake.

Dale caught his breath with the stinging realization that their chance had come—their only chance! There were but two men between them and the coveted goal, the full-back, and nearer, another player bearing swiftly down on them, who must instantly be reckoned with. That would be Ranny's task. He must stop the fellow, while Dale took his chance alone with the other.

Dale glanced sidewise at his companion, and his heart leaped into his throat. Phelps was limping; something had happened to him in that last scrimmage. His face showed white even through the grime and tan; his under lip was flecked with crimson.

"Ranny!" gasped Dale, in a panic. "What—Can you—"

"Don't—worry—about—me," came indistinctly through the other's clenched teeth. "I 'll—tackle—this fellow—somehow. You get the other—you 've got to!"

Taking a fresh grip on the ball, Dale spurted on. He was aware that Ranny had sheered off a little to the right, and knew that he meant to stop the boy racing up from that direction. But actually he saw nothing, and even the crash of meeting bodies came to him as something far away and unimportant. His clearing brain was fixed on the looming figure ahead, the full-back, who alone stood between him and victory.

He must be passed—but how? A thought of hurdling flashed into his mind, to be dismissed as too hazardous. There was only one way left.

Without slackening speed, he tore on, his heart thumping like a trip-hammer. To the breathless onlookers it seemed as if he meant actually to run down the opposing player. Then, in a flash, when he was almost within reach of the hooking arms, he swerved suddenly to one side, whirled, darted the other way, eluded the other's frantic clutch by the merest hair, and with a sob of joy ran on, free, the ball still cupped in the curve of his arm.



"WITH A GASP DALE LUNGED FOR IT."

CHAPTER VIII

THE GOOD TURN

TEN minutes later the small building on the edge of the field was thronged with joyous, excited boys in various stages of undress, who celebrated the victory with shrill jubilations, snatches of song, or exuberant outbursts of mere noise. The strain and tension of the afternoon were forgotten; nobody remembered the nearness of defeat in the recollection of that last splendid rally which had brought them all so much closer together.

On every hand fellows were comparing notes and talking over details of the struggle in eager fragments. "Remember the time—" "Say, how about that gain through center when Ted—" "Some run, was n't it?"

"Oh, you Tommy!" shrilled Court Parker, catching Dale's eye. "Awful punk run that was—simply awful!"

Tompkins smiled back at him, but did not speak. He was luxuriating in the restful peace which comes after strenuous physical action and the consciousness of successful accomplishment. A feeling of intense pride in the troop filled him. "They 're a corking lot of fellows—corking!" he said more than once under his breath as he looked around the room with shining eyes. "How they did get after that bunch in the last quarter! I—I would n't belong to any other troop for—for anything!"

Now and then, to be sure, his eyes strayed to the farther end of the room, where Ranny Phelps was having his swollen ankle bandaged by two of the most skilful exponents of first aid, and a faint touch of questioning crept into them. Since that breathless moment on the field when Ranny's tackle had left the way free for Dale, he had not spoken to the tenderfoot nor by so much as a glance recognized his existence. Dale wondered whether his mind was merely taken up with his injury, or whether the change that had come over him in the heat of the game had been merely a temporary thawing.

As the days passed, the latter suspicion became

a certainty. At their very first meeting, in fact, the tenderfoot found Ranny as aloof as ever. To be sure, Dale noticed that he no longer seemed to try to impress his attitude on the others in his patrol. Apparently without rebuke, stout Harry Vedder became quite friendly, and even Rex Slater and one or two others in the clique treated him with a good deal more consideration than they had before the game. But the leader himself made no effort to disguise his coolness toward the new-comer, and Dale presently found it hard to believe that the helping hand, the friendly voice, the touch of that muscular shoulder as they fought side by side on the field in the furious struggle against odds had been real.

He did not brood over it, because he was not of the brooding sort. More than once he found himself regretting that impulsive action which had so increased the other boy's antagonism, but for the most part he contented himself with the unqualified friendship of most of the troop, and entered with zest into the various scout activities.

Perhaps the most interesting of these were the long hikes and week-end camping-trips. Mr. Curtis was a great advocate of the latter, and as soon as the end of football made Saturdays free again, he announced his intention of undertaking them as often as the weather permitted.

Unfortunately, there were not many sites around Hillsgrove which combined the ideal qualifications for a camp—good drainage, wood, and water. The latter was particularly scarce. There were one or two brooks—small, miserable affairs with only a foot or two of depth, and a muddy, half-stagnant mill-pond or so; but the single body of water which would have been perfect for the purpose was definitely and permanently barred to them.

It was a small lake, half a mile long and varying from two to four hundred feet in width, that lay some four miles out of town. There was a good bottom, depth in plenty even for diving, and the banks on one side, at least, sloped back sharply and were covered with a fine growth of pine and hemlock, interspersed with white birch and a good deal of hard wood. The boys had often looked on it with longing eyes, but the owner was a sour-faced, crotchety old man who was enraged by the mere sight of a boy on his property. He had placarded his woods with warning signs, kept several dogs, and was even reputed to have a gun loaded with bird-shot ready for instant use on youthful trespassers.

Perhaps the latter was a slight exaggeration; certainly no one had ever been actually peppered with it. But the fact remained that old Caleb Grimstone, who lived alone and had a well-established reputation for crankiness, had stubbornly refused all requests to be allowed to camp or picnic on his property even when pay was offered, and at length all such effort had been abandoned. As Court Parker remarked, no doubt with a vivid recollection of sundry narrow escapes: "You can steal a swim on the old codger if you keep a weather-eye peeled and don't mind doing a Marathon through the brush; but when it comes to anything like pitching a tent and settling down—*good* night!"

Under such circumstances, it may be imagined that the announcement made one morning to the group gathered about the school entrance that old Grimstone had fallen through the hay-shoot and broken an arm did not elicit any marked expressions of regret.

"Serves him right, the old skinflint, after the mean way he 's kept us away from the lake!" growled Bob Gibson.

"Yes indeed!" sniffed Harry Vedder. "He 's a regular dog in the manger. It would n't hurt him to let us swim there in the summer, or camp once in a while. He does n't use it himself."

"Use it!" exclaimed Frank Sanson. "Why, they don't even cut ice off it."

"He 's just downright mean, that 's all!" put in Rex Slater. "Say, fellows, what a chance this would be to get ahead of the old chap and camp out Friday or Saturday—if Mr. Curtis would only let us."

"He won't," said Sherman Ward, decidedly. "Besides, it 's a lot too cold and looks like snow. How did he manage, Bob? Living alone with only those dogs, it must have been some stunt to get word to anybody."

"He got out to the road and waited for the first team that came along," explained Bob. "The people took him into the house, and then sent Dr. Maxwell out from town. He wanted somebody to come and look after him, but old Grimey would n't hear of it. Said he could n't stand the expense."

"The old miser! How does he manage to get his meals and look after the stock?"

"Eats bread and milk and canned stuff, I guess. Bud Hinckley comes in night and morning, I understand, to look after the horse and cow and wash dishes and all that, but you know what Bud is."

"So lazy he 'd like somebody else to draw his breath for him!" said Court Parker, promptly. "Whew! What a lovely time the old man must be having—and to-morrow Thanksgiving!"

As they trooped into school, the last words lingered in Dale Tompkins's mind. To-morrow would, indeed, be Thanksgiving—the day of

turkey, and mince-pie, and good cheer generally. He had no more cause than the others for sympathizing with Caleb Grimstone, but somehow the mental picture of the soured old man sitting alone in his slovenly kitchen, one arm in a sling, and eating bread and milk, with perhaps a can of lukewarm tomatoes or corn, when every one else was feasting merrily in company, made him vaguely uncomfortable.

He forgot it, however, in the excitement of a brisk game of land-hockey up at Sherman's that afternoon, but after supper the picture returned with renewed vividness, and with it something the scoutmaster had said when he passed his second-class examinations a few days ago.

"Never forget the daily good turn, Dale, or let it slump into a perfunctory sort of thing such as you would have to do anyway whether you were a scout or not. A fellow can't always find big things, of course; but when the opportunity comes, he is n't a true scout if he cannot sacrifice his own comfort or pleasure or inclination to bring help or happiness to some one who really needs it."

Dale squirmed a little at the recollection and tried to go on with the book he was reading. But the tale had lost its savor, and presently he raised his eyes from the printed page and frowned.

"Nobody else thought anything about it!" he muttered rebelliously. "Besides, to-morrow 's Thanksgiving; that 's different from any other day."

A little later he put away the book, said good night, and went up to his room. Having closed the door, he opened his closet and took out his scout suit. It had come only the day before; already he had looked at it more than twenty times, but the novelty had not yet worn off. He wondered if fellows who had theirs merely for the asking felt half as proud of it as he, who had worked for every penny of its cost. He passed one hand caressingly over the smooth olive khaki, and then an odd thought popped suddenly into his head.

He had tried it on, twice, but as yet he had not actually worn it. Might n't it mean even more to him if he wore it first in the performance of a good turn that really counted?

Though the boy felt it only vaguely, and formulated it not at all even in his mind, it was something of that spirit of consecration that of old dominated the young candidates for knighthood, guarding their armor through the long night-watches. Dale's face took on an expression of determination, and as he put away his things his mind was oddly lightened.

Next morning he sallied forth, a trifle self-conscious in all the glory of his new khaki, but warmed by the look in his mother's eyes as she waved good-by from the door-step. Taking the shortest cut, he proceeded to the rectory, and when Mr. Schofield appeared he saluted punctiliously.

"May I have one of the baskets, sir?" he asked.

The rector smiled. "Ah! You 're going to take it to—" He paused questioningly an instant; then his smile deepened. "Certainly," he said cordially. "They 're over in the parish-house. The ladies are packing them now. Tell Mrs. Mason I said you were to have a good one."

Ten minutes later Dale was making his way briskly toward the Beldon Turnpike, a large market-basket on one arm. The legs of a plump fowl protruded from the covering; there were vegetables within, a can of soup, celery, oranges, bananas, and a small pie. The weight was not a light one, but Dale whistled cheerfully as he strode along.

He reached the turnpike without meeting any of the fellows, and after ten or fifteen minutes' tramping along the straight, level road he paused to shift the basket to the other arm. It was heavier than he thought. Overhead the gray sky was a bit dispiriting, and the sharp, chill wind, blowing across the open fields, made him glad he had buttoned his sweater beneath the khaki coat.

Presently he began to speculate on what sort of reception he would have, and for the first time the possibility occurred to him that his welcome might not be altogether cordial. You never could tell what point of view the cranky old man would take. He thought of the dogs, too, especially after he had left the main road and turned into the less frequented one leading past Grimstone's place. More than once people had been chased by them, and it was n't exactly pleasant to picture them rushing out at him in a body the moment he set foot in the lane.

Nevertheless, it did not occur to him to turn back. He had set out with a definite purpose, and he meant to carry it through. To be sure, just before reaching the lane he cut himself a stout stick, and as the old, weather-beaten frame house came in sight he unconsciously made his approach as noiseless as possible. He was surprised and not a little relieved to see no signs of the animals, but when he set down his basket and knocked briskly on the back door, the snarling uproar that instantly arose inside plainly advertised their whereabouts.

Dale tightened his grip on the stick and strained his ears for other sounds. He had raised his hand for a second knock when the barking suddenly lessened a little, and above the racket came

a growling admonition in Grimstone's harsh tones:

"Wal, come in, can't you? Are you deaf?"

Chapter IX

AN ODD THANKSGIVING

The note of ill temper in the voice was so apparent that Dale hesitated for a second longer. Then, with a determined movement of his head, he set his stick against the door-casing, picked up the basket, and stepped into the kitchen. It was a long, low room, the walls and ceiling painted a dirty gray. Two of the three windows were tightly shuttered, so that Dale could barely make out the bent figure seated in a rocking-chair beside a rusty, decrepit cook-stove. At his entrance the three dogs began to bark again, but old Grimstone silenced them with a fierce gesture that sent them cowering under a table.

"What d' you want?" he demanded, glaring at the boy from under bushy brows. "I don't want to buy nothin', so you 'd better git out."

"I have n't anything—for sale," returned the boy, finding it a little difficult to explain his errand. "It—it 's your Thanksgiving dinner."

"Dinner!" snapped the old man. "What are you talkin' about? I ain't ordered nothin' from town."

"I know you have n't. It 's one of the baskets from the church. I—I heard you 'd had an accident and were all alone, so I—I thought I 'd bring it out."

For a moment the old man sat silent, his hard, glinting eyes, full of sour suspicion, fixed on the boy's face. "What for?" he demanded suddenly.

"What for?" repeated Dale, puzzled.

"Yes; what for? What d' you expect to git out of it? You ain't toted a basketful o' truck all the way out here jest out of regard for me, I reckon. Who sent ye?"

Dale flushed, and unconsciously drew himself up a little. "Nobody," he returned briefly. "I 'm a boy scout. We—we try to do a good turn for somebody every day."

Old Grimstone bent slightly forward, staring in a puzzled fashion at the trim, khaki-clad figure before him. His right arm, bulky with bandages and splints, was strapped tightly to his body; the other hand, gnarled and brown, with blue veins showing here and there, gripped the arm of the rocker. There was suspicion still in his glance, but back of it was the look of one groping dimly for something he could not understand. Suddenly he straightened with a jerk.

"Wal, set it down somewheres, then!" he growled ungraciously. "I ain't an object o' charity yet, but if you 're bound to leave it, I s'pose I can use it somehow. You 'd better be startin' back right away or you 'll miss your dinner."

Dale placed the basket on a table and commenced to remove the paper. "I 'm not going back yet," he explained cheerfully. "I 'm going to stay and cook it for you."

For a moment there was silence. Then the old man grunted inarticulately; it might have been with surprise, or incredulity, or almost any other emotion. Dale's back was toward him, so he could not tell, but since there was no actual prohibition, he proceeded with the unpacking.

Somehow he was beginning to enter more into the spirit of the thing, beginning to feel an interest, almost an enjoyment, in doing it up thoroughly. Having taken off coat and sweater, his first act was to prepare the chicken for roasting. When it was safely placed in the oven he shook down the fire, added some more wood, and then turned his attention to a pile of unwashed dishes, which the indolent Hinckley was evidently accumulating until he considered it sizeable enough to be worth while tackling. It was a task the boy ordinarily hated, but he meant to leave the room spick and span on his departure. So he rolled up his shirt-sleeves and plunged in, whistling softly as he worked.

Old Caleb Grimstone followed the boy's movements almost in silence. He had gruffly told him where he could find a pan for the chicken, and once he snapped out at one of the dogs who had come forth from under the table and was sniffing at Dale's legs. But for the most part he sat motionless beside the stove, his eyes, under their beetling brows, fixed intently on the busy figure with that same puzzled questioning in their depths.

At last, when Dale had pared the potatoes and put them on to boil, he suddenly growled, "Are you one of them boys that come sneakin' around the lake last summer?"

Dale reddened a little, but did not hesitate. "I was out here two or three times, I guess," he acknowledged.

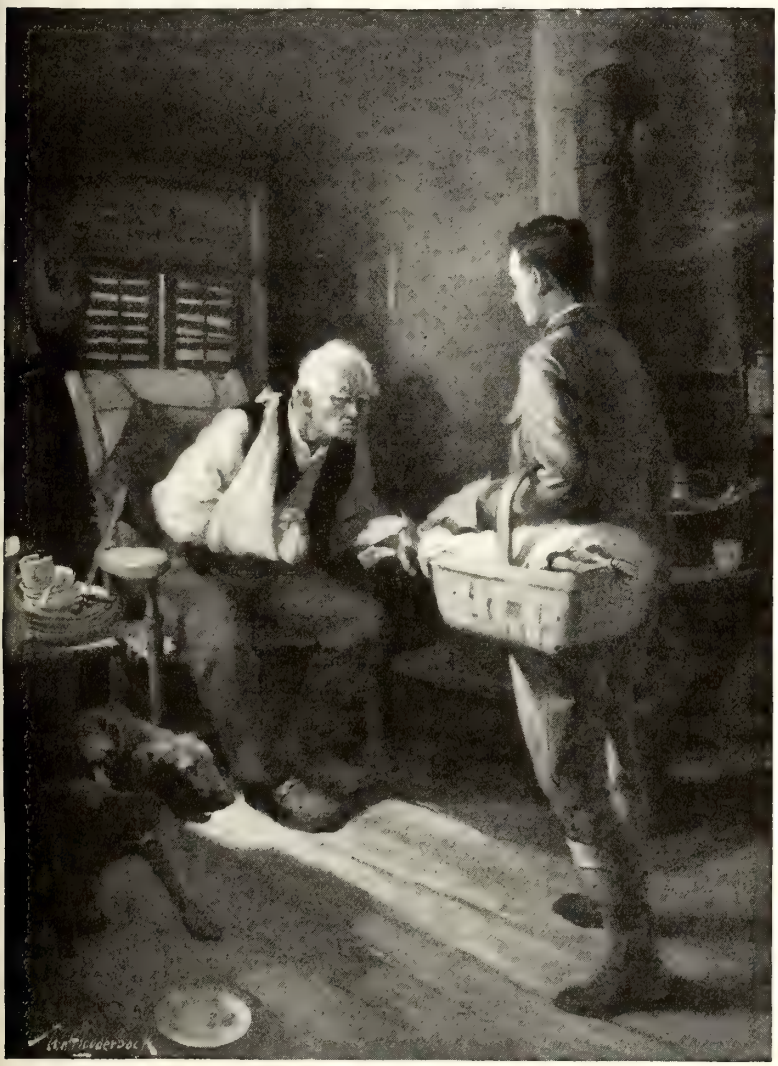
The old man sniffed. "I s'pose you call *that* one o' them 'good turns'—trespassin' on a person's property, an' payin' no attention to signs, an' all," he remarked.

"I was n't a scout then," said Dale. He got a broom from the corner, and on his way past the old man's chair he paused, his eyes twinkling a bit. "Anyhow, on a roasting hot day you know a fellow 'll do 'most anything to get a swim. I expect you were that way yourself, Mr. Grimstone, when you were a boy."

"Huh!" grunted the old man, disagreeably, but he made no further comment.

Once or twice, as he swept, Dale glanced curiously at the silent figure by the stove and wondered what the old man was thinking about. His eyes no longer followed the boy with sharp suspicion. His head was bent a little, and he stared blankly, unseeingly, at a knot in the board at his feet. For a long time he did not stir, save once to lift the thin, veined hand from the chair-arm, only to grip it again with a force that made the knuckles stand out white against the brown skin. At length, with a sigh, checked almost in its birth, he raised his head and frowned at Tompkins.

"Ain't you goin' to baste that fowl at all?" he inquired sharply.



"'WHAT D' YOU WANT?' HE DEMANDED, GLARING AT THE BOY."

Dale started guiltily at the reminder and hastened to the oven. The fowl was browning nicely, and as he spooned up the sizzling juices, he hoped his forgetfulness was n't going to make any difference in its flavor.

Apparently it had n't. After a number of anxious inspections, between which he set the table for two, put plates to heat, and arranged the remaining contents of the basket as temptingly as he could, he decided that the chicken was done, and Mr. Grimstone, peering doubtfully into the oven and even testing the fowl with a fork, grudgingly agreed. When the old man was served and his portion cut up so that he could manage it with a fork, Dale took his first taste with a little feeling of pride in his culinary achievement.

It was really a very appetizing meal, and the scout enjoyed it as only a healthy, hungry boy can. Mr. Grimstone made no comment one way or another. Once or twice he mumbled his annoyance at having to have his meat cut up for him by a boy, but the number of times that the process was repeated and the relish with which he consumed everything in sight was proof enough of his satisfaction in the unwonted fare.

As the curious meal proceeded to its conclusion he seemed almost to thaw a little. His manner was still crabbed and his voice sharp. He scowled a good deal, too, especially after some comment which might possibly be taken as approaching the amiable. But in one way or another, both at table and later while the dishes were being done up, he asked a good many questions in his short, snappy fashion.

Dale answered them readily, vaguely sensing, perhaps, that under the old man's surface crustiness lay a certain awkwardness at handling so unaccustomed a situation. After all these years of bitter warfare against boys it must be rather embarrassing, he thought, to treat one of them with

even an approach to civility. So when he had told his name, and the troop he belonged to, and one or two other details the old man asked about, Dale went on to explain a little about their scout work and play, their weekly meetings and drill and other duties, their hikes and week-end camping-trips.

The old man listened almost without comment. He seemed more curious about the principle of the daily good turn, to which he reverted several times, always with expressions of doubt and scepticism. The idea of mere boys giving time and labor and sacrificing inclination and pleasure without thought of reward was incredible to him.

"It ain't natural!" he declared at last. "Mebbe one or two might, but not many. You can't tell me any other o' them young limbs in town would of give up their holiday to tote a basket o' truck out here an' cook it."

"Oh, yes, they would!" protested the boy, loyally, "if they 'd thought of it."

"Huh!" grunted the old man. "They did n't happen to, though."

"One was enough, was n't it?" smiled the boy. "You would n't have known what to do with two baskets."

The old man snorted doubtfully and did not pursue the subject farther. A little later, Dale discovered, to his surprise, that it was after four. He had no idea the time had flown so. He would have to hustle to get back to town before dark. Fortunately, the kitchen was cleared up, so after stoking the fire he got into his sweater and coat. Then he picked up the wide-brimmed felt hat and carefully rearranged the depressions in its crown.

"Good-by, Mr. Grimstone," he said, glancing over to where the latter had resumed his place by the stove. "I hope your arm won't be long coming around."

The old man frowned at him from under the bushy brows. His head was a little bent, and the long, bony fingers curved over the chair-arm. It was precisely the attitude with which he had greeted the boy's arrival; yet the latter was conscious of a subtle, intangible difference, felt rather than perceived.

"Good-by," he answered curtly. That was all until Dale reached the door and was turning the knob. Then, "Much obleeged," came jerkily from the thin, straight lips.

"You need n't be," smiled the scout. "I—I 've had a very good time."

It was not exactly the polite fiction that perhaps it seemed. That was the odd part of it. As he went briskly down the lane the boy realized with surprise that not once had he thought regretfully of the rare turkey-dinner at home, or the fun with the fellows he had missed that afternoon. One of the dogs, still licking his chops from the dish of scraps that Dale had given them in the shed, trotted after him, and the boy bent to pat his head without a touch of nervousness.

"Your bark 's a lot worse than your bite, old fellow," he said aloud.

He straightened up and glanced back at the rambling, weather-beaten house, whose roof lines seemed to merge into the cold gray of the sky, and something deeper than pity stirred him at the thought of the old man sitting alone there in the twilight.

"I should n't wonder if he was a good deal like his dogs," he murmured as he turned away. "I 'm sort of glad—I found it out."

It was quite dark before Dale reached home. The return trip had been much harder to make than the one that morning. The holiday was over and there was no spirit of adventure to buoy him up, no consciousness that he was going to be of use to some one who needed him. Also, there was plenty of time to think of the good cheer he had missed at home—that family feast to which, as long as he could remember, they had sat down at three o'clock on Thanksgiving afternoon. It had become so fixed and seemingly immoveable that Dale had not even considered the possibility of changing it. And so it was with a tired and lagging step that he walked up from the gate and opened the front door.

Inside, he paused suddenly and sniffed. For an instant he stood stock-still, eyes wide, mouth half open. Then, with a sudden, incoherent exclamation, he tore down the hall, past the lighted dining-room, and through the open kitchen door. The room was warm and bright, and filled with the delicious odor of roasting turkey.

"Mother!" he cried, his face shining. "You did n't have it— You—you—waited!"

His mother straightened from closing the oven door and smiled at him—that wonderful, indescribable smile that somehow belongs to mothers.

"Of course I waited!" she said quietly. Then, as he leaped forward and clutched her in a bear-hug, she laughed softly and asked, just a little tremulously, "Did n't you think Father and I could do a good turn, too?"

(To be continued.)

In Gnome-Man's Land

by Tudor Jenks



"If I can only find it in time!" muttered the young Gnome to himself. "But the big rubies are getting scarce, and the little ones won't do for the Gnome Queen. I 'd give her something else, except that she loves big rubies better than anything else in the underworld!"

As he went on searching along the dark ways of the mine, the Gnome became more discouraged. The next day was the birthday of the Queen of the Gnomes; and if the little Gnome could find what he sought, he knew that the Queen would be glad to offer him a favor in return. He meant to ask her to make him "Keeper of the Lanterns"; and if he could get that office, with its high pay, he could then marry his little Gnome sweetheart, one of the Queen's Maids of Honor, and live happily ever after.

But though he had searched all the afternoon, he had been very unlucky. He had found nothing but small diamonds and garnets, and one ruby that was no larger than a green pea; and the Queen had so many more beautiful gems that he did not care even to pick these up.

And now it was late, nearly supper-time; and as he had wandered a long way from his home cave, he decided that he must hurry back, even if he came out later and kept up his search till midnight.

With a sigh over his disappointment, he turned his face toward home, and began to trot along without being careful to throw the light of his lantern on the rough path before him. And this was not safe, as he found out when he stubbed the toe of his stout boot against a lump in the path and fell flat on the ground.

"Blunderer!" he said to himself, "where are your eyes?" and then, rising, looked to see what had tripped him.

Luckily, his lantern had not gone out, and, holding it close to the ground, he found that he had been tripped by a rounded pebble as big as his fist. He was a little sulky, and so tried to kick the stone out of the way with the toe of his stout little boot.

But it did n't budge.

This seemed queer, as it appeared to be lying loose on the ground. So next he tried with both hands to wrench it from its place. It would not move. He cast the light of the lantern upon it, and thus discovered that it was neither more nor less than a ruby—a giant among rubies, the brightest, finest ruby that any Gnome had ever seen—fit to be set in the front of the Queen's girdle, for it was far too heavy to be placed in her crown!

For a few moments he danced about in great joy, singing:

"I 'm in luck—I 'm in luck! For now I 'll be Keeper of the Lanterns, and then I shall marry Nessa and live in the Crystal Grot!"

Then he stooped over the great ruby and exerted all his force to raise it.

But it never budged.

He pushed, he tugged, he pulled; he pried at it, shoved at it, kicked at it. And still it never budged. He might as well have been trying to move a mountain.

Then he set his lantern closer and tried to see what held the ruby to the ground; and though he saw nothing to explain why it would not move, he *did* find a number of little footprints in the dust round about.

"Oho!" cried Dano, the Gnome (for that was his name). "This is the work of some little Kobold who has been creeping about our mines! He must have found this ruby, and then have been scared away before he could carry it off. And then he must have worked a spell over it and fixed it to the ground."

For the Kobolds are the enemies of the Gnomes, and, too lazy to dig mines for themselves, they lurk about trying to rob the mines of Gnome-Man's Land.

Then the Gnome sat down to think what he should do. He thought and he thought, and after he had wrinkled his brows into a hard knot, Dano hit upon an idea.

"I have it!" he cried. "If *he* can work spells, so can I. We shall see which is the better speller!"

Then he drew a ring around the ruby, and in a singsong recited this little rhyme:

"Crimson Ruby, clear and bright,
I charm you fast and bind you tight:
Firm and motionless you 'll be
Till my magic sets you free!"

Then, remembering his waiting supper, he sprang nimbly over the twice-charmed ruby and



"SHE EXAMINED THE RUBY CLOSELY."

sped away through the dark and winding paths lighted only by the dancing rays of his little lantern.

Early next morning—though there was nothing underground to show it was daylight except a bit of a twinkle here and there where a splinter of sunbeam fell through a crevice in the earth—Nessa, the sweet little Gnome Maid of Honor and Dano's sweetheart, came with her tiny golden lantern through the dark paths of the mine to where the great ruby awaited her.

For it was she who had charmed the ruby to its place so that it should not be taken from her. She had found it the very day before, while walking about the mine with the Queen, and had left it there so that the Queen might not see it till her birthday.

All night Nessa had dreamed of the ruby, for she meant to present it to the Queen and then to ask that her friend Dano might be made Keeper of the Lanterns, so that they might be married and live in the Crystal Grot. And now, the first thing in the morning, she came by herself to carry home the great glowing ruby.

When she reached the spot she waved her hands over the gem, and sang softly this little verse:

"Ruby like a crimson sun,
Be my magic charm undone!
From the spell I cast on thee,
Be thou by my art set free!"

Then she bent to raise the stone from the ground.

But it would n't budge.

She tugged with all her strength, but it did not stir. Next Nessa repeated her verse, to make sure there had been no mistake; but of course that did no good. So, just as Dano had done, she examined the ruby closely to see what held it, and discovered the footprints left by him.

"Aha!" she cried, "some one has found my ruby, and has drawn a circle around it and charmed it for himself! Perhaps it is one of those mischievous Kobolds. But I know how to trap him!"

Straightway Nessa rose to her feet and paced slowly around the great ruby, reciting these words in a singsong tone:

"Ruby, Ruby, crimson clear,
I charm thee so that, leaving here,
No way may one carry thee
Save by paths that lead to me!"

And sure that no one could deprive her of her prize, Nessa ran away home to prepare for the Queen's birthday party, for Nessa was in great demand at all the festivals at the palace because of her good taste and her kind helpfulness.

Soon after came Dano, in a great hurry, and laughed as he noted that there were many more little footprints around the ruby.

"Ho-ho! Ha-ha! And so the little Kobold could not get the fine ruby! Now let us see whether I shall have better luck!"

Dano had been to one of the oldest and wisest of the Gnomes to find out how to undo the Kobold spell, and he threw over the ruby a magic powder given him for that purpose. At the same

time he repeated this rhyme to remove his own charm:

"Ruby, Ruby!—hearken well:
Free I set thee from my spell,
Free from every magic art
That forbids thee to depart!
If a Kobold bade thee stay,
Let his bidding fade away."

Then he stooped to take it from the ground and was delighted to find that it came from its place as easily as a violet is plucked. And away he ran with the great ruby under his arm, making for the wonderful cavern of crystal stalagmites and stalactites that was the Gnome Queen's beautiful palace. As he approached, he could hear the band playing and knew that he was in time for the giving of the presents.



"HE COULD NOT GET PAST NESSA—IT SIMPLY *WOULD NOT* GO ANY OTHER WAY."

Nessa laughed when she saw him come in, for she saw the great ruby under his arm and at once guessed what had happened.

But she kept quiet till the time came for the giving of the finest gifts. Then Dano advanced toward the Queen's throne, but he could not get past Nessa. He did his best, but the spell was on the ruby, and at last he had to hand it to Nessa, for it simply *would not* go any other way.

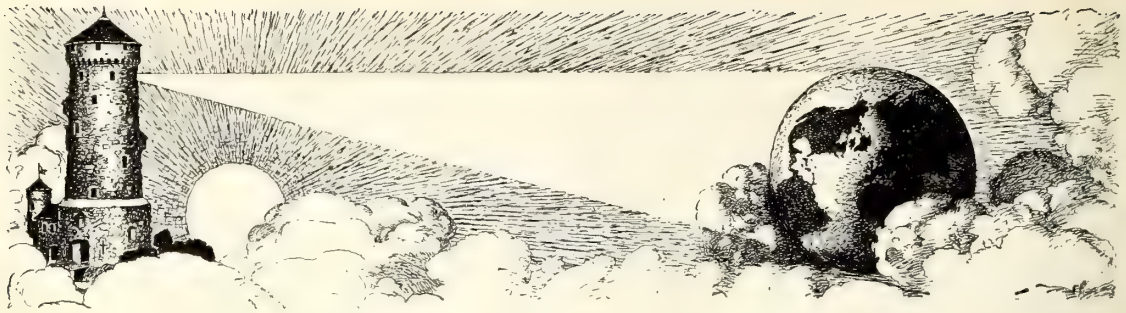
Nessa laughed so merrily as she took it from him that the Gnome Queen told her to explain the matter.

Kneeling gracefully before her royal Mistress little Nessa told the whole story so prettily that the Queen was greatly pleased, and calling Dano forward appointed him "Keeper of the Lanterns" for life, and expressed her royal pleasure that Dano should be wedded to Nessa at once.

And so the Queen's birthday festivities included also the marriage of her favorite Nessa to the Gnome of her choice.

And after a little wedding-journey in Fairyland above ground, the couple took up their abode in the Crystal Grot and lived happily ever after, the most popular pair in Gnome-Man's Land.





THE WATCH TOWER

BY S. E. FORMAN

Author of "Advanced Civics," "A History of the United States," etc.

THE RAILROADS AND THE PUBLIC

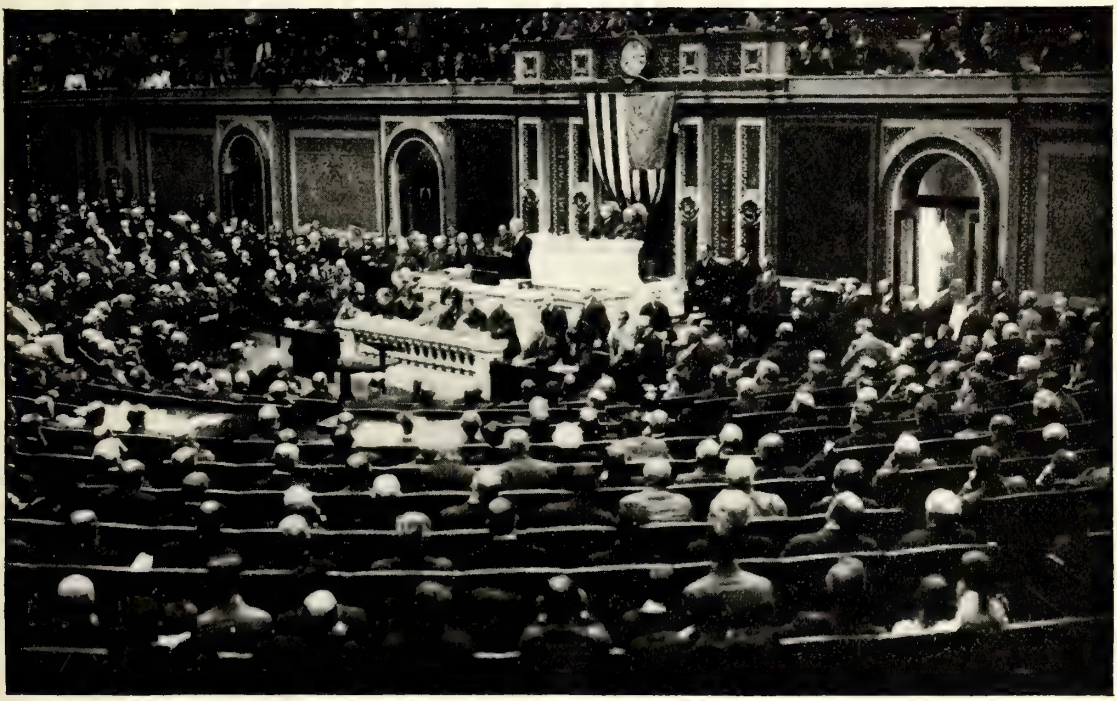
As our readers have already learned, the railroad managers did not believe that the Adamson Law, which gave the trainmen an eight-hour day, was constitutional. So they took their case to the Supreme Court of the United States, with the result that the law was prevented from going into effect on January 1, 1917, the date fixed by Congress. The railroads notified their employees that after January 1 they would still be paid on a ten-hour basis as at present, but that a set of books would be kept on an eight-hour basis, and if the Supreme Court should decide in favor of the Adamson Law, the men would receive the extra pay accruing from January 1 up to the date of the decision. The leaders of the trainmen were not satisfied with this arrangement. They resented this postponement of the operation of the law, and declared that the railroad managers were trying to deprive them of the benefits to be derived from it. So, late in December, the leaders sent out circulars to 400,000 trainmen stating the situation and expressing dissatisfaction with the course that things were taking. The circular did not in so many words advise a strike, and the leaders may not have had a strike in mind. But the public generally believed that the circular was the beginning of more trouble.

The new year, therefore, opened with a gloomy outlook in respect to railroad matters. But the public was not so greatly disturbed as it was last year when a general strike was threatened. For the American people, during the past twelve months, have done a great deal of thinking about the railroads. They have thought about the rights of the trainmen, the rights of the railroad owners, and the rights of the public, and they have come to see more clearly than ever before that the rights of the public ought to have first consideration. They freely admit that the trainmen have the right to as short hours and as high wages as they can secure by ordinary, lawful means, and that the railroad owners have a right so to manage their property as to reap a fair profit; but they deny the right of either the trainmen or the owners to tie up the railroads of the country. So whatever Congress, or the Supreme Court, or the trainmen, or the managers may do, it is almost certain that the trains will be kept running, or, at least, will not be halted for any length of time. For if a strike should be declared, public opinion would doubtless assert itself in very prompt and sharp fashion. The people would demand that the President of the United States take charge of the railroads and run the trains, and the demand would almost certainly be obeyed. The President would have no easy task, to be sure, but he would have all the civil and military power of the National Government at his disposal, and he would be supported by a force which nothing can successfully resist—the force of public opinion.

CONGRESS AND ITS WORK

On the first Monday in December the sixty-fourth Congress assembled and began the work of its final session. Why, it may be asked, is it called the sixty-fourth Congress? The answer to this question takes us back to 1789, when our present National Government was established and when Congress began its legal existence. The first House of Representatives was elected to serve from March 4, 1789, until March 4, 1791, when the terms of all its members expired. But on March 4, 1791, the term of only one third of the members of the Senate had expired; two thirds still retained their seats in the Senate. So the entire membership of Congress really did not

come to an end on March 4, 1791. Yet it was decided to disregard the senators and number the Congresses according to the periods for which the *representatives* were elected. According to this rule, the first Congress began its legal existence March 4, 1789, and expired at the hour of noon, March 4, 1791, when the terms of the representatives first elected came to an end; the second Congress came into power March 4, 1791, and ended its career March 4, 1793; the third



PRESIDENT WILSON ADDRESSING CONGRESS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Congress began March 4, 1793, and ended March 4, 1795; and so on, all the way down to the present sixty-fourth Congress. The representatives of this sixty-fourth Congress were elected to serve from March 4, 1915, until the hands of the clock point to the hour of noon on March 4, 1917, when their duties will cease and the legal existence of the sixty-fifth Congress will begin.

The Congress which is now in session will be kept very busy, for it has a number of important measures before it and has only a few weeks in which to finish its work. If it responds to the wish of President Wilson, it will pass a law compelling railway employees and railway managers to submit their disputes to a board of arbitration, and making a strike or lockout unlawful until the board has first passed judgment upon the merits of the dispute. The present Congress also will consider a bill prohibiting the sale and manufacture of liquor in the District of Columbia; a bill restricting immigration; a bill to prevent corrupt practices at elections; and an amendment to the Constitution of the United States giving the suffrage to women in all the States and Territories. But the chief task of the present Congress will consist in passing the appropriation bills and in finding a way to raise the money necessary to pay the bills. When considering them, the question of a proper compensation for Uncle Sam's employees will come up. He has in his service nearly 500,000 persons, most of whom are underpaid. Shall the salaries and wages of these clerks and workmen be raised so that the high cost of living may be met? If Congress decides to raise the salaries of the federal employees, and also votes the sums required for carrying out the plans of the Army and Navy, the Committee on Ways and Means must then prepare a bill imposing new taxes or raising the rates of the old taxes. Such a bill may be difficult to prepare, for Congress has just doubled the income tax and has imposed taxes on inheritances. And when the new tax-measure is prepared, it may not have smooth sailing in Congress, for the expenses of the National Government cannot go on increasing by leaps and bounds indefinitely. As was said recently by a wise and experienced member of Congress, the

Government will soon face bankruptcy if it keeps on adding every year $400,000,000 to its expenses. The National Government, of course, is not facing bankruptcy, but it is spending more money than it is receiving. The deficit already exceeds $100,000,000, and according to a statement made by the secretary of the treasury, the Government next year will face a deficit of nearly $200,000,000. Nevertheless, let us hope that Congress will not fail to come to the relief of Uncle Sam's underpaid workers and provide for them a compensation which is just and fair.

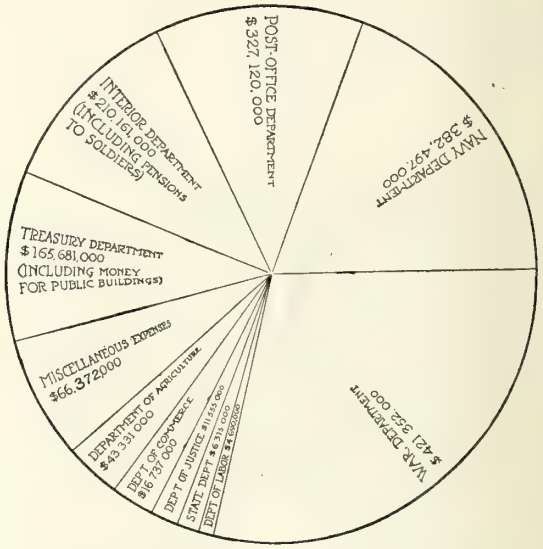
UNCLE SAM'S EXPENSES

In The Watch Tower for January, 1916, it was explained how the estimates of Uncle Sam's expenses are prepared by the ten great departments at Washington and submitted to Congress. The estimates in round numbers for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1917, and ending July 1, 1918, were given to Congress when it opened its session in December, and are as follows:

Objects	*Estimates*
State Department	$6,315,000
Treasury Department	165,681,000
War Department	421,352,000
Navy Department	382,497,000
Interior Department	210,161,000
Post-office Department	327,120,000
Department of Agriculture	43,331,000
Department of Commerce	16,737,000
Department of Labor	4,690,000
Department of Justice	11,555,000
Miscellaneous	66,372,000
Grand Total	$1,655,811,000

Here is the biggest bill that Uncle Sam ever asked his people to pay in all our history. Last year the country opened its eyes with surprise when the estimates amounted to about $1,246,000,000. What does the country think this year, when they are greater by more than $400,000,000?

It will be seen from the table that the largest estimates are for the support of the Army and Navy. Last year the secretary of war and the secretary of the navy asked about $400,000,000 for the support of the Army and Navy; this year they ask more than $800,000,000. This is an immense sum to spend for military purposes in time of peace, but it is not the whole of the cost that must be charged up against war, for every year Uncle Sam pays out a vast amount in the form of pensions to those who have fought in his wars. The greater portion of the sum asked for by the Department of the Interior—the department that has charge of the Bureau of Pensions—will be distributed as pensions to soldiers who fought in the Mexican War, the Civil War, and the Spanish-American War. So, instead of charging $800,000,000 to the account of war, it will be nearer the mark to charge $1,000,000,000.



HOW UNCLE SAM'S EXPENSES ARE DIVIDED.

It should be remembered that the $1,650,000,000 asked for by Uncle Sam's officers is not necessarily the sum that will be expended, for Congress holds the purse-strings, tightening them and loosening them as it pleases. It accepts some of the estimates just as they are submitted, but it changes others, raising, lowering, or striking them out altogether. It is more likely to raise the total sum asked for than it is to lower it. Last year it gave the ten departments about $350,000,000 more than they asked for. If at the present session it shall be as liberal with its appropriations in the same proportion, the expenses of Uncle Sam for the coming fiscal year will amount to about $2,000,000,000. This, roughly speaking, is an average of about $100 for every family in the United States; or, to put it another way, if every man, woman, and child in the country should send a twenty-dollar bill to the Treasury at Washington, Uncle Sam would have just about enough money to meet his expenses.

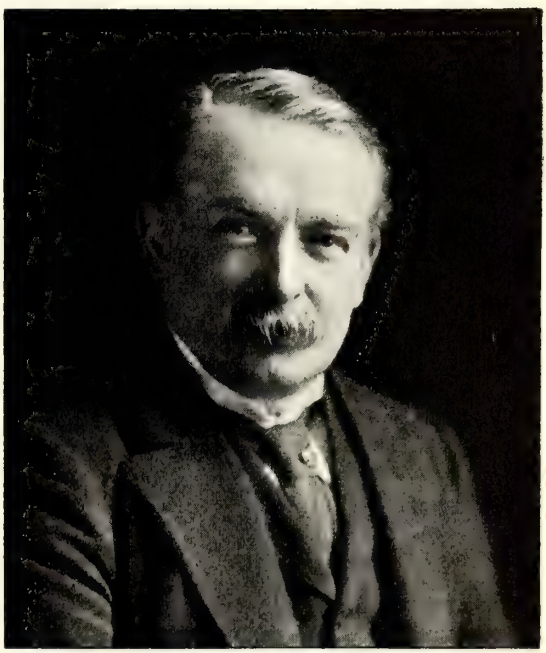
WILL PEACE COME SOON?

Never since the Great War began, thirty months ago, had there been so much talk of peace as there was in December. Early in the month the news came that the imperial chancellor of Germany had announced in the Reichstag that the Teutonic Powers were willing and ready to discuss terms of peace with the enemy. The chancellor stated

no definite terms, but the tone of his speech made it plain that Germany considered that she had won the war and that it was as victor that she would take up the subject of peace. In reply to the chancellor's proposal, Mr. Lloyd-George, the new British prime minister, flatly refused to enter into peace negotiations until Germany had stated her terms. For the Allies to discuss peace, said Lloyd-George, before they knew what Germany wanted would be placing a noose around their necks with the end of the rope in Germany's hand. The premier's speech shut the door on peace; but the bolt was not turned, and the way to peace negotiations was still left open.

Closely following this utterance came an appeal by President Wilson, to the governments of all the warring nations to state their views as to the terms upon which the war might be brought to an end. The President did not propose peace and did not even offer to serve as a peacemaker, although he said he would be happy to serve in any way that might be acceptable. Apparently the one purpose of the President's note was to secure from the countries at war a definite statement of the objects for which they are fighting. "If the contest," said he, "must continue to proceed toward undefined ends by slow attrition until one group of belligerents or the other is exhausted, if million after million of human lives must continue to be offered up until on the one side or the other there are no more to offer, if resentments must be kindled that can never cool and despairs engendered from which there can be no recovery, hopes of peace and of the willing concert of free peoples will be rendered vain and idle."

Upon receiving the message of the President, Germany promptly replied that the Teutonic Powers were ready for a peace conference as soon as arrangements could be made for holding one in some neutral country. The Allies by the first of the year had given no answer to the President's note, yet on the last day of 1916 they replied to Germany's proposal for a peace conference. In this reply the Allies declared that the proposal was a sham and more of a war manœuver than an offer of peace. "In reality," said the Allies, "these overtures made by the Central Powers are nothing more than a calculated attempt to influence the future course of the war and to end it by imposing a German peace. Their object is to create dissension in public opinion in the allied countries. . . . They have the further object of stiffening public opinion in Germany. . . . They endeavor to deceive and intimidate public opinion in neutral countries." The substance of the reply was contained in the following words of refusal: "Fully conscious of the gravity of this moment, but equally conscious of its requirements, the allied Governments, closely united to one another and in perfect sympathy with their peoples, refuse to consider a proposal which is empty and insincere." This answer made it plain enough that the Allies were in no mood for peace; but like the answer of Lloyd-George, it did not shut the



DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE.

door on peace and turn the bolt. For at one place in the reply we read these words: "A mere suggestion, without a statement of terms, that a negotiation should be opened is not an offer of peace." Here is a loophole which permits the Allies to enter into negotiations for peace whenever Germany shall make a definite statement of her terms. So the real effect of the reply was to challenge Germany to make her next move.

Would Germany make the move? This was the question an anxious world was asking in the early days of January, and while it was waiting for an answer it read an address by the German emperor to his soldiers, claiming that they were "victorious in all theaters of war on land and sea," that their "warlike spirit" and "love of the Fatherland" were a guarantee that in the new year, also, victory would remain with their banners. When the emperor sent out his address to his army and navy did he have in mind to follow the suggestion made by President Wilson and to accept the challenge made by the Allies?

Did he intend to take another step toward peace by stating his terms, or was he intending to go on with the war? If he meant war, then Japan, Russia, Rumania, Montenegro, Serbia, Belgium, Portugal, France, and Great Britain on one side, and Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey on the other, will be held in the grip of conflict for months to come, perhaps for another year—or even longer.



Courtesy of "New York Tribune."

THE WAR MAP OF EUROPE.

The solid black indicates territory taken by Germany and her allies during the present war.

1916

LAST year, when we were writing about 1915, we had to call it an awful year—a year of terror on land and sea, a year of death, destruction, and debt. But, bad as 1915 was, the year that has just passed was even worse! For in 1916 more soldiers were killed and wounded, more ships were sunk and more sailors drowned, more homes were made desolate, and greater debts were piled upon nations, than in 1915. Indeed, if we take the whole world into account, the year 1916 was one of the worst, if not the very worst, in all the long history of the human race.

Most of the bad things fell upon the war-ridden countries of Europe. In the New World, 1916 was in the main a year of good things. Especially is this true of our own country. In commerce and industry the United States enjoyed a prosperity that was dazzling in its magnitude. Our home trade amounted to more than $45,000,000,000, and was beyond all comparison greater than ever before. Our foreign trade, exports and imports combined, amounted to the stupendous sum of $7,850,000,000, a higher mark than that ever reached by any other nation. Of the grand total $5,500,000,000 represented goods exported, and $2,350,000,000, goods imported. In 1915, American traders with foreign countries put into their pockets $2,000,000,000 more than they took out. Last year they put in $3,000,000,000 more than they took out. The favorable balance of trade caused gold to flow into the United States in great streams, with the result that the vaults of our banks at the end of the year were almost bursting with funds, the resources of our national banks alone amounting to over $15,000,000,000, and exceeding the combined total resources of the national banks of the richest countries in the world. In manufacturing we were as prosperous as we were in commerce. The wheels of factories were everywhere kept whirring, and workers in almost every line were kept busy. Wage-earners shared in the prosperity to a degree never before known, for several million workmen had their pay increased, and the additional wages amounted to hundreds of millions of dollars. In the world of transportation the activity was no less marked. The railroads could not find cars enough to haul the freight, and their clear profit was over a billion of dollars.

Notwithstanding this wonderful material prosperity, however, all was not sunshine in 1916, for the skies were black at times with the prospect of war. Our borders were raided by lawless bandits, and thousands of our citizen soldiers had to put on their uniforms and hurry to the scene of invasion. The operation of German submarines off the Atlantic coast brought the European War almost to our shores. But in one way and another, war was avoided, and at the end of the year the Nation was at peace with all the world. Still, as at the close of 1915, thoughtful people in the United States knew that there was no good cause for boasting. They knew that as long as the Great War continued there was danger of our being drawn into the strife. And they knew that just as soon as the struggle should end there was danger that our prosperity would suffer a serious blow.



A YAKUT GIRL OF ARCTIC SIBERIA AND HER PONY IN FULL DRESS.

STRANGE PEOPLES OF ARCTIC SIBERIA

Among the strange and little-known peoples dwelling in remote and trackless regions of the far North are the primitive native races of arctic Siberia. Their vast habitat extends from the extreme corner of northeastern Asia, for thousands of miles inland and along the Arctic Ocean. Two of these peoples, the Yakuts and Koryaks, are especially interesting.

The Yakuts are the largest and most cultured of all the primitive races of Siberia. They live in the great province of Yakutsk, a territory five times larger than that of Texas together with all the New England States. The extreme northern part of their country is the coldest region on earth, the temperature falling to eighty and ninety degrees below zero. Here the soil is eternally frozen for hundreds of feet below the surface; even at the height of summer, only a yard of unfrozen soil veneers the admixture of earth and ice, affording foothold for the gray tundra-moss and occasional patches of grass and dwarf willow.

The natives live in yourtas, or semi-underground huts, and a few one-story log-cottages, as do the Russian administrative officials. For ten months the country is a dreary, trackless sea of driven snow, with far lower temperatures than the regions about the north and south poles. During the brief summer thaw of two months, the tundra, as the open country is called, is an impassable swamp.

The heavy and massive fur outfit, with long gloves and tight-fitting hood, shown in our pictures of the Yakut girl, however, was taken in the central part of the province during the summer period of mild weather. The most interesting and important item of the costume is the gorgeous and lavish display of ornaments. The long and handsome neck-pendants are of silver, usually

hammered from Russian coins and decorated with exquisite filigree-work, which shows the wonderful taste and skill of these primitive craftsmen. The pendants are over a yard in length and consist of several hundreds of squares. The back patterns form a magnificent broad band over a foot in width. This is attached to a large silver ring slipped over the head. The front design has a large silver medallion, the six ends terminating in silver bells. The edges and sleeves of the long fur coat are likewise ornamented with silver squares.



A WEALTHY YAKUT GIRL, SHOWING FRONT AND BACK OF FUR COSTUME ORNAMENTED WITH HAMMERED SILVER.

This unique costume is now on exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, having been obtained by a Russian explorer who made the other photographs which we reproduce and brought back a very large and interesting collection obtained among these little-known people. One of the most curious objects is a circular wooden calendar, used by the Yakuts when going on a long sledge-journey, to keep track of the days, weeks, and months. This is shown in one of our pictures. The calendar is worn around the body, and a peg is moved from one hole to another each day. The contrivance is two feet wide and is made of birch wood. The twelve pear-shaped figures around the center represent the months. The fifty-two holes in the large outer rim number the weeks of a year; the seven upright holes in the center, the days of a week; and the surrounding circle of thirty, the days of a month.

The same wealth of silver adornment used on the women's costumes is also to be seen on the trappings of their horses, the saddle, blankets, and whip-handle being lavishly ornamented. The blankets, especially, are literally covered with hammered silver. A small white Russian pony (which the Yakut girl rides astride) presents a novel and brilliant appearance when bedecked with these trappings.

The Yakuts are the most numerous tribe of eastern Siberia, numbering some 250,000, and are typical representatives of the culture of the Turkish tribes of Central Asia. In spite of their present isolation from the other branches of the Turkish race and their probable mixture with Mongols and others, the Yakuts, in the course of their migrations, have preserved one of the oldest and purest dialects of the language spoken by the Kirghiz, the Tatars, and other Turkish peoples.

Regardless of the unfavorable conditions of life in their present territory, they are increasing numerically and are showing capacity for higher material culture and intellectual progress. The Yakuts were separated from the other Turkish tribes of the steppes of Central Asia and southern Siberia and driven to the northeast by the Mongol hordes at the time of the invasion of the conqueror Jenghiz Khan. They reached their present abode by way of the valley of Lena River.

The Yakuts brought with them not only their Turkish language and all the comparatively high culture of Central Asiatic horsemen, but also brought their horses and cattle, introduced silver-, iron-, and copper-work, and the fashions in dress and ornament of the Tatars. In their old country they were principally engaged in rais-

ing horses. These, besides being used as beasts of burden, yielded skins for clothing, flesh for food, and kumiss, the fermented drink prepared from mares' milk, which served not only as a stimulating beverage but also as a most important nutritious food. For a time after the Yakuts arrived in their new territory the horse was still their principal domestic animal and kumiss their most necessary food; but gradually the climatic conditions of the country on the one hand, and contact with Russian products and ideas on the other, have exerted a modifying influence.

Aside from their fine work as silversmiths, the members of the tribe as a whole still find their chief occupation in raising horses and cattle. The cultivation of cereal plants, borrowed from the Russians in the southern parts of the Yakut province, where the climate allows of it, has made considerable progress, and agriculture is carried on by many Yakut families.

The Koryaks are a more primitive people. They number about ten thousand, and are separated into two divisions, the maritime and reindeer groups. The maritime Koryaks, here described, live in scattered villages along the shores south of the Bering and Okhotsk seas, and also on the bays of Gishiga and Penshina.

Women and men alike wear boots and garments made of reindeer skins, obtained in exchange from the reindeer group, who live inland, for oil, blubber, seal, walrus thongs and lassos, and similar commodities. The maritime Koryaks use dogs exclusively for traveling, which is done mostly in the winter months, when the whole country is covered with snow. One of the most striking and characteristic phases of Koryak life is their peculiar hour-glass-like houses. These are remarkable subterranean dwellings, their lack of ventilation making them almost unbearable to the white traveler. From a distance, one of the



BIRCHWOOD CALENDAR USED BY THE YAKUTS.



A VILLAGE OF MARITIME KORYAKS ON THE SEA OF OKHOTSK.

houses has the appearance of some huge, inverted funnel rising out of a snow-bank. The crater-like top, besides forming a roof, is used as a general storage-place for food and all sorts of articles. It slopes downward to an aperture in the center, which serves as a smoke-hole, ventilator, and passage to the room below. A number of logs, arranged in a circle, support the framework of the roof, the lower end of which rests



INTERIOR OF A KORYAK UNDERGROUND HUT, SHOWING THE SPLIT-LOG STAIRWAY FROM THE ROOF.

on a secondary pile of timbers, forming the slanting walls of the interior.

For nearly nine months the whole house is banked up and covered almost to the protecting roof with tons of snow, so that the inmates, at all times, live about ten feet below the surface. The house is entered by scaling a split log, extending down to the ground from the roof, having holes cut in it for the feet and hands. The interior is reached by descending a perpendicular stairway, hewn out in the same manner and covered with a slippery coating of grease and soot, which none but a native can safely use. The inclosure has an earthen floor, and is barren of anything in the shape of furniture. Large copper vessels, for cooking seal and blubber, and a kettle, used for melting snow, are the chief household utensils. The diet is limited almost exclusively to fish and half-cooked seal- and whale-flesh, with Russian brick-tea as an occasional luxury. Small, skin sleeping-booths, some six feet high by five in width, heated by a stone lamp in the center, are arranged around the walls, and thick fumes of smoke and soot fill the room.

These isolated tribes of northwestern Siberia have, strangely enough, a strong similarity in racial traits and mythology to the tribes dwelling on the northwestern coast of our own continent; and this has led scientists to believe that, in remote times, these peoples were of one race, having a common ancestry and development.

Walter L. Beasley.

THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL SEARCH-LIGHT

The most powerful and efficient search-light in the world is the recent discovery of Elmer A. Sperry, a Brooklyn scientist.

The search-light develops the almost incredible illuminating force of 1,280,000,000 candle-power. A mere speck of it, no larger than a pinhead, would possess 1000 candle-power.

It is difficult to imagine the efficiency of this light; it produces a maximum of power at a minimum consumption of electrical energy, which is supplied by a direct current.

The sun alone is a serious rival of this newest lamp. At its surface, the candle-power of the sun per square millimeter is only half again as powerful as that of the Sperry search-light.

When compared with other well-known forms of illuminating, the striking superiority of this invention is quickly apparent. It is at least one hundred times more efficient per square millimeter than the ordinary tungsten lamp, now used very widely in stores and offices where a clear, bright light is needed; twenty-five times more powerful than a "nitrogen" bulb, as it is called, that is, a tungsten filament in a bulb filled with nitrogen gas. The usual electric bulb contains a vacuum. The nitrogen-filled lamp is a recent invention and produces a very intense white light.

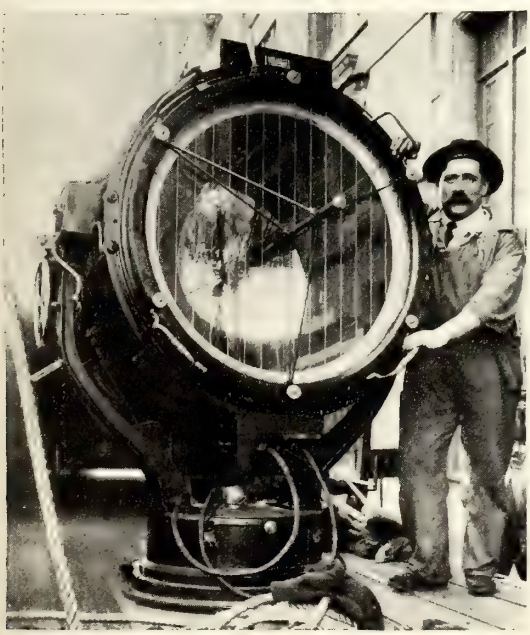
The Sperry search-light throws a beam of light seven and a half times more powerful than the metal tungsten when it has been heated to the melting-point, which is 3500 degrees Centigrade. This, heretofore, was one of the brightest rays known. The search-light is twenty-five times more efficient than the ordinary arc-lamp used for illuminating purposes on city streets and cross-roads; and four and one third times stronger than the light produced by burning carbon, which scientists previously regarded as the last word

in brilliant illumination, but which was impractical for use outside of laboratories.

The discovery of an entirely new principle of lighting has made this far-reaching invention possible. Two pieces of carbon, specially treated according to a carefully guarded chemical formula, are placed close together, end to end; then, when an electric current is passed through them, this marvelous light is produced. Carbons so placed are said to form an arc, and in honor of the inventor, this latest triumph of scientific investigation has been named the Sperry arc.

After the powerful rays of light leave their source, they strike a reflector in the shape of a concave mirror where they are condensed and made still more intense; then they are thrown out into space in parallel beams.

It has been estimated that the new light at its source generates a temperature of 9500 degrees Centigrade, a heat never before attained. Every substance used in an attempt to measure the amount of heat not only boiled, but vaporized.



THE GREAT SEARCH-LIGHT.

It was the realization of the increasing importance which search-lights will play in naval operations which prompted the inventor to set to work, determined to place in the hands of the United States Government a light more powerful and efficient than that possessed by any other nation.



THE NEW SEARCH-LIGHT IN OPERATION.

Recent tests at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard have proved that the Sperry search-light is capable of casting a beam which is sixty per cent. stronger than that produced by any light previously used in the Navy. The horizon alone sets a barrier to its beams. From its perch on top of a Brooklyn factory it actually has picked up ships coming over the sky-line outside of New York Harbor, fifty or more miles away.

Mathematical calculations, the inventor asserts, have demonstrated that a beam from the search-light, thrown into the air at an angle at New York, will be visible in Philadelphia, ninety miles away, provided that the view is not obstructed by mist or clouds. Actual tests along these lines are to be made.

Near-by observers of the operation of the search-light are instructed to be exceedingly careful. Some have stood too close to the beam, and as a result have suffered from severe cases of artificial sunburn. Even at a distance of two hundred feet its heat was sufficient to ignite a pile of rubbish carelessly left there.

The entire apparatus, consisting of search-light and stand, weighs more than three tons, but it is so constructed that it can very readily be operated and controlled by one man.

LEIGH DANEN.

APPLIED SCIENCE & MECHANICS FOR BOYS

INCLUDING BRIEF ARTICLES OF THE "HOW TO MAKE IT" SERIES

BY J. S. NEWMAN

RADIUM

FAR back in the early Greek days the great philosophers of the time recognized seven remarkable architectural accomplishments of men. These they called the "Seven Wonders of the World," and among them were the famed pyramids of Egypt, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, and that gigantic piece of sculpture, the colossus at Rhodes. Wonderful, indeed, were these examples of art and labor in their time!

But what would the old Greek philosophers say to-day if you were able to show them the Panama Canal, the New York sky-scrapers, and the Brooklyn Bridge?

The seven wonders of yesterday have multiplied to seven thousand and seven, each one more wonderful than the other. The celebrated old Greek marvels fade into insignificance beside the great scientific wonders of to-day.

If some one were to ask Mr. Edison to name what he considers the seven great wonders of science, he would have to think long and earnestly and then—guess at them! There are so many! And each one is so wonderful!

So in attempting to select the seven greatest scientific marvels, I do not profess to be accurate. I am simply choosing a number of extremely interesting inventions and discoveries—seven modern wonders of science in whose development may lie who knows what changes in this rapidly moving world of ours.

Not a great many years ago a spectacled and skeptical old scientist wrote a long thesis in which he claimed that the world's great discoveries all lay in the past, that the future had no new wonders to disclose, and that all the really fundamental inventions, discoveries, and researches had already been made.

"For," said the pessimistic philosopher, "there are no more strange lands to explore, no more conceivable inventions for the benefit of mankind. The telegraph, electric light, telephone, and electric motor are already here. The camera and microscope, telescope and linotype, printing-press and sewing-machine, airship and steamboat are already discovered. What else is there left that is really new?"

But Mother Nature seemed to have kept her most wonderful secrets for just such an occasion. As if deliberately to disprove the foolish scientist, the next ten years brought out the most astounding collection of new inventions and discoveries the world has ever known. For in the period immediately following the bold claim of this doubting Thomas, Hertz discovered electric waves, Marconi invented wireless telegraphy, Röntgen stumbled upon the X-ray, Madame Curie isolated radium, Sir William Ramsay found five new chemical elements, Edison made his first moving-picture machine, the Wright brothers conquered the air, and countless greater or lesser discoveries astounded the scientific world.

So the seven great wonders of to-day will become the commonplaces of to-morrow! But before they lose their novel interest let us consider them one by one. And to begin, we can choose no more interesting and baffling wonder than those few ounces of glistening and common-looking white crystals that are of such absorbing interest to modern scientists—Madame Curie's radium.

IN the latter part of the nineteenth century a French investigator, Professor Henri Becquerel, while working with a certain chemical called uranium, put a piece of uranium ore in his vest pocket, and in accordance with the well-known characteristic of absent-mindedness so prevalent among professors, he promptly forgot about it. But the little piece of uranium ore was not to be forgotten so easily. Several days later Professor Becquerel commenced to feel a most uncomfortable irritation of the skin just beneath the vest pocket in which reposed the innocent-looking piece of ore. The peculiar skin condition grew worse as day followed day, until finally the professor discovered the uranium ore which he had left in his pocket. This started a series of experiments on the action of uranium ore. Professor Becquerel soon discovered that uranium gives forth a series of invisible rays which have the peculiar power of affecting a photographic plate just as light rays do.

A brilliant Frenchwoman, Madame Curie, became interested in the phenomena of uranium. After years of careful research, aided by an almost unbelievable patience, Madame Curie announced to the world in 1898 her discovery of a

new chemical element with characteristics entirely different from any other known substance. Madame Curie called this new element *radium*.

Radium has given scientists more food for thought than any other discovery in recent years. As known to the laboratory, radium is a white salt, looking for all the world like table-salt. But what a calamity it would be if you were to eat your luncheon in Madame Curie's laboratory and mistake the one for the other! For the latest market quotations on radium call for a price of about $15,000,000 per pound! Perhaps all the radium ever isolated since its discovery would hardly fill a good-sized tea-pot!

What is it that makes these few ounces of radium of such intense interest to the world? Let us consider.

If you were to take a piece of radium no larger than a needle-point and place it near a screen covered with certain chemicals, you would begin to see part of the reason. Looking through a magnifying-glass, you would perceive that the radium made the coated screen shine with a bluish light, and that thousands of bright little stars were dancing between the radium and the screen. Scientists tell us that the radium is constantly giving off millions of little particles, shooting them off into space with tremendous force. When these particles strike the coated screen they flash tiny sparks, just as when you strike a piece of flint with steel. "What is wonderful in this?" you ask. Well, scientists say that radium, in giving off these tiny particles, is slowly but constantly changing itself into an entirely different chemical element—in fact, it has been proved that as a result of this bombardment of particles from radium a new gas called *helium* is formed.

Now, ever since modern chemistry has been taught, it has been believed that a chemical element is a substance that never can be changed into any other substance. Thus, gold always remains gold and lead always remains lead. You can't change gold into lead or lead into gold. That is what we always have been taught. But a few grains of innocent radium threaten to overturn the teachings of years. For beyond any doubt, radium seems to be turning into helium—very, very slowly, to be sure, *very slowly*, but none the less *surely* for all that.

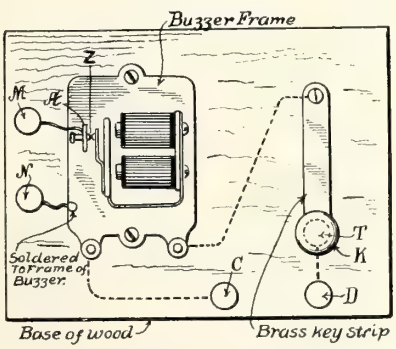
So, here is where the wonder and mystery lie, and scientists are still looking through microscopes, and heating test-tubes, and experimenting, and shaking their wise old heads. If radium turns to helium, if one element can turn into another,—who can tell?—perhaps the old alchemists were n't so far off, after all, when they tried to turn lead into gold. Wonderful things take place in this world of ours, and perhaps some day —who knows?

TWO-DOLLAR INSTRUMENTS FOR A TWO-MILE TELEGRAPH

I AM going to tell you how to make a telegraph system that will send and receive messages for two miles and even more. The total cost for two stations should be less than two dollars, exclusive of the wire used between the stations.

Those of you who know anything about telegraph instruments will agree with me when I say that the regular type of commercial apparatus for sending and receiving two miles would cost from nine to fifteen dollars, for you would need two keys, two sounders, and two relays, to say nothing of the batteries required.

A portable telegraph set, suitable for all sorts of outdoor and indoor signal-work and capable of sending two to five miles or more, can readily be constructed by any live boy familiar with simple electrical principles. The system about to be described uses an electric buzzer and key for sending and an ordinary telephone-receiver for receiving. The "dots" and "dashes" are heard at the receiving end in the form of short and long buzzes, just as in wireless telegraphy.



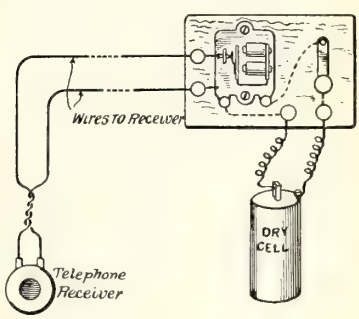


FIG. 1. SENDING BUZZER-TELEGRAPH. (DOTTED LINES REPRESENT NECESSARY WIRING.) FIG. 2. COMPLETED TELEGRAPH, ARRANGED FOR COMMUNICATION IN ONE DIRECTION.

Make a neat wooden base 5 by 8 inches in size, as in Fig. 1. At one end, mount an ordinary electric buzzer. Make a strap-key by cutting a brass strip, ¾ by 4 inches, and mounting it as shown, so that the free end springs up a half-inch or so from the base. A wooden knob, K,

will help to finish the key. Into the base, beneath the free end of this strip, a brass-headed tack, T, is nailed so that when the key is pressed down it makes contact with it. Wires are connected to the tack and to the brass key-strip by slipping them underneath before nailing tight. Two binding-posts are mounted on the wooden base at C and D. The wire from the tack is led to one of them. A wire is then connected from one post of the buzzer to the other binding-post, while the wire from the brass key-strip is led to the second post on the buzzer. Then, when a battery is connected to posts C and D and the key is held down, the buzzer will operate.

Two more binding-posts are mounted on the wooden base at M and N. A wire is soldered to the metal frame of the buzzer, and its other end is connected to N. Another wire is soldered to the stationary contact A on the buzzer, and its free end is led to M. (The task of soldering a wire to A is somewhat difficult, and it is best perhaps to let a jeweler, or some other grown-up, do this for you.) The metal protecting-cover on the buzzer must, of course, be removed.

Fig. 2 shows how the set is used. Wires are led from the posts M and N directly to the telephone-receiver. These wires may be from two to five miles long, if need be, and they may be quite fine in size, even as small as No. 30.

When the buzzer is operated, by pressing the key, the buzzes are plainly heard in the receiver, and thus the telegraph code may be made to spell out messages to the receiving side.

The principle is that when a buzzer is operated a small spark occurs at Z. This is caused by the high-voltage current generated at this point. Such a current will travel great distances through fine wires and will cause a noise in a telephone-receiver.

The outfit may be carried in a small grip or box and is very desirable for field-work, signal-practice, and boy-scout use. The buzzer should cost thirty cents and the telephone-receiver fifty cents. Two such sets are required if it is desired to receive and send from both sides.

Copper wire, size 18 to 24, should be used for making the various connections described above.

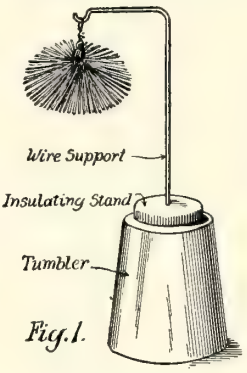
EASY ELECTRICAL LESSONS

Number Two

Last month we learned how electricity may be generated by friction, that is, by rubbing two dissimilar substances together. We found that there are two different kinds of frictional electricity, *positive* and *negative*, and we learned how to generate each kind. There are more things to know about frictional electricity.

Make a silk tassel by cutting ten 4-inch lengths of *pure silk* crocheting floss and knotting them together at one end. Comb the loose ends out with a fine-toothed comb or hack-saw blade so that the strands of silk are *untwisted* and hang in very fine hairs, instead of in twisted threads.

Support the tassel on the insulating stand described in this department last month.



THE ELECTRIFIED TASSEL.

Experiment No. 6

Charge a rubber comb by stroking it with fur, and bring it next to the silk tassel. All the threads will be attracted to the rubber object. They will soon become charged with negative electricity by coming in contact with the charged rubber, and will then be repelled by the comb, because, according to electrical law, *like charges repel each other.*

When all the silk threads are fully charged with negative electricity, remove the rubber comb. They will now all stand out apart from each other, like the bristles on the back of a porcupine, each one repelling the other and keeping as far away as it can, as shown in Fig. 1.

Experiment No. 7

Charge the silk tassel with negative electricity, as in experiment No. 6. When the threads are repelling one another, stroke them all with an ordinary metal table-knife. The silk threads will again hang peacefully side by side.

What does this experiment show? The metal knife carried all the electricity away and left the silk threads uncharged. Why did not the wire on the insulating stand carry the electricity away? This is a good question.

Some substances carry electricity just as a water-pipe carries water. The electricity flows away through them. They are called "conductors." Other substances will not carry, or "conduct," electricity. Such substances are called "insulators." Metals, water, damp wood, etc., are conductors. Glass, rubber, silk, etc., are insulators. The human body is a fairly good conductor. Therefore, when we held the metal knife in our hand in experiment No. 7, the electricity was carried away from the silk through the knife, through the body, through the wooden floor, and down into the ground. But the wire on our *insulating stand* was insulated from the ground

because, as you remember, the insulating stand is always used on a piece of sheet rubber or on some glass object, such as a tumbler. The electricity, therefore, cannot flow away through the wire support.

We have learned now what an *insulator* is and what a *conductor* is and how they act toward electricity.

Next month we shall find out how to make electric sparks that look like, and really are, miniature lightning-flashes.

WHAT IS SAND MADE OF?

How many times have you seen sand?

But if some one were to ask you what sand really is, I 'm afraid you could n't answer. So I 'm going to tell you.

Let us give a handful of sand to a chemist and see what he can make of it, or, rather, get out of it.

For one thing, he would get some oxygen from it. Oxygen, you will remember, is a colorless, odorless, tasteless gas—the same gas which, we learned, is contained in water and in the air we breathe.

Another ingredient of sand is a substance called *silicon*. Silicon is a peculiar-looking substance, very hard and brittle, dark and gray in color, and with a metallic luster. It is hardly a metal, and yet it is more like a metal than anything else. We very seldom see pure silicon, and yet almost one fourth of the earth's surface is composed of it!

Less than twenty years ago pure silicon was worth many dollars per pound, because it was very difficult to separate it from the combinations in which it occurs in nature. To-day silicon may be readily isolated, and it is used in great quantities for hardening steel.

So sand is made of light, airy oxygen and hard, metallic silicon. Its chemical name is silicon dioxid.

Next time you 're at the seashore tell your young friends that you want to play in the silicon dioxid, and see if they know what it means.

PASTIME EXPERIMENTS

The following are a few simple experiments for rainy days and odd moments. You will find them amusing and instructive.

A WATER COMPASS

Secure a sewing-needle about two inches long, and magnetize it by stroking it gently with an ordinary horseshoe magnet. Push the needle through a cork, so balanced that the cork will float upright in water. The needle will swing around until it points directly north and south.



Fig. 1.

The end that points north may be tipped with red paint, and the needle and cork will then make a very serviceable compass to take with you on your hikes. (Fig. 1.)

THE EXPANSION OF METALS

This very easily performed experiment shows plainly how metals expand when subjected to heat. Drive two nails into a board, 3 inches apart, and stretch a piece of fine, bare, copper wire (size 32 to 36) tightly between the nails. Now touch the nails with wires connected to an

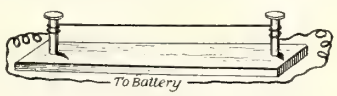


Fig. 2.

ordinary door-bell battery. The fine wire immediately grows hot from the passage of the electric current, and expands to such an extent that, instead of being tightly stretched, it becomes curved like a bow. When the current is removed the wire cools and contracts into its original shape. (Fig. 2.)

AN ARC-LAMP

A tiny electric arc-lamp experiment may be made as follows: From a cheap lead-pencil cut out two lengths of graphite, and sharpen them to points. Wrap copper wires about each piece, and

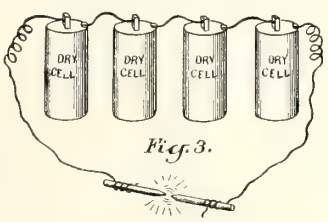


Fig. 3.

connect these wires to a battery of four or more dry cells.

Now touch the pointed ends of the graphite together and then draw them very slowly apart. A tiny, but brilliant, temporary arc will form between the two points, illustrating the principle of the arc-lamp very clearly. (Fig. 3.)

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

From time to time, and quite often of late years, we have had the joy of registering the fact that one or another of our Honor Members had won his or her way into the fellowship of recognized American writers and artists. Not a few, indeed, are to-day among the regular or frequent contributors to magazines and the daily press. And now, just as this February number is ready for the printer, comes a welcome and gratifying letter from one of our old-time prize-winners, calling attention to a worthy ambition successfully achieved by an Honor Member across the sea.

Toronto, Can.

Dear St. Nicholas League: It is a good many years since I have written to you—I believe the last time was to thank you for the gold badge you sent me as long ago as 1904. I still have it, and am very proud of it, too.

My idea in writing now is to tell you about the successful work of another ex-member of the League, who won your gold and silver badges for drawing in 1903 or 1904—Eileen Lawrence Smith, of 31 Portman Square, London, W., England.

She has been most successful in her art, and her ambition has always been to have a picture in the Royal Academy. Her hope was realized this year, and one of her paintings was exhibited at the Academy, and hung well, being on the line. The thought came to me that our old friend St. Nicholas, to whom we owe so much, would be pleased to hear of this.

In the June number of "The Gentlewoman" there was an appreciative notice of this painting, which is now being exhibited at the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool.

With best wishes to the League and all its members,

I am Yours sincerely,

Muriel C. Evans.

We thank our friendly correspondent for her letter, and are glad, indeed, to learn of Miss Eileen Lawrence Smith's achievement. "The Gentlewoman" critique accords warm praise to her picture as "a delicate, graceful, and highly-finished painting, full of style and most appealing," and "a remarkably picturesque and original bit of work." The news of its welcome to the exhibition of the Royal Academy will call forth cordial if silent congratulations and good wishes to the gifted young painter from the present-day members of the St. Nicholas League, who are proud to have a League graduate receive such recognition. We print the reproduction of her painting in the pages of The Letter-box; and her notable success with this work of art should prove a great inspiration to the readers of our magazine, both in England and America.

This month's budget of good things includes many contributions deserving of special mention, but we have only space to say that we hope no League member will fail to read the opening verses on the opposite page—a genuine poem, and a truly remarkable one considering the age of the young writer.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 204

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Carol Crowe** (age 9), Missouri; **Eliza Anne Peterson** (age 15), Pennsylvania.
Silver badges, **Agnes MacDonald** (age 14), New York; **Elizabeth E. Gay** (age 13), Louisiania; **Marie Mirvis** (age 16), Ohio; **Helen M. Stucklen** (age 14), Massachusetts.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Beatrice Caldwell** (age 13), West Virginia; **Leota Lohr** (age 14), Illinois.
Silver badges, **Helen Ward** (age 12), New Jersey; **Katherine Gauss** (age 12), New Jersey.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Elberta Larkin Esty** (age 15), New York; **Amy Hampton Medary** (age 13), Pennsylvania.
Silver badges, **Samuel Cherry** (age 12), New York; **Eleanore L. Roberts** (age 13), New York; **Catherine L. Spencer** (age 12), New Jersey; **Katharine Bartlett** (age 13), Connecticut.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Virginia M. Smith** (age 12), Maryland; **Edith Culver** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Joanne Sargent** (age 14), New York; **Elena de Arostegin** (age 14), New York; **Nathalie G. Nelson** (age 17), Michigan.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **James G. Meehan** (age 15), Scotland.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badges, **Elsie Ludlam** (age 16), New Jersey; **Elizabeth Lee Young** (age 14), Rhode Island
Silver badges, **Constance W. Bouck** (age 14), Colorado; **Florence Helwig** (age 15), New York; **Dorothy Manheim** (age 14), New York.



"On Land or Sea." By Virginia M. Smith, age 12. (Silver Badge.)

A MARCHING SONG

BY BEATRICE CALDWELL (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1916)

ONWARD, still onward, the gray hosts come marching;
The bravest and noblest of France are afield,
Upholding tradition from Charlemagne downward,
When first bloomed the lilies that garland her shield.

Onward, still onward, all dusty and haggard;
Onward, still on to the grim battle-line;
Onward, still onward, the tricolor gleaming,
Here meet the hosts of the Rhone and the Rhine.

When the bugle rang clear over city and mountain,
Echoed in valley and rolled o'er the plain,
We answered as only her heroes can answer,
And the Marne has foretold that we die not in vain.

Onward, march onward! each eye flashes fire,
Down from the Ardennes and up from the sea;
We appeal to the Highest—O Father of Nations!
Onward to victory, onward to Thee!

A GREAT IDEA

BY CAROL CROWE (AGE 9)

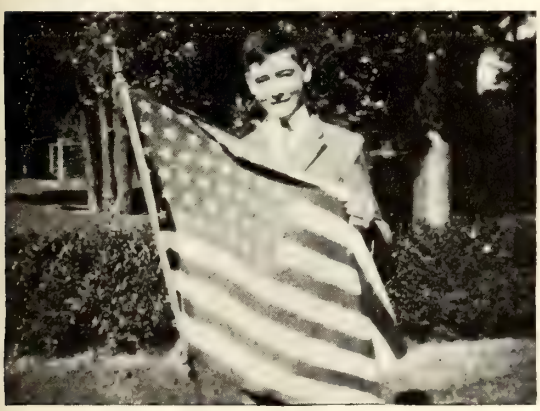
(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1917)

IT was a cold, rainy night, but indoors all was cheer and brightness.

Aunt Fannie sat by the fire, and around her were her nieces and nephew, Ruth, Caroline, and Henry.

"Oh, Aunt Fannie! do tell us a story," they all cried. Ruth added, "Tell us one about East Tennessee." "Oh, no," said Caroline, "I want a true story." "And I want an animal story," piped little Henry.

"Well," said Aunt Fannie, "I 'll tell you one that happened in East Tennessee, and it is



"ON LAND OR SEA." BY EDITH CULVER, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

about two animals." Then the children settled down snugly for a good time.

Aunt Fannie began: "About thirty years ago, there lived on the outskirts of my home town a very eccentric old man named Elihu Pettibones. He was tall and lean and hungry-looking. He had a long, narrow head and bead-like eyes that seemed to look you through and through, and we children were afraid of him. He lived alone, excepting for two cats. One was a big, gaunt, gray cat, and the other was a little, thin, black cat. They looked like their master.

"In the summer he and his cats spent much time dozing in the doorway, but when winter came the house was shut tight, for Elihu Pettibones was no fresh-air fiend.

"Then his troubles began. He liked to nap by the fire, but his cats would awaken him, for they wanted to go in and out. He scratched his long narrow head and wondered what could be done. Suddenly a great idea struck him.



"ON LAND OR SEA." BY JOANNE SARGENT, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"He called a carpenter and told him to cut a big hole in the back door for the big cat to go in and out, and a little hole for the little cat to go in and out."

"What a great idea," giggled the three children.

A GREAT IDEA

BY AGNES MACDONALD (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

YES, it was a great idea, a great and generous idea, though its possessor was but a little girl; and this is the way it all came about:

It was a cold, bleak day in winter, but as Kathrine hurried home through the rain and sleet she was feeling very, very happy, for she had won a prize at school, a five-dollar gold-piece for composition. She was just imagining how she would spend it when a timid voice behind her said, "Please, Miss, I 'm *so* hungry!" She turned, to find a little boy standing with outstretched hand. He was thin and poorly clad, and there was a starved look in his big blue eyes.

"Mother 's sick and she can't work and we have n't had anythin' to eat since yesterday," he went on eagerly, catching, like a drowning man, at the faintest straw of hope. "Oh, please, Miss, can't you do something to help me?"

All great ideas come to us in a moment, and so it was with Kathrine. It was hard to give up that gold-piece, but— She fumbled in her pocket and drew it forth, and taking one last look at it as it lay on its bed of white satin, she placed it, with just a tiny sigh, in the eager open palm.

The little fellow gazed at it in astonishment, then his eyes filled with tears of joy. "Oh! I 'll be able to buy somethin' for Mother now! Thank you, Miss, and God bless you!"

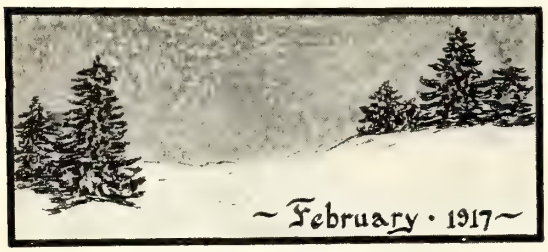
With that he was gone, and Kathrine turned homeward with her pocket empty, but her heart singing happily of a generous deed well done.

A MARCHING SONG

BY HELEN WARD (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

Listen to the sound of marching feet;
Listen to the bugle—listen to the drum!
The soldiers are marching through our street—
Ar-r-rum, ar-r-rum, ar-r-rum tum, tum.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY VERNITA M. HAYNES, AGE 16.

Look at the flag as it floats on high,
See how the colors now rise, now fall;
For that flag many a soldier will die,
For that flag they 're marching one and all.

So, with the flag and the bugle and drum,
The soldiers are marching past our door,
And as they keep time with *ar-r-rum, tum, tum,*
They march as they never have marched before.

A GREAT IDEA

(*As told by a small boy*)

BY ELIZABETH E. GAY (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

Gee, but women and girls certainly are bothersome! Mother 's always fussin' about my ears and face bein' clean, while Sis acts silly. But mothers and sisters are pretty good when a fellow 's in a scrape.

Th' other night we had the minister to supper. Just for a joke I put some grasshoppers in his napkin. Well,



"THE PICTURE MAKER." BY SAMUEL CHERRY, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

when that good gentleman unfolded it, there surely was *some* hoppin'. Mother turned red in the face, but the minister turned redder. Me bein' the only boy around, I was immediately suspected of the crime. Mother, she says, lookin' mighty severe:

"Henry, leave the table at once!"

I certainly was glad enough to go, although it was awfully scarish up-stairs.

The next mornin' I dreaded goin' to breakfast, but I had to. I expected Father to light into me right away, but nothin' happened until the end of the meal, just when I was beginnin' to feel kinder comfortable. Suddenly Father says:

"Henry, why were you so disrespectful to the Reverend Mr. Smith last night?"

I felt myself growin' rather hot, but I says, kind of stammerin':

"I—I d-don't know, sir."

"Well," says Father, "you will know soon."

He began to draw out a switch from under the table that looked about a mile long!

Sis spoke up about this time, and says:

"Oh, Father! were n't you a boy once, yourself?"

Father, he thought a moment as if considerin'; then he burst out laughin' and began tellin' some of his own pranks.

I was feelin' pretty safe then, but I thought I had better be goin' while the goin' was good.

Pretty soon along comes Sis, and I stepped up and says:

"That was a great idea of yours, Sis."

She did n't say nothin', but *kissed* me and blushed. Just like a girl!

A GREAT IDEA

BY MARIE MIRVIS (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

A great idea! Never have I been possessed of a great idea. Morse, Edison, Franklin, and many others I could mention have had great ideas. But stop! I think I know some one who also might be added to the list of great thinkers and inventors. It is a nameless some one—the originator of the St. Nicholas League. The person who first suggested, indeed, first thought of, the League, had a fine idea. The League has done much for Young America It has encouraged young people to think, to draw, to write, to photograph, to puzzle, to appreciate Nature—her beauties and her children. I think the St. Nicholas League is wonderful. By means of it our future artists and authors, poets and scientists, are being educated and are receiving valuable knowledge and experience. It also tends to make us persevering and patient. Many, many times must one try before the desired token of merit is bestowed as a reward for the effort and the result of the effort. There are hundreds of us who each month work industriously and intelligently to comply with the rules of the competition. It is not unworthy competition or rivalry. It is a purely friendly contest. We contestants are not enemies. We are pleased with, and proud of, the accomplishments of our contemporaries. Surely we of the St. Nicholas League think it a great idea!



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY ELEANORE L. ROBERTS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELENA DE AROSTEGIN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY DORIS BAEVERTZ, AGE 14.



BY MARY HOPKINSON, AGE 11.



BY MURIEL GALLAGHER, AGE 13.



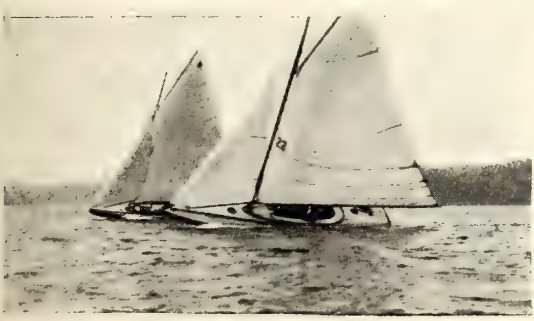
BY FLORENCE DANIELS, AGE 15.



BY VIRGINIA PEGRAM, AGE 16.



BY ANNA BROOKS, AGE 12.



BY HARRIET PRATT, AGE 14.



BY EMILY F. CUTHBERT, AGE 14.

"ON LAND OR SEA."

A MARCHING SONG

BY LEOTA LOHR (AGE 14)

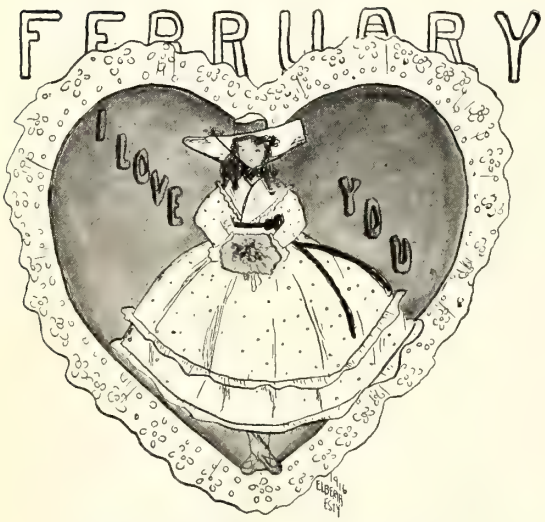
(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1916)

Onward to the strife press we,
All our loyal band;
Our leader, wise and brave is he,
We trust in his command.

With pride we raise our banner high,
As marching on we go,
For all of us will gladly die
To save it from the foe.

Let us strive with all our might,
And faithful ever be,
Striving nobly in the right
To gain the victory.

Onward, till the goal is won,
Forward with a prayer,
For o'er us, when our work is done,
Waves Union's banner fair.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY ELBERTA L. ESTY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCT., 1916.)

A GREAT IDEA

BY HELEN A. KOCH (AGE 9)

Recently a French aëronaut was captured by a German officer. The officer, having quickly formed a plan, jumped into the French aëroplane. I shall explain his idea to you.

The German, with pistol in hand, seated himself behind the airman, whom he could now shoot whenever he felt like it. The officer wanted the Frenchman to go over the French lines and then back to the German, so that the Germans would know how the French forces were stationed.

As soon as the German was seated he commanded, "To your lines, sir; if not, I shall—" and he pointed the pistol at the aëronaut's head.

The Frenchman looked at him indignantly, but calmly, because he had "a great idea" which I shall lay before you.

He obeyed his captor, rose into the air gracefully and soared swiftly toward his trenches until they were within eye-shot.

All aëronauts are strapped in their seats; of course this aviator was also. He had noticed that the German was not. Just as he was within view of the French lines, he quickly "looped the loop." Naturally, when the aëroplane was turned upside down, the German officer, who was not strapped in, fell, and was dashed to pieces when he struck the ground.



"THE PICTURE MAKER." BY CATHERINE L. SPENCER, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

The aëronaut righted his plane and sailed on to the French troops, freed of his captor and victorious.

Everybody greeted him kindly, for the peasants had seen the brave and daring act, and had narrated all that they had seen to the French officers.

He saved himself and also his country through "a great idea."

A GREAT IDEA

BY CAROL KAUFMAN (AGE 11)

John and Harriet were two children, seven and eight years old. Their father was a fisherman, and they lived by the ocean. They often played in an old boat that lay in the shallow water.



"THE PICTURE MAKER" BY AMY H. MEDARY, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON AUG., 1916.)

One day John came running up to the boat, where Harriet sat playing with her dolls. "What do you think!" he exclaimed, "I have a great idea! Mr. Rod has a string tied from his boat to a donkey. The donkey walked along the shore and pulled the boat. The boat is in the water. Let us tie our dog to this boat and move it in the same way."

So they tied a string to the boat and then onto the dog's neck. But the dog did n't walk along the shore, but—leaped into the water.

Splash! Splash! And out tumbled John and Harriet and the family of dolls into the water.

They were a sorrowful-looking crowd, dolls and all, as they walked back to their home, and that was the end of "a great idea."

A MARCHING SONG

BY ISABEL BACHELER (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

March, march, marching through the town—
Big steps and little feet tramping up and down;
I can hear them all day long, and when I go to bed
I hear them marching in my dreams, with a night-long tread.

But the world is broad and the world is wide,
And the world is wondrous fair;
And I 'd live, if I could, with the fays in the wood,
And dine with the pink-nosed hare.

Oh, why do people make up sums?
And why do people frown?
And why do people wear stiff clothes
And go marching through the town?



"ON LAND OR SEA." BY NATHALIE G. NELSON, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

For the world is broad and the world is wide,
And the world is wondrous fair;
And I 'd live, if I could, with the sprites in the wood,
And sup with the shaggy bear.

March, march, marching through the town—
Big steps and little feet tramping up and down;
I can hear them all day long, and when I go to bed
I hear them marching in my dreams with a night-long tread.

A GREAT IDEA

(A letter from Marcia Henderson to her sister Betty)

BY ELIZA ANNE PETERSON (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1916)

Dear Betty:

Have you heard of the steam-engine which has been tried out here? 'T is truly a most wonderful thing. Father says that the idea of traveling without horses is the greatest idea man has had since the beginning of the world, but Aunt Barbara declares the whole thing to be the work of the devil.

We went to see the steam-engine start. It is a most odd-looking device, several open carriages or coaches being linked together and drawn by a queer engine.

There was a hush among the crowd when the starting-time came, though few thought the line of coaches would move. But the clock struck, a shrill whistle blew, and—it started.

It went *eighteen miles an hour*, Betty! Such a terrible speed! The people in the coaches clung to each other in fright, and I thanked my stars that I was safe upon the ground.

I wonder, Betty, will our descendants think it a great idea, or the work of the devil? Which do you think?

We are well at home and wish daily that you were here.

Your loving sister,
Marcia Henderson.

Sitting here among all the inventions of the twentieth century, we find it hard to believe that folks ever thought such a common thing as a railroad a work of Satan. But when we think of the slow, lumbering coaches, the muddy roads, and the uncomfortable journeys on horseback of our great-grandmothers' day, we cannot wonder at their point of view, and we cannot express our gratitude to the man who first conceived that great idea—the railroad.

A GREAT IDEA

BY GERTRUDE HOOPER (AGE 12)

When we had Greek history at school last winter and learned about the Age of Pericles, when Athens was at the height of her glory, it made a great impression on my mind.

I thought how splendid it would be if our own United States could be like it. If our citizens would only have pride and interest enough in their country to want to hold office of some kind; and the people would take such an interest as to want to govern all by themselves, and not leave it to a few picked men. Then, after a while, they might not need any President, but could decide important questions by vote.



"ON LAND OR SEA." BY MAX HEBGEN, AGE 12.

When one considers the natural beauties of our country, such as the Grand Cañon, Niagara Falls, the Great Lakes, the many lovely rivers and the beautiful national parks, the Rocky Mountains, which are so like the Swiss Alps, the plains and prairies of the west, the sandy beaches with the surf breaking upon them, it seems a shame that the citizens of so beautiful a country should not try to make the government equally splendid. Think of the climate—how one can grow tropical fruits in the south, and wheat and corn in the north, and many other products which would enable us to support ourselves if cut off from the rest of the world. We have also many large and flourishing cities, numerous safe harbors, and rivers navigable for long distances into the interior, which, of course, is a great aid to commerce.

I think it ought to be the true endeavor of every patriotic citizen of the United States to strive to have our country be what I call a "perfect democracy" and win the respect of all the other nations.

A MARCHING SONG

BY CHRISTINA PHELPS (AGE 14)

Oh, we 'll fight with all the spirit of our fathers long ago;
We will shed our every drop of blood to overcome the foe;
We will drive out the oppressor, we will lay the tyrant low,
And we 'll save our bleeding country from slavery and woe.
For we 're marching, marching, marching to make our country free;
For we 're marching, marching, marching for life and liberty;
For we 're marching, marching, marching on to war!



"THE PICTURE MAKER." BY CHARLOTTE BECKER, AGE 15.

Oh, we 'll hear the bugles sounding, and the clash of steel again;
And we 'll hear the cannon booming, like the roaring of the main;
For we 'll fight until we 've conquered or till every man is slain,
And those who fall will ever rest where fame and glory reign.
For we 're marching, marching, marching to make our country free;
For we 're marching, marching, marching for life and liberty;
For we 're marching, marching, marching on to war!

A GREAT IDEA

BY HELEN M. STUCKLEN (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

Tom had graduated from college the previous spring. It was now late in November; the trees had lost their leaves, and everything seemed gloomy, if not discouraging.

Tom had been working very hard, he said, in his room on the top floor of his home at New York. On his table lay unfinished plans, neatly drawn in colored inks. Under the sketch one could read "Plan of Canal."

As the dinner-bell rang he left his work and sauntered to the dining-room. After the meal was over, Tom summoned his family into the library, and said, "I 've a great idea."

"What on earth ever happened to you—getting a great idea?" interrupted his sister.

"Don't be sarcastic," said Mr. West; "tell us what the remarkable plan is, Son."

"Well, now," continued Tom, "I wish to stop the land-slides at the Panama Canal."

A pause—and then, "How is it to be done?"

"You see," said Tom, very calmly, "that 's what I 'm trying to figure out."

A MARCHING SONG

BY KATHERINE GAUSS (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

Two by two, down the street,
Six little boys, who with sturdy feet
Keep good time to an old drum's beat.
Suddenly the captain calls a halt,
Then, "Charge!" he says, and, without a fault,
Six little men, all in a row,
Charge at a well-imagined foe,—
Till, victorious, home they go!

A MARCHING SONG

BY KATHRYN ROSE OLIVER (AGE 11)

If I were a boy instead of a girl,
And had straight hair instead of a curl,
I 'd be a soldier—just let me say that—
And wear khaki clothes and a big brown hat.

I 'd be going down to Mexico,
To chase the bandit gang
That had the nerve to blow up
Our cities with a bang!

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Isabelle M. Craig
Hannah Ratisher
Florence Clothier
Ruth Simson
Jane A. Linn
Margaret Flower
Marie L. Luhrs
Mary L. Comfort
Mary M. Kern
Hollis Hedberg
Mary F. Gapen
Gwendolyn Graham
Inge Antonisen
Margaret Foldes
Helen Moon
Marjorie S. Banks
Charles M. Purdy
Elizabeth B. Loring
Mildred Wagner
Mary P. Foster
Edgar G. Lundin
Ruth Gardner
Virginia Gould
Esther Rowland
Henry Rische
Marian Welker
Beatrice H. Lowenthal
Frances M. Starr
Mona Harrop
Jessie Gregg
Virginia Davie
Florence E. Meier
Lois D. Foley
Ida Feinberg
Mary R. Hanlon
Marguerite Bone
Laetitia Bolton
Emily Pendleton
Marion C. Ennis
Hilda V. Robinson
Jane Abbott
Margaret Klein
Mary K. Hough
Elizabeth Utz
Carl Schuster, Jr.
Gertrude Jerome
Mary Chandler
Agnes Hopkins



"ON LAND OR SEA." BY EDA MCCOY, AGE 14.

Alfred Vogel
Reeva Kaplan
Tillie Goldsehlager
Babs O'Brien
Charleye Bell
Emeline D. Starr
Josephine W. Focht
Eleanor Lawther

VERSE, 1

Elizabeth W. Merchant
Amelia L. Bush
Anna R. Payne
Keturah C. Rollinson

Frances C. Hamp
Sarah F. Borock
Francis W. Read
Edith V. Simonds, II.
Norman Johnson
L. Burton Crane, Jr.
Margaret C. Schindler
Katherine Chadwick
Georgia Nelson
Merritt Barton
Henry G. Hardy
Lois M. Fox
Dorothy Burns
Dorothy Coate
Emily L. Billings
Marion L. Rogers
Dolly Duane
Doris S. Easton
Elizabeth Hamley
Nettie Aronowitz
Harry Goldmark
Dorothy Leech
Katharine Dimon
Margaret Bullock
Varian Steele



"THE PICTURE MAKER." BY KATHARINE BARTLETT, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Peggy Kahn
Adelaide Wilson
Fannie Leiss
Fidelia Frantz
Mary S. Benson
Ruth M. Cole
Juana Albraum
Samuel Menkowitz
Mildred Lathrop
Rosalie B. Dunlap
Elizabeth L. Hartman
Alice L. Smith
Katherine C. Snyder
Marion Neff
Elita Hyde
Richard A. Cutter
Charlotte A. Nelson
Frances W. Hill
Caroline Smith
Alfred Buss, Jr.
Dorothy Hood
Louise H. Freer
Hope D. Warner
Katharine Holton
Elizabeth Gerould
Edgar Marder
Louis Marder
Florence F. Thompson
Angela A. Machado
Marian Wenrich
Susannah Teare
Haldor Stickney
Alice G. Hines
Elsa Frame
Mary L. Moore
Edith Showers
Julia Reeder
Aileen Laidlaw
Francis Christian
Rotha A. Staples
Mary Lockett
Benjamin B. Odell
Helen Purcell
Barbara Cooke

DRAWINGS, 1

Howard J. Burnham
James D. Havens
Harry M. King
Jean Potter
Jean Moore
Catherine Meeker
Helen Davies
Lucie C. Holt
Alice Sniffen
Natalie Van Vleck
June Wellman
Lydia Hicks
Helen A. Johnson
Marian Allardt
Mary E. Abbott
Emily Lansingh
Willard A. Goodwin
Blossom Davis
Frederick Lendrum, Jr.
Ruth McBarron
Marion F. Miner
Marion Hinds
Dorothy B. Ripley
Pauline V. Law
George T. Turner, Jr.
Kathryn Logan
Ruth Wellman
Hortense W. Koller
Patricia Every
Lester Owen
Hector A. MacDonald
Gladys Fliegelman

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Janet Scott
Dorothy Duncan



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY MARJORIE C. STONER, AGE 15.

Robert H. Winchester
Lois H. Swett
Lydia Merrill
Robert King
Mary Minor
Elizabeth B. Hutchinson
Marion West
M. Wilma Koelsch
Frank H. Vanderlip, Jr.
Martin de Arostegin
Helen Marshall

PUZZLES, 1

Nancy Hough
Rebecca T. Farnham
Philip C. Jones
John Hough
G. Forest Lampkin
Helen L. Fluhrer
Constance Keogh
Phyllis K. Kett
Elizabeth Rolfe
Hyman Matrick
Elizabeth Meyer
Helena A. Dillingham
Constance Rodriguez
Urling Valentine
Jane McKelvey
Annabelle McAllister
Helen Johnson
Renata von Hungen
Mary Sargent
Meyer Solomon
Katherine Whitehead
Philip Tapperman
Lavina Skeer

PUZZLES, 2

Lillian Cutler
Virginia Sargent
Kate Winthrop
Mary Higgins
Thomas Butler
William H. Adams

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 208

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 208 will close **February 24** (for foreign members **February 28**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **June.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "My Garden," or "Over the Hills."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Story of a Day."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blueprints or negatives. Subject, "Home."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Gossips," or "Good to Look At," or a Heading for **June.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of THE RIDDLE-BOX.

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in *a few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles." Address: **The St. Nicholas League, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York.**

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

CREEP-MOUSE

BY HENRY D. WINANS

FAIRIES have many homes of many kinds, but in the time of which this story is written, one little family of fairies lived in a wooden house much like our own, only much smaller. One night, the father and mother having been working hard



"MOUSEKINS ANSWERED, 'THERE IS ONE THING I WANT VERY MUCH.'"

all day while the children had been just as busy playing, all went very early to bed and were soon soundly sleeping. A little mouse living near by, in looking out of his door saw smoke pouring from his neighbors' house; so, without waiting to put on his overcoat, he hurried off to awaken them. At last, by creeping under the door-step and then up through the floor, he was at the side of the bed. He jumped to a stool and from there to the bed, wakening them all. Soon they were up fighting the fire, and at last had put it out.

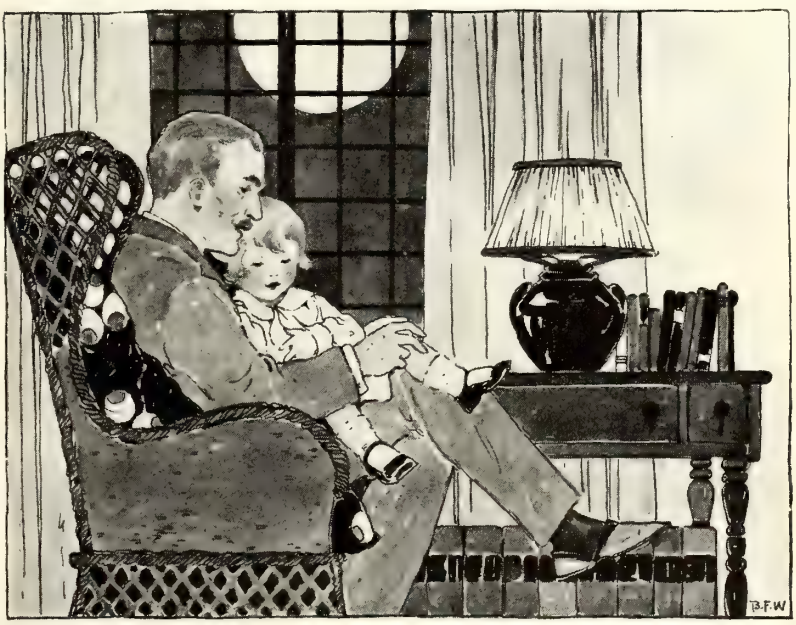
The fairies were very grateful to the little mouse, as they knew their home would have been burned and they would have lost their lives in the fire if it had not been for their little friend's warning.

Their first question was, "What can we do for you?" Mousekins answered, "I did not think of that, but there is one thing I want very much." The mother fairy said, "Tell me; it shall be yours." The mouse said, "I love little children so

much; but they are all afraid of me, and will not let me play with them. Could you not make me nice so that they would care for me, too?" The mother fairy thought a moment, saying: "That is not easy. No people have ever liked mice; I do not know why it is, but I will try."

The little mouse waited very anxiously, hoping some way could be found by the wise mother fairy. At last she said, "I will turn you into a creep-mouse; then even babies will love to have you with them." A few magic words were uttered by the good fairy, but the little mouse still doubted, saying, "I do not see that I am changed at all!" But the fairy laughed, "Oh, yes, you are! There is a little child in the next house; run over there and see if you are not wanted."

So the little mouse hastened to his next neighbor, going into the room where a little girl sat on her father's knee. The man, seeing the little mouse, reached for him, and he ran up his coat sleeve. Then for the first time was played the game we all know so well. The father, starting at the baby's toes, walked his fingers up the little leg, the mouse keeping in the palm of his hand, he crying, "Creep-mouse, creep-mouse, creep-mouse," the baby shouting with glee. Then he gave a long jump to the baby's arm; from there the little mouse, still in the palm of the father's hand, crept up toward the neck, the father still crying, "Creep-mouse, creep-mouse, creep-mouse," and so the game went on. The little mouse was very happy that he was liked, and that a little child and a grown man would play with him.



"THE FATHER WALKED HIS FINGERS UP THE LITTLE LEG."

A few days after, Mousekins met the mother fairy. She asked, "Are you happy now?" "Oh, yes," he answered, "but I wish I had asked for one thing more. Now I am wanted, I wish to live forever. Could you not do this for me?"

The fairy laughed and said, "You must be happy, indeed!" and gladly gave to the little mouse "Life forever."

He went from home to home wherever a little child was to be found; mothers and fathers welcomed him; children never tired of him. He has played with your grandfathers, with your mothers; he has played with you; he will play later with your dollies, when the fairies have turned them into babies. He has played with the babies in the hovels, with the babies in the mansions, with the babies of Europe, with the babies here, with the babies everywhere. He has wiped away falling tears, made sick children well and tired mothers rested, until Creep-mouse is a name known in every family, and he is loved and wanted by all.

A RAINY-DAY GAME

BY K. G. BUFFUM

A LITTLE soap and water
And a little pipe of clay
Will make the time go faster
On a rainy day.

Bubbles in the bowl of water,
Bubbles in the air,
Bubbles on the mantelpiece,
Floating everywhere.

Molly had a clay pipe,
Dicky had another;
Nothing could be better for
A sister and a brother.



THE LETTER-BOX

At the request of the American Forestry Association, St. Nicholas is glad to aid the important cause of tree-preservation by reprinting the following appeal:

HELP TO SAVE PINE TREES

WORTH $260,000,000.00

NOTICE—The White Pine Blister Rust, a disease for which no cure is known, threatens the destruction of all the White Pine Trees and other five-leaved pines in America.

It has already appeared in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and the provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

VALUE—The estimated value of the white pine trees and other five-leaved pines in the United States is $260,000,000.00.

REQUEST—We urge the destruction, in all sections where the White Pine Blister Rust has appeared, of all infected pines and those exposed to infection, and all gooseberry and currant bushes, both wild and cultivated, as on these the disease propagates and then spreads to the pines.

We ask every reader of The St. Nicholas Magazine to aid in spreading this information.

For further advice write to

The American Forestry Association,
Washington, D. C.

New York City, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have only taken you for a year, but one try told me that you were the best magazine that ever was!

"The Boarded-up House" was fine, and "The Sapphire Signet" equally interesting. Oh, you don't know how glad I am to have St. Nicholas come! I am glad there are n't any other children to fight about who 's to get you first (I 'm the only child), for when you come there 's not another word out of me till I 've looked you all over. Then I read a few stories at a time, so as to make you last longer. When I 've read you from tip to toe, then 's the time I wish you were published every week instead of every month. But it 's more fun to wait a whole month for your favorite serial and then have it end right where you want it to go on!

Wishing you all the success you could possibly pack into a letter,

Your sincere reader,
Lucy Monroe (age 10).

Smuggler, Colo.

Dear St. Nicholas: My father took St. Nicholas when he was a boy. I like your stories very much.

I live about timber-line in the Rocky Mountains. The snow gets about six or eight feet deep, and we have plenty of coasting and skeeing. It starts to snow about the first of November, and stops about the middle of June.

In the winter we can hear the ptarmigan whistling, and in the summer it may happen that we can see one on its nest. One day last summer my brother and another little boy were out on the hill after our pony. The little boy stepped right on a ptarmigan, thinking it was a rock. You can get very close to them when they are on their nests. In the summer they are the color of the slide rock, and in the winter they are white.

I am a League member and have won a silver badge. Next summer I am going to try to win a prize in Wild Creature Photography by taking a picture of the ptarmigan.

Your interested reader,
Robert Wigglesworth (age 14).



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST.

From a picture shown in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, London, England, 1916.

The original portrait was painted by Eileen Lawrence Smith, who won the silver and gold badges of the St. Nicholas League in 1902 and 1904. (See page 370.)

Sandusky, O.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am a girl of the Erie County Children's Home, and am writing for all the little children who are starting to read and for myself.

Those who can't read can listen, so they crowd all around the older girls, who read from you all the interesting stories for little children as well as those for the large ones.

The boys get one copy and the girls get one. We have now twenty-two girls and eighteen boys, who are all eager for the new number each month. As soon as it arrives we older ones pore over it and look for your interesting stories.

We have been getting you since December, 1915. It cheers our side of the home very much.

We have a large living-room with eighteen straight-backed chairs and three rocking-chairs. Two of the rocking-chairs are for our babies, and the large one is for our attendant, or governess, as some people call her.

Our living-room is longer than it is wide, and at one end is a large kindergarten table. We have a pretty

rug, which is very large, in the center of the room, and the floor is polished.

It is in this room where we gather most of the time to read your stories.

Our dormitory is larger than the living-room, and has twenty-one beds in it. Our beds are all white with white bedclothes, and our rugs are red, which makes a very pretty combination, including a large hall with a double red rug and a red wall.

Our home is beautiful, and I have spent three years in it.

Your great readers,
HELEN KOPERA AND ALL THE GIRLS.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I always read the letters in THE LETTER-BOX, and, as I have n't seen any from New Haven, I thought I would write to you. Perhaps you will be interested to hear about the pigeons. They live up in the church steeples on our public green. They are very tame. Sometimes I go to feed them. They like bread and cracker-crumbs. They crowd around you in great flocks. When anything frightens them, they fly up under the eaves of some of the buildings. In the summer-time, when the sprinklers are used, the pigeons get under the spray and let the water run down their backs. They like to do this on the very hottest days to get cooled off.

Your sincere friend,
EDITH CHATFIELD (age 10).

NEW MARTINSVILLE, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I love you. I have a dog. He is a good dog. His name is Major. This is my first year of school. I love school. It is snowing to-day. I am five; my sister is ten. THOMAS ADAMS.

SUMMIT, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do you know who is my bestest friend? You! Mother says you are a safe one, because you never tell even one teeny-weeny secret of mine.

At first, when I took you, my sisters and brothers looked on with their grown-up air (I 'm the youngest) as if to say, "Let the child have her magazine." But I did n't care, for *I* knew what *you* contained. Although now there is a general scramble for you, I usually get you first, because the postmaster is my true friend.

I like all the stories,—rather I *love* them,—but I like "The Sapphire Signet" the best.

After every one has read you I guard you as a tiger guards his cub, for fear some number may disappear.

Good-by, dear Saint,
VIOLA ALLEMAN.

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Oh, how glad I was when the November ST. NICHOLAS arrived. Just brimful of good things, or, in other words, a "Thanksgiving Feast"! It is the best number so far, I think. But I suppose the Christmas number will be a bigger feast—the best number of the year. But I don't want to talk about the Christmas number now, for I know it is going to be a big surprise, and if I did I just simply *could n't* wait till it is published.

And now, about the present—the November—number. First of all, Norman Price's beautiful horseback riding picture, just appropriate to the season. Next Mrs. M. L. Waller's frontispiece, "Nancy"; the serial story "Understood Betsy"; "Her Uncle," "The Wonder-Box," "Under Boy Scout Colors," and *lots* and *lots* of others. "Under Boy Scout Colors" is my favorite story, because it tells about Boy Scouts, and I hope to be one soon.

And now, *something* about the advertisements, as I like them *almost* as well as the inside. "The Book Man" gives me a lot of information, as I have lots of books and want to buy more. "Things to Eat" is a help to my little sister, seven years old, as she likes to cook. "Good Fun" is my favorite. I tried the "name of a State, city, etc.," game, the "book" puzzle, and the "age" puzzle, and they all worked finely. I am glad that "Good Fun" will be a regular department of ST. NICHOLAS and that there will be lots more puzzles and games to come. "Polly and Peter Ponds" and "Ivory Adventures" stories I like very much.

Well, this is getting to be a longer letter than I expected, and now I must close.

Your affectionate reader,
SETH LANDON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are twins and are ten, but have taken you since we were six. We love you very much. We especially liked the "Wonder-Box Stories," and looked forward to each new one with great excitement. There is usually a fight about who shall read you first, but, being twins, we finally manage to read you together.

We have two rabbits and we have a kangaroo which our uncle, who lives in Africa, brought us. We had a terrible time finding a place to put him, but we have at last put him in a great yard fenced round.

Your loving readers,
ROSAMOND and GERTRUDE HALL.

EDEN, IDAHO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not see many letters from the Idaho readers of ST. NICHOLAS. From your cover to back I love every letter, page, and verse.

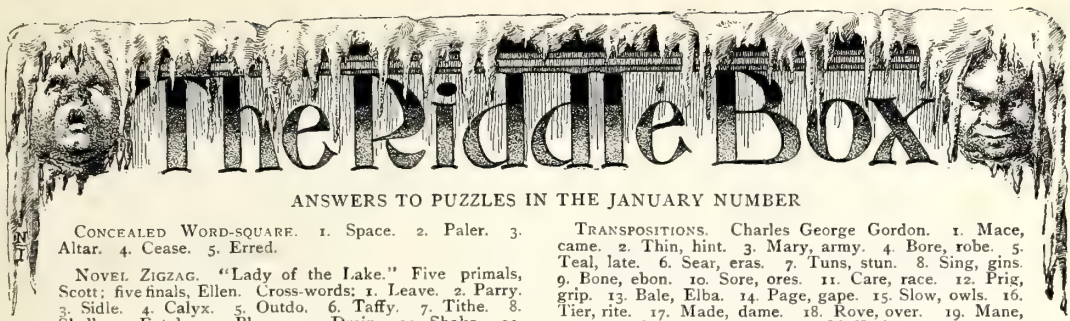
My home is scarcely a mile from the brink of Snake River Canyon, along whose course lie many beauties. I live one mile from the Twin Falls and five miles from the Shoshone Falls, whose height is 212 feet. Eighty miles to the north is the Great Ice Cave, which has many tons of natural ice during the season when the scorching heat of a summer sun beats down on a sage-brush-and-lava desert. Near this place, also, is the Redfish Lake, in which the redfish are found.

The county seat of this county boasts of the best electrically equipped high school in the world—the Minidoka High School.

The highest dam in the world, the Arrowrock, is about two hundred miles to the west.

With love and best wishes for your future,
A sincere subscriber,
MARGARET L. TRUESDALE (age 13).

ST. NICHOLAS has no exchange column and cannot undertake to publish requests of that nature. But, as a favor to a very loyal and long-time friend of the magazine, we make an exception to the rule, for once, by informing our readers that David C. Goodyear, 352 West 117th Street, New York City, is interested in collecting photographs of locomotives belonging to the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and would be glad either to exchange photographs of other engines for those of New York Central machines, or to negotiate with any ST. NICHOLAS young folk who have taken photographs of N. Y. C. and H. R. R. locomotives, with a view to purchasing such prints as he might like to obtain. Mr. Goodyear collects no other railroad pictures and does not care to see any locomotive photographs except those specified.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Space. 2. Paler. 3. Altar. 4. Cease. 5. Erred.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. "Lady of the Lake." Five primals, Scott; five finals, Ellen. Cross-words: 1. Leave. 2. Parry. 3. Sidle. 4. Calyx. 5. Outdo. 6. Taffy. 7. Tithe. 8. Shell. 9. Extol. 10. Blare. 11. Drain. 12. Shake. 13. Haste.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Mt. Vernon. Cross-words: 1. Humor. 2. Match. 3. Vivid. 4. Check. 5. March. 6. Renew. 7. Whole. 8. Annoy.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none."

DIAGONAL. Hancock. Cross-words: 1. Haddock. 2. Mandate. 3. Cynical. 4. Outcast. 5. Peacock. 6. Mattock. 7. Skylark.

FAMOUS BATTLES. 1. Fort Fisher. 2. Bull Run. 3. Acre. 4. Cowpens. 5. Antietam. 6. Hohenlinden.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Charles George Gordon. 1. Mace, came. 2. Thin, hint. 3. Mary, army. 4. Bore, robe. 5. Teal, late. 6. Sear, eras. 7. Tuns, stun. 8. Sing, gins. 9. Bone, ebon. 10. Sore, ores. 11. Care, race. 12. Prig, grip. 13. Bale, Elba. 14. Page, gape. 15. Slow, owls. 16. Tier, rite. 17. Made, dame. 18. Rove, over. 19. Mane, name.——CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. McKinley.

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. M. 2. Baa. 3. Manna. 4. Ant. 5. A. II. 1. Beast. 2. Enter. 3. Atone. 4. Sense. 5. Trees. III. 1. E. 2. Elf. 3. Ellen. 4. Fed. 5. N. IV. 1. Songs. 2. Overt. 3. Never. 4. Grebe. 5. Strew. V. 1. R. 2. Who. 3. Rhoda. 4. Odd. 5. A. VI. 1. Grant. 2. Ramie. 3. Amuse. 4. Nisan. 5. Teens. VII. 1. E. 2. Eve. 3. Every. 4. Era. 5. Y.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Edmund Burke. 1. End-ear-ing. 2. Pro-dig-ies. 3. Dis-man-tle. 4. Ref-urn-ish. 5. Con-not-ing. 6. Con-dig-nly. 7. Dis-ban-ded. 8. Sat-urn-ine. 9. Tet-rag-ons. 10. Mon-key-ing. 11. Def-end-ing.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 24 from Elsie Ludlam—Florence Helwig—Elizabeth Lee Young—Constance W. Bouck—Dorothy Manheim—Margaret McEntee—Helen A. Moulton—Helen H. McIver—Florence Noble—Sara M. MacCloskey—Florence S. Carter—"Allil and Adi"—Anna Southard Larner.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 24 from Mary G. White, 9—Claire A. Hepner, 9—Orrin G. Judd, 9—St. Gabriel's Chapter, 9—Elizabeth H. Sherley, 8—Gwenfread E. Allen, 8—St. Anna's Girls, 8—A. Eugene Griffin, Jr., 7—Edith M. Hutchinson, 7—Katherine Dennis, 6—Whitney Ashbridge, 4—Philip Tapperman, 4—Mabel Wilbrandt, 3—Eleanor E. A. Herring, 3—Kelsey L. Martin, 1—Mary L. Lytle, 1—Frances S. Snyder, 1—Mary R. Steichen, 1—Dorothy Nixon, 1—Frances Palmer, 1—Margaret Wells, 1—Cecelia Cadwallader, 1—Virginia Mason, 1—Frances Lloyd, 1—Margaret Rowe, 1—Edna Stoker, 1—Priscilla C. Bullitt, 1.

DIAMOND

1. IN packing. 2. A stout little saddle-horse. 3. The fruit of certain trees. 4. To hold. 5. Any four-footed animal that may be used for labor, food, or sport. 6. To hold a session. 7. In packing.

JAMES WATSON (age 13), *League Member.*

CONNECTED SQUARES

. . . .
. . . .
. . . .

I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A shellfish. 2. Learning. 3. Surface. 4. Flesh.

. . . * * * * . . .
. . . * * * * . . .
. . . * * * * . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A Biblical character. 2. A native of Denmark. 3. A feminine name. 4. Food, in general.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Animal muscle. 2. Every. 3. A measure of land. 4. A pronoun.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A pronoun. 2. A fleet animal. 3. Previously. 4. To measure.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A pronoun. 2. To possess. 3. Balanced. 4. To repair.

JAMES A. MILLER (age 13), *League Member.*

QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

EXAMPLE: Quadruply behead and curtail real, and leave a color. Answer: subs-tan-tive.

Quadruply behead and quadruply curtail: 1. Consecrations, and leave a common domestic animal. 2. Harmful, and leave to hasten. 3. Payment in part, and leave the whole. 4. Certain school text-books, and leave a smart blow. 5. Pertaining to theology, and leave a bulky piece of wood. 6. A great or heroic deed, and leave the first woman. 7. Disagreeable, and leave a title of respect. 8. Ornaments, and leave a rodent. 9. To admit, and leave a wise-looking bird. 10. Harshness, and leave a couch. 11. Degrees of heat or cold, and leave epoch. 12. Tending to describe, and leave to take out sewing. 13. Pertaining to the Puritans or their doctrines, and leave a color. 14. Obstacles, and leave tarnished. 15. Justifiable, and leave a busy insect. 16. Journeys, and leave an edge. 17. Putting upon a fixed allowance, and leave pale. 18. Tendency, and leave a feminine name. 19. Having a pleasant disposition, and leave a masculine nickname.

When the words have been rightly beheaded and curtailed, the initials of the nineteen three-letter words remaining will spell the name of a famous English naturalist who was born in February, 1809.

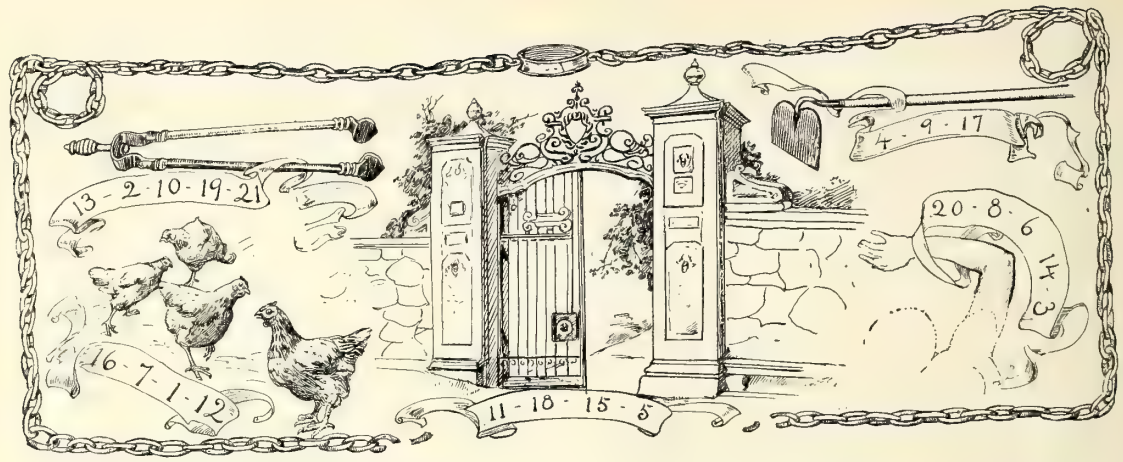
"CHUMS."

A "MANNISH" PUZZLE

EXAMPLE: What man is crazy? Answer, Man-iac.

1. What man do we live in?
2. What man is a director?
3. What man includes everybody?
4. What man is the fruit of an East Indian tree?
5. What man belongs to the nightshade family?
6. What man is a mere dwarf?
7. What man is a Chinese official?
8. What man is an official command?
9. What man is a peculiar tree?
10. What man is part of a lathe?
11. What man is a big African baboon?
12. What man is a praying insect?
13. What man is miraculous food?
14. What man takes care of our nails?
15. What man is a big, aquatic animal?
16. What man is very evident?

ROSE LEWIS (age 15), *League Member.*



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

This differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of twenty-one letters, forms a famous tribute paid by a famous Secretary of War to a famous President, on a memorable occasion. What was the tribute and what was the occasion?

CHARADE

My *first* is thine,
My *second* mine,
My *whole*, a savory plant, I opine.

MARGARET A. BROWNLEE (age 15), *League Member.*

PATRIOTIC DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals spell the Christian name of a famous man, and my finals spell the Christian name of his wife.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. The earliest form of an organism. 2. A feminine name. 3. Perfume. 4. Tear. 5. A deep, long cut in the flesh. 6. A feminine name.

EVELYN R. HEYMAN (age 10), *League Member.*

DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous man.

Cross-words: 1. An Italian seaport. 2. What Daniel Webster declared to be inseparable from union. 3. A famous vessel of the Civil War. 4. A fine city. 5. A Virginia seaport. 6. A city that bears the name of a great animal. 7. A name borne by two famous historical painters.

ELIZABETH A. HARRIS (age 12), *League Member.*

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS

1. Doubly behead to gaze rudely, and leave a common little verb. 2. Doubly behead an article of furniture, and leave atmosphere. 3. Doubly behead to pulsate, and leave to plunder. 4. Doubly behead to decay, and leave to lubricate. 5. Doubly behead languished, and leave a masculine nickname. 6. Doubly behead a bird, and leave a large receptacle for grain. 7. Doubly behead to reject with scorn, and leave a vase. 8. Doubly behead to cleanse vigorously, and leave to polish. 9. Doubly behead a weapon, and leave riot.

When these words have been rightly guessed and doubly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of an American who began his career brilliantly but ended it under a dark cloud. He was born February 6, 1756.

CHRISTINE CHIPMAN (age 13), *League Member.*

NOVEL ACROSTIC

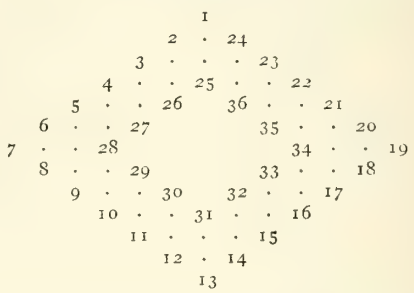
When the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a national hero.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. An industrious animal. 2. Idle talk. 3. A red stone. 4. To commend. 5. To act. 6. A musical term meaning "slow." 7. To deplore. 8. A pocket-book. 9. To curb. 10. An old-fashioned dance. 11. A physician. 12. A breastpin. 13. A certain part of a church. 14. Roams.

GERTRUDE HUSSEY (age 11), *League Member.*

WORD DIAMOND

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1915*)



Reading across: From 2 to 24, a river; 3 to 23, solemn; 4 to 22, a state; 5 to 26, nourishing liquid; 6 to 27, zealous; 7 to 28, to drag; 8 to 29, a native of Scotland; 9 to 30, a big lake; 10 to 16, a mythological deity; 11 to 15, a sorrowful song; 12 to 14, catchword; 32 to 17, intimation; 33 to 18, a landing-place; 34 to 19, a metal; 35 to 20, a great river; 36 to 21, part of a spy-glass.

Reading downward: From 1 to 25, an animal; 2 to 26, to descend; 3 to 27, sullen; 4 to 10, sad; 5 to 9, a relish; 6 to 8, a common verb; 29 to 11, fastened; 30 to 12, a poem; 31 to 13, actual; 32 to 14, enormous; 33 to 15, a tree; 22 to 16, a kind of dye; 21 to 17, half-frozen rain; 20 to 18, part of the head; 23 to 35, the first garden; 24 to 36, wicked. JAMES G. MEEHAN (age 15).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



Any Weather Is Billiard Weather

And Any Home Has Room For A Brunswick Table

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A real man's game for a real man's table that you can play with dad *and hold your own.*

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ADDRESS .....



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Woman's winsomeness, charm and appeal depend largely upon her complexion. The delicate tints of a clear, smooth skin enhance her beauty to a marked degree. It is in accomplishing this much-coveted condition that

Hinds
HONEY AND ALMOND
Cream

is so potent, so helpful. Not only will it restore the skin that's roughened, irritated or chapped by winter's harsh atmosphere, but 'twill remove the dry, drawn, tired appearance consequent upon indoor entertainment.—A delightfully clean, non-greasy, refreshing cream that must be tried to be fully appreciated.

Let us send you booklet and liberal samples of Cream. Enclose 2c stamp for postage.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c

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TRY HINDS CREAM SOAP—Its rich, creamy foam cleans, softens and freshens the skin. Since it contains no free alkali it will not dry nor irritate the skin. Ideal for delicate complexions. Price 10c and 25c. Trial size cake postpaid, 5c.





"Hey, Bill, you ought to give 'em a head start!"

"Sure, give 'em any start they want and then beat 'em to it. Skating's all right but I'd sooner ride my bike any day, 'cause it's got a

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

The Brake that Brought the Bike Back

"Besides, if I want to skate, I can take my wheel and ride a couple of miles up to the old ferry where the ice is smoother."

This wonderful device makes any bicycle easy and safe to ride; it never gets out of order; maintains perfect control, and doubles the pleasure of riding, winter or summer.

When buying a new wheel, be sure it is equipped with the New Departure; or you can have one fitted on your old wheel.

Send your nearest dealer's name and address and we will send you a gold-plated "Joy Boy" stick pin, free.

The New Departure Manufacturing Co., 105 Main St., Bristol, Conn.



A dainty and wholesome confection, are Maillard's

Chocolate After-Dinner Mints

One-half Pound box **25c** Prepaid on receipt of price

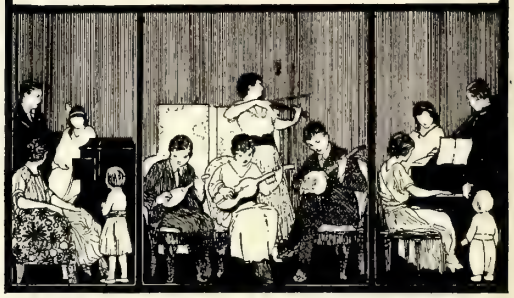
Booklet ***"Maillard's Confections"*** *with second series Poster Art Stamps—* ***Free.***

Maillard

Publicity Department

116 West 25th Street, New York

MUSIC NOTES



You know that music affects you, and that different kinds of music affect you in different ways. A spirited tune played by a band will make you walk more quickly and keep in perfect step with the music. Usually you do these things quite unconsciously. A great many stories are told of weary soldiers being filled with new vigor and ambition by the strains of martial music. So it would seem that band-music is inspiring and makes you want to do things. People of all ages are affected by dance-music and find it almost impossible to sit still when it is being played. It makes you feel joyful and long to be active. Then there is the kind of music, the soothing kind, that rests you and you just want to sit quietly.

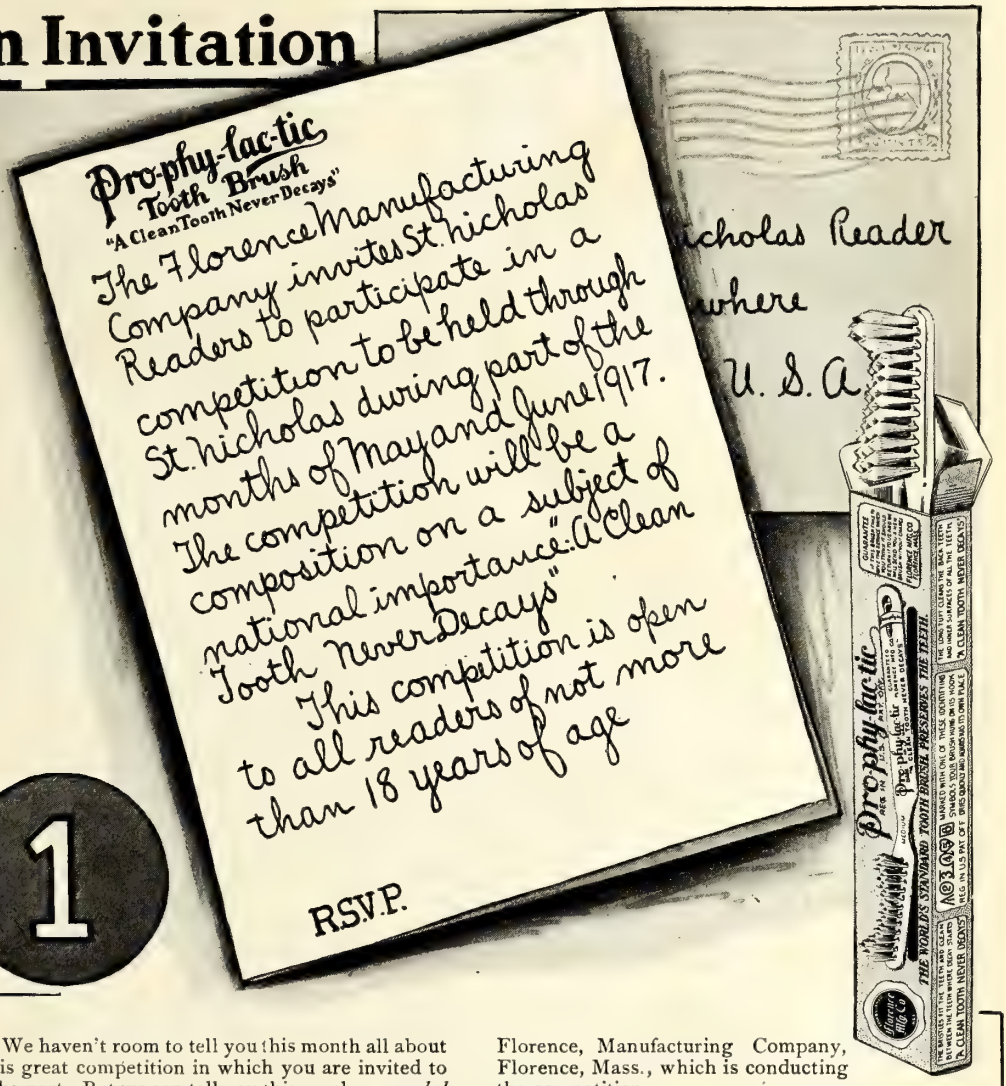
Interesting stories are told of the important part music has played in all the ages in the lives of people. It is said of Mr. H. G. Wells, the writer, that when his day's work is finished he spends a "thrilling half-hour" with his player-piano. Long ago, King Saul, who suffered greatly from nervousness, found it very soothing to have David play to him on the harp. Stendhal, who wrote criticisms of music in the early years of the nineteenth century, was cured of a fever by listening to Haydn's Mass, for while he listened to the music he was so stirred that he "broke into a perspiration," and the fever left him and did not return. There are many instances like these which go to prove the influence that music has on the feelings, and that it has much to do with good health and in producing a cheerful disposition. It is very important that you should cultivate this instinct, which seems to play such a prominent part in every-day life.

* * *

Of course you have all read the story of Kitty Cheatham, in ST. NICHOLAS last month. You would all like to see her and hear her. It may be that she will not get to every town where the magazine is read, and you may not

(*Continued on page 22.*)

An Invitation



1

We haven't room to tell you this month all about this great competition in which you are invited to take part. But we can tell you this much—*a medal will be awarded to every reader who competes*, and one hundred and four prizes will be given to the writers of the 104 contributions that are most meritorious!

Probably you'd like to know just how to go about writing your composition.

The first thing is to fill out the little tooth-brush coupon down at the bottom of this page, tear it out along the heavy dotted line and mail it to the Florence, Manufacturing Company, Florence, Mass., which is conducting the competition.

Then they will send you much interesting information about the subject. You know that company makes the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. (If you can't pronounce this long word, ask mother. It's in the dictionary, too.)

Now is the time to send the coupon so you surely won't forget to enter the competition. To compete for the prizes, all you need do is to enroll; that is, send your name and address to the company.

If you want to enroll but do not wish to cut your St. Nicholas, just write a letter saying so, and mail that instead of this coupon. Address: The Florence Mfg. Co., Florence, Mass.

Street.....

Town.....

State.....Name.....



Protect Their Little Feet *Now!*

DON'T let narrow, pinching, "fancy" shoes bend your children's feet out of shape. Protect their little feet *now*, if you want them later on to be safe from bent bones, flatfoot, ingrown nails, corns, bunions, callouses.

Broad-toed, sensible Educator Shoes are designed by orthopaedic experts to "let the feet grow as they should."

Made for MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Because the whole family needs them. Get your children into Educators today, and you'll follow suit in a little while.

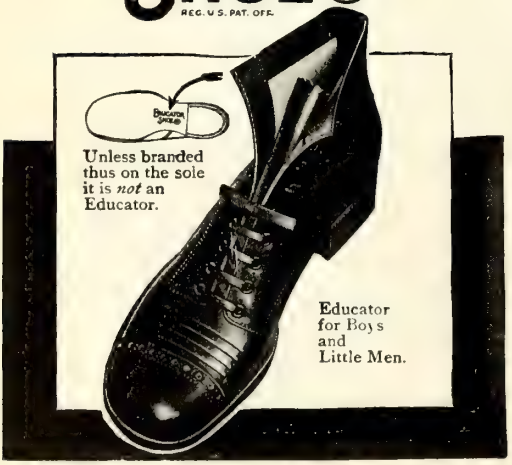
But look for EDUCATOR on the sole when you buy. It guarantees the correct orthopaedic shape. And send today for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," a startling book on feet. Facts by orthopaedic experts. Free.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE ®

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



MUSIC NOTES

(*Continued from page 20.*)

all be able to see her, but every boy and girl may hear her. She has put two of her most popular pieces on a record. The Mother Goose songs, which all children love and which you remember Miss Cheatham sang for a "number of learned professors," is one of them. In the other she tells the story of the kitten who was disobedient and what happened to him in consequence, and then she sings the charming little French Folk-song.

* * *

When the opera "Hänsel and Gretel" is sung, there are often almost as many children in the house as there are grown-ups. It is a fairy opera, you know, and is built on the story of the Babes in the Wood. When the curtain goes up on the first act, the scene is the house of *Peter* the broom-maker, the father of *Hänsel* and *Gretel*. The boy, *Hänsel*, is busy making brooms, while his sister knits. *Hänsel* is hungry, and wonders when they will have something to eat. *Gretel* evidently thinks it will not be very soon and she advises *Hänsel* not to complain. Their mother comes in and sends them out to the woods to gather strawberries. In the middle of the woods there is a witch, who lives in a house made of "honey-cake." This witch is fond of catching little children and baking them in her magic oven, which turns them into gingerbread. When the father, *Peter*, comes in and hears where the children have gone he tells his wife about the witch, and she is dreadfully frightened. The two children wander along gathering berries and picking flowers, until they suddenly find that they are lost. The forest is dense and night is coming.

The second act shows them clinging to each other, frightened at not being able to find their way home. They begin to get sleepy, too, because the *Sandman*, or *Sleep Fairy*, comes along and throws sand in their eyes. While he throws the sand he sings a little song, and before they know it they are fast asleep.

When the third act opens they are still sleeping. Then the *Dawn Fairy* comes and shakes dewdrops in their eyes, and they awake to find that they are near a house. They walk up to it cautiously and discover that the fence which surrounds it is made of gingerbread! As they have had nothing to eat but a few berries since the day before, they are very hungry and they begin to nibble at the gingerbread fence. The witch comes out, casts her evil spell about them, and takes them into the honey-cake house with the intention of baking

(*Continued on page 24.*)

Reminders of the Old Spanish days along the motor boulevards of California



The road builders of California know the value of natural scenic attractions . . . . . .

A network of perfect motor roads joins the Sierras and the blue Pacific, including famous El Camino Real . .

Luxurious resort hotels are but a few hours motor trip apart . . .

Four daily California trains via the Santa Fe, and the Santa Fe de-Luxe weekly in winter. Fred Harvey serves the meals all the way . .

Grand Canyon and Petrified Forest en route . . . . . .

Booklets of trains and trip upon request . . . . . .

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., A. T. & S. F. Ry., 1072 Ry. Exch., Chicago

Santa Fe



Happy, healthy babies are the joy of the home, and when mother is unable to provide nature's food for her little ones, "Eagle Brand" is her best friend. It provides a safe food, containing all the necessary elements for building firm flesh and bone.

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

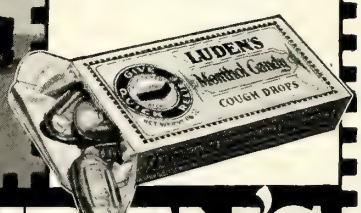


"Wet Feet" the Only Discomfort If You Give Him LUDEN'S

After playing outdoors without "overshoes"—the children need Luden's. Quick relief from coughs and colds. No coloring—no narcotics.

In "Yellow Box"—5c





LUDEN'S
MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

Luden's have many uses—some of them new to you. For the breath, throat, disordered digestive organs, Luden's are very helpful.

WM. H. LUDEN, Mfg. Confectioner, READING, PA.

MUSIC NOTES

(*Continued from page 22.*)

them into gingerbread. She builds a fire, and while it is heating the oven, she takes her broomstick and rides gaily around the room, singing her wild witch's song Presently the witch opens the oven door to see if it is hot enough for her baking, and *Gretel,* running up behind her, pushes the witch into the oven and shuts the door. Now *Hänsel* and *Gretel* dance merrily around, singing as they dance, in anticipation of the goodies they will eat from the witch's store. To their great surprise, all the gingerbread children come to life as soon as the witch is in the oven, and tell *Hänsel* and *Gretel* that they are the means of breaking the witch's spell. While the children who have come back to their real selves are thanking their rescuers, the mother and father of *Hänsel* and *Gretel* arrive, and the curtain goes down on the happy reunion.

* * *

Are you one of those fortunate boys or girls who have attended grand opera at one of the world's great opera-houses? The most famous houses are the Opéra in Paris, the Royal Opera in Berlin, the Metropolitan in New York, Covent Garden in London, La Scala in Milan, and the Royal Opera in Madrid. Many other cities in Europe and North and South America also have opera-houses, but owing to the great expense of producing an opera, the number is extremely limited. In America, wealthy people, and, in many other countries, the government, help to share the expense in order that all the people who love music may be permitted to enjoy it in this most elaborate and sumptuous form.

If you have ever attended a performance, you can tell your friends what a resplendent spectacle it is. The huge audience towering to the ceiling in tier upon tier of boxes and balconies, if not a part of the production, is at least a most interesting feature of the occasion. People who do not know very much about music miss half the joy of the performance, for such persons merely view the scenery, the costumes, and the lighting effects Marvelous as these things often are, they are not really the opera. So, whenever any one asks you, "Why do you study music?" you will have two answers, eager to be told. The usual answer says, "I study music because I enjoy playing for myself and because I give other people enjoyment by playing." And the second answer is, "I am studying music so that I may understand and enjoy the best music that has ever been written by the greatest musicians who ever lived."

For Correct Styles—
For Patterns That Fit—
For Easier House-Keeping—
For a Guide in Buying—
For Fancy Needlework—
For Wholesome Stories—

We suggest that you send your subscription now to start with April (printed in March), our Easter Annual Spring Fashion Number.



More Than One Million Three Hundred Thousand (1,300,000) Discriminating Women Every Month Turn to McCALL'S MAGAZINE

March and April numbers may sell out before your order reaches us—buy them at 10c each at any News-stand or McCall Pattern Agency.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

Announces a Change in Price

The pages of McCALL'S for 1916, end on end, would reach from New York to San Francisco forty-five (45) times, and weigh over ten million (10,000,000) pounds.

In 1917, raw paper, of the high grade we use (one of the biggest items of expense in publishing a magazine of large circulation), will cost nearly twice as much as we paid last year. Besides, ink, type metal, engravings, labor—in fact everything that goes into making McCALL'S—has nearly doubled in cost.

To lower McCALL standards, or cheapen McCALL quality, was unthinkable. The one and only thing to do was to increase our subscription price and keep on improving our magazine.

McCALL'S is now ten cents (10c) a copy, seventy-five cents (75c) a year ($1.00 Canada; $1.50 foreign). March number on sale in February; April number, with advance Easter Fashions, on sale in March. However, *for a short time only*, opportunity is here given to subscribe at the old low rates.

A FASHION AUTHORITY RECOGNIZED FOR NEARLY 50 YEARS

How often you hear, "She hasn't a bit of style." You know women possessing extravagant wardrobes, yet who are never stylishly dressed. You also know women who spend a very modest sum on their clothes and you wonder how they manage to dress so charmingly. Our Fashion Editor says, "*STYLE is a matter of TASTE rather than money.*"

Taste, you will agree, however excellent, must have a reliable guide. THE McCALL COMPANY of New York, founded 1870, makers of McCALL patterns (so favorably known for their style, fit, simplicity, and economy) and publishers of McCALL'S MAGAZINE (Monthly), THE McCALL BOOK OF FASHIONS (Quarterly), McCALL'S EMBROIDERY AND NEEDLEWORK, etc., enjoy a prestige of nearly fifty years' success as Fashion Publishers and offer just such a guide in the monthly style news (recognized as authority), richly illustrated in black and white and in colors, by the choicest new, approved designs, and patterns that faithfully reproduce those designs.

1917 EDITORIAL PROGRAM

You and all your family will surely enjoy these added March and April features:

"The Nameless Man," big new serial story of love, mystery and surprising climaxes, just starting, by Natalie Lincoln; "Latch-Strings Ajar," story of a friendly house by the road and a lonely girl and how her Romance came, Katherine Kingsley Crosby; "The Church that Waked Up," Montanye Perry; "Sixteen," a girl misunderstood, Mary Lerner; "The Thorny Path," about a woman who dared; "Seven Times Seven," married problem, Royal Brown; "Personality" of Jeannette Rankin, first Congress-woman; Color Masterpiece, "Gossip," Carl Marr, etc. Stories and articles follow later from these popular writers: Helen Christine Bennett, Anne Gunter Boykin, Mariel Brady, Helen Topping Miller, William Hamby, Lilian Ducey, and many others.

DEPARTMENTS THAT HELP

Cornell's Domestic Science Classes use McCALL'S. Many home-loving women look upon McCALL'S as a "household necessity" because of these practical service departments:

Correct Social Usage—What Priscilla Learned at Boarding-School, Mary Marshall Duffee; Words—How to Use Them, Emma M. Bolenius, text book Author; Home Millinery, Evelyn Tobey, Millinery Director Columbia University; Common-sense Beauty Talks, Annette Beacon; Paris Fashion Letter, Paris Correspondent; Home Dressmaking, Margaret Whitney; Embroidery, Genevieve Sterling and Helen Thomas; Children's Page, Frederick White; Baby Welfare, Mary L. Read, Director School of Mothercraft; Foods and Food Values, Isobel Brands; Gardens, F. F. Rockwell; Household Decoration, Mary H. Northend; Parties and Entertainments, Martha Grossman; Housekeeping Exchange, Helen Hopkins.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT BEFORE MARCH 31, 1917 (St.N.)

Mark a cross (X) before items wanted. Pin this coupon to a sheet of paper, write name and address plainly and mail with Money Order or Check—send 50c or less in U. S. stamps, or send coins or bills by registered mail (for Canada and Foreign no stamps accepted)—to

THE McCALL COMPANY, McCall Building, 236 to 246 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send....McCall's Magazine **one year,** 50c enclosed (75c Canada; $1.00 Foreign).

Please send....McCall's Magazine **two years,** $1.00 enclosed ($1.50 Canada; $2.00 Foreign).

Above prices not good after March 31, 1917.

Sample copy of McCALL'S MAGAZINE mailed to any address for 10c postpaid.

Canadian Branch at 70 Bond Street, Toronto

P. S.—Also please send items marked below: ....McCall's Spring and Summer Pattern Catalogue. 2c enclosed. ....McCall Book of Fashions (Spring Quarterly), 35c enclosed. ....McCall's Embroidery and Needlework (500 designs), 25c enclosed. ....Fund-Raising Plan for Churches, Schools and Societies. .... Bicycle Offer to Boys and Girls. ....$5.00 Pin Money for Spare Time. ....Cash Offers to Agents. ....Book of 300 Gifts and how to get them without money. ....Name and address of your McCall Pattern Agency nearest to me.

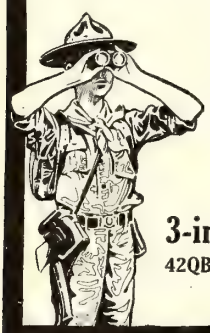
BOY SCOUTS—ALL BOYS —TRY 3 IN ONE FREE

"Attention!" We want every Boy Scout and every other boy in America to give 3-in-One a good hard test, *absolutely free.*

Write *today* for a generous free sample and the valuable free 3-in-One Dictionary. 3-in-One has been for over 17 years the leading bicycle oil. It makes all bearings run much easier and prevents wear—cuts out all dirt and never gums or clogs. It cleans and polishes, prevents rust on all metal parts.

3-in-One is also the best gun oil. It oils exactly right trigger, hammer, break joint—cleans and polishes barrels, inside and out; polishes the stock like new, too.

Always use 3-in-One on your ice and roller skates, fishing reels, scroll saws, golf clubs, cameras and every tool you own. A few drops do the work. 3-in-One will keep your catcher's gloves soft and lasting, also prevents rust on your catcher's mask.



3-size bottles at all good stores: 10c, 25c and 50c. (The 50c size is the *economical* size.) Also in patent Handy Oil Cans, 3 ozs., 25c.

Write for the free sample *today.*

3-in-One Oil Co.
42QB Broadway, New York

REGISTERED 3 IN ONE TRADE-MARK

CLASS RINGS

PINS-MEDALS-PENDANTS

CATALOG FREE. Pins 15c and upward.
K10 and K30, Plate, 50c.; 14K Gold, $2.00.

C. K. GROUSE CO., Mfrs.
North Attleboro, Mass. Box 24.

9170 RING
Sterling 1.00 each
Gold 3.75 each

LE PAGE'S GLUE 10c

USE FOR PAPER WORK

Jack's Trophy Room

Already every inch of wall space in Jack's Bedroom was covered with trophies and pictures of every kind—a football, tennis racket, canoe-paddle, photographs of his base-ball team, and a wonderful collection of knick-knacks, all tastefully placed with the aid of

Moore Push-Pins

Encourage your boy to have this kind of a room. The invisible glass heads and steel points of the Moore Push-Pins are just the thing for light weight wall decorations, and the Push-less Hangers for heavy ones. Will not mar walls or woodwork. Samples and Booklet Free.

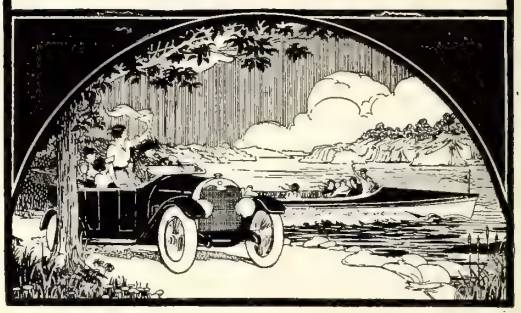
Moore Push-Pins, Made in 2 Sizes
Glass Heads, Steel Points

Moore Push-less Hangers, 4 Sizes
The Hanger with the Twist.

10c Packets
Everywhere or by mail

Moore Push-Pin Co., Dept. 38, Philadelphia

MOTOR



All around the country, automobile shows are attracting the attention of hundreds of thousands of people, including boys and girls, each one eager to see what new developments the new year will bring forth. Every one wants to examine, and thousands will buy, the new cars. Ten years ago there were only 120,000 motor-cars in use in the United States; to-day, according to Mr. John N. Willys, there are more than 3,352,000—worth about two billions of dollars.

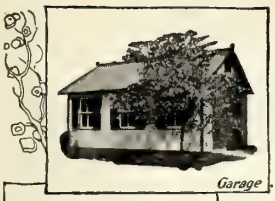
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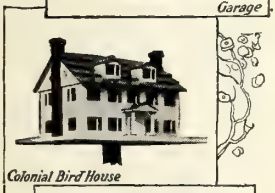
The principle upon which the gas-engine operates is familiar to most boys and many girls. In order that every one may understand it clearly they have only to know seven facts. First: gasolene flows from the tank into the little carbureter, where it is mixed with air. Second: this gas enters the closed cylinder of the engine through a valve. Third: the gas is drawn into the cylinder by suction as the piston goes down. Fourth: the gas is compressed as the piston goes up again, because all the valves are closed and the gas cannot escape. Fifth: when all the gas is packed tightly in the very top of the cylinder, an electric spark from the magneto or batteries explodes it. Sixth: the explosion blows the piston to the bottom of the cylinder. Seventh: a valve opens and lets the burned gas out through the muffler. This process is repeated over and over.

* * *

If you should go into a garage a few years from now and ask for some gasolene, perhaps the attendant will say: "We have no gasolene, but I can fill your tank with cod-liver oil or melted butter. We also have some excellent cream, very thick and rich." To-day you might say the poor man was quite out of his head. What would you say if you knew that right

(*Continued on page 36.*)


Garage


Colonial Bird House


Cottage

HODGSON *Portable* HOUSES

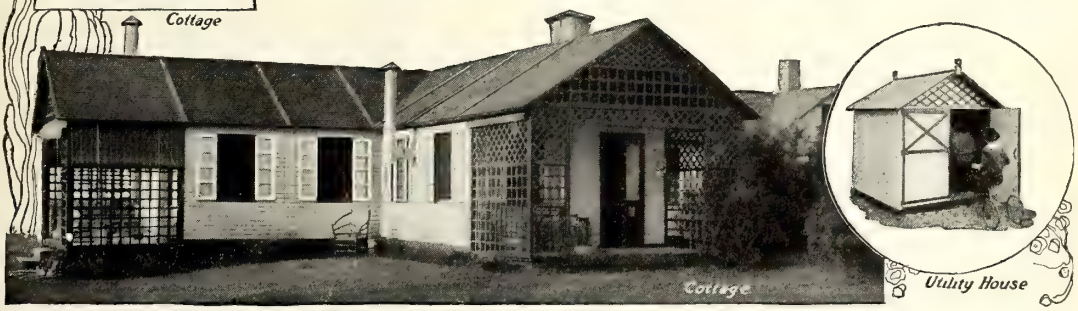
Maybe you intend to build a garage or a playhouse for the children; a bungalow or a couple of chicken houses. If so, first get a catalog of Hodgson Portable Houses.

These houses are made in sections that interlock for rigidity and constructed so simply they can be quickly bolted together by unskilled workmen. They represent the quickest and least expensive method of erecting a small house. Thoroughly practical for any season or climate.

If you intend to erect a house in the Spring or Summer don't wait till then to order. Be sure of it when you want it by ordering now. If 25% of the price of the house is paid, we will prepare and hold your house until wanted. This saves you money and insures prompt delivery.

Our catalog shows you the great variety of purposes that Hodgson Portable Houses are made for.

E. F. HODGSON CO., Room 248, 116 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
6 East 39th St., New York City


Cottage

Utility House



Into a Child's Mouth

Goes Anything and Everything
For That is Child Instinct

DURING the child's play hours you cannot be always on hand to prevent its putting things, *and sometimes very dirty things*, into its mouth.

But you can teach the child to wash its mouth morning and evening with

Dioxogen

(*A tablespoonful to a quarter of a glass of water*)



Then you are taking every reasonable precaution against germ infection and you are forming a habit that if anything is *more important to health than brushing the teeth.*

Many grownups of to-day are suffering because they were not taught mouth hygiene.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES

WE recently had a "query" about Canadian stamps. The answer to it really belongs here. A few days after receiving this letter, there came one from Jack McMahon, of Winnipeg, enclosing the two stamps about which we had been asked. One of these stamps was the two-cent oblong war-tax stamp in brown (see illustration). The second was in design like the regular "1 T c" two-cent postage, illustrated some time ago; but the color was brown, instead of the red of the ordinary two-cent stamp. It is said that the color of this combination postage and war-tax stamp has been permanently changed to brown in order to help the clerks in the post-office, who found it difficult to distinguish the two similar red stamps. We understand that this same brown stamp can be had in a coil, perforate 8.



Through the courtesy of Arthur J. Peterson, of Chicago, we have seen the new 2½-, 7½-, and 15-pfennig stamps of Germany. We understand that the 7½- and 15-pfennig values are due to an increase of fifty per cent. in the postage rates throughout the German Empire. We all know how our own stamps can be purchased at the post-office in little booklets, interleaved with waxed paper to prevent sticking. Now, do our readers know that this can be done in Germany also, and in a far more interesting way? We can buy either 1-cent or 2-cent stamp books; but in Germany one can buy a book which contains two values, 5-pfennig and 10-pfennig stamps; and not only this, but on one page, side by side, unsevered, are stamps of both values—the 5-pfennig green and the 10-pfennig red. One can have a pair of stamps—one green and one red. And apparently there are to be more of these combination booklets, for among other things, Mr. Peterson sends us an unsevered pair of the 2½ gray and 7½ orange. Such combinations have always been popular with collectors, and we have no doubt that this new one will be well received.

Tunis sends us a novelty in the way of a series of Red Cross stamps. Nine values of the pictorial set, from 15 centimes to 5 francs, have been surcharged with a Geneva cross and value 10 c. in red. Hitherto, this has been an added cost to each stamp; but we understand, in this instance, that while each stamp is sold at *face* value, each has a *postage* value of only 10 centimes.

Since our last comment on war-tax stamps, there has been a flood of them. One-line surcharges and three-line, local printings and London printings, have followed one another in a variety which cannot be compassed in the limits of this monthly page. Suffice it to say that now all the British West Indies have been heard from with at least one variety of war-tax stamps. While all of these are very interesting, and should be in every collection, yet they do not lend themselves well to illustrations.

Argentine sends us a series which we illustrate. The lower values show a portrait of Laprida; the 5-c. and 10-c., a picture of the Declaration of Independence at the Tucuman Assembly. The higher values are similar in design to the lower, but are larger in size, and the portrait in the center is that of San Martín.

Mexico still continues her mad career of surcharges. We illustrate the latest type, which not only distinguishes the stamps of one warring faction





from another, but also changes the value. We have seen several already, but only time can tell how many there really are.

Another "Occupation" stamp: the French stamps of Middle Congo (Moyen Congo) are surcharged for use in the captured territory of the German Cameroons. The surcharge is in three lines: "Cameroun — Occupation — Française." There are also rumors of many occupation overprints for the different forces—English, Belgian, and Portuguese—operating in German East Africa. We hope to be able to tell more about these next month.



ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶A. P., of Seattle, Washington, has a collection of over seven hundred varieties, and is especially fond of scenic stamps (or those which have animals upon them), and can, in his stamp-collection, take a voyage nearly around the entire world. His letter contains two queries. First, about stamp-dealers: we use great care about soliciting advertisements from stamp-dealers. We believe that all those who advertise in the Stamp Directory are fully worthy of your patronage. Second, about pre-cancels: he sees "pre-cancels" advertised, and wants to know more about them. These interesting stamps, as their name indicates, rely for their distinctive characteristic upon the method of cancelation. They are used mainly by large shippers, people who send out thousands of catalogues, dry-goods houses, department stores, and mail-order houses. These people pur-

(*Continued on page 30.*)

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

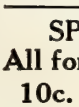
A STAMP ALBUM A collection of rare Mexican **WAR** stamps, including **Madero,** etc., 100-page catalog, perf. gauge and mill. scale, coupons, etc., all for **5c.** 100 all diff. **5c.** 1000 hinges **5c. Approval sheets 50% comm. Agents Wanted. We Buy Stamps.** HUSSMAN STAMP CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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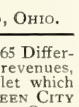
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(*See also page 30.*)

STAMP DIRECTORY—Continued

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(*Continued from page 28.*)

chase their stamps by thousands or tens of thousands in complete sheets, and then "pre-cancel" them, a sheet at a time, on a printing-press. The cancelation usually consists of the name of the city and State where the stamps are to be used. The varieties in the type and in the setting-up of the words (whether in one line, two lines, or more) all constitute collectable varieties. This method of cancelation results in a saving to the post-office, which in consequence grants the permit to pre-cancel the stamps. It is also a saving to the parties who use the stamps, is a protection against theft of stamps by employees, and has other advantages which tend to offset the cost of the printing. ¶ Undoubtedly many of the leading personages on both sides of the conflict raging in Europe are stamp-collectors. We have no data at all which would enable us to give a list of these. Anent the English navy, however, we recall having seen the statement that the commander of the Australian cruiser *Sydney,* which won fame by sinking the German commerce-raider *Emden,* is an enthusiastic collector.

A CORRECTION

IN the August issue of STAMP PAGE there was described and illustrated a Portuguese Provisional. The value, instead of being expressed in numerals, was in words—*um centavo.* In mentioning this word "um" we said we did not understand *Spanish* well enough to know whether or not it was correct. This implied that Spanish was the language used in Portugal and its colonies. Such is not the case. The language is Portuguese, and while similar to Spanish, it is by no means the same. Several readers of the Page at once called our attention to this slip on our part. Miss Eleanor Hebblethwaite, of São Paulo, Brazil, writes us at length and most interestingly upon the subject. She says, among other illustrations of the similarities and dissimilarities of the two languages, that the indefinite articles are *um* and *uma,* in the singular, in Portuguese, while in Spanish they are *un* and *una;* therefore the Provisional *um centavo* is quite correct.

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This department is to help gift-givers decide what to give boys and girls.

It lists only worth-while things.

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Everything mentioned here is made by thoroughly dependable firms.

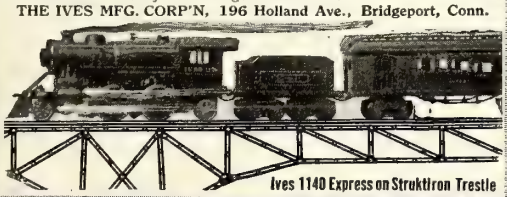


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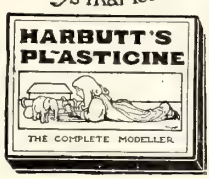


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ERECTOR



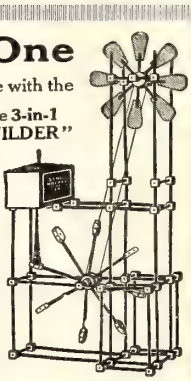
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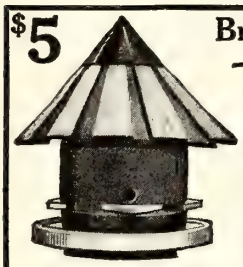


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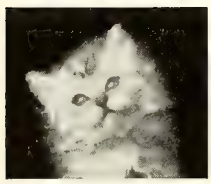
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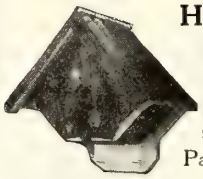
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Pets (Continued)

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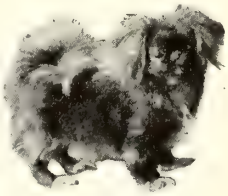
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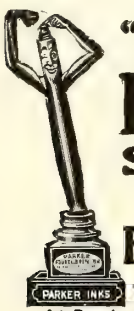
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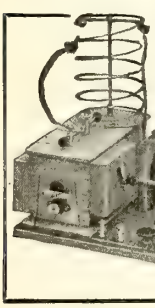
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Received hundreds of miles. Sends 12 to 20 miles. Perfect in every detail. Send your order to-day—we guarantee this outfit. Unassembled parts of this station **$11.95**. Our catalog gives full particulars of discounts on unassembled parts of all our stations. *Send stamp for our large catalog "N" of remarkable values.*

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OUR FEBRUARY OFFER

This month's special is the greatest skate and shoe offer ever made.



This Reg. $10.00 Fancy Skate and Shoe Outfit Boys' or Girls' **$6.50** With Coupon

Your choice of curved runner skate with saw-tooth front or highest quality hockey skate. Boys' shoe as illustrated —girls' shoe extra high cut. All delivery charges prepaid by us.

Continental Money Back Guarantee with every purchase. Bank reference, U. S. Mortgage & Trust Co. of New York. Write for Fall and Winter Catalog "S.N."

Watch for next month's special.

CONTINENTAL SPORTING GOODS Co.
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Coupon Value $3.50 Feb. Offer S. N.

GOOD FUN



THIS month is rich with days which everybody celebrates. Every one knows the history of Abraham Lincoln and of George Washington, and why the twelfth and the twenty-second of February are days set apart in honor of these great men. But very few people know who St. Valentine was. St. Valentine was a martyr who was put to death on the fourteenth of February, sometime in the third century. He had converted a subject of the Emperor Claudius to Christianity by curing the man's daughter of blindness. In St. Valentine's time there was a Roman festival celebrated in February at which it was customary for the names of young women to be drawn from a box by chance; the young men who did the drawing thereupon gave gifts to the persons whose names they drew. Our present celebration of St. Valentine's Day undoubtedly grew out of this ancient custom. To-day in England, Scotland, France, and America the fourteenth is a gala day, and many festivities are planned in honor of its saint.

Perhaps the memory of this saint is commemorated most suitably by a group of boys and girls in a certain New England town. They prepare surprise packages for shut-in people, children and grown-ups, and send them in the name of St. Valentine. Those who receive these packages, like the persons who receive your valentines, do not know from whom they come. That is, they do not know "for sure." Inside of each package there are twelve small packages, one for every month of the year, and they are wrapped in such a way that the contents are absolutely disguised. When the packages are opened, month by month, the book, or toy, or game, or whatever the contents prove to be, is a real and new surprise. Perhaps you would like to adopt the plan.

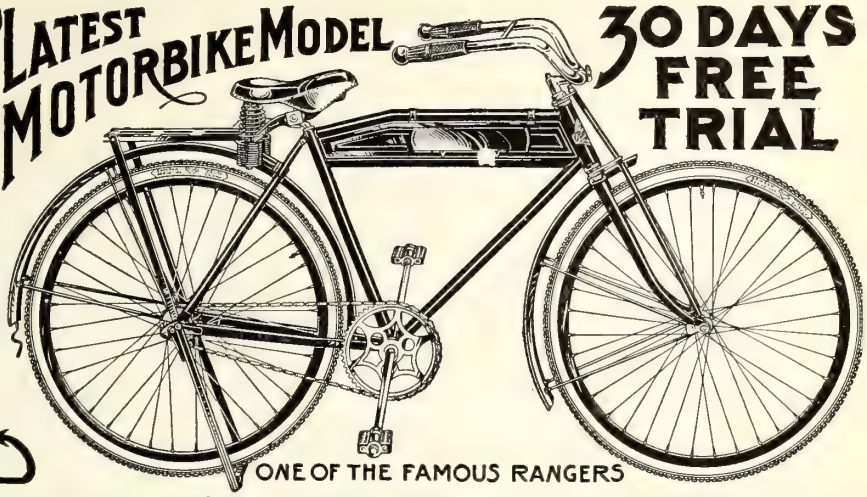
* * *

This is "Repair Month." It is time to inspect baseball outfits, tennis racquets and golf clubs and have everything put in "spic and span" condition for spring.

Rider Agents Wanted

We want a Rider Agent in every neighborhood to ride and exhibit the new *"RANGER."* You can select the particular style suited to your own needs. Boys and young men in all parts of the country are riding "Rangers" and taking orders from their friends. Our great output, perfected methods and machinery enable us to sell "quality" Bicycles at prices below all competitors.

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Your Choice of Forty-Four (44) Styles, **Colors and Sizes** in the famous line of ***'RANGER'*** Bicycles, shown in full color in our big new 1917 Catalogue just off the press. There are eighty-three (83) others, also, at prices ranging from ***$14.75, $15.75, $17.75,*** up. There is a ***MEAD*** Bicycle for ***every*** rider, at prices made possible only by our *FACTORY-DIRECT-TO-RIDER* sales plan.

SEND NO MONEY but write TODAY for the new 1917 Catalogue of "Ranger" Bicycles, Tires and Sundries *at prices so low they will astonish you.* Also, full particulars of our great new offer to deliver to you *all charges prepaid* your choice of any of the 44 kinds of "RANGER" Bicycles you may select, for *ONE MONTH'S FREE TRIAL.* This wonderful offer is *absolutely genuine.*

TIRES, LAMPS, Built-up Wheels with Coaster-Brakes, Inner Tubes, *Electric Lighting Outfits,* all the newest ideas in Bicycle equipment and Sundries, as well as the Repair Parts and Combination Offers for refitting your *old* Bicycle—all shown fully illustrated, at *HALF USUAL PRICES.* Our new Catalogue is the largest ever issued by any Bicycle concern. Even if you do not need a new Bicycle now, or Repair Parts, Tires, etc., for your old Bicycle, you need this Catalogue to tell you the prices you should pay when you do buy.

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The Rainbow Party. Seven Lovable

"HAPPIES"

(look like real children) and story "How the Happies Help." Prices: In envelope, 50c.; in artistic box, 75c.; in same box with dainty lace dresses, handsome gift, $1.10. Money order or draft remittance; *check 10c. extra.*

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The BIG BOOK you need and want. Describing positively the finest and most complete line of wireless, novelty, and experimental goods ever listed in any catalog and containing besides, innumerable tables, hook ups and treatises of inestimable value to the experimenter. Absolutely **Free.** Send **No** Postage.

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SPECIAL OFFER



Either style pin here illustrated with three or four letters and two numerals—one or two colors of hard enamel. Silver Plate 15c each, $1.50 per dozen; Sterling Silver 30c each, $3.00 per dozen. Write for 1916 catalog. Free upon request.



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Rear-Admiral Peary, who discovered the North Pole, is now the head of the National Aerial Coast Patrol Commission. He wants everyone to take an interest in aviation in order to defend our country from attack.



Flies Straight as an Arrow For Three Hundred Feet

Every boy's air fleet ought to contain one of these graceful flyers. This speedy little "air-ship" is a great one to *start* your air fleet with. It is so simple that any boy over eight can fly it 50 feet or more above ground and 300 feet straightaway. Its "engines"—Para rubber bands—are connected with fibre propellers, running on brass bearings. The outfit contains our patent multiple winder with which you can "crank the engine" in no time at all. You'll say that "model aeroplaning" is great sport. It's instructive too.

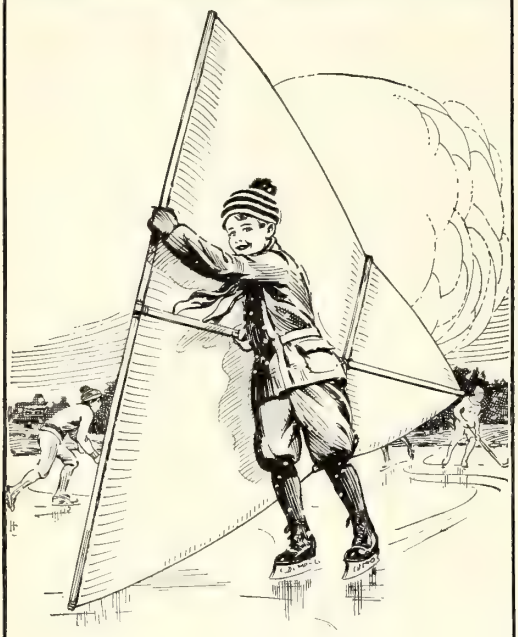
Send for yours to-day



If you have other types of Ideal Aeroplanes, get the BLUE BIRD too, and race it with others. They cost only $1.50 complete, put together and prepaid. Order yours from your store *by name* to-day if you can.

If no dealer can supply it, we will send you one upon receipt of the price. Send five cents to us for 48-page aeroplane book describing models and supplies.

IDEAL AEROPLANE AND SUPPLY COMPANY
84-86 West Broadway New York City



It takes good teeth to make an athlete

A clean mouth, the receiving station for nourishing foods, helps to build strong muscles.

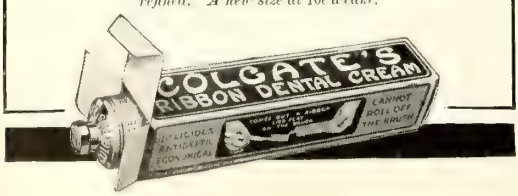
Like the ribbons of steel that carry the express train, so Ribbon Dental Cream carries health to the boys and girls who use it night and morning.

You will like Ribbon Dental Cream for it tastes so good and leaves the mouth so fit.

Sold everywhere or a trial tube sent you for 4c in stamps.

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Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, luxurious, lasting, refined. A new size at 10c a cake.



MOTOR

(*Continued from page 26.*)

now an engine is being made by several American manufacturers which will actually run without gasolene and with any fuel that contains animal or mineral fats or oils? This engine is the invention of a Danish engineer, Mr. R. M. Hvid. It has no carbureter, no magneto, no batteries, and no spark-plugs; and it has been run with melted butter, cream, cod-liver oil, castor-oil, road-oil, and kerosene. As you know, the gas in the ordinary engine is exploded by an electric spark; in this new engine it is exploded by an intense heat (950 to 1050 degrees F.), generated inside the cylinders by extreme compression of the air (400 to 500 pounds per square inch). In the present-day automobile engine this compression is only fifty to eighty pounds. Wonderful fuel-economy is claimed for this new type of engine, and up to twenty-five per cent. more power than the gasolene engine produces. Another advantage is that very small motors can be constructed producing only one horse-power. The Hvid engine is similar to the Diesel engine, but more simple. Diesels are used to propel the *Deutschland*, the German commercial submarine which has crossed the Atlantic Ocean four times.

* * *

The gasolene engine is beginning to take the place of dogs as a motive power for driving pack-sleds in Alaska. A new record for the round trip from Nome to Valdez was made in November by Scotty Allan, who has won the Alaskan sweepstakes several times with teams of dogs. His dogs are now in France on the battle-front, relieving the wounded. Their former owner purchased an aëro-motor—a gasolene engine with a propeller attached. He then fastened this motor to the back of his sled, and, after trying it out, set off for Valdez, 550 miles away. Within seventy-two hours he had arrived safely at his destination. The round trip of 1100 miles was made in ten days by aëro-sled. By dog teams the trip usually takes eighty days.

* * *

It is difficult to see how an open boat only twenty-four feet in length could successfully cruise from New York to Nova Scotia, a distance of more than six hundred miles in fifty-five hours. Such a feat was accomplished in a motor-boat last summer. The two men who made the trip insist that they enjoyed it.



The Greatest Sport of Them All

It has coasting with your bob-sled or double ripper beaten in a dozen different ways. And you can coast all year around. No waiting for a lot of snow, a good freeze or a steep hillside. *Every* day is a coasting day if you have a MIAMI-MADE Bicycle.

But you won't be really satisfied with anything but a MIAMI-MADE Bicycle. It has all the features of other makes and a lot they have n't got.

There are Four Lines of MIAMI-MADE Bicycles

The "Racycle," the "Hudson," the "Miami," the "Flying Merkel"

Go to the dealers in your city that handle these lines. Try them all before you decide. Pick out the one you like best. Tell Dad you want *that* bicycle and why. There are lots of bicycles, but there is only one kind that you really want and that is a MIAMI-MADE Bicycle. You 'll agree with us after you have seen them.

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If there is n't anyone in your city who sells MIAMI-MADE Bicycles write us and we will send you our catalog.

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The Hours We Don't Forget

The Same Good-Nights, for a Hundred Years, Will be Said Over Dishes of Puffed Grains



The little ones, in countless homes, will tonight float Puffed Grains in their bowls of milk.

Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs.

In times to come, their children's children will do the same, no doubt. For no man can ever make from wheat, rice or corn a better food than these.

The Pinnacle Foods Forever

Hundreds of foods have been made from these grains. But Puffed Grains mark the apex. They can never be excelled.

Prof. Anderson's process takes whole wheat or rice, and makes every atom digestible. Every food cell is exploded. Every granule is fitted to feed. No one can ever go further.

These grains are sealed in guns. For an hour they are rolled in 550 degrees of heat. The moisture in each food cell is changed to steam. The guns are shot and that steam explodes.

There occur in each grain a hundred million explosions—one for every food cell. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. They come out airy, flaky bubbles, as you see.

No other cooking process breaks more than half of the food cells. None can ever break more. So these must forever remain the sovereign foods produced from wheat, rice or corn.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c except in Far West

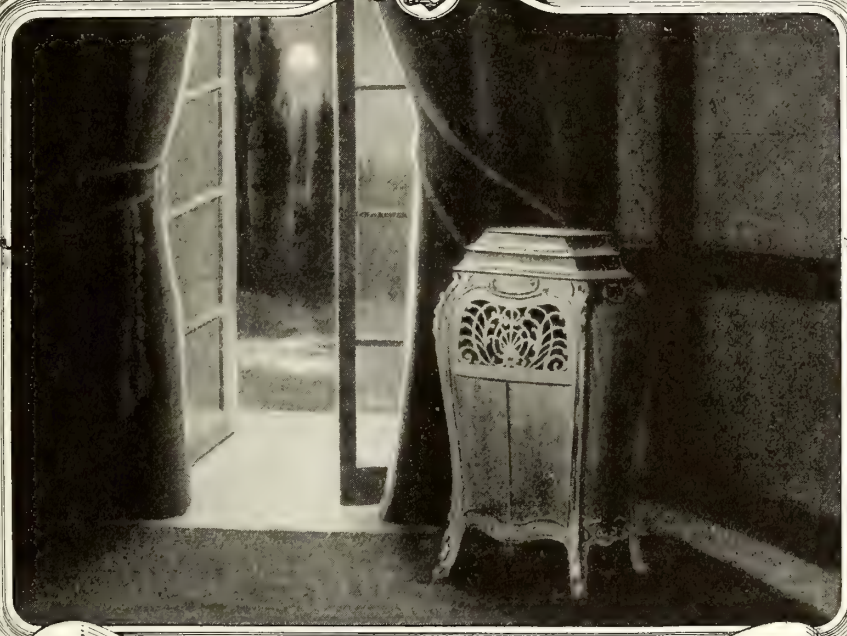
These are not mere morning dainties. They are all-day foods. Folks use them like nuts in candy-making, or as garnish for ice cream. They serve them as wafers in soup. Between meals they eat them dry. And no other morsels are so ideal for serving in bowls of milk.

Serve a different one each day.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1452)



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CLEAR AS A BELL

Of Infinite Beauty and Charm

LISTEN to the pure golden notes and you will realize at once that *this* is the phonograph you want.

ITS clear, rich tone won the highest score for quality at the Panama-Pacific Exposition against the world's competition. Sonora is invariably selected when heard in comparison. Every instrument is guaranteed.

LEARN about the Patented Tone Control, the Patented Motor Meter, the unique "bulge" design lines, the Sound Amplifier, the Swiss made Motor, and other superior features. Sonora plays *all* types of disc records *perfectly.*

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Ten wonderful models—$45 $60 $75 $100 $150 $175 $190 $225 $350 $1000

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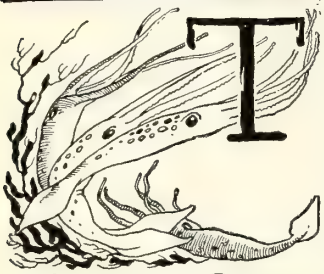
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Executive Offices: 57 READE STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Licensed and operating under *basic patents* of the phonograph industry

The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World

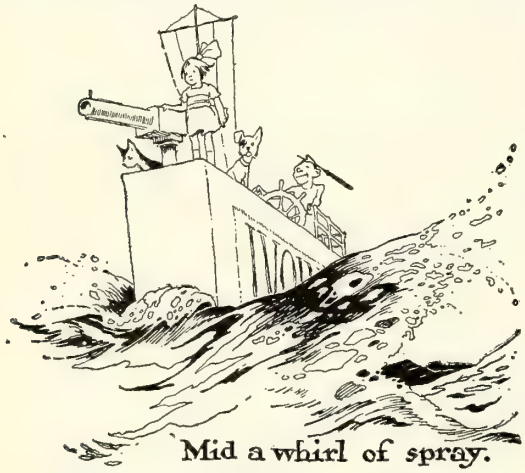
THE CRUISE of the IVORY WHITE



'TWAS high noon as the *IVORY White* like to a chafing steed brokelooseacross the sunlit sea—with awe-inspiring speed. Gnif had the wheel; Bob was below, as Betty, Snip, and Yow kept lookout 'mid a whirl of spray and spindrift at the bow. The speed of that fast motor boat was ninety miles an hour; Bob reckoned that its engines were ten thousand *pony* power. The steadiness of their good craft excelled their fondest hope, as for its *buoyancy*, Bob said, 'twas just like IVORY SOAP.

Cuttlefish!

So, it was not surprising that, by seven bells that night, their own homeland and



Mid a whirl of spray.

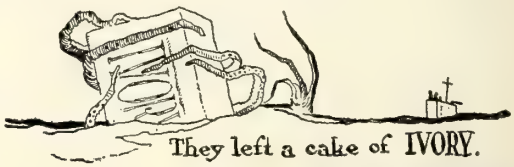
mountain tops had faded out of sight. The sea went calm. The moon rose up; all being snug and tight, our heroes ate their supper with a *monstrous* appetite. Each hero had a watch to keep. Snip had the *dog watch*, and the cautious Gnif had everything most thoroughly in hand. So, all was well. The first night passed. The *IVORY White* had run a course due south, and with a *bang* up rose the tropic sun. There on the port bow Bobby spied the ocean streaked with black, as if ten million quarts of *INK* had left their evil track.

"Dirt ho!" cried Bob. "Aye aye!" called Gnif, "ha, verily methinks we've



Grim was the task!!

struck the Sea of Cuttle Fish and dirty squirty inks. Hold hard, my hearties! Mind your eyes! Bob, keep our full speed steady. Snip, man our rapid-fire gun. Yow, get the soapsuds ready!" Mad was the rush of their staunch craft. Scarce had they time to wink when they were plunging madly through a *sea of squirmy ink*. Ah, 'twas a bravesome deed indeed, and doughty as you wish, to dash into that inky sea and *fight with cuttle fish*. Grim was the task all fraught with fits of splashy inks compounded when our brave crew beheld their craft by cuttle fish surrounded.



They left a cake of IVORY.

Reprinted by special permission of JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK (The Child's Magazine)

Though dirt and danger menace them, our heroes keep up hope
While they have left, to fight for them, one cake of IVORY SOAP.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE



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TRADE MARK REG.

This New Sport Model Combines Smartness With Economy



The youth and beauty of the land are adopting this new Overland as their very own.

Here at last is a car which for all its smartness of design is reasonably priced and inexpensively operated.

The two comfortable front seats are both adjustable forward or back to suit the reach of father or son, mother or daughter.

There is also a roomy, comfortable rear seat—so, four large people may ride sociably and in real comfort.

The Country Club is notable for its easy riding qualities.

It has long 42-inch cantilever rear springs which ease it over rough roads so smoothly that you might well imagine you were in a much heavier, bigger car.

The body is rich grey in color and the trim is black enamel relieved by an occasional flash of bright nickel.

Red wire wheels with one extra are regular equipment and give just the right dash of brilliant color.

It is an easy car to drive and handle, and good, big brakes make it safe.

The Country Club is in great demand so it is advisable to see the Overland dealer at once if you want an early delivery.



Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 895

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Manufacturers of Overland and Willys-Knight Automobiles

"Made in U. S. A."

New Model

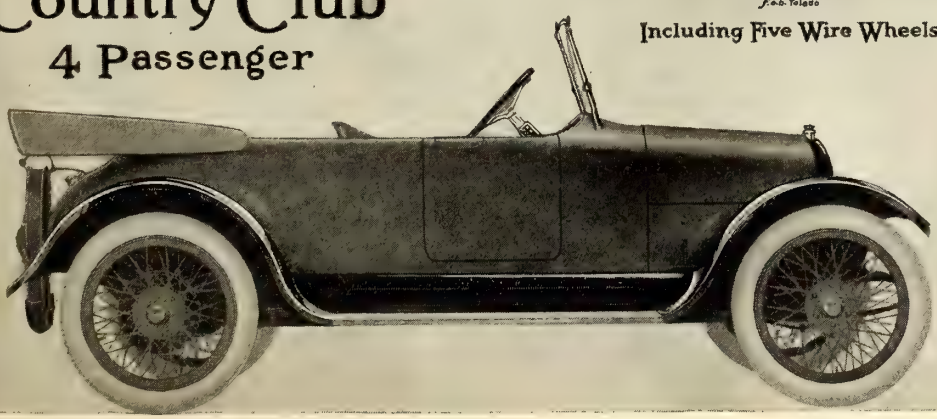
Country Club

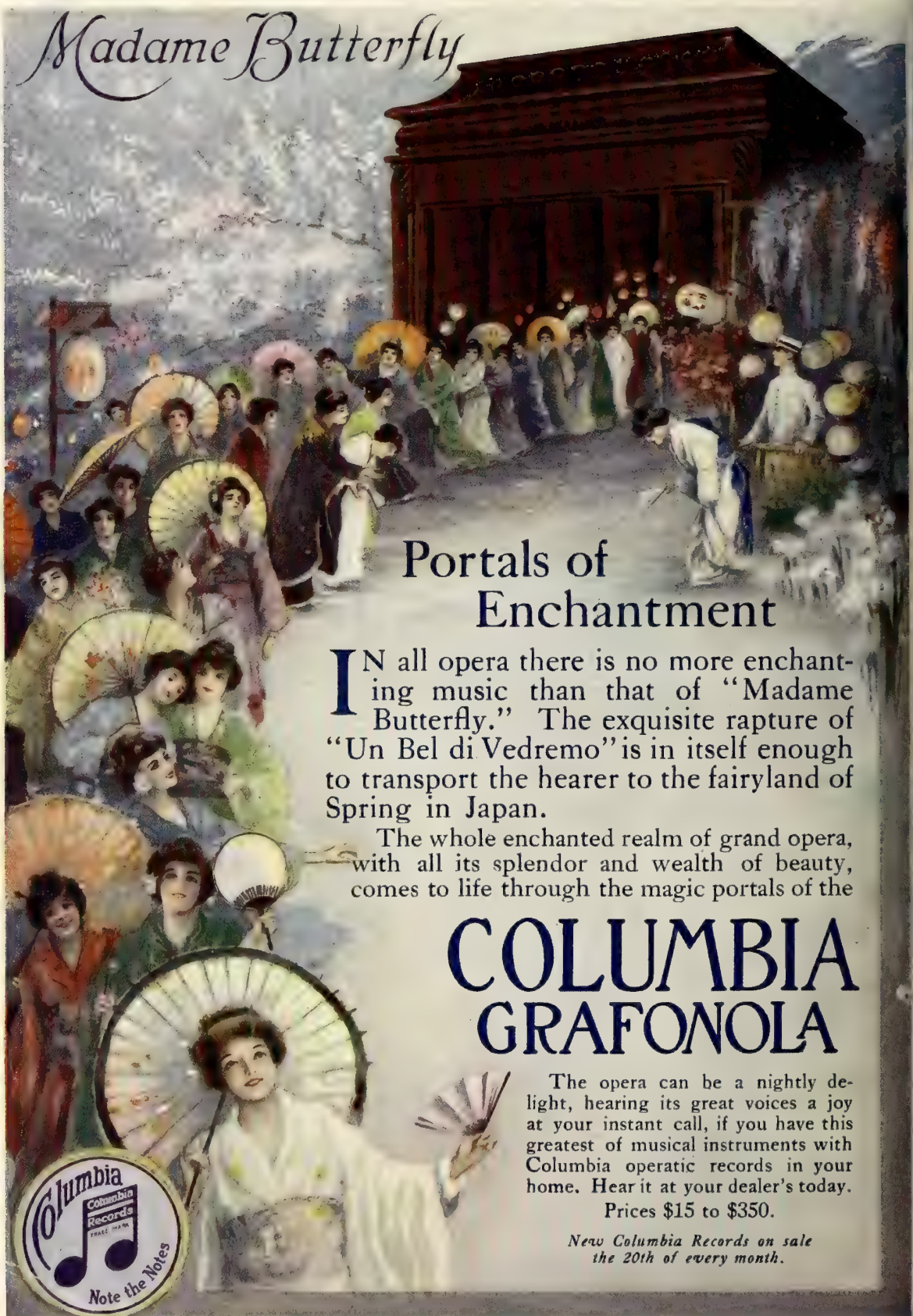
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The whole enchanted realm of grand opera, with all its splendor and wealth of beauty, comes to life through the magic portals of the

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New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month.

Columbia Records — Note the Notes

NICHOLAS



MARCH 1917


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THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
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"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"



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THE memories that music brings—all the poignant beauty, majestic grandeur and soul-thrilling splendor of the immortal music that, once heard, haunts memory's chambers forever, is echoed in the *tone* of Columbia Records.

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Bristol, Conn.

Prepare your baby's food
according to the

Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification

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The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.

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ST. NICHOLAS *for* APRIL



"The ADVENTURES of PIANG, the JUNGLE BOY" - - *By* Florence Partello Stuart

A series of stories, each complete in itself, dealing with the life of a brave Moro boy. Sympathetic understanding and intimate knowledge of the Philippines and their peoples make these tales absorbingly interesting as well as informative.

"THE SONG OF THE PADDLE" *By* John B. May

A poem longer than customary, but filled with the spirit of the woods at a time when many young people are planning the annual migration to summer camps.

"GIRLS in KHAKI" *By* Margaret Dadmun and Miriam W. Hubbard

Two articles dealing with the preparedness question as applied to girls. Unusual and enlightening experiences last May in the National Service School at Chevy Chase, Maryland.

"UNDERSTOOD BETSY" - - - - - - - *By* Dorothy Canfield

The little heroine has a real adventure and takes a long step forward in the path of self-reliance.

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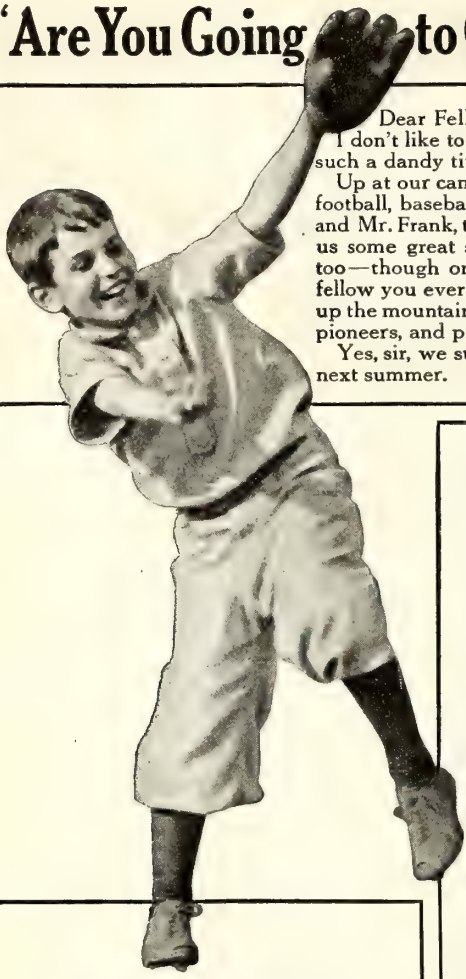
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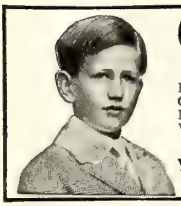
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3 distinct camps—Girls (12-18) (7-12), Boys (6-10). Complete equipment for every phase of camp life. 100 acres of pine woods, 4 sand beaches, 2 islands. Canoes, motorboats, sailboats and a big houseboat. Trips by canoe, trail and automobile to the ocean, with surf bathing. Horseback riding, crafts, pageants and camp plays. Unique combination of mountain, lake and sea. Each girl in the personal care of Dr. and Mrs. Luther Halsey Gulick, Founders of the Camp Fire Girls. Send for illustrated booklet.

Mrs. Charlotte V. Gulick, Director
Hotel Bellevue, Boston, to April 15, 1917





CAMP IDLEWILD

Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

26th YEAR.

FIRST THINGS
Development of character.
Cultivation of good manners.
Idealizing of purity of mind and body.
Vigilance for safety.

EXPERIENCE COUNTS
Twenty-five years of camp life.
Over fifteen hundred boys in camp.
Not a single serious accident.
Mr. Dick's personal supervision for twenty-five years.

7 miles of lake shore. Fleets of canoes and motor boats. Big new speed boat.

Your boy deserves the best. Idlewild provides it. 32-page Illustrated Descriptive Booklet on request.
Address JOHN M. DICK, B. D., 358 Exchange Building, Boston, Mass.

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CASCO BAY WEST HARTSWELL, MAINE

an exceptional camp

offering advantages and features that are not duplicated by any boys' camp

Sports consist of all salt-water sports, including lobstering, deep-sea fishing, trawling, and swimming, besides all customary land sports. Clambakes, bonfires, and cruising to be had throughout the summer. Exceptional food served.

Features consisting of ninety-eight-mile hike from Portland over Mount Washington, visiting Portland, Westbrook, Sebago Lake, Crawford Notch, Conway, Glen Ellis Falls, Knife's Edge, etc.; one-hundred-fifty-mile cruise in two-masted schooner from Harpswell to Eastport, stopping at Boothbay Harbor, Rockland, Bar Harbor, etc. Trip also down the St. Lawrence, including Niagara Falls, Toronto, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, etc.

No extra charges. Camp limited to twenty boys, none under thirteen years. For booklet and copies of the Camp Paper, "Casco Foghorn," address the director,

EDGAR P. PAULSEN, Principal
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY CHILDREN'S SCHOOL, WEST POINT, NEW YORK





CAMP KINAPIK

The Woodcraft Camp for Boys from 8 to 15

LAKE KEZAR, MAINE

Unique combination of Maine woods, lakes and White Mountains. Gather round the council fire, take the long canoe trip, learn the secrets of camp and woods as the Indians knew them; fish, swim, hunt and have a good time with us next summer. Each boy under the personal care of the director. Endorsed by Ernest Thompson Seton. For illustrated booklet address

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MOOSE POND TENTH SEASON

Two separate camps (ages 8 to 16). Real camp life on a big lake and in the big woods. All water and land sports, treasure hunts, pirate chase, army games. 1400 acres. 25 miles of lake shore. Fleets of canoes and motor boats. Long canoe and mountain trips. Four boys to each councillor, insuring good care with the advantages of the big camp.

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WM. W. CLENDENIN, 120 Vista Place, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

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Man-o'-war Drills, Seamanship, Signaling—just the life to appeal to the live American boy.

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Outdoor Camp Life, Nature Study, all Sports. Thoroughly organized and supervised. Write for booklets.

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Bonnie Dune All the fun of camp, all the care of home, given a few boys (8-14 years), on breezy, sunny, healthy Cape Cod.

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Location—On the shores of Mallet's Bay, Lake Champlain.

Object—To give boys the happiest, most profitable and healthful summer possible.

Sports—Swimming, canoeing, sailing, fishing, horseback riding, baseball, athletic meets.

Trips—Canoe trips, overnight picnics, motor-boat trips across the lake, trip to Montreal, hay-rides, automobile trips, tramping trips (with all the fun of pitching tents, building camp-fires, etc.).

Councilors—Experienced men, young enough to be jolly companions, and old enough to give the boys careful guidance.

Tutoring—You can arrange to study at Champlain under competent instructors if you wish, and enjoy camp life to the full at the same time. $175 for the season.

FOR BOOKLET, ADDRESS

WM. H. BROWN

311 W. 83d St. New York City



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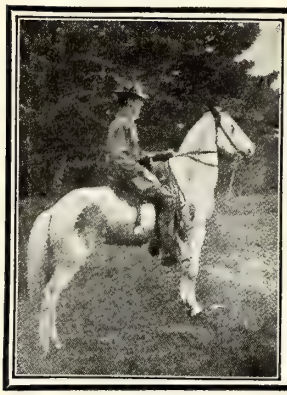
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Three camps—ages, 8-15. Efficient training all sports. Horseback riding, Boy Scouts, and Mt. Washington camp under West Point Army Officers. Mature, safe supervision. *Dry, airy bungalows. No tents.* A $15,000 equipment. Carefully safeguarded water sports. Trips, "real camping." "Movies." Boxing, wrestling instruction. Illustrated 64-page booklet. **Irving N. McColl, Hotel McAlpin, N. Y. C.**

Camps for Boys—Continued



CAMP WINNECOOK FOR BOYS

LAKE WINNECOOK, UNITY, MAINE. 15th season. Athletic fields for all sports. Horseback riding, canoeing, sailing, motor-cruising, auto trips, hikes. Indian tribes for juniors, archery, woodcraft. Photography. Fully equipped manual arts shops Tents and bungalows in pines. Send for booklet.

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15th season. 7 buildings. Boating, fishing, canoeing, swimming. Athletics planned according to physical ability of each boy. No tents. FISHER huts. Music, games and a good time every night. Camp contests. Tutoring if desired. References. Write for booklet.

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Holderness School,
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A junior camp in Belgrade Lakes region, Maine. Limited to 40 boys, up to the age of 16. Experienced counselor for each four boys. Camping, Riding, Fishing, Swimming, Canoe Trips, Hikes and Woodcraft. Sixth Season. July 1st to September 1st. Booklet on request.

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Pole Bridge Camp

FOR BOYS

Our booklet tells.

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The camp for manly boys. Fine influences. Splendid equipment. Swimming, diving, tennis, baseball, athletic meets. Read all about it in the booklet. Write to MR. WALLACE E. RICHMOND,
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FOR BOYS **Buzzards Bay, Cape Cod** *ELEVENTH SEASON*

WAMPANOAG CLUB ***An Island Camp for Boys over 14.*** 62 acres, pine groves, sandy beach, protected cove for safe sailing and swimming.

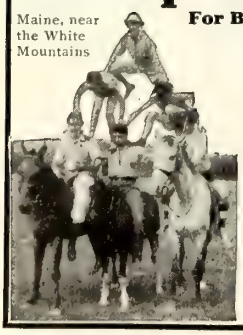
CAMP WAMPANOAG ***Salt Water Camp for Boys 8-15, inclusive.***

Both Camp and Club offer unusually healthful locations, pure water, safe, sanitary conditions—board-floor tents. **Sailing.** Land and water sports, boating, athletics, under experienced college men. Prizes. Camp mother. For illustrated booklet, address Mr. Aldrich Taylor and Mrs. B. E. Taylor, Directors.

240 Grant Avenue, Newton Centre, Mass.

Camp Katahdin

Maine, near the White Mountains



For Boys **17th Season**

Fishing and all sports of real camp life. Playing and athletic fields. Horseback riding under direction of a West Pointer. Mountain trips. Water sports. Games. Log cabin and tents. Safety, health and a good time.

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Ralph K. Bearce, A.M.
Powder Point School,
Duxbury, Mass.

NEW-YORK, Adirondacks.

CAMP POK-O'-MOONSHINE

Unquestionably one of the finest camps in the country. Ages 9-17. *12th season.* $20,000 equipment. Rates absolutely inclusive. Address DR. C. A. ROBINSON, Peekskill Academy, Peekskill, N. Y.

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CAMP PENN

Senior Camp, 12-16 years. Junior Camp, 8-11 years.

We would like to tell you about Camp Penn, one of the best equipped and undoubtedly the most interesting camp in the country. You see, Camp Penn is a very real kind of camp, a place for real camp-craft; and our boys—well, you have to be a fine fellow to enter Camp Penn! It would take a page to tell of the interesting and unusual things our boys do, and we can tell it better in our booklet. We would be glad to send you one.

CHARLES K. TAYLOR, M.A., Chestnut Hill, Phila., Pa.

Camps for Boys—Continued

FOR BOYS



19th year

50 Boys in the Morning Setting-up Drill

Equipment complete. Land and water sports.

Camp Wellesley On Lake Ossipee, New Hampshire

Address EDWARD A. BENNER, 11 CURVE STREET, WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

Full fleet. Sailing a specialty. Able counsellors. Booklet.

To Prospective Campers

ST. NICHOLAS for April will contain an article on Summer Camps which every one who loves the out-of-doors will want to read.

If you are not already a subscriber, send the little coupon with $3.00 and join the ST. NICHOLAS family.

☜ Follow the arrow!

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Dear ST. NICHOLAS: Find enclosed $3, for which please send ST. NICHOLAS for one year, beginning with the April number, to

Name.....

Address.....

St. N.—3-'17



THE BOOK MAN

When the Book Man was a small boy, and for many years thereafter, the books he loved most to read were tales of adventure, Indian massacres, sea-fights, and pirates. And he always asked first of all—is it true?

"Sailing Alone Around the World" by Captain Joshua Slocum (The Century Co., $1.20) has both qualities. There are adventures on every page and all are true.

Captain Slocum is a Yankee, a "naturalized Yankee" he calls himself, for he was born in Nova Scotia. "My father," he writes, "was the sort of man who, if wrecked on a desolate island, would find his way home, if he had a jack-knife and could find a tree." And all his grandfathers and great-grandfathers had followed the seafaring life for so many generations that it is small wonder that Joshua at eight years of age was a good sailor. He shipped as cook on a fishing schooner that year, but was "chucked out" by a mutinous crew after the appearance of the first meal, or "duff," as the fishermen call it.

"Sailing Alone Around the World" is the sort of book that every boy should have upon his book shelves. In its pages is found almost every kind of sea adventure a boy can imagine. There is a shipwreck in it, and Robinson Crusoe's island, and a visit to the home of Robert Louis Stevenson; an almost pirate, too, a "contrabandista" who served with Columbus as pilot on the *Pinta* in 1492 and who warned Captain Slocum against eating plums and cheese. And there are several rollicking sailor songs.

The most dreadful thing was the solitude in a fog "one could almost stand on." He describes the sensation of feeling himself "drifting into loneliness, an insect on a straw in the midst of the elements." He talked to imaginary seamen, but his voice "sounded hollow on empty air"; he took up an unused, and previously unappreciated, talent and sung lustily to the turtles and the porpoises out in the

THE BOOK MAN—Continued

Atlantic. Also he talked to the Man in the Moon.

Captain Slocum is officially dead. At last his wife and his publishers have abandoned all hope of his return and this year The Century Co. paid over to Mrs. Slocum the accumulated royalties of eight years on "Sailing Alone Around the World." Since November 14, 1908, when he sailed from Vineyard Haven, Mass., to take another solitary trip, no one has heard of him. In his good ship *The Spray* he set out, bound for the West Indies and expecting to return the following spring. On board he carried a cargo of one hundred copies of "Sailing Alone Around the World." No trace has ever been found of the Captain or his ship. Perhaps he went down in one of those fogs he has described so vividly. Possibly he changed his plans when out at sea and turned his course toward South America. A vague rumor, never verified, came back that he was seen on the Amazon, headed up stream and "making heavy weather." Undoubtedly he died, as so many years he lived,—alone.



"'Good evening, sir.'"

The Book Man

By the author of "Molly Make-Believe"

THE STINGY RECEIVER

By

ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT



THIS is a story of Mrs. Tome Gallien, a tremendously wealthy, keen-minded, sharp-tongued, bed-ridden woman, who is always sending presents broadcast, and whose dearest wish is this: "That the last mail of the day may never leave me utterly letterless—and that I may always be expecting a package by express."

It is also the story of Solvei Kjelland, who says herself that she is "young, and strong, and very laughing," and who has just come from Norway to America to learn about the Montessori method. But, by a joyful twist of fortune, she learns most about Mrs. Tome Gallien and about—

Dr. Sam Kendrue, who is as tall and young and handsome as Solvei, as brunette as she is blonde, as grim as she is effervescent and vivid; and is poorer than almost anybody, for when he receives the mysterious gift of a grand piano he has to move out of his little office to let it in.

About these and some subordinate characters the author of "Molly Make-Believe" weaves another of those whimsical, sparkling, laughing romances that have endeared her to so many hundred thousand readers.

5 illustrations by Fanny Munsell
Price $1.00 net

IF by any mischance you have failed to read these other stories by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott that make for more laughter and entertainment, you will want to repair the oversight as soon as possible:

MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE
One of the most remarkable book successes of recent years. A love story rich in that rarest of bewitching fiction elements—charm. 14 pictures by Walter Tittle. - - - - - - *$1.00*

THE SICK-A-BED LADY
A book of the most captivating short stories printed in recent years. 9 full-page illustrations. - - - *$1.30*

THE WHITE-LINEN NURSE
Wherein one of the most fascinating and whimsical of the author's heroines undertakes General Heartwork for the crusty Senior Surgeon and the Naughty Little Girl. Illustrated. - - - *$1.00*

LITTLE EVE EDGARTON
A story full of vitalizing laughter and tender humanity. Illustrated by Crosby. *$1.00*

THE INDISCREET LETTER
An astounding story that takes your breath away, delightfully. - *50 cents*

At all Bookstores
Published by

THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Avenue
New York City

A Page of the Best Books for Boys



© Mutual Film Corp.

The CAMERA MAN

His Adventures in Many Fields: With Practical Suggestions for the Amateur

***By* Francis A. Collins**

Author of "The Wireless Man," etc.

A fact-story by an adventurous veteran of the camera which reads like romance. The book tells what men can do, what men are doing every day, with the black box with the unprejudiced eye. A book full of entertainment and information for the general reader interested in adventure and popular science, and of very special value for the amateur photographer, to whom it offers many suggestive ideas.

These are a few of the chapter headings: "Aeroplane Photography," "The 'Movies' in Warfare," "The Camera Man at Sea," "Photography in Science," "The News Photographer." Thirty-two full-page illustrations. ***Price $1.30 net***

ON THE BATTLE-FRONT OF ENGINEERING

***By* A. Russell Bond, Managing Editor of "The Scientific American"**

Vivid "fairy-tales of science," featuring actual triumphs of American engineering. The two young heroes of the story visit and examine many of the most notable engineering undertakings of our time. They are fortunate in finding themselves under the guidance of an expert, who explains so simply and yet so comprehensively that the youngest reader can readily understand the tremendous campaign being launched against great natural forces "on the battle-front of engineering."

Among the chapters are: "Harnessing a River," "A Water-Cure for a Flattened Pipe-Line," "Light and Heat from Snow," "Feeding a River with Pumps," etc., etc. Profusely illustrated from photographs. ***Price $1.30 net***

THE WIRELESS MAN

***By* Francis A. Collins**

The romance of wireless electricity, containing a host of true stories of wireless adventure on land and sea, far stranger and more fascinating than fiction. Just the book you want, to explain what wireless electricity is, told in delightfully readable style. There is a technical chapter which the amateur wireless operator will find invaluable. Illustrated from drawings and photographs. ***Price $1.20 net***

CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING

***By* Cleveland Moffett**

Real incidents in the lives of steeple-climbers, bridge-builders, animal-trainers, deep-sea divers, acrobats, firemen, pilots, and other heroes of the every-day world. Illustrated by Hambidge and Varian. ***Price $1.50***

FAMOUS ADVENTURES AND PRISON ESCAPES OF THE CIVIL WAR

Thrilling stories of war-time adventure related by men who took part in the events described. One of the important "human document" books of our history. Illustrated. ***Price $1.50***

RANCH LIFE AND THE HUNTING TRAIL

***By* Theodore Roosevelt**

A book with all outdoors in it, and the standard book on ranching and hunting in the West. Illustrated with ninety-four of Frederic Remington's most famous pictures. ***Price $2.50 net***

At All Bookstores Published by **THE CENTURY CO.** **353 Fourth Avenue New York City**

Stories to Entertain and Instruct Young People

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Retold from ST. NICHOLAS

Indian Stories
Work and play of Indian boys and girls.

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Early days in Virginia and New England.

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Hero tales all boys should know.

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Vivid and true stories to inspire patriotism.

Our National Holidays
Origin of our country's celebrations.

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The beginnings of history.

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Tales of heroes, gods and goddesses.

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Manners and customs of lords and peasants.

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Adventures in the Pioneer West.

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Interesting facts about animals.

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Tales of information and adventure.

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Perils of animal trainers.

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Stories of the United States' one wild animal.

Stories of Brave Dogs
Illustrations of loyalty.

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STORIES of the GREAT WEST
***By* Theodore Roosevelt**

A wholesome and fascinating collection of stories of adventure and stories of history.

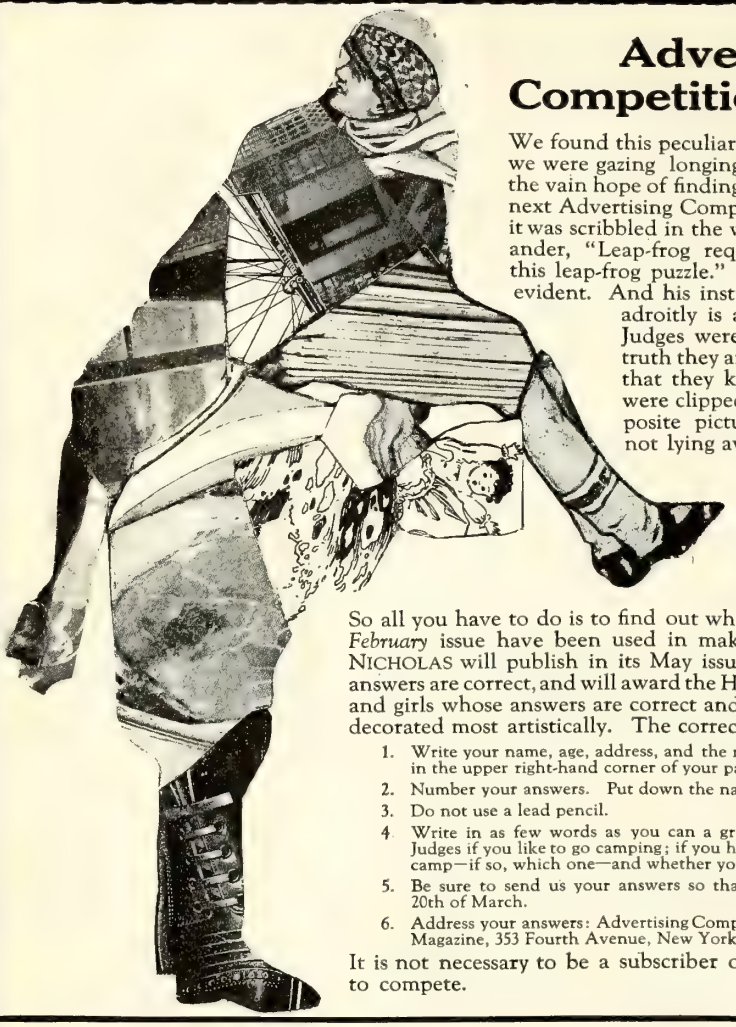
16 illustrations by Remington. Price 75 cents

FAIRY STORIES
Retold from ST. NICHOLAS

Do you believe in fairies? Every child will answer Yes who knows these stories, rhymes and pictures.

Price 75 cents

At All Bookstores Published by **THE CENTURY CO.** **353 Fourth Avenue New York City**



Advertising Competition No. 183

We found this peculiar picture the other day as we were gazing longingly out of the window in the vain hope of finding in the air an idea for the next Advertising Competition. On the back of it was scribbled in the well-known hand of Alexander, "Leap-frog requires agility and so does this leap-frog puzzle." Alexander's ingenuity is evident. And his instinct for concealing things adroitly is also apparent. Even the Judges were puzzled, and to tell the truth they are n't quite sure even now that they know what advertisements were clipped in making up this composite picture. However, they are not lying awake nights, because they have confidence in the ability of ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls, and believe you will tell them the names of the 13 advertisers whose illustrations Alexander used.

So all you have to do is to find out what advertisements in your *February* issue have been used in making up this picture. ST. NICHOLAS will publish in its May issue the names of all whose answers are correct, and will award the High Honors to the ten boys and girls whose answers are correct and whose contributions are decorated most artistically. The correct answers will be printed.

1. Write your name, age, address, and the number of this competition in the upper right-hand corner of your paper.
2. Number your answers. Put down the names of the 13 advertisers.
3. Do not use a lead pencil.
4. Write in as few words as you can a grammatical letter telling the Judges if you like to go camping; if you have ever attended a summer camp—if so, which one—and whether you expect to go this year.
5. Be sure to send us your answers so that they will reach us by the 20th of March.
6. Address your answers: Advertising Competition No. 183, St. Nicholas Magazine, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber of ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete.

Report on Advertising Competition No. 181

Over and over again the Judges have heard it said, "The ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are the brightest in the world." In their quest to find the "owners of the eyes" this is quite apparent. Here are the correct answers:

1. Pear's Soap
2. Erector
3. Parker Pen
4. American Flyer
5.
6. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter
7. Gorham Silverware
8. Ansco Camera
9. Colonial Toys
10. Ives Toys
11. Necco Wafers
12. Laycock Bicycles
13. Quaker Robe Co.
14. Eastman Kodak
15. Remington Rifle

Under the heading "High Honors" are printed the names of the boys and girls whose correct answers were illustrated, and under "Honors" appear the names of every one who gave the "eyes" back to their right owners, but who did not decorate their contributions.

High Honors

Norman Shaw
Katherine A. Bryant
Amy Zulich
Eleanor Talbott
Dorothy Horton
Philip Robinson
Frederica Pisek
Caroline Johnson
Ursula P. Hubbard
Margaret A. Cushman

Honors

Frances Anne Wilder
Viola Engman
Elise Maclay Mirkil
Katharine Asher
Elizabeth Lord Mackintosh
Frances B. James
Edna Frazier
Margaret C. Howland
Dorothy Hood
Agnes F. Peacock
Isabella Cass Childs
Mabel A. Wilbrandt
Muriel Haskell
Hilka Bastedenbeck

Honors

Helen Moon
Hazel Collier
Frieda Marie Kirchner
Frances Croosley
Isabell P. Woodruff
Mildred Cheney
Margaret Caverly
Beatrice May Kutzert
Clarissa Metcalf
Charles Theodore Robbins
Ruth E. Schumacher
Loraine Salisbury Eastman
Margaret McDonell
Anne Clara Merill

Honors

Margaret Warren
Dorothy Powell
Mary J. Owen
Dorothy Phipps
Margaret Hamill
Julia MacRae
Jeanette McBain
Anne Fontaine Maury
Delia Brodhead Brown
Robert W. R. Hartung
Gowans Smith
Edward Lane
Jasper Keeler
Charles Snapp

He walked with Kings



Frontispiece to A. B. Paine's "Boys' Life of Mark Twain"

HE could not know, standing there in his bare feet and his rough clothes, with his little schooling, that kings would do him honor when he died, and that all men who read would mourn a friend.

He could not dream that one day his work would stand in Chinese, in Russian, in many languages he could not read — and from humble doorman to proudest emperor, all would be gladdened at his coming.

He could not know that through it all he would remain as simple, as democratic, as he was that day as a boy on the Mississippi.

MARK TWAIN

He made us laugh, so that we had no time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

To us, he was just Mark Twain—well-beloved, one of ourselves, one to laugh with, one to go to for cheer, one to go to for sane, pointed views. Now he is gone, the trenchant pen is still. But his joyous spirit is still with us. Mark Twain's smile will live forever. His laughter is eternal.

The road ahead of that boy on the river bank was a hard one. Before "Mark Twain," a distinguished, white-haired man, and the King of England walked and talked together, his path was set with trouble. It was a truly American story—a small beginning—little schooling—good humor—and final, shining, astounding success.

Because he was of high and brave intellect, because he had humor as deep and as true as the human heart, and because he had struggled with life, he was a great man. So his works are great.

The Great American

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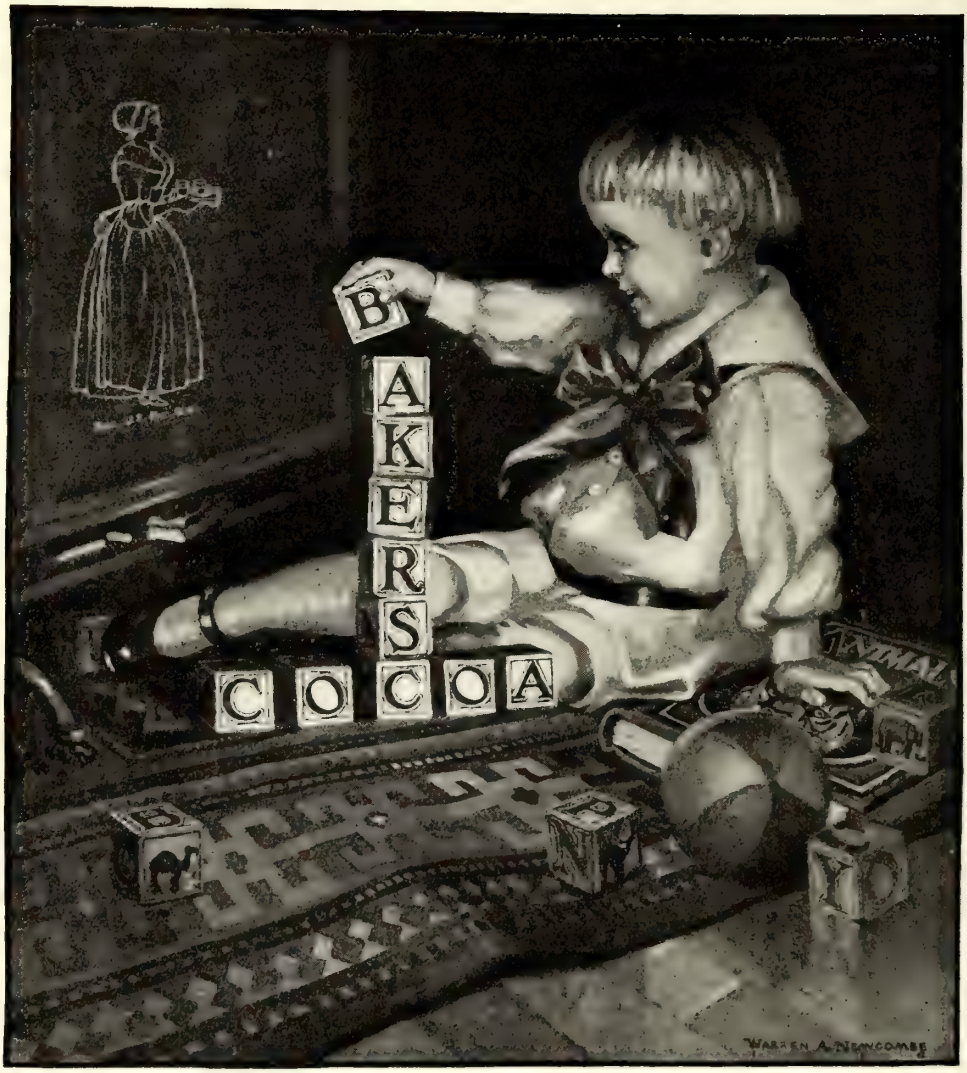
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A CONFLICT IN THE DARK

BY H. B. HULBERT, F.R.G.S.

Author of "In Search of a Siberian Klondike," "History of Korea," etc.

"THERE 's only one thing for it, and that is to go back and do my 'bit.'"

So said Frank Burleigh to himself as he was crossing a crowded street in Pittsburgh. The idea came to him so suddenly and was so startling that he stood stock-still in the middle of the street, and would have been run down had not the angry grunt of an automobile horn made him leap to the curb.

His father had brought him over from England ten years before, when he was only seven years old. That father was dead now, and the boy had had a hard time making his way alone. He had put his hand to all sorts of jobs, but being unskilled and so young, he had barely been able to make ends meet. But he never forgot that he was an Englishman. The call for volunteers in the great war at home reached to the corners of the world, and with a sudden leap of the mind, he realized that the call meant Frank Burleigh. He must go and do his part.

Three dollars and twenty cents was his financial limit, but he had an unlimited amount of British pluck; so he started to beat his way eastward to the Atlantic seaboard, hoping to find some way to get across the water to his own people. Friendly brakemen listened to his story and gave him a lift now and then. Kindly farmers gave him a ride in their wagons, and more than one motherly woman gave him a supper and a bed.

So it was that ten days later he found himself wandering along the North River front, gazing with envious eyes at the monster steamships that were being loaded with frantic haste, carrying munitions of war to the armies of England and of France. He tried to ship as a sailor, a stoker, a dish-washer—anything; but without success. Suspicion was in the air, and only well-known hands could secure a job on the great liners. It only made him set his teeth the tighter and determine to get across in spite of all obstacles.

One dark, foggy night he managed to elude the alert watchers on the dock and slipped aboard the biggest liner of them all. Hiding in the deep shadows, he waited until there was a change of shift. Then he mingled with the stevedores, as if he were one of them, and managed to get below into the cavernous hold of the vessel. It was dark and stuffy down there, but he groped about until he found a place where the curve of the ship's side had made it impossible to pack the freight tightly. Between two massive crates topped by another he discovered a nook where he could lie concealed. So it was that he became a stowaway.

In planning it out he had realized that there would be nothing to eat or drink, so he had spent his last penny on food, which he had stowed about his person as best he could. This, with a can of water, completed his meager outfit.

By the time he had found this little cubbyhole he was so worn out with watching and waiting that he fell asleep almost immediately. Hour after hour passed, and still he slept. The freight

was piled in upon his narrow cell until he was buried thirty feet deep beneath it; and still he slept. Busy little tugboats came snuggling up against the big steamer, like chickens trying to get beneath their mother's wing. They dragged her out into midstream, then her engines began to throb, and away she sped down the harbor, through the Narrows, past Sandy Hook, until the Old Atlantic took her in his arms; and still he slept.



"THE MAN WITH THE HAMMER LEANED OVER AND TAPPED THE SIDE WITH IT." (SEE PAGE 391.)

The vessel must have been ten hours at sea before Frank awoke and turned in his narrow cage. He had forgotten where he was. He tried to sit up, but as he did so his head came in sharp contact with the corner of a box. Then with sudden horror came the thought that he was buried alive under that mountain of freight.

But this was just what he had intended and hoped for. Why then should he be so terrified? Ah, he had not thought how it would feel to be cut off from his fellow-men as completely as if he were indeed buried. He could not endure it. His nerves simply gave way. He screamed at the top of his voice and clawed at the cases about him until his nails were broken and his voice was reduced to a whisper. Then he fell back with a shudder, covered his face with his hands to shut out the horrible darkness, and abandoned himself to tears.

Yet as he crouched there shaking with sobs, there came back to him the words that his father had always used when the boy gave way to a fit of anger:

"Steady, steady! Eyes front!"

It was a soldier's order, and now it came back to shame him. With an angry gesture he brushed away the tears, sat up as straight as the narrow confines of his prison-house would permit, and, staring straight before him in the dark, shouted those words of his father:

"Steady, steady! Eyes front!"

It checked his panic instantly, and he almost smiled to think how absurd it was to say, "Eyes front!" in such Egyptian darkness. If only he could have a light! He searched through all his pockets for a match, but with no success. This was one of the things that he had forgotten. It came near to bringing on his panic again, but he suddenly realized that he was hungry. He had had nothing to eat for almost an entire day. Before he had gone to sleep he had taken the precaution to remove all his food from his pockets and store it carefully in a crack between two boxes. Now he reached out for it, and his hand fell upon the rough, hairy back of a big rat that had been attracted by the food. He drew his hand back with a sharp cry, but he soon concluded that the rat must be as surprised as he. So he ate a sparing meal and then stowed the remainder of the food beneath his coat.

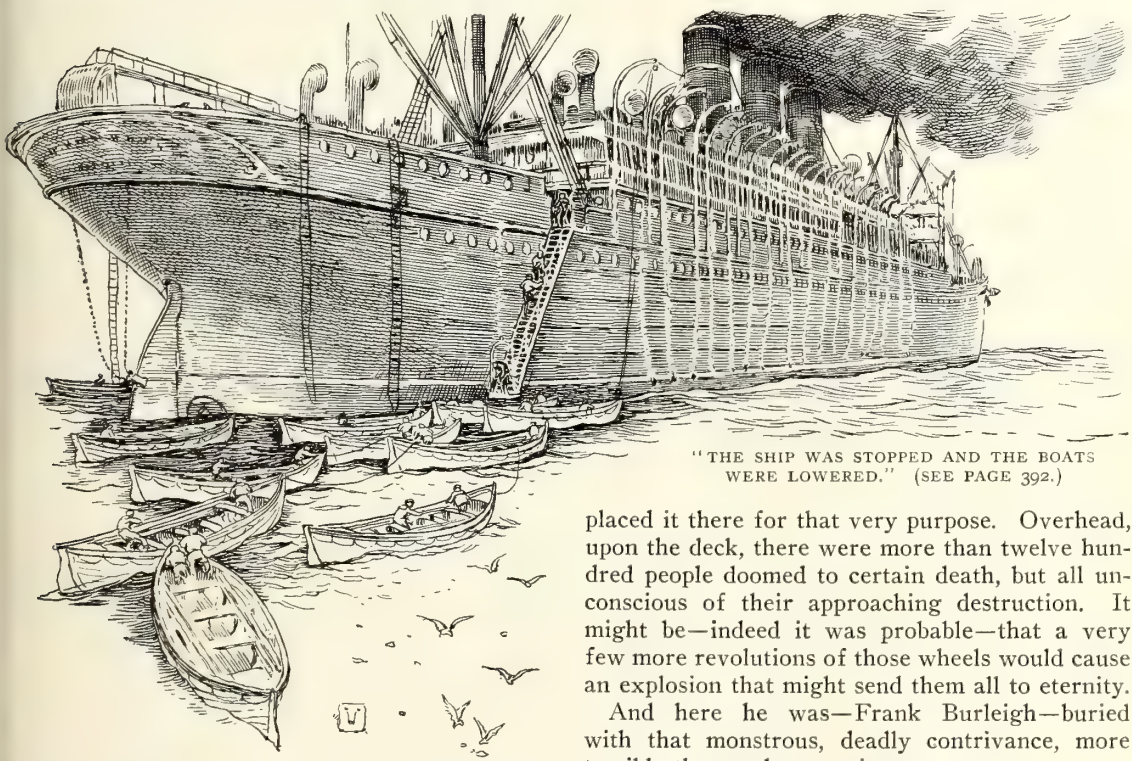
As strength and courage came back he began a careful examination of his cell. On the left,

as he remembered, was the curved sheathing of the hull. He knew he must be about at the water-line, for he could hear the waves swishing by outside. He judged that he must be in well forward, for if he had been amidships, the hull would have been straight up and down at the water-line. On the other side he was walled in by crates and cases and boxes of all shapes and sizes,—a perfect wilderness of wealth. Nor was this mass of freight entirely silent. That was the worst of it. The slow roll of the vessel made it creak and groan horribly. When the ship gave an unusually heavy lurch, it fairly screamed like a giant in torment. To his excited imagination these massive cases were complaining to each other and protesting against the torturing confinement.

As the boy lay on his side, with his head against one of the boxes, he suddenly became aware of a steady, rhythmical sound like the muffled ticking of a clock. He listened more intently. It certainly was a clock, ticking away as busily as if it stood on the kitchen shelf. He wondered vaguely why the Allies were buying clocks from America. Then he began to wonder why the clock was *going*. Are all clocks wound up and set going before being shipped? If so, why was only *one* clock ticking? But perhaps there was *only one clock!* It came like a shock of electricity—the terrible question:

"What is that clock doing in there?"

Frank went cold all over and shook as with the ague. He lay half dead with terror. He felt sure that within the box his head was touching there was some dreadful mechanism controlled by clock-work, and that at a set time it would light a fuse and ignite some explosive that would tear the ship to pieces. Some enemy had placed it there for that very purpose. Overhead, upon the deck, there were more than twelve hundred people doomed to certain death, but all unconscious of their approaching destruction. It might be—indeed it was probable—that a very few more revolutions of those wheels would cause an explosion that might send them all to eternity.



"THE SHIP WAS STOPPED AND THE BOATS WERE LOWERED." (SEE PAGE 392.)

And here he was—Frank Burleigh—buried with that monstrous, deadly contrivance, more terrible than wolves or tigers.

"Steady, steady! Eyes front!"

He repeated it a dozen times between chattering teeth before he could gain control of himself and think what must be done. That was it—"Face front!" No Englishman must turn his back to danger. Something *must* be done, and done soon. With clear realization of the tragic danger came action. He drew out his pocket-knife, a good stout one, and began a furious assault upon the suspected box. It was hard, slow work, but at last he had cut away a good big splinter from the corner and was making the chips fly in order to make a hole large enough to insert his hand. He *must* tear that box open. He *must* throttle that clock. Not only his own life, but all those other lives, depended upon him. England expected him to do his duty. This was what Providence had put him here for!

He fell to work again with feverish energy, but in his eagerness he overestimated the strength of his knife. As he was trying to pry off a big strip of the wood the blade snapped off short. He gave a cry of dismay. His weapon gone! What then? Give up? Never! He was an



"HE GENTLY DREW THE BOY OUT." (SEE PAGE 392.)

Englishman, and he would prove it. He had already made an orifice large enough to insert the fingers of both hands. He braced himself with a supreme effort and tore off a piece of board about four inches wide. Yet try as he might, he could do no more. The box held tight.

He thrust in his hand and felt a mass of tight wads of some dry, gritty material, with a queer, fuzzy surface. He tore it out in great handfuls and threw it behind him. The ticking of the clock now sounded plainer. This made him redouble his efforts, and soon he had his own den half filled with the queer, smelly stuff. Reaching in at full arm's-length he could feel something like a metal box in the center of the case. It was secured in place by rigid braces on either side. He had reached the heart of the plot, but success seemed as far away as ever. He could not get at that fateful clock!

He stopped to rest and think out the next move in the campaign. The ship was moving on even keel, and there was no sound of creaking or groaning from the boxes. He could hear faint sounds as of hammering, far away. He put his ear to the iron hull of the vessel. This, acting as a sound-conductor, brought to his acute senses the various sounds of the engine-room and the propellers. A new idea flashed across his mind and sent the blood pounding through his veins. One of the odd jobs that he had worked at for a few weeks was that of assistant to the station-master of a little village out in western Pennsylvania. During his odd moments of leisure he had been accustomed to watch the telegraph-operator at work, and he had picked up a fairly accurate knowledge of the Morse code. He now began desperately to recall how it all went. Three dots was S. Yes, that was right. Four dots was H. Two pairs of dots was Y. One long dash was L. Gradually it all came back to him. He would try it! Grasping his broken knife firmly in his hand he began to beat with all his might against the side of the iron hull, forming the dots and dashes that spelled

SOS SOS SOS SOS SOS,

for he knew that this was the international signal for "Help." He kept it up for half an hour, changing hands as he grew weary. Then he attacked the box again. This time he thought he detected a slight weakening of the structure. The nails seemed to be yielding little by little. After this he resumed his almost hopeless tattoo upon the hull.

MEANWHILE all was going merrily on deck. There was no thought of danger. That might come later, when they entered the submarine zone, but as yet everything was peaceful. Ladies were chatting with each other from the deck chairs. Children were romping about. Men were gathered in knots talking over the chances of the war and waiting impatiently for each new wireless message.

One of the wireless operators—for the vessel carried four of these experts—being off duty was

lounging about the deck. Sauntering to the rail he leaned his elbow upon it and rested his head against his hand. Gradually a puzzled expression crept over his face. He bent forward and listened more intently. Though the wireless code is different from the Morse code, he was of course familiar with both. And now he was listening to queer sounds that seemed to spell the dreaded danger-signal. Faint and far away, it sounded like a message from some other world. Could it be real, or was it a warning from some invisible sphere?

SOS SOS SOS
SOS SOS

He hurried away and found one of his fellow-operators. Soon they were both listening to the baffling call.

"Sure! as plain as day!" said the other man, gravely. They looked each other in the eye and their faces paled with apprehension. It might mean nothing, and then again it might mean everything.

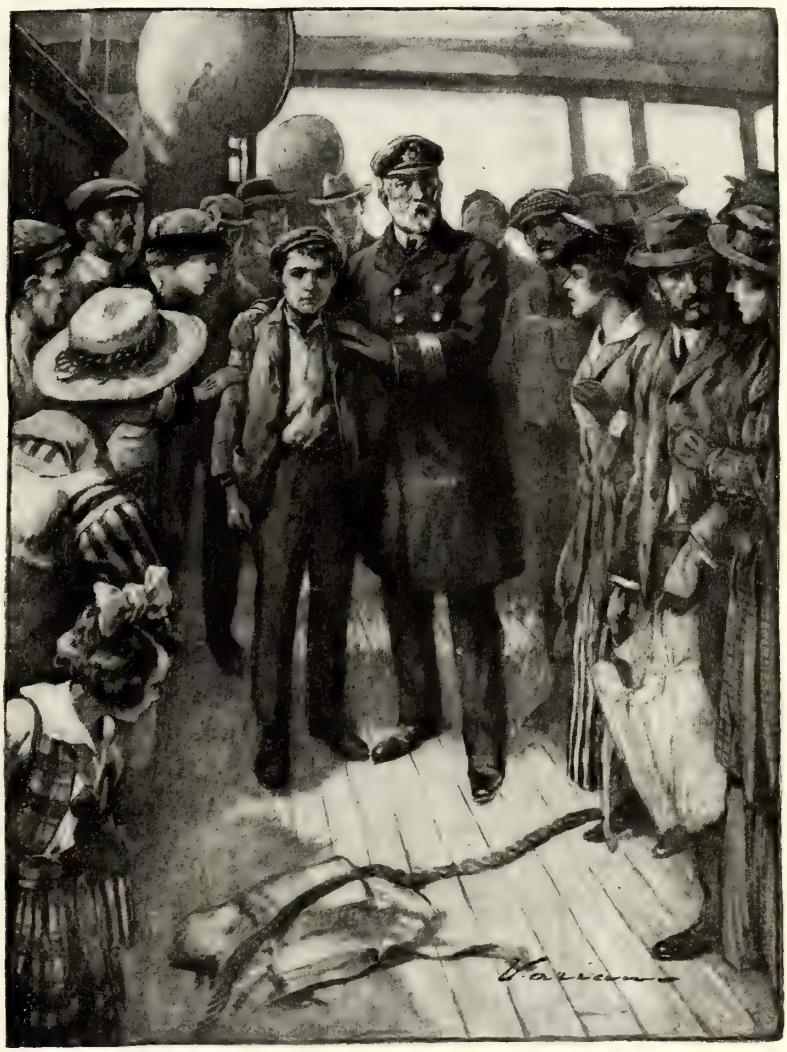
"We must report this to the captain," said the first man. They hurried away to the captain's cabin and were closeted with him for five minutes. Then they came out, and the captain with them. One of them held a light hammer in his hand, and the other was armed with pencil and paper.

"Don't show any excitement," warned the captain; "act as unconcerned as you can. We must n't raise a panic over this thing." They walked to the rail and the man with the hammer leaned over and tapped the side with it. The passengers supposed he was effecting some small repairs, but in reality he was tapping out the words

O.K. WHERE ARE YOU? O.K. WHERE ARE YOU?

This was repeated again and again. Then they stopped and listened, holding their breath to hear. And through the vessel's hull, clumsily and imperfectly and with many haltings, to be sure, and yet unmistakably, came this message:

STOWAWAY FORWARD HATCH PORT SIDE WATER-LINE INFERNAL MACHINE HURRY



"THE CAPTAIN LED FRANK OUT UPON THE DECK." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The two men stood tense with excitement and horror. They whispered the news to the captain. His face grew hard and stern and his lips set in a thin obstinate line.

"Tell him that we 'll be there in two hours," and he hurried away. In five minutes the hatch was off and the donkey-engines were at work. The decks were roped off, and the passengers were not allowed to come near. There was tremendous curiosity and excitement, but no panic.

The secret could not be kept, of course. The captain gathered the passengers in the dining-saloon and briefly told them the facts. The ship was stopped and the boats were lowered and held clustered as far as possible from the danger-point. The passengers were ordered to put on their life-belts and be ready for any emergency.

MEANWHILE, the boy below was listening and waiting. When he heard the welcome answer to his message he could not read it correctly, but he made out enough to know that help was coming. Would it arrive in time? That was the question that pounded in his brain. The only thing now was to try and stop that hateful ticking, for any moment might be the messenger of death. He took the piece of board that he had ripped off, and using it as a lever and bracing with both feet, he went to the very limit of his strength. Every ounce of power at his command went into that supreme effort. The nails reluctantly loosened their hold and the next instant a wide opening was made.

The boy then pulled out all the remaining packing and stuffed it behind him. He managed to squeeze himself through the aperture into the danger-box. He could not understand the nature of the mechanism within the metal case, but he could hear the ominous ticking which spelled death to all. He *must* have a light. He searched through his pockets again but without success. He could hear the welcome sound of work above him. It was a matter of minutes now, perhaps of seconds. With desperate hands he felt all over every inch of the machine, but could find no indication of an opening. Then he took the knife, and with the stub of the broken blade he scraped and pried at every point. At last, to his delight, it struck a yielding spot. A hole had been plugged with wax, or some similar substance. He dug it out with feverish haste and found that it was a round hole about as large as his thumb, and it led right into the body of the machine. There was a bare chance now, and inserting the end of one of the pieces of wood that he had split from the casing, he pushed it home as far as he could.

Suddenly something yielded and there came a whirring sound, like a baby alarm-clock. Then *silence! The clock had stopped.* So immense was the relief and so exhausting had been the nervous tension that Frank crumpled right down in the box and went off into the Land of Nowhere.

Above him, a score of men were tearing away at the huge pile of freight, clamping great grappling-hooks to cases and boxes, big and little. A hoarse shout gave the signal, and the donkey-engine tore the boxes from their beds and landed them on deck in a twinkling. They were nearing the danger-point. The captain himself was down there among them, giving quick, stern orders.

An enormous case filled with heavy machinery was dragged from its bed. The captain peered down. He uttered an exclamation of satisfaction and called for an electric flash-light. When it was brought he took it and sprang down into the opening, landing on a mass of the dry, gritty material. He picked up a handful.

"Guncotton!" he exclaimed savagely. "Here, get this out! Quick! Step lively now!" Eager hands stuffed the dangerous material into gunny-sacks and it was quickly thrown overboard. The captain knelt down beside the broken box, and, peering in, saw Frank lying in a heap. He gently drew the boy out and passed him up to others, who carried him on deck. The captain followed, silent, but with tears streaming down his rugged face.

Slowly the boy came back to consciousness, weak, shattered, nerve-racked as he was. Then he told his story. It went like wild-fire through the ship. The passengers besieged the captain's cabin to get a glimpse of the boy. At last the captain came out, cap in hand. There was a look of exaltation on his face, for he was an Englishman, too. He summoned the first mate.

"Mr. Blake," he said, and his voice was not quite steady, "be prepared to dip the flag when I give the signal." The mate took his stand at the halyards. With his arm around Frank's shoulders, the captain led the boy out upon the deck, where the passengers stood in an admiring ring about the two. The boy was pale and shaken, but there was a gleam in his eye. The captain nodded his head to the mate and the union jack of Old England was dipped three times in honor of the lad who by his British pluck had saved not merely eight millions of property, but twelve hundred lives as well.

"And you did it all in the dark!" exclaimed a beautiful woman, as she took his hand, which no one had noticed was cruelly bruised.

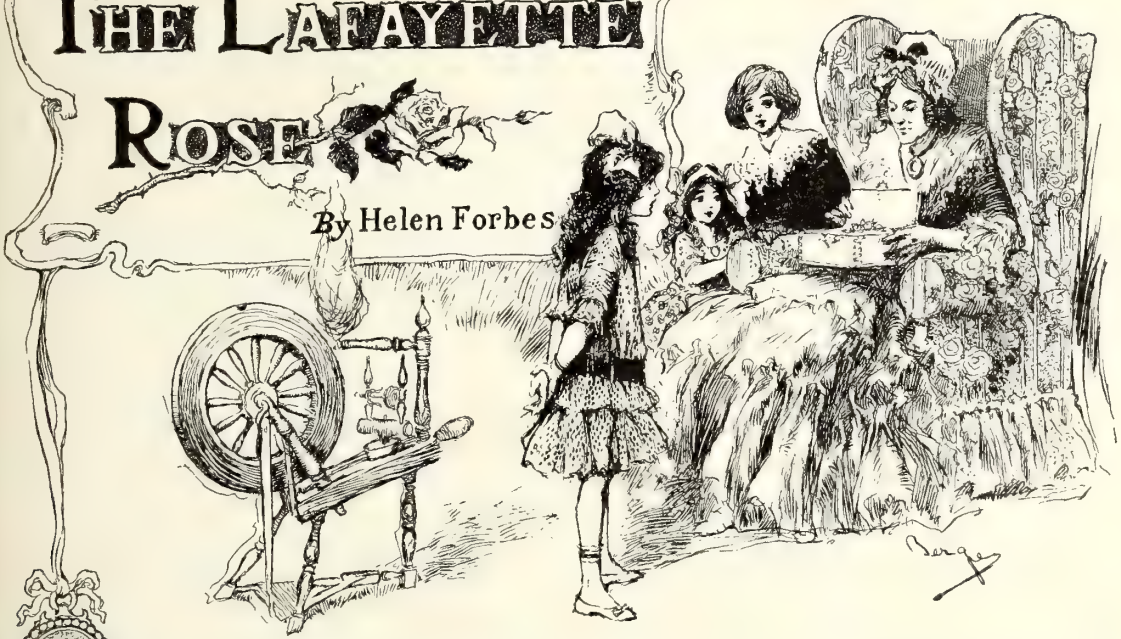
"Good thing he did n't have a match," said the captain; "for if he had, we might all have been blown sky-high."

Frank, embarrassed by so much attention, was nervously fingering the hem of his coat with the other hand. Suddenly his fingers encountered something. He thrust his hand into the side pocket, through a hole, down into the lining, and drew out—a *match!*

"Gee-willicums!" he said. "What if I had found it!"

The Lafayette Rose

By Helen Forbes



THIS is a true story about a little American girl and the great Frenchman, General Lafayette.

It was Euphemia Campbell's eighth birthday, and she came downstairs greatly excited. First there were birthday wishes and kisses and then mysterious packages to be unwrapped. She could hardly stop to eat any breakfast.

"You can't see my gift yet," said her father; "but I promise that, when you do see it, you will look at nothing else."

"Oh, what is it? Tell me, please!"

"Do you know of a young lady who would like to accompany me on a journey to Louisville this afternoon?"

Euphemia's eyes sparkled with joy. "Not go down the river?" she cried. "Really?"

She jumped down from her chair and ran around the table to hug him. "A lovely present! There 's nothing I 'd like better."

The Campbells lived in a big white house high on the bluff not far from the Y where two less important streams meet to form the broad Ohio, and it was one of Euphemia's dearest wishes to take a voyage down the beautiful river and see what happened after the boats turned the bend and disappeared from sight.

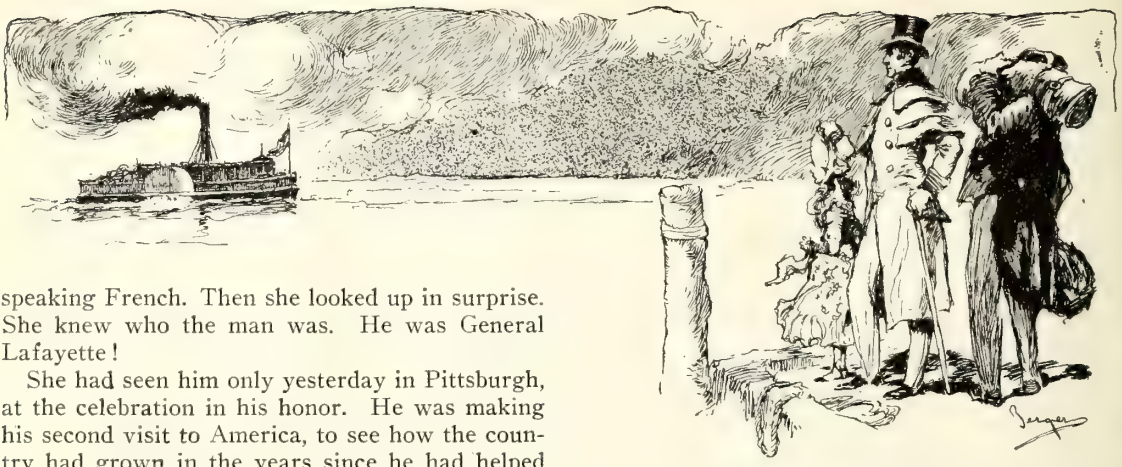
"Run away now," said her mother, "and tell Dinah to pack your bag."

In those days children were usually left at home, for traveling was hard and dangerous; but Mr. Campbell knew how Euphemia had longed to follow the river on its long journey, and his present business fell just at the time of her birthday.

That afternoon she walked up the gang-plank of *The Golden Eagle,* holding tightly to her father's hand and feeling exceedingly grown-up. Behind them came Elijah, Mr. Campbell's servant, carrying the luggage, cloaks and coats, and a basket of things to eat, for everything to make one comfortable had to be brought from home.

For a while there was so much to watch along the banks that Euphemia paid no attention to what was going on around her. She wished to see her home from the water, and how the fields and woods looked to travelers floating by, but even these familiar things were hardly to be recognized from her unaccustomed point of view, and she was not quite sure of the exact moment when she lost sight of the world she knew.

At last she turned to see what her father was doing. He had moved away from her side to join a man who watched the shore with almost as vivid an interest as she was feeling. This gentleman was some one Euphemia thought she knew, though she did not remember his name; and as he smiled to welcome her as she came near, she seated herself in the narrow space between him and her father. She had been taught never to interrupt, so she paid no attention to the conversation until she realized that they were



WAITING FOR *THE GOLDEN EAGLE*.

speaking French. Then she looked up in surprise. She knew who the man was. He was General Lafayette!

She had seen him only yesterday in Pittsburgh, at the celebration in his honor. He was making his second visit to America, to see how the country had grown in the years since he had helped win its freedom, and his journey was almost a triumphal progress, every one was so glad to show appreciation of what he had done for us.

Mr. Campbell noticed her start of recognition, and so did Lafayette. They both laughed.

"This is my daughter," said Mr. Campbell.

Euphemia's grandmother had been a Frenchwoman, and at home they often used her language, so Euphemia could speak French easily. General Lafayette seemed delighted to meet a little girl who could chatter in his own tongue, and soon they were great friends. She told him all about the things she liked best to do, and he told her stories of wonderful adventures—battles and years in prison and how he had tried to save the queen from her enemies.

When it began to grow dark, Elijah brought the hamper of lunch and they had a picnic supper together. Soon afterward bedtime came. When she said good night to General Lafayette, he kissed her and gave her the rose he had been wearing in his buttonhole.

"To keep you company through the night," he said.

Her father wrapped her snugly in a long cloak they had brought for the purpose, and put her to bed on a settle in the cabin, with a chair pushed close to keep her from rolling off. For a long while she could not sleep, everything seemed so strange and her bed was so hard. She lay awake, drowsily watching a lantern that swayed from a nail near the cabin door and listening to the footsteps on deck and the calls of the boatmen. The Ohio was a dangerous river at night because of the hundreds of treacherous snags that barely showed above the surface of the water, and *The Golden Eagle* moved slowly, with a sharp lookout. Accidents often happened.

In the middle of the night Euphemia wakened to find herself sitting on the floor. For a minute she thought she had fallen out of bed at home; then she rubbed her eyes and saw where she was.

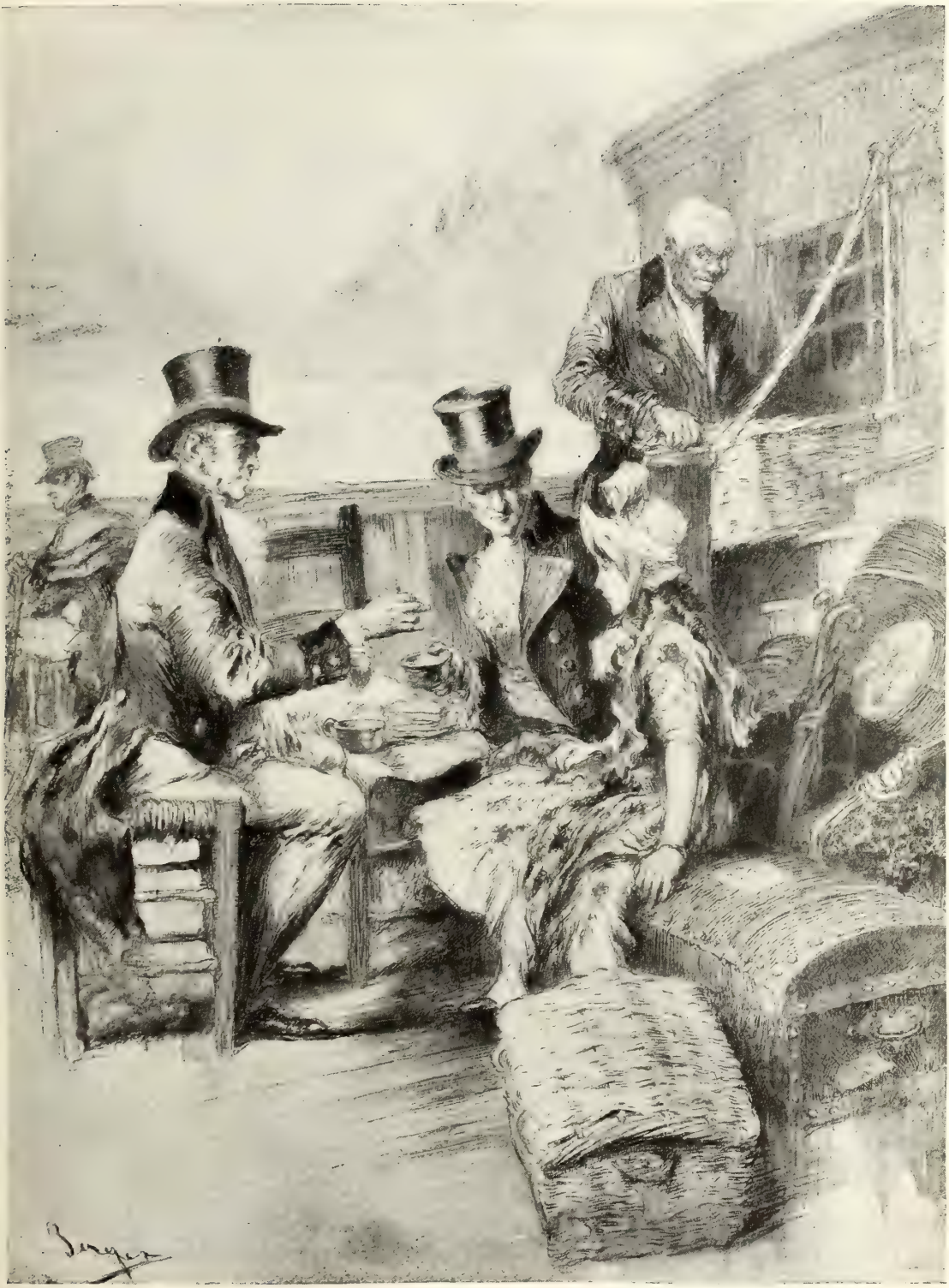
The cabin floor tilted so steeply that her guardian chair had gone on its own legs to the farther wall, and when she tried to get up, she found she could not stand. It was very bewildering. Then, suddenly, she knew what had happened. *The Golden Eagle* was on a snag. Her father would come soon, she knew, but now, alone in the cabin, she had hard work to keep back the tears.

All at once she thought of the rose. Had she lost it? The lantern still burned brightly, and she looked in the folds of the cloak which had been around her; but it was not to be found. And then she saw it, stranded against a leg of the settle, and not harmed in the least.

The rose seemed to give her courage, and, putting it in the deep pocket of her dress for safekeeping, she began to crawl on her hands and knees up the steep wooden hill, to be near the door when her father came. Just as she reached it he appeared, and she heard some one call, "Save Lafayette and the little girl!"

A moment later, her father dropped her into the arms of a man waiting in the small boat that was to take them ashore, and then she found herself seated safely beside Lafayette. It was dreadfully dark and cold on the water, and he tucked her close to him under his heavy military cloak.

At last they could jump to land and scramble up the bank, while the boat went back for another load. Lafayette carried a lantern, but outside of that circle of yellow light around their feet nothing could be seen but bushes and shadowy trunks of trees. An awful thought came to Euphemia. Suppose a bear should come! She is not to be laughed at for thinking such a thing, for there really were bears in the country then.



"THEY HAD A PICNIC SUPPER TOGETHER."

Perhaps she trembled, for Lafayette looked down at her with a winning smile. "You have been as brave as a man," he said. "I shall never forget the courage of this little American girl. And now that we are safe, we must build a fire to show the others where we are."

Of course she could not be afraid when he thought that of her; and soon she was so busy gathering sticks to feed their splendid bonfire that she had no time to think of bears.

The next boat brought her father, who made her a bed of pine branches, much more comfortable than the settle, and soon she was sound asleep again.

The first boat to pass the next morning was on her way to Allegheny, and Mr. Campbell took Euphemia aboard, for, after the night's experience, he had decided that home was the only place for a child, while Euphemia was in such a hurry to tell her story that she felt quite willing to forego the remainder of the trip.

All the family listened eagerly to her adventures, but it was the meeting with Lafayette that interested them most.

"It is too bad that you lost the rose," said Cousin Mary.

"But I did n't lose it!" and Euphemia triumphantly drew it, faded but unharmed, out of her pocket. "I shall keep it always."

She put it away in a sandalwood box that was one of her treasures, and there it is now. And sometimes on Sunday afternoons, when the children are at Grandmother's, they gather around her and the box is opened so that they may look at the crumbling petals of little Great-grandmother Euphemia's Lafayette rose.



JACK, THE OFFICE-BOY: "TALK ABOUT MOTOR-CARS! WHY, THEY 'LL ARREST ME FOR SPEEDING."

UNDERSTOOD BETSY

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "Hillsboro People," "The Bent Twig," etc.

Chapter VI

A NEW KIND OF RECESS TIME

The teacher waited a minute, and then, when Elizabeth Ann did n't say anything more, she rang a little bell. "Recess time," she said, and as the children marched out and began putting on their wraps she followed them into the cloak-room, pulled on a warm red cap and a red sweater, and ran outdoors herself.

"Who 's on my side?" she called, and the children came darting out after her. Elizabeth Ann had dreaded the first recess-time with the strange children, but she had no time to feel shy, for in a twinkling she was on one end of a long rope with a lot of her schoolmates, pulling with all her might against the teacher and two of the big boys. Nobody had looked at her curiously, nobody had said anything to her beyond a loud "Come on, Betsy!" from Ralph, who was at the head on their side.

They pulled and they pulled, digging their feet into the ground and bracing themselves against the rocks which stuck up out of the playground. Sometimes the teacher's side yanked them along by quick jerks, and then they 'd all set their feet hard when Ralph shouted out, "Now, *all together!*" and they 'd slowly drag the other side back. And all the time everybody was shouting and yelling together with the excitement. Betsy was screaming too, and when a wagon passing by stopped and a big, broad-shouldered farmer jumped down laughing, put the end of the rope over his shoulder, and just walked off with the whole lot of them till he had pulled them clear off their feet, Elizabeth Ann found herself rolling over and over with a breathless, squirming mass of children, her shrill laughter rising even above the shouts of merriment of the others. She laughed so she could hardly get up on her feet again, it was such an unexpected ending to the contest.

The big farmer was laughing too. "You ain't so smart as you *think* you are, are you!" he jeered at them good-naturedly. Then he started, yelling "WHOA there!" to his horses, which had begun to walk on. He had to run after them with all his might, and just climbed into the back of the wagon and grabbed the reins the very moment they broke into a trot. The children laughed, and Ralph shouted after him, "Hi, there, Uncle Nate! Who 's not so smart as he thinks he is, *now!*" He turned to the little girls near him. "They 'most got away from him *that* time!" he said. "He 's awful foolish about leaving them standing while he 's funning or something. He thinks he 's awful funny, anyhow. Some day they 'll run away on him, and *then* where 'll he be?"

Elizabeth Ann was thinking to herself that this was one of the queerest things that had happened to her even in this queer place. Never, why never once, had any grown-up, passing the playground of the big brick building, *dreamed* of such a thing as stopping for a minute to play. They never even looked at the children, any more than if they were in another world. In fact, she had felt the school *was* in another world.

"Ralph, it 's your turn to get the water," said the teacher, handing him a pail.

"Want to go along?" said Ralph, gruffly, to Ellen and Betsy. He led the way, and the little girls walked after him. Now that she was out of a crowd, Elizabeth Ann felt all her shyness come down on her like a black cloud, drying up her mouth and turning her hands and feet cold as ice. Into one of these cold hands she felt small, warm fingers slide. She looked down, and there was little Molly trotting by her side, turning her blue eyes up trustfully. "Teacher says I can go with you if you 'll take care of me," she said. "She never lets us first-graders go without somebody bigger to help us over the log."

As she spoke they came to a small, clear, swift brook, crossed by a big white-birch log. Elizabeth Ann was horribly afraid to set foot on it, but with little Molly's hand holding tightly to hers, she was ashamed to say she was afraid. Ralph skipped across, swinging the pail to show how easy it was for him. Ellen followed more slowly, and then—oh, don't you wish Aunt Frances could have been there?—Betsy shut her teeth together hard, put Molly ahead of her, took her hand, and started across. As a matter of fact, Molly went along as sure-footed as a little goat, having done it a hundred times, and it was she who steadied Elizabeth Ann. But nobody knew this, Molly least of all.

Ralph took a drink out of a tin cup standing on a stump near by, dipped the pail into a deep, clear pool, and started back to the school. Ellen took a drink and offered the cup to Betsy, very shyly, without looking up. After they had all

three had a drink they stood there for a moment, much embarrassed. Then Ellen said, in a very small voice, "Do you like dolls with yellow hair the best?"

Now it happened that Elizabeth Ann had very positive convictions on this point which she had never spoken of, because Aunt Frances did n't *really* care about dolls. She only pretended to, to be company for her little niece.

"No, I *don't!*" answered the little girl, emphatically. "I get just sick and tired of always seeing them with that old bright yellow hair! I like them to have brown hair, just the way most little girls really do!"

Ellen lifted her eyes and smiled radiantly. "Oh, so do I!" she said. "And that lovely old doll your folks have has got brown hair. Will you let me play with her some time?"

"My folks?" said Elizabeth Ann, blankly.

"Why yes,—your Aunt Abigail and your Uncle Henry."

"Have they got a *doll?*" said Betsy, thinking this was the very climax of Putney queerness.

"Oh my, yes!" said Molly, eagerly. "She 's the one Mrs. Putney had when she was a little girl. And she 's got the loveliest clothes! She 's in the hair-trunk under the eaves in the attic. They let me take her down once when I was there with Mother. And Mother said she guessed, now a little girl had come there to live, they 'd let her have her down all the time. I 'll bring mine over next Saturday, if you want me to. Mine 's got yellow hair, but she 's real pretty anyhow. If Father 's going to mill that day, he can leave me there for the morning."

Elizabeth Ann had not understood more than one word in five of this, but just then the school-bell rang and they went back, little Molly helping Elizabeth Ann over the log and thinking she was being helped as before.

They ran along to the little building, and there I 'm going to leave them, because I think I 've told enough about their school for *one* while. It was only a poor, rough, little district school, anyway, that no superintendent of schools would have looked at for a minute, except to sniff.

Chapter VII

If you don't like conversation in a book, skip this chapter!

Betsy opened the door and was greeted by her kitten, who ran to her, purring and arching her back to be stroked.

"Well," said Aunt Abigail, looking up from the pan of apples in her lap, "I suppose you 're starved, are n't you? Get yourself a piece of bread and butter, why don't you? and have one of these apples."

As the little girl sat down by her, munching fast on this provender, she asked, "What desk did you get?"

Elizabeth Ann thought for a moment, cuddling Eleanor up to her face. "I think it is the third from the front in the second row." She wondered why Aunt Abigail cared.

"Oh, I guess that 's your Uncle Henry's desk. It 's the one his father had, too. Are there a couple of H. P.'s carved on it?"

Betsy nodded.

"His father carved the H. P. on the lid, so Henry had to put his inside. I remember the winter he put it there. It was the first season Mother let me wear real hoop-skirts. I sat in the first seat on the third row."

Betsy ate her apple more and more slowly, trying to take in what Aunt Abigail had said. Uncle Henry and *his father*—why Moses or Alexander the Great did n't seem any farther back in the mists of time to Elizabeth Ann than did Uncle Henry's *father!* And to think he had been a little boy, right there at that desk! She stopped chewing altogether for a moment and stared into space. Although she was only nine years old, she was feeling a little of the same rapt wonder, the same astonished sense of the reality of the people who have gone before, which make a first visit to the Roman Forum such a thrilling event for grown-ups. That very desk!

After a moment she came to herself, and, finding some apple still in her mouth, went on chewing meditatively. "Aunt Abigail," she said, "how long ago was that?"

"Let 's see," said the old woman, peeling apples with wonderful rapidity. "I was born in 1844. And I was six when I first went to school. That 's sixty-six years ago."

Elizabeth Ann, like all little girls of nine, had very little notion how long sixty-six years might be. "Was George Washington alive then?" she asked.

The wrinkles around Aunt Abigail's eyes deepened mirthfully, but she did not laugh as she answered, "No, that was long after he died; but the school-house was there when he was alive."

"It *was!*" said Betsy, staring, with her teeth set deep in an apple.

"Yes, indeed. It was the first house in the valley built of sawed lumber. You know, when our folks came up here, they had to build all their houses of logs to begin with."

"They *did!*" cried Betsy, with her mouth full of apple.

"Why yes, child, what else did you suppose

they had to make houses out of? They had to have something to live in, right off. The saw-mills were n't set up till some time later."



"BETSY SHUT HER TEETH TOGETHER HARD, AND STARTED ACROSS."

"I did n't know anything about it," said Betsy. "Tell me about it."

"Why you knew, did n't you—your Aunt Harriet must have told you—about how our folks came up here from Connecticut in 1763, on horseback? Connecticut was an old settled place then, compared to Vermont. There was n't anything here but trees and bears and wood-pigeons. I 've heard 'em say that the wood-pigeons were so thick you could go out after dark and club 'em out of the trees, just like hens roosting in a hen-house. There always was cold pigeon-pie in the pantry, just the way we have doughnuts. And they used bear-grease to grease their boots and their hair, bears were so plenty. It sounds like good eating, don't it? But of course that was just at first. It got quite settled up before long, and by the time of the Revolution, bears were getting pretty scarce, and soon the wood-pigeons were all gone."

"And the school-house—that school-house where I went to-day—was that built *then?*" Elizabeth Ann found it hard to believe.

"Yes, it used to have a great big chimney and fireplace in it. It was built long before stoves were invented, you know."

"Why, I thought stoves were *always* invented!" cried Elizabeth Ann. This was the most startling and interesting conversation she had ever taken part in.

Aunt Abigail laughed. "Mercy, no, child! Why, *I* can remember when only folks that were pretty well off had stoves and real poor people still cooked over a hearth fire. I always thought it a pity they tore down the big chimney and fireplace out of the school-house and put in that big, ugly stove. But folks are so daft over new-fangled things. Well, anyhow, they could n't take away the sun-dial on the window-sill. You want to be sure to look at that. It 's on the sill of the middle window on the right hand as you face the teacher's desk."

"Sun-dial," repeated Betsy. "What 's that?"

"Why to tell the time by, when—"

"Why did n't they have a clock?" asked the child.

Aunt Abigail laughed. "Good gracious! there was only one clock in the valley for years and years, and that belonged to the Wardons, the rich people in the village. Everybody had sundials cut in their window-sills. There 's one on the window-sill of our pantry this minute. Come on, I 'll show it to you." She got up heavily with her pan of apples, and trotted briskly, shaking the floor as she went, over to the stove. "But first just watch me put these on to cook, so you 'll know how." She set the pan on the stove, poured some water from the tea-kettle over the apples, and put on a cover. "Now come on into the pantry."

They entered a sweet-smelling, spicy little room, all white paint and shelves which were loaded with dishes and boxes and bags and pans of milk and jars of preserves.

"There!" said Aunt Abigail, opening the window. "That 's not so good as the one at school. This only tells when noon is."

Elizabeth Ann stared stupidly at the deep scratch on the window-sill.

"Don't you see?" said Aunt Abigail. "When the shadow got to that mark it was noon. And the rest of the time you guessed by how far it was from the mark. Let 's see if I can come anywhere near it now. She looked at it hard and said, "I guess it 's half-past four." She glanced back into the kitchen at the clock and said: "Oh pshaw! It 's ten minutes past five! Now my grandmother could have told that within five minutes, just by the place of the shadow. I declare! Sometimes it seems to me that every time a new piece of machinery comes into the door some of our wits fly out at the window! Now, I could n't any more live without matches than I could fly! And yet they all used to get along all right before they had matches. Makes me feel foolish to think I 'm not smart enough to get along, if I *wanted* to, without those little snips of pine and brimstone. Here, Betsy, take a cooky. It 's against my principles to let a child leave the pantry without having a cooky. My! it does seem like living again, to have a young one around to stuff!"

Betsy took the cooky, but went on with the conversation by exclaiming, "*How* could *anybody* get along without matches? You *have* to have matches."

Aunt Abigail did n't answer at first. They were back in the kitchen now. She was looking at the clock again. "See here," she said; "it 's time I began getting supper ready. We divide up on the work. Ann gets the dinner and I get the supper. And everybody gets his own breakfast. Which would you rather do, help Ann with the dinner, or me with the supper?"

Elizabeth Ann had not had the slightest idea of helping anybody with any meal, but, confronted unexpectedly with the alternative offered, she made up her mind so quickly that she did'n't want to help Cousin Ann, and declared so loudly, "Oh, help *you* with the supper!" that her promptness made her sound quite hearty and willing.

"Well, that 's fine!" said Aunt Abigail. "We 'll set the table now. But first you would better look at that apple-sauce. I hear it walloping away as though it was boiling too fast. Maybe you 'd better push it back where it won't cook so fast. There are the holders, on that hook."

Elizabeth Ann approached the stove with the holder in her hand and horror in her heart. Nobody had ever dreamed of asking her to handle hot things. She looked around dismally at Aunt Abigail, but the old woman was standing with her back turned, doing something at the kitchen table. Very gingerly the little girl took hold of the handle of the saucepan, and very gingerly she shoved it to the back of the stove. And then she stood still a moment to admire herself. She could do that as well as anybody!

"Why," said Aunt Abigail, as if remembering that Betsy had asked her a question, "any man could strike a spark from the flint and steel that he had for his gun. And he 'd keep striking it till it happened to fly out in the right direction, and you 'd catch it in some fluff, where it would start a smolder, and you 'd blow on it till you got a little flame, and drop tiny bits of shaved-up dry pine in it, and so, little by little, you 'd build your fire up."

"But it must have taken for*ever* to do that!"

"Oh, you did n't have to do that more than once in ever so long," said Aunt Abigail, briskly. She interrupted her story to say: "Now you put the silver around, while I cream the potatoes. It 's in that drawer,—a knife, a fork, and two spoons for each place,—and the plates and cups are up there behind the glass doors. We 're going to have hot cocoa again to-night." And as the little girl, hypnotized by the other's casual, offhand way of issuing instructions, began to fumble with the knives and forks she went on: "Why, you 'd start your fire that way, and then you 'd never let it go out. Everybody that amounted to anything knew how to bank the hearth-fire with ashes at night so it would be sure to last. And the first thing in the morning, you got down on your knees and poked the ashes away very carefully till you got to the hot coals.

Then you 'd blow with the bellows and drop in pieces of dry pine—don't forget the water-glasses—and you 'd blow gently till they flared up and the shavings caught, and there your fire would be kindled again. The napkins are in the second drawer."

Betsy went on setting the table, deep in thought, reconstructing the old life. As she put the napkins around she said, "But *sometimes* it must have gone out."

"Yes," said Aunt Abigail, "sometimes it went out, and then one of the children was sent over to the nearest neighbor to borrow some fire. He 'd take a covered iron pan, fastened on to a long hickory stick, and go through the woods (everything was woods then) to the next house and wait till they had their fire going and could spare him a panful of coals; and then (don't forget the salt and pepper) he would leg it home as fast as he could streak it, to get there before the coals went out. Say, Betsy, I think that apple-sauce is ready to be sweetened. You do it, will you? I 've got my hands in the biscuit dough. The sugar 's in the left-hand drawer of the kitchen cabinet."

"Oh, *my!*" cried Betsy, dismayed. "*I* don't know how to cook!"

Aunt Abigail laughed and put back a strand of curly white hair with the back of her floury hand. "You know how to stir sugar into your cup of cocoa, don't you?"

"But how *much* shall I put in?" asked Elizabeth Ann, clamoring for exact instructions so she would n't need to do any thinking for herself.

"Oh, till it tastes right," said Aunt Abigail, carelessly. "Fix it to suit yourself, and I guess the rest of us will like it. Take that big spoon to stir it with."

Elizabeth Ann took off the lid and began stirring in sugar, a teaspoonful at a time, but she soon saw that that made no impression. She poured in a cupful, stirred it vigorously, and tasted it. Better, but not quite enough. She put in a table-spoonful more and tasted it, staring off into space under bended brows as she concentrated her attention on the taste. It was quite a responsibility to prepare the apple-sauce for a family. It was ever so good, too. But maybe a *little* more sugar. She put in a teaspoonful and decided it was just exactly right!

"Done?" asked Aunt Abigail. "Take it off, then, and pour it out in that big yellow bowl, and put it on the table in front of your place. You 've made it; you ought to serve it."

"It is n't done, is it?" asked Betsy. "That is n't *all* you do to make apple-sauce!"

"What else could you do?" asked Aunt Abigail.

"Well!" said Elizabeth Ann, very much surprised. "I did n't know it was so easy to cook!"

"Easiest thing in the world," said Aunt Abigail, gravely, with the merry wrinkles around her merry old eyes all creased up with silent fun.

When Uncle Henry came in from the barn, with old Shep at his heels, and Cousin Ann came down from upstairs, where her sewing-machine had been humming like a big bee, they were both duly impressed when told that Betsy had set the table and made the apple-sauce. They pronounced it very good apple-sauce indeed, and each sent his saucer back to the little girl for a second helping. She herself ate three saucerfuls. Her own private opinion was that it was the very best apple-sauce ever made.

After supper was over and the dishes washed and wiped, Betsy helping with the putting away, the four gathered around the big lamp on the table with the red cover. Cousin Ann was making some buttonholes in the shirt-waist she had constructed that afternoon, Aunt Abigail was darning socks, and Uncle Henry was mending a piece of harness. Shep lay on the couch and snored, until he got so noisy they could n't stand it and Cousin Ann poked him in the ribs and he woke up, snorting and gurgling and looking around very sheepishly. Every time this happened it made Betsy laugh. She held Eleanor, who did n't snore at all, but made the prettiest little tea-kettle-singing purr deep in her throat, and opened and sheathed her needle-like claws in Betsy's dress.

"Well, how 'd you get on at school?" asked Uncle Henry.

"I 've got your desk," said Elizabeth Ann, looking at him curiously, at his gray hair and wrinkled, weather-beaten face, and trying to think what he must have looked like when he was a little boy like Ralph.

"So?" said Uncle Henry. "Well, let me tell you that 's a mighty good desk! Did you notice the deep groove in the top of it?"

Betsy nodded. She had wondered what that was used for.

"Well, that was the lead-pencil desk in the old days. When they could n't run down to the store to buy things, because there was n't any store to run to, how do you suppose they got their lead-pencils?"

Elizabeth Ann shook her head, incapable even of a guess. She had never thought before but that lead-pencils grew in glass show-cases in stores.

"Well, sir," said Uncle Henry, "I 'll tell you. They took a piece off the lump of lead they made their bullets of, melted it over the fire in the

hearth down at the school-house till it would run like water, and poured it in that groove. When it cooled off, there was a long streak of solid lead, about as big as one of our lead-pencils nowadays. They 'd break that up in shorter lengths, and there you 'd have your lead-pencils, made while you wait. Oh, I tell you, in the old days folks knew how to take care of themselves more than now."

"Why, were n't there any stores?" asked Elizabeth Ann. She could not imagine living without buying things at stores.

"Where 'd they get the things to put in a store in those days?" asked Uncle Henry, argumentatively. "Every single thing had to be lugged clear from Albany or from Connecticut on horseback."

"Why did n't they use wagons?" asked Elizabeth Ann.

"You can't run a wagon unless you 've got a road to run it on, can you?" asked Uncle Henry. "It was a long, long time before they had any roads. It 's an awful chore to make roads in a new country all woods and hills and swamps and rocks. You were lucky if there was a good path from your house to the next settlement."

"Now, Henry," said Aunt Abigail, "do stop going on about old times long enough to let Betsy answer the question you asked her. You have n't given her a chance to say how she got on at school."

"Well, I 'm *awfully* mixed up!" said Betsy, complainingly. "I don't know what I am! I 'm second-grade arithmetic and third-grade spelling and seventh-grade reading, and I don't know what in writing or composition. We did n't have those."

Nobody seemed to think this very remarkable, or even very interesting. Uncle Henry, indeed, noted it only to say, "Seventh-grade reading!" He turned to Aunt Abigail. "Oh, Mother, don't you suppose she could read aloud to us evenings?"

Aunt Abigail and Cousin Ann both laid down their sewing to laugh, "Yes, Father, and play checkers with you too, like as not!" and then explained to Betsy: "Your Uncle Henry is just daft on being read aloud to when he 's got something to do in the evening; and when he has n't he 's as fidgety as a broody hen if he can't play checkers. Ann hates checkers, and I have n't got the time, often."

"Oh, I *love* to play checkers!" said Betsy.

"Well, *now!*" said Uncle Henry, rising instantly and dropping his half-mended harness on the table. "Let 's have a game."

"Oh, Father!" said Cousin Ann, in the tone she used for Shep. "How about that piece of breeching? You know that 's not safe. Why don't you finish that up first?"

Uncle Henry sat down again, looking as Shep did when Cousin Ann told him to get up on the couch, and took up his needle and awl.

"But I could read something aloud," said Betsy, feeling very sorry for him. "At least I think I could. I never did, except at school."

"What shall we have, Mother?" asked Uncle Henry, eagerly.

"Oh, I don't know. What have we got in this book-case?" said Aunt Abigail. "It 's pretty cold to go into the parlor to the other one." She leaned forward, ran her fat forefinger over the worn old volumes, and took out a battered, blue-covered book. "Scott?"

"Gosh, yes!" said Uncle Henry, his eyes shining. "The staggit eve!"

At least that was the way it sounded to Betsy; but when she took the book and looked where Aunt Abigail pointed, she read it correctly, though in a timid, uncertain voice. She was very proud to think she could please a grown-up so much as she was evidently pleasing Uncle Henry, but the idea of reading aloud for people to hear, not for a teacher to correct, was unheard of.

> "The stâg at eve had drunk his fill
> Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,"

she began, and it was as though she had stepped into a boat and was swept off by a strong current. She did not know what all the words meant, and she could not pronounce a good many of the names, but nobody interrupted to correct her, and she read on and on, steadied by the strongly marked rhythm, drawn forward swiftly from one clanging, sonorous rhyme to another. Uncle Henry nodded his head in time to the rise and fall of her voice, and now and then stopped his work to look at her with bright, eager, old eyes. He knew some of the places by heart, evidently, for once in a while his voice would join the little girl's for a couplet or two. They chanted together thus:

> "A moment listened to the cry
> That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
> Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
> With one brave bound the copse he cleared."

At the last line Uncle Henry flung his arm out wide, and the child felt as though the deer had made his great leap there, before her eyes.

"I 've seen 'em jump just like that," broke in Uncle Henry. "A two-three-hundred-pound stag go up over a four-foot fence just like a piece of thistle-down in the wind."

"Uncle Henry," asked Elizabeth Ann, "what is a copse?"

"I don't know," said Uncle Henry, indifferently. "Something in the woods, must be. Underbrush, most likely. You can always tell words you don't know by the sense of the whole thing. Go on."

"And stretching forward, free and far,"

the child's voice took up the chant again. She read faster and faster as it got more exciting. Uncle Henry joined in on

"For, jaded now and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring stag strained full in view."

The little girl's heart beat fast. She fled along through the next lines, stumbling desperately over the hard words, but seeing the headlong chase through them clearly as through tree-trunks in a forest. Uncle Henry broke in in a triumphant shout:

"The wily quarry shunned the shock
And *turned* him from the opposing rock;
Then dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trossachs' wildest nook
His solitary refuge took."

"Oh, *my!*" cried Elizabeth Ann, laying down the book. "He got away, did n't he? I was *so* afraid he would n't!"

"I can just hear those dogs yelping, can't you?" said Uncle Henry.

"Yelled on the view the opening pack."

"Sometimes you hear 'em that way up on the slope of Hemlock Mountain back of us, when they get to running a deer."

"What say we have some pop-corn?" suggested Aunt Abigail. "Betsy, don't you want to pop us some?"

"I never *did*," said the little girl, but in a less doubtful tone than she had ever used with that phrase, so familiar to her. A dim notion was growing up in her mind that the fact that she had never done a thing was no proof that she could n't.

"I 'll show you," said Uncle Henry. He reached down a couple of ears from a big yellow cluster hanging on the wall, and he and Betsy shelled them into the popper, popped it full of snowy kernels, buttered it, salted it, and took it back to the table.

It was just as she was eating her first ambrosial mouthful that the door opened and a fur-capped head was thrust in. A man's voice said: "Evenin', folks. No, I can't stay. I was down at the village just now, and thought I 'd ask for any mail down our way." He tossed a newspaper and a letter on the table and was gone.

The letter was addressed to Elizabeth Ann, and it was from Aunt Frances. She read it to herself while Uncle Henry read the newspaper. Aunt Frances wrote that she had been perfectly horrified to learn that Cousin Molly had not kept Elizabeth Ann with her, and that she would never forgive her for that cruelty. And when she thought that her darling was at Putney Farm!—Her blood ran cold. It positively did! It was too dreadful. But it could n't be helped, for a time anyhow, because Aunt Harriet was really *very* sick. Elizabeth Ann would have to be a dear, brave child and endure it as best she could. And as soon . . . oh, as soon as ever she *could*, Aunt Frances would come and take her away from them. "Don't cry *too* much, darling . . . it breaks my heart to think of you there! *Try* to be cheerful, dearest! *Try* to bear it for the sake of your distracted, loving Aunt Frances."

Elizabeth Ann looked up from this letter and across the table at Aunt Abigail's rosy, wrinkled old face, bent over her darning. Uncle Henry laid the paper down, took a big mouthful of pop-corn, and beat time silently with his hand. When he could speak he murmured:

"An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered an hundred steeds along."

Old Shep woke up with a snort and Aunt Abigail fed him a handful of pop-corn. Little Eleanor stirred in her sleep, stretched, yawned, and nestled down into a ball again on the little girl's lap. Betsy could feel in her own body the rhythmic vibration of the kitten's contented purr.

Aunt Abigail looked up. "Finished your letter? I hope Harriet is no worse? What does Frances say?"

Elizabeth Ann blushed a deep red and crushed the letter together in her hand. She felt ashamed and she did not know why. "Aunt Frances says—Aunt Frances says—" she began, hesitating. "She says Aunt Harriet is still pretty sick." She stopped, drew a long breath, and was tempted to add, "and she sends her love to you."

But Aunt Frances had n't done anything of the kind, so this would have been a really whopping fib. So she only took another mouthful of pop-corn and stroked Eleanor's back.

Uncle Henry got up and stretched. "It 's time to go to bed, folks," he said. As he wound the clock Betsy heard him murmuring:

"But, when the sun his beacon red . . ."

(*To be continued.*)



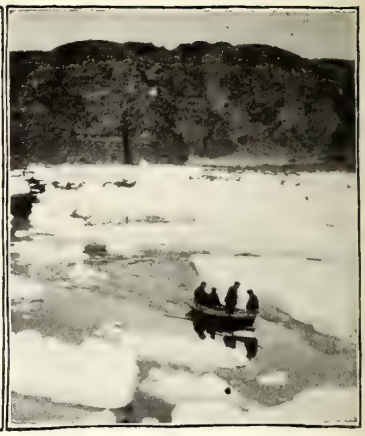
THE *STRATHCONA* SURROUNDED BY FISHING-BOATS.

HEROES OF TO-DAY

THE DEEP-SEA DOCTOR: WILFRED GRENFELL

BY

MARY R. PARKMAN



BREAKING-UP OF THE ICE IN THE SPRING.

As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more,
Now, than flesh helps soul!"

BROWNING.

WHEN people meet Dr. Grenfell, the good doctor who braves the storms of the most dangerous of all sea-coasts and endures the hardships of arctic winters to care for the lonely fisherfolk of Labrador, they often ask, with pitying wonder:

"How do you manage it, Doctor, day in and day out through all the long months? It seems too much for any man to sacrifice himself as you do."

"Don't think for a moment that I 'm a martyr," replies Dr. Grenfell, a bit impatiently. "Why, I have a jolly good time of it! There 's nothing like a really good scrimmage to make a fellow sure that he 's alive, and glad of it. I learned that in my football days, and Labrador gives even better chances to know the joy of winning out in a tingling good tussle."

Dr. Grenfell's face, with the warm color glowing through the tan, his clear, steady eyes, and erect, vigorous form all testify to his keen zest in the adventure of life. Ever since he could remember, he had, he told us, been in love with the thrill of strenuous action. When a small boy, he looked at the tiger-skin and other trophies of the hunt which his soldier uncles had sent from India, and dreamed of the time when he should learn the ways of the jungle at first hand.

He comes of a race of strong men. One uncle was a general who bore himself with distinguished gallantry in the Indian Mutiny at Lucknow when the little garrison of seventeen hundred men held the city for twelve weeks against a besieging force ten times as great. One of his father's ancestors was Sir Richard Grenville, the hero of the *Revenge*, who, desperately struggling to save his wounded men, fought with his one ship against the whole Spanish fleet of fifty-three. Perhaps you remember Tennyson's thrilling lines:

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"

Is it any wonder that the lad who heard this story as one among many thrilling tales of his own people should have felt that life was a splendid adventure?

As a boy in his home at Parkgate, near Chester, England, he was early accustomed to strenuous days in the open. He knew the stretches of sand-banks,—the famous "Sands of Dee,"—with their deep, intersecting "gutters" where many curlews, mallards, and other water-birds sought hiding. In his rocking home-made boat he explored from end to end the estuary into which the River Dee flows, now and again hailing a fishing-smack for a tow home, if evening fell too soon, and sharing with the crew their supper of boiled shrimps. He seemed to know as by instinct the moods of the tides and storm-vexed waves, which little boats must learn to watch and circumvent. He became a lover, also, of wild nature—birds, animals, and plants—and of simple, vigorous men who lived rough, wholesome lives in the open.

Though he went from the boys' school at Parkgate to Marlborough College, and later to Oxford

University, he had at this time no hint of the splendid adventures that life offers in the realm of mental and spiritual activities. Rugby football, in which he did his share to uphold the credit of the university, certainly made the most vital part of this chapter of his life. It was not until he took up the study of medicine at the London Hospital that he began to appreciate the value of knowledge "because it enables one to do things."

There was one day of this study-time in London that made a change in the young doctor's whole life. Partly out of curiosity, he followed a crowd in the poorer part of the city into a large tent, where a religious meeting was being held. In a moment he came to realize that his religion had been just a matter of believing as he was taught, of conducting himself as did those about him, and of going to church on Sunday. It seemed that here, however, were men to whom religion was as real and practical a thing as the rudder is to a boat. All at once he saw what it would mean to have a strong guiding power in one's life.

His mind seemed wonderfully set free. There were no longer conflicting aims, ideals, uncertainties, and misgivings. There was one purpose, one desire—to enter "the service that is perfect freedom," the service of the King of kings. Life was indeed a glorious adventure, whose meaning was plain and whose end sure.

How he enjoyed his class of unruly boys from the slums! Most people would have considered them hopeless "toughs." He saw that they were just active boys, eager for life, who had been made what they were by unwholesome surroundings. "All they need is to get hold of the rudder and to feel the breath of healthy living in their faces," he said. He fitted up one of his rooms with gymnasium material and taught the boys to box. He took them for outings into the country. When he saw the way they responded to this little chance for happy activity, he became one of the founders of the Lads' Brigades and Lads' Camps, which have done the same sort of good in England that the Boy Scouts organization has done in this country.

When he completed his medical course, the young doctor looked about for a field that would give chance for adventure and for service where a physician was really needed.

"I feel there is something for me besides hanging out my sign in a city where there are already doctors and to spare," he said.

"Why don't you see what can be done with a hospital-ship among the North Sea fishermen?" said Sir Frederick Treves, who was a great surgeon and a master mariner as well.

When Dr. Grenfell heard about how sick and injured men suffered for lack of care when on their long fishing-expeditions, he decided to fall in with this suggestion. He joined the staff of the Mission to Deep-sea Fishermen, and fitted out the first hospital-ship to the North Sea fisheries, which cruised about from the Bay of Biscay to Iceland, giving medical aid where it was often desperately needed.

When this work was well established, and other volunteers offered to take it up, Dr. Grenfell sought a new world of adventure. Hearing of the forlorn condition of the English-speaking set-



DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

tlers and natives on the remote shores of wind-swept Labrador, he resolved to fit out a hospital-ship and bring them what help he could. So began, in 1892, Dr. Grenfell's great work with his schooner *Albert*, in which he cruised about for three months and ministered to nine hundred patients, who, but for him, would have had no intelligent care.

Can you picture Labrador as something more than a pink patch on the cold part of the map? That strip of coast northwest of Newfoundland is a land of sheer cliffs broken by deep fiords, like much of Norway. Rocky islands and hidden reefs make the shores dangerous to ships in the terrific gales that are of frequent occurrence. But this forbidding, wreck-strewn land of wild, jutting

crags has a weird beauty of its own. Picture it in winter when the deep snow has effaced all inequalities of surface and the dark spruces alone stand out against the gleaming whiteness. The fiords and streams are bound in an icy silence which holds the sea itself in thrall. Think of the colors of the moonlight on the ice, and the flaming splendor of the northern lights. Then picture it when summer has unloosed the land from the frozen spell. Mosses, brilliant lichens, and bright berries cover the rocky ground, the evergreens stand in unrivaled freshness, and gleaming trout and salmon dart out of the water, where great

"Sure, the Lord must kape an eye on that man," said an old skipper, devoutly.

It was often said of a gale on the Labrador coast, "That 's a wind that 'll bring Grenfell." The doctor, impatient of delays, and feeling the same exhilaration in a good stiff breeze that a lover of horses feels in managing a spirited thoroughbred, never failed to make use of a wind that might help send him on his way.

What sort of people are these to whom Dr. Grenfell ministers? They are, as you might think, simple, hardy men, in whom ceaseless struggle against bleak conditions of life has



THE HOSPITAL AT ST. ANTHONY, NORTHERN NEWFOUNDLAND.

icebergs go floating by like monster fragments of the crystal city of the frost giants, borne along now by the arctic current to tell the world about the victory of the sun over the powers of cold in the far North.

When Dr. Grenfell sailed about in the *Albert* that first summer, the people thought he was some strange, big-hearted madman, who bore a charmed life. He seemed to know nothing and care nothing about foamy reefs, unfamiliar tides and currents, and treacherous winds. When it was impossible to put out in the schooner, he went in a whale-boat, which was worn out—honorably discharged from service—after a single season. The people who guarded the lives of their water-craft with jealous care shook their heads. Truly, the man must be mad. His boat was capsized, swamped, blown on the rocks, and once driven out to sea by a gale that terrified the crew of the solidly built mail-boat. This time he was reported lost, but after a few days he appeared in the harbor of St. John's, face aglow, and eyes snapping with the zest of the conflict.

developed strength of character and capacity to endure. Besides the scattered groups of Eskimos in the north, who live by hunting seal and walrus, and the Indians who roam the interior in search of furs, there are some seven or eight thousand English-speaking inhabitants widely scattered along the coast. In summer as many as thirty thousand fishermen are drawn from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia to share in the profit of the cod- and salmon-fisheries. All of these people were practically without medical care before Dr. Grenfell came. Can you imagine what this meant? This is the story of one fisherman in his own words:

"I had a poisoned finger. It rose up and got very bad. I did not know what to do, so I took a passage on a schooner and went to Halifax. It was nine months before I was able to get back, as there was no boat going back before the winter. It cost me seventy-five dollars, and my hand was the same as useless, as it was so long before it was treated."

Another told of having to wait nine days after

"shooting his hand" before he could reach a doctor, and he had made the necessary journey in remarkably good time at that. He did not know if he ought to thank the doctor for saving his life when it was too late to save his hand. What can a poor fisherman do without a hand?

The chief sources of danger to these people who live by the food of the sea are the uncertain winds and the treacherous ice-floes. When the ice begins to break in spring, the swift currents move great masses along with terrific force. Then woe betide the rash schooner that ventures into the path of these ice-rafts! For a moment she pushes her way among the floating "pans" or cakes of ice. All at once the terrible jam comes. The schooner is caught like a rat in a trap. The jaws of the ice monster never relax, while the timbers of the vessel crack and splinter and the solid deck-beams arch up, bow fashion, and snap like so many straws. Then, perhaps, the pressure changes. With a sudden shift of the wind a rift comes between the huge ice-masses, and the sea swallows its prey.

It is a strange thing that but few of the fishermen know how to swim. "You see, we has enough o' the water without goin' to bother wi' it when we *are* ashore," one old skipper told the doctor in explanation.

The only means of rescue when one finds himself in the water is a line or a pole held by friends until a boat can be brought to the scene. Many stories might be told of the bravery of these people and their instant willingness to serve each other. Once a girl, who saw her brother fall through a hole in the ice, ran swiftly to the spot, while the men who were trying to reach the place with their boat shouted to her to go back. Stretching full length, however, on the gradually sinking ice, she held on to her brother till the boat forced its way to them.

Perhaps the most terrible experience that has come to the brave doctor was caused by the ice-floes. It was on Easter Sunday in 1908 when word came to the hospital that a boy was very ill in a little village sixty miles away. The doctor at once got his "komatik," or dog-sledge, in readiness and his splendid team of eight dogs, who had often carried him through many tight places. Brin, the leader, was the one who could be trusted to keep the trail when all signs and landmarks were covered by snow and ice. Dr. Grenfell has already told you a stirring story about Brin, in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1911. There were also Doc, Spy, Jack, Sue, Jerry, Watch, and Moody—each no less beloved for his own strong points and faithful service.

It was while crossing an arm of the sea, a ten-mile run on salt-water ice, that the accident occurred. An unusually heavy sea had left great openings between enormous blocks or "pans" of ice a little to seaward. It seemed, however, that the doctor could be sure of a safe passage on an ice-bridge that, though rough, was firmly packed, while the stiff sea-breeze was making it stronger moment by moment through driving the floating pans toward the shore. But all at once there came a sudden change in the wind. It began to blow from the land, and in a moment the doctor realized that his ice-bridge had broken asunder and the portion on which he found himself was separated by a widening chasm from the rest. He was adrift on an ice-pan.

It all happened so quickly that he was unable to do anything but cut the harness of the dogs to keep them from being tangled in the traces and dragged down after the sled. He found himself soaking wet, his sledge, with his extra clothing, gone, and only the remotest chance of being seen from the lonely shore and rescued. If only water had separated him from the bank, he might



THE ORPHANAGE AT ST. ANTHONY.

have tried swimming, but, for the most part, between the floating pans was "slob ice," that is, ice broken into tiny bits by the grinding together of the huge masses.

Night came, and with it such intense cold that he was obliged to sacrifice three of his dogs and clothe himself in their skins to keep from freezing, for coat, hat, and gloves had been lost in the first struggle to gain a place on the largest avail-

able "pan" of ice. Then, curled up among the remaining dogs, and so, somewhat protected from the bitter wind, he fell asleep.

When daylight came, he took off his gaily colored shirt, which was a relic of his football days, and, with the leg-bones of the slain dogs as a pole, constructed a flag of distress. The warmth of the sun brought cheer; and so, even though his reason told him that there was but the smallest chance of being seen, he stood up and waved his flag steadily until too weary to make another move. Every time he sat down for a moment of rest, "Doc" came and licked his face and then went to the edge of the ice, as if to suggest it was high time to start.



A LITTLE PATIENT WHOSE FOOT WAS SAVED.

At last Dr. Grenfell thought he saw the gleam of an oar. He could hardly believe his eyes, which were, indeed, almost snow-blinded, as his dark glasses had been lost with all his other things. Then—yes—surely there was the keel of a boat, and a man waving to him! In a moment came the blessed sound of a friendly voice.

Now that the struggle was over, he felt himself lifted into the boat as in a dream. In the same way he swallowed the hot tea which they had brought in a bottle. This is what one of the rescuers said, in telling about it afterward:

"When we got near un, it did n' seem like 't was the doctor. 'E looked so old an' 'is face such a queer color. 'E was very solemn-like when us took un an' the dogs in th' boat. Th' first thing 'e said was how wonderfu' sorry 'e was o' gettin' into such a mess an' givin' we th' trouble o' comin' out for un. Then 'e fretted about the b'y 'e was goin' to see, it bein' too late to reach un, and us tol' un 'is life was worth more 'n the b'y, fur 'e could save others. But 'e still fretted."

They had an exciting time reaching the shore; but when the bank was gained at last and the doctor dressed in the warm clothes that the fishermen wear, they got a sledge ready to take him to the hospital, where his frozen hands and feet could be treated. There, too, the next day the sick boy was brought, and his life saved.

Afterward, in telling of his experience, the thing which moved the doctor most was the sacrifice of his dogs. In his hallway a bronze tablet was placed with this inscription: "To the Memory of Three Noble Dogs, Moody, Watch, Spy, whose Lives were Given for Mine on the Ice, April 21st, 1908. Wilfred Grenfell."

Besides himself caring for the people, Dr. Grenfell won the interest of other workers—doctors, nurses, and teachers. Through his efforts, hospitals, schools, and orphan-asylums have been built. Of all the problems, however, with which this large-hearted, practical friend of the deep-sea fishermen has had to deal in his Labrador work, perhaps the chief was that of the dire poverty among them. It seemed idle to try to cure men of ills which were the direct result of conditions under which they lived.

When the doctor began his work in 1892 he found that the poverty-stricken people were practically at the mercy of unprincipled, scheming storekeepers who charged two or three prices for flour, salt, and other necessaries of life. The men, as a result, were always in debt, mortgaging their next summer's catch of fish long before the winter was over. To cure this evil, Grenfell opened coöperative stores, run solely for the benefit of the fishermen, and established industries that would give a chance of employment during the cold months. A grant of timberland was obtained from the government and a lumber-mill opened. A schooner-building yard and a cooperage for making kegs and barrels to hold the fish exported were next installed.

This made it possible to gather together the people, who were formerly widely scattered because dependent on food gained through hunting and trapping. This made it possible, too, to carry out plans for general improvement—schools for the children and some social life. Two small jails, no longer needed in this capacity, were converted into clubs, with libraries and games. Realizing the general need for healthful recreation, the doctor introduced rubber footballs, which might be used in the snow.

Knowing that Labrador can never hope to do much in agriculture, as even the cabbages and potatoes frequently suffer from summer frosts, the doctor tried to add to the resources of the country by introducing a herd of reindeer from Lapland, together with three families of Laps to teach the people how to care for them. Reindeer milk is rich and makes good cheese. Moreover, the supply of meat and leather they provide is

helping to make up for the falling-off in the number of seals, due to unrestricted hunting. The transportation afforded by the reindeer is also important in a land of dog-sledges.

Dr. Grenfell has himself financed his various schemes, using, in addition to gifts from those whom he can interest, the entire income gained from his books and lectures. He keeps nothing for himself but the small salary as mission doctor to pay actual living expenses. All of the industrial enterprises—coöperative stores, sawmills, reindeer, fox-farms—are deeded to the Deep-Sea Mission, and become its property as soon as they begin to be profitable.

Would you like to spend a day with Dr. Grenfell in summer, when he cruises about in his hospital-ship three or four thousand miles back and forth, from St. John's all along the Labrador coast? You would see what a wonderful pilot the doctor is as he faces the perils of hidden reefs, icebergs, fogs, and storms. You would see that he can doctor his ship, should it leak or the propeller go lame, as well as the numbers of people who come to him with every sort of ill, from aching teeth to broken bones.

Perhaps, though, you might prefer a fine, crisp day in winter. Then you could drive forty or fifty miles in the komatik, getting off to run when you feel a bit stiff with the cold, especially if it happens to be uphill. You might be tempted to coast down the hills, but you find that dogs can't stand that any more than horses could, so you let down the "drug" (a piece of iron chain) to block the runners. There is no sound except the lone twitter of a venturesome tomtit who decided to risk the winter in a particularly thick spruce-tree. Sometimes you go bumpity-bump over fallen trees, with pitfalls between lightly covered with snow. Sometimes the dogs bound ahead eagerly over smooth ground where the only signs of the times are the occasional tracks of a rabbit, partridge, fox, or caribou. Then how you will enjoy the dinner of hot toasted pork cakes before the open fire, after the excitement of feeding the ravenous dogs with huge pieces of frozen seal-meat and seeing them burrow down under the snow for their night's sleep. If there is no pressing need of his services next morning, the doctor may take you skeeing, or show you how to catch trout through a hole in the ice.

Winter or summer, perhaps you might come to agree with Dr. Grenfell that one may have "a jolly good time" while doing a man's work in rough, out-of-the-way Labrador. You would, at any rate, have a chance to discover that life may be a splendid adventure.

IN DOCTOR GRENFELL'S TOWN

BY ALICE CHAMBERLAIN KENDALL

"What do you say, Captain, shall we get there to-night?" The captain picked up his glasses and scanned the headlands to the northwest. Above him the big sail slackened and blew taut again, the spanker-boom tugged at the sheet. It was not the first time the captain had heard that question. He caught the wheel with a quick turn, shouted an order to the mate, and smiled back at his five passengers, "Yes, sir, you 'll get there to-night!"

The Harvard freshman jumped to his feet. "Gee," he said, "I 'm going to pack!" And we all fell to singing:

"It 's a long way to Grenfell Mission;
It 's a long way, I know,
And it 's no fun being seasick,
With a thousand miles to go!
Speed on, good ship *Cluett*,
Come on, Wind, blow fair;
It 's a long, long way to Grenfell Mission,
But we 're almost there!"

We were off the northern coast of Newfoundland, just two weeks away from Boston harbor; the log said 1300 miles—1300 merry, miserable, wonderful, rolling miles. Dense fog, innocent blue weather, a shrieking northeaster, a little bumping into the ice, and, "Yes," said the cap-



ON THE WAY TO DR. GRENFELL'S TOWN.

tain, briskly, "we had big seas last night, but she took 'em beautiful!" Some of us had stood at the wheel, chummed with the sailors, seen the sunset from a swaying masthead, slept on deck under moonlit sails, and together we had watched



THE TOWN OF ST. ANTHONY, WITH FISHING POINT IN THE DISTANCE.

the mystic icebergs pass from horizon to horizon. They gleamed ahead like mountain-peaks, their monstrous, glistening sides loomed above our mastheads, behind us they drifted away like phantoms in the opal twilight of the sea.

How many times we had heard Dr. Grenfell speak of these things and picture them on his lecture-screen! Now we ourselves were in the picture, alongside the fishing-boats bound north. Bright clouds hung over the purple coast, the pale sea was heaving gently and a thousand white birds sat upon it, like so many little saints.

Light ahead! "It 's the lighthouse on Fishing Point," the captain said; "you 'll be having a picnic out there some day." Slowly we drew near. Dusk fell about us; we heard the sailors shouting and the sound of sails being furled. The water began to sparkle with phosphorescent fire; northern lights flared across the sky; the red moon peered above the horizon. The *Cluett's* whistle shrilled through the midnight air. Did some one welcome us? Only the dogs, and their frightful, wolfish clamor echoed around the shore. Eagerly we looked for lights, but saw only one. "The hospital," said the captain; "they always keep a light burning there. See—the night nurse is going her rounds." And our good ship's anchor splashed in the snug harbor of St. Anthony.

Some days later I chanced to meet the Harvard freshman. He was shoveling coal back of the hospital, and I heard him say as he pitched into the coal, "Gee, I could eat ten dinners!" Up the path came Billy, the ox, drawing a load of the *Cluett's* freight, and the Yale freshman, lately arrived from New York, was endeavoring to make old Billy step lively. A Williams man steadied the freight.

It was a warm morning, almost hot—exceedingly hot for St. Anthony. Little Johnny with the crooked back sat limply in the shade of the hospital door. "Hullo, Miss," he called out, "ain't it shockin' hot!" And yet down the blue harbor gleamed an iceberg. It was a busy harbor this morning. A motor-boat sped noisily across, sails moved breezily in and out, and women-folk in the white houses along the shore were spreading their washing in the sun. Homes of the fishermen circled the harbor, and green rugged hills closed in around them. Between the



HARVARD AND YALE IN DR. GRENFELL'S TOWN.

mission buildings were scraggly fields of grass and patches of open ground ready to be harrowed —a job for Billy and the freshmen.

During the summer months all the men and older boys of St. Anthony are busy with the fishery, so that extra hands are needed for the work on the mission, and these hands are gladly lent by the student lads, or "wops," as they fondly call themselves. If a drain must be dug or a roof mended, if help is called for in an overburdened hospital ward, or the mission yawl has to take a doctor twenty miles down the coast, there 's always a husky "wop" on hand with an "All right, sir."

"Oh, Miss, ain't they pretty ones!" I 've reached the orphanage gate, and the smallest boy greets me with a warm handful of buttercups. The others are not far behind. "Please, Miss, come and play with us—you promised to look at my garden, Miss,—and mine—and mine, Miss,—oh, mine 's growed so fast it 's got two beets and three lettuces a-coming up!" The orphanage is a big roomy building, rather draughty and the worse for wear, but full of light and of pleasant voices. Thirty boys and girls find in it a home, food, clothes, work, play, love—love enough to guide and teach, to "fix up" a little stubbed toe, and kiss Tommy good-night. Dr. Grenfell finds it difficult to remember just how many empty beds there happen to be in this home. He sometimes dismays the matron by bringing her five children when she has room for only one, and she is obliged to put the facts of the case in black and white and see that the paper is in the doctor's pocket when he sets out for the Labrador.

In the orphanage, according to the custom of the fishermen, grace is said before the meal and after. And in that sunny room, among so many clean bright faces, one is glad to ask a blessing twice. The dinner may be only fish and beans, cornmeal mush and hard bread, but it tastes good, and there is enough for two helpings all around. On the Labrador there are little ones who often have only bread and tea.

The captain said we 'd be having a picnic out at Fishing Point some day, and the thrilling moment arrived, with sandwiches in the basket and pink and white candy rattling in the tin box. We set out gleefully. Up the hill path (there are no roads in St. Anthony), past the tiny "Spot Cash" store, the little white church, the mission school-house, then across a brook and over a bank of fleurs-de-lis, by fishermen's houses, where nets are drying in the sun, along the pebbly shore, up on the rocks, up and up—that 's the way to Fishing Point. We sat down in a wide grassy place by a crowd of bluebells, on one side the quiet harbor, on the other, jagged cliffs and the noisy sea. Out beyond the breakers fishermen in bobbing dories were "jigging" for cod.

The jam was quite thick in the sandwiches, and Mary Ann sipped her lime-juice as though she wished it would last all day. But soon even pink and white candy was forgotten in a sudden scurrying race for the rocks. Fragrant little balsams were brushed aside and every mossy cranny explored. Who would find a new flower? Timothy, the merry, brown Eskimo lad, squinted



THE DOOR OF THE HOSPITAL.

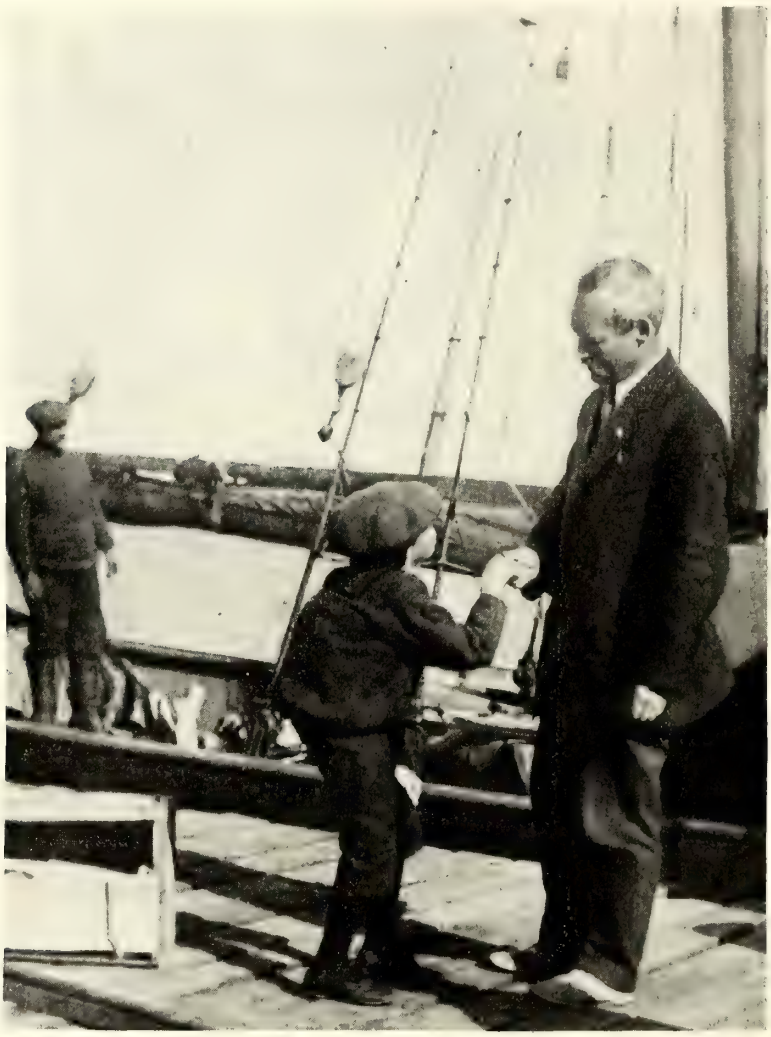
through my hand-lens at a wee pink blossom. "Oh look, Miss! ain't he a pretty one?"

"I believe I 've got a new fern!" shouted Caleb, running up quite out of breath; "I believe I 'ave!" And now it is Stewart's voice ahead of us. "A white-cap, Miss! See—he 's pitched on the top branch; take a spy at him, Miss!" and Stewart puts the bird-glasses into my hands. Sure enough, it is the white-crowned sparrow, that rare migrant of our home fields. He looks as friendly as a robin, and wears his white crown as lightly as though it were a snowflake. But enough of birds and flowers—the Harvard freshman is punting a football. Johnny with the crooked back cannot join in the scrimmage, but he rolls himself over and over on the ground,

shouting in his laughter, "Oh, Miss, ain't it jist a daisy picnic!" Wilfred, the little Indian boy, catches me with both hands. "Let 's never go away from this place, Miss. Let 's build a great big white palace here—and stay forever!" But

nets, the place where his own small boys sport on the shore and gather flowers "for Mother."

When Dr. Grenfell comes home and his gallant little mission-ship is sighted down the harbor, there 's a stir in St. Anthony. The children shout



"GOOD-BY, JOHNNY." DR. GRENFELL AND ONE OF HIS LITTLE PATIENTS.

low clouds hung over the sea, raindrops spattered us, dreams and all, and we hurried back over the rocks, eating what was left of the pink and white candy.

At the brook we met two sturdy little lads, stepping along with their governess. They were Wilfred Grenfell, Jr., and his brother Pascoe, coming back from their afternoon play, with hands full of bluebells. Yes, this was indeed Dr. Grenfell's town, this place of sea and rocks, of harbor homes and fishermen mending their

at the orphanage door, a crowd gathers on the wharf, the freshmen tie old Billy to the fence and run "like Sam Hill." The doctor comes ashore, hatless, his face bronzed by sun and wind, his hair a trifle grayer than it was last year. He has a new boy for the orphanage and a wee baby, that nobody wanted, for the hospital. With him this time is an orthopædic specialist from Boston, and now there will be extra busy days at the hospital. Yesterday the *Prospero* arrived, the St. John's boat, with thirty new patients.

"There 's an old man come to the hospital, Miss," says Johnny; "he 's come to be cured of old age. But there ain't no cure for old age, is there, Miss? And the new doctor from Boston, he says he can make me straight, Miss, but it 'll take a long spell."

Next morning the "wops," white-coated and silent, are tiptoeing in the hospital corridors. The doors of the operating-room have swung together, and Dr. Grenfell is examining baby Adam's crooked legs. Bobby comes next, a quiet little chap with wistful brown eyes, and it takes the doctors a long time to mend his bad hip. So the work goes on till the end of the day—the kind of a day Dr. Grenfell likes best, for he knows that after the fret and pain Adam's legs will grow fat and straight and Bobby will not need his crutches. "And if they make me straight," says Johnny, "then I can have a little shop some day and earn me livin', can't I, Miss?"

Sunday morning in Dr. Grenfell's town. I sit by my window in the guest house, looking down at the buttercups in the grass, from them to the little church standing prim and white against the dome of Fishing Point. A company of fishing-smacks are anchored in the shining harbor. The morning is clear and soundless, there 's not a cricket in St. Anthony! But now Rube has finished milking, and cow-bells tinkle in the lane. A fisherman comes down the hill singing:

"Come, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for loudest songs of praise.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, now, like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to Thee."

I cannot sit long at the window. There 's breakfast to get for hungry "wops," and dinner to plan before the church-bells ring.

I am late. Johnny sees me come in and calls "Hullo," right across the church. The pretty girl who plays the organ cannot always follow the notes. Sometimes we have to stop and begin all over again, but nobody seems to mind; everybody sings, and Uncle Solomon's lusty voice carries us through many difficulties. And I wonder how many voices around greater organs are singing together with us away up on the rocky tip of Newfoundland:

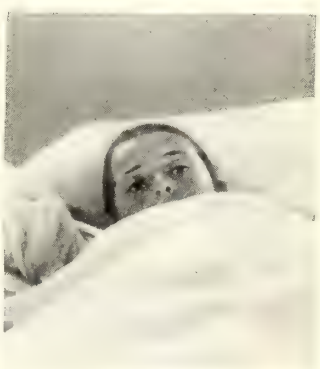
"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime."

There are two services on Sunday. At six o'clock the bells ring over the hills again and out across the harbor. Again the fishermen come ashore, quiet, sinewy, weather-beaten men, and the little church is full. Dr. Grenfell is in the pulpit. He reads the story of the Prodigal Son, then simply, directly, earnestly, he talks to the men he loves. His message is for them, but, "I wish," says the Harvard freshman, "that all the fellows at home could hear that!" We sing again, and the doctor closes with a prayer—"O God, make us rich, not for this world, but for all time."

In the long twilight, men and boys saunter down the hill or stand talking in little groups. The mission family assembles at Dr. Grenfell's home. The evening is cool, and we find a bright fire on the hearth. Here we chat together and sing, going twice around the circle for favorite hymns, and the doctor takes down a book from the shelf and reads to us awhile. At his feet sits Jack, small, curly, black Jack of ice-pan fame, the dog who helped to save his master's life.

"Come, Jack, say your prayers." The curly little fellow obediently puts his paws on the doctor's knee, buries his nose between them, and shuts his eyes quite tight. "Amen," says the doctor, and Jack sits up fetchingly for his doughnut.

Outside the night air is almost frosty. A big moon is just coming up over Fishing Point. It shines full on the face of the hospital, lighting the words that are written there: "Faith, Hope, and Love abide, but the greatest of these is Love." Lights go out in the orphanage, in the guest house, in the doctors' homes, in the fishermen's windows around the shore, but a light still shines in the hospital.



"BOBBY."

There 's a stifled moan in the corner cot. It 's Bobby, and he 's worse again. A pleasant voice speaks softly above his pillow: "Bobby—Bobby, see what I 've got for you—some oranges! How 'd you like me to fix a little juice in a glass, so you could drink it?"

"You ought to have seen how pleased he was," said the Harvard freshman to me next day. "Why, I suppose Bobby does n't get an orange once a year. Say, but that little fellow 's got the most wonderful eyes I ever saw. When he thanked me—they were full of tears!"

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House," "The Sapphire Signet," etc.

Chapter III

THE GATE OPENS

For the two ensuing days, Marcia and Janet, tense with excitement, discussed the most recently discovered inmate of "Benedict's Folly," and watched incessantly for another glimpse of the face behind the shutter. How was it, they constantly demanded of each other, that a girl of fourteen or fifteen had come to be shut up in the dreary old place? Was she a prisoner there? Was she a relative, friend, or servant? Was she free to come and go?

To the latter question they unanimously voted "No!" How could she be aught else but a prisoner when she was never seen going in or out, was forced to take her exercise after nightfall in the dark garden, and was kept constantly behind closed shutters? No girl of that age in her right mind could deliberately *choose* a life like that!

"Do you suppose she has always lived there?" queried Marcia, for the twentieth time. And as Janet could answer it no better than herself, she propounded another question:

"And why do you suppose she opened the shutter and looked out, seeming so delighted, when I played, and then drew in again so quickly when we noticed her? Is *she* afraid of being seen, too?"

"Evidently," said Janet. "She must be as full of mystery as the rest of them. And yet—I *can't*, somehow, feel that she *is* like them; she 's so sweet and young and—oh, *you* know what I mean!"

Of course she knew, but it did n't help them in the least to solve this latest phase of their mystery. Finally Marcia, who still clung a bit shyly to the fairy lore of her earlier years, declared:

"I believe she 's a regular *Cinderella,* kept there to do all the hard work of the place by those queer old ladies, and I should n't be a bit surprised if she 's down in the kitchen this minute, cleaning out the ashes of the stove! Come, Jan, let 's go for a walk, and when we come back I 'll play on the violin by the window. Maybe our little *Cinderella* will peep out again!"

The two girls put on their hats and strolled out for their usual afternoon walk and treat of ice-cream soda. But they had gone no farther from their own door than the length of the Benedict brick wall when they were suddenly brought to a halt in front of the closed gate by hearing a sound on the other side of it. It was a sound indicative of some one's struggling attempt to open it—the click of a key turning and turning in the lock and the futile rattling of the iron knob. And then the sound of a voice murmuring:

"Oh, dear! What *shall* I do? I can't get this open!"

"Janet," whispered Marcia, "that 's *not* the voice of Miss Benedict! I *know* it! I believe it 's *Cinderella,* and she 's trying to run away! What shall we do—stay here?"

"No," Janet whispered back. "Let 's just stroll on a little way, and then turn back. We can see what happens then without seeming to be watching."

They walked on quickly for a number of yards, and then turned to approach the gate again. Even as they did so they saw it open, and out stepped a little figure.

It was not Miss Benedict! The slim, trim little girlish form was clad in plain dark clothes of a slightly unfamiliar cut. But the face was the one that had appeared in the upper window, and the thick golden curls were surmounted by a black velvet tam-o'-shanter. On her arm she carried a small market-basket, and her eyes had a bewildered, almost frightened, look.

In their excited interest Marcia and Janet had, quite unconsciously, stopped short where they were and waited to see which way their *Cinderella* would turn. But though they stood so for an appreciable moment, she turned neither way, and only stood, her back to the gate, gazing uncertainly to the right and left. And then, perceiving them, she seemed to take a sudden resolution, and turned to them appealingly.

"Oh, please, *could* you direct me how to find this?" she asked, holding out a slip of paper. Marcia hurried to her side and read the written address. And when she had read it, she realized that it was the little grocery-shop on the other side of town where she had once encountered Miss Benedict.

"Why, certainly!" she cried. "You walk over five blocks in that direction, then turn to your left and down three. You can't miss it; it 's right next to a shoemaker's place."

The child looked more bewildered than ever,

and her eyes strayed to the busy street-crossing near which they stood, crowded with hurrying trucks and automobiles.

"Thank you!" she faltered. "Do I go this way?" And then, with sudden candor, "You see, I 'm strange in these streets." Her voice was clear and pretty, but her accent markedly un-American. Both girls half consciously noted it.

"See here," said Marcia; "would you care to have us take you there? We 're not going in any special direction, and I 've been there before."

An infinitely relieved expression came over the girl's face. "Oh, *would* you be so kind? I 'm just—just scared to death on these streets!"

They turned to accompany her, one on each side, and piloted her safely across the busy avenue. Then, in the quiet stretch of the next block, they proceeded together in complete and embarrassing silence.

It was a silence that Marcia and Janet had fully expected their companion to break—possibly to reveal some reason for her errand and her strangeness in the streets. They themselves hesitated to say much, for fear of seeming curious or anxious to force her confidence. But she said not a word. The strain at last became too much for Janet.

"I don't blame you for feeling nervous in these city streets," she began. "I 'm a country girl myself, and I act like a scared rabbit whenever I go out alone here." The girl turned to her with a little confiding gesture.

"I 've never been out in them alone before," she said. Then there was another silence during which Marcia and Janet both searched frantically in their minds for something else to say. But it was the girl herself who broke the silence the second time.

"Thank you for your music the other day," she said, turning to Marcia. "I heard you. I often hear you and listen."

"Oh, I 'm so glad you liked it!" cried Marcia. "Do you care for music?"

"I adore it," she replied simply.

"Look here!" exclaimed Marcia, suddenly; "how did you know it was I that played the violin?"

"Because I 've watched you often—through the slats!"

Marcia and Janet exchanged glances. So the watching was not all on *their* side of the fence! Here was a revelation!

"That last thing you played the other day—will you—will you tell me what it was?" went on their new companion, shyly.

"Why, that was Schumann's 'Träumerei,'" answered Marcia. "I love it, don't you?"

"Yes, but I never heard it before; that is, I never *remember* hearing it, and yet—somehow I seemed to *know* it. I can't think why. I don't understand. It 's as if I 'd *dreamed* it, I think."

Marcia and Janet again exchanged glances. What a strange child this was, who talked of having "dreamed" music that was quite familiar to almost every one.

"Perhaps you heard it at a concert," suggested Janet.

"I never went to a concert," she replied, much to their amazement. And then, perceiving their surprise, she added:

"You see, I 've always lived 'way off in the country, in just a little village—till now."

"Oh—yes," answered Janet, pretending enlightenment, though in truth she and Marcia were more bewildered than ever.

But by this time they had reached the little grocery-shop, and all proceeded inside while their new friend made her purchases. These she read off slowly from a slip of paper, and the grocer packed them in her basket. But when it came to paying for them and making change, she became entangled in a fresh puzzle.

"I think you said these eggs were a shilling?" she ventured to the grocer.

"Shilling—no! I said they were a quarter," he retorted impatiently.

"A quarter?" she queried, and turned questioning eyes to her two friends.

"He means this," said Marcia, picking out a twenty-five-cent piece from the change the girl held.

"Oh, thank you! I don't understand this American money," she explained. And Marcia and Janet added another query to their rapidly growing mental list.

On the way back home, however, she grew silent again, and though the girls chatted back and forth about quite impersonal matters,—the crowded streets, the warm weather, the sights they passed,—she was not to be drawn into the conversation. And the nearer they drew to their destination, the more depressed she appeared to become. At last they reached the gate.

"Shall you be going out again to-morrow?" ventured Marcia. "If so, we will go with you, if you care to have us, till you get used to the streets."

The girl gave her a sudden, pleased glance. "I—I don't know," she said. "You see, Miss Benedict hurt her ankle a day or two ago, and she can't get around much, so—so I 'm doing this for her. If she wants me to go to-morrow, I will. I 'd be *so* glad to go with you. How shall I let you know?"

"Just hang a white handkerchief to your shutter before you go, and we 'll see it. We 'll watch for it!" cried Marcia, inventing the signal on the spur of the moment. And then, impetuously, she added:

"My name is Marcia Brett, and this is Janet McNeil. Won't you tell us yours, if we 're to be friends?"

"I 'm Cecily Marlowe," she answered, "and I 'm *so* glad to know you." As she spoke she was fumbling with the big key, in the lock of the gate, and as the latter swung open, she turned once more to face them, with a little pent-up sob: "I don't know why I 'm here—and I 'm *so* lonely!" Then, frightened at having revealed so much, she turned quickly away and shut the gate.

As they listened to her footsteps retreating up the path and the closing of the front door Marcia and Janet turned to each other, a thousand questions burning on their tongues. But all they could exclaim in one breath was:

"Did you *ever!*"

Chapter IV

The Backward Glance

The next twenty-four hours were spent in delightful speculation. So her name was Cecily Marlowe! Was she any relation of Miss Benedict? "Marlowe" and "Benedict" were certainly dissimilar enough.

"But then she might be a relation on Miss Benedict's mother's side," suggested Marcia.

"Does it sound likely when you think what she said just at the last—that she did n't know why she was there?" replied Janet, scornfully. "She could n't be in doubt about it if she were a *relation,* either come on a visit or there to stay!" Which argument settled *that* question.

"But where do you suppose she has come from?" marveled Marcia. "She said she 'd always lived in a little country village, and she did n't know a thing about American money. She 's foreign—that 's certain. Even her clothes and her way of speaking show it. But from where?"

"Did you notice that she said 'shilling'?" suggested Janet. "That shows she must be English. She *looks* English. Now will you tell me how she could get 'way over here from England and not know why she had come?"

"It sounds as if she might have been kidnapped," said Marcia. "Why, Janet! this is precisely like a mystery in a book. Do you *realize* it? And here we are living right next door to it! It 's too good to be true!"

Janet's mind had, however, gone off on another tack. "I can't understand that remark she made about the music. 'Träumerei' is certainly about as well known as any piece of classic music. She said she never remembered hearing it, and yet it seems somehow familiar to her. Can you make anything out of *that?*"

Marcia could n't. "Maybe it 's all just a notion," she suggested helplessly. "Suppose I play some on the violin here in our window right now. She seems to enjoy it so. And maybe she 'll open her shutter again."

So they sat on the window-seat, and Marcia played her very best, including the "Träumerei," but no golden head appeared from behind the shutter that afternoon.

"Never mind," said Janet. "We 'll see her to-morrow, most likely. Perhaps she 's busy downstairs now."

"But is n't she the prettiest little thing!" mused Marcia, reminiscently. "The loveliest big blue eyes, and curly golden hair, and such a *trusting* look in her face, somehow! It went right down to the very bottom of my heart, if it does n't sound silly to put it that way."

"Yes, I know," agreed Janet. "I felt the same way. But does n't it strike you queer that—"

"Oh, the whole thing 's queer!" interrupted Marcia. "The queerest I ever heard of. I guess you agree with me now, Janet, that I had a secret worth talking about in 'Benedict's Folly.' But let 's wait till to-morrow and see what happens."

The morrow came and went, however, and nothing happened at all. Hour after hour the two girls watched for the signal of the white handkerchief, but every shuttered window of the old mansion remained blank. Neither did any one go in or out of the gate. Late in the afternoon Marcia played again at the window, but the sweetest music called forth not a single sign from behind the walls of the house next door. Janet had but one solution to offer.

"They probably did n't need any marketing done to-day, so she naturally did n't go out."

"But why could n't she have at least looked out a moment from her window?" cried Marcia, disconsolately. "Surely that would have been easy to do, when she said she cared so much for the music. She must have *known* I was playing just for her!"

"She may have been somewhere in the house where she could n't. You can't tell, and ought n't to blame her without knowing," declared Janet, defending the conduct of the mysterious Cecily. "To-morrow we 'll see her again, no doubt."

On the morrow her prophecy was fulfilled. They did see her again, but under circumstances so peculiar that they were quite dumfounded.

All the morning they watched and waited in vain for some signal from the upper window. But none came. And the main part of the afternoon passed in precisely the same way. They sat very conspicuously in their own window-seat, so that there could be no doubt in Cecily's mind about their being at home. Marcia even did a little violin practice while they waited. And still there was no sign. Suddenly, about five o'clock, Janet clutched at her chum's arm.

"Look!" she cried.

Marcia looked, and down the path from the front door of the strange house she saw Cecily, dressed to go out, approaching the gate. It was plain that she was bound on another marketing expedition for the basket hung from her arm.

"*Well!* what do you make of that!" exclaimed Marcia in bewilderment. "Did she signal to us?"

"No, she did n't," returned Janet. "I 've watched every minute. She *could n't* have forgotten it. But, do you know, there may be some very good reason why she did n't—or could n't—and perhaps she 's hoping we 'll see her, and be on hand outside, anyway, as we promised."

"But she *must* have seen us sitting in the win-



"CECILY MARLOWE PASSED THEM BY WITHOUT A LOOK." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

dow," argued Marcia. "She might at least have looked up and waved her hand, or nodded, or smiled—or something!"

Cecily, meanwhile, was fumbling with the lock of the big old gate, which seemed, as on a former occasion, to give her a great deal of trouble.

"Come," cried Janet to Marcia. "We 'll just about have time to catch her if we hurry." And seizing their hats, the girls hastened downstairs. Their front door closed behind them just as Cecily came abreast of them. What happened next was like a blow in the face!

They had started forward, each with a friendly smile, expecting their new companion to meet them in similar fashion. To their amazement, Cecily Marlowe, after the first sudden look into their faces, dropped her eyes, and passed them by without a look, precisely as if they were utter strangers to her.

Both girls gasped, stared at her departing figure till she turned the corner, and then into each other's faces.

"The ungrateful little thing!" Marcia presently exploded. "If that was n't the 'cut direct,' I 've never seen it before!"

"An unmistakable way of telling us to mind our own business!" even Janet had to admit. "How humiliating! And yet—"

"Yet—what?" demanded Marcia, indignantly. "You 're surely not going to try to excuse such inexcusable conduct as *that!* I see very plainly what 's happened. She 's thought it over and decided that we were meddlesome and just trying to *push* an acquaintance with her, and she thinks she 's a little too exclusive for that kind of thing, and the simple remedy was to 'cut us dead'!" Marcia was quite out of breath when she finished this summing up.

"It *does* look like it," Janet admitted. "But somehow, even yet, I can't feel that she *wanted* to do it—of her own accord, I mean."

But Marcia could n't see it in that light. They discussed the question hotly, still standing on the front stoop of the apartment. So long, in fact, did they argue it back and forth, turning and twisting the sorry little occurrence, viewing it in every possible light, that before they realized it, Cecily was returning, her errands accomplished. How she had managed to find her way and cross the streets in safety, they could only conjecture.

To reach her own gate, she had to pass directly by where they were standing, and they saw her approaching down the block.

"Here she comes," muttered Marcia. "Now, let 's stand right here and watch her as she goes by She can't *help* but see us. We 'll give her one more chance to do the proper thing."

And so they waited, breathless, expectant, while the girl came rapidly on, her eyes cast down, watching the pavement. But even when she was quite in front of them, she did not once look up, and without comment their gaze followed her retreating figure to the gate.

As she fitted the big key and swung the gate open, they were just about to turn to each other in angry impatience when something else happened.

Cecily Marlowe turned her head and looked back at them for one long, tense moment. It was such a wistful, imploring look, a gaze so full of appeal for forgiveness, so plainly in contrast with her recent conduct, that their hearts melted at once.

Simultaneously they waved their hands and smiled to her, and she smiled back in return, the most adorable little smile in the world, full of trust and confidence and utter friendliness.

Then she hurried in and closed the gate, leaving her two new friends outside more bewildered than ever!

Chapter V

The Handkerchief in the Window

The next day was spent by the two girls in an expedition to one of the near-by ocean beaches with Aunt Minerva. Under ordinary circumstances it was a treat that would have delighted their hearts. But, as matters stood, they only chafed with impatience to be back at their bedroom window, watching the house next door. The date for the trip, however, had been set some time before, and Aunt Minerva would have thought it very strange if they had begged off, for any such flimsy reason as they could have offered.

The day after found them again on watch, though what they expected to see they could n't have told. It was plain that, in spite of appearances, Cecily Marlowe's friendly feeling toward them was undiminished. The charming backward smile had indicated *that* unmistakably. But how to make it fit in with her refusal to signal and her forbidding conduct they could not understand, and the mystery kept them in a constant ferment of surmise.

But even as they sat discussing it next morning, their fancy-work lying unheeded in their laps, they looked out suddenly with a simultaneous gasp of astonishment and delight. There was a tiny white handkerchief attached to the shutter in the upper window and fluttering in the breeze!

"It 's the signal—our signal!" cried Marcia. "Now what shall we do?—show that we 've seen

it by waving something? Here 's my red silk scarf."

"No," decided Janet. "Perhaps she 'd rather not have us do anything that might attract attention. Let 's go right down to the street, as we said we would, and see if she 's there."



"IT WAS SUCH A WISTFUL, IMPLORING LOOK."

They lost not a moment's time in reaching their front steps. But there was no sign of Cecily till they had come abreast of the Benedict gate. This they discovered ajar, and two blue eyes peeping out of a narrow crack. As they came in sight, there was a smothered exclamation, "Oh! I 'm so glad!" The gate opened wider, and Cecily stood before them.

"You are *so* good!" she began at once, in a low voice, stretching out both hands to them. "I was afraid you—you would n't come. I left the signal there almost all day yesterday—"

"We were away!" cried Marcia, promptly. "I 'm *so* sorry. We went—"

"Oh, then—oh, it 's all right!" breathed Cecily, in relief. "I was sure you were angry at—at the way—I acted."

It was on the tip of Marcia's tongue to demand why she *had* acted so, but she refrained. And Cecily hurried on:

"I—I just had to signal for you. I—we are in great trouble—and I don't know what to do."

"Oh, what *is* it?" cried both girls together.

"Miss—Miss Benedict is very ill," she continued hesitatingly. "She—she fell and hurt her ankle the other day, and—and it 's been getting worse ever since. She 's in bed—suffering great pain both yesterday and to-day. It 's terribly swelled—"

"But why does n't she send for a doctor?" interrupted Janet, hastily. "She *ought* to have one if it 's as bad as that."

"I asked her that, too, yesterday, and she only said: 'No, no! I cannot, must not have a doctor, child!' And when I asked what I could do for her, she answered, 'I don't know, I 'm sure!' So there she lies—just suffering. And—and I could n't think of anything else to do, so I signaled to you. You are my only friends—in all this city!"

There was something infinitely pathetic about the way she brought out this last statement. It touched the hearts of both her listeners, and because of it they inwardly forgave her, once and for all, for any action of hers that had offended them. And they had the good sense not to comment on the strangeness of Miss Benedict's behavior.

"Well, if she won't have a doctor, we must think what else there is to be done," began Janet, practically.

"I wish you 'd let me bring Aunt Minerva in to see her," said Marcia. "She hurt her ankle just like that, two years ago, and she 'd know exactly what—"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Cecily, starting forward. "Miss Benedict would not want that—does not want to see any one. Please—*please* do not even *mention* to your aunt anything about her—or me! Miss Benedict would not wish it."

The request was certainly very peculiar, but the girls were able to conceal their surprise, great as it was. "Very well," said Marcia, soothingly. "If you 'd rather have it that way, we certainly won't speak of it. But I 've just had another idea. I remember Aunt Minerva had a certain kind of salve that she used for her ankle, and she kept it tightly bandaged on. It did her lots of good—cured her, in fact. Now I believe I could get that salve at a drug-store here—"

"Oh, *could* you?" exclaimed Cecily, in immense relief. "Let us go at once."

"But you need n't trouble to go," said Marcia. "We won't be ten minutes and will come right back with it."

"I prefer to go," replied Cecily Marlowe, with such an air of quiet finality that neither dared to question it. All three started out, after Cecily had locked the gate, and proceeded to the nearest drug-store. Here Marcia made the purchase, and paid for it from the change in her own hand-bag. But when they were outside the store Cecily turned to her gravely:

"I have a little English money of my own, but I did not like to offer it in the shop. If you will —will tell me how much the salve cost—in shillings—I will give it to you." And she held out several English shillings to Marcia.

"Oh, you need n't do that! I 'm glad to be able to think of something to do for Miss Benedict. It 's such a little matter—"

"Please!" reiterated Cecily. "I wish to tell her I bought it myself."

"Why?" cried Marcia, and then the next moment wished she could recall a question that seemed to border on the personal.

"Because I—I dare not tell her I have—have been talking to you!" hesitated Cecily, in an unusual burst of candor. And after that revelation they all walked back to the gate in an uneasy silence.

When they stood again in front of the blank barrier to the mysterious house, Cecily turned to Marcia.

"I love your music," she said. "I always listen to it whenever you play. I knew you had been playing—just for me—these last few days, and I wanted to look out of my window and—and wave to you, but—I must not. I am always there—when you play—listening. I wanted you to know it."

"Oh, I 'm so glad!" cried Marcia, delightedly. "I *hoped* it would please you. I 'll play more than ever now. I 'll do all my practising there, too."

"Cecily," said Janet, abruptly, venturing on personal ground for the first time, "you are very lonely there, in that big house, with no other young folks, are n't you?"

"Yes," answered Cecily, speaking very low, and glancing in an uncertain way at the gate.

"Well, why don't you ask—er—Miss Benedict, if you could n't run in and visit us once in a while, or go out for a walk with us sometimes? Surely she would n't object to that."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Cecily, hastily. "I 'd—oh, *how* I 'd love to, but—but—it would n't do,—it would n't be allowed! No, I must not." There was nothing more to be said.

"At least, then," added Marcia, "you 'll let us know if you need anything else—you 'll signal to us?"

"Yes," said Cecily, "I 'll do that." She got out the key, and unlocked the gate. Then she faced them with a sudden, passionate sob.

"You are so wonderfully good to me! I love you—both! You 're all I have to—care for!"

Then the gate was shut, and they heard her footsteps fleeing up the pathway.

(To be continued.)

THE FROST FAIRIES

On frosty eves, when crickets cheep,
Their watch the winter fairies keep,
  And by the light
  Of moonbeams white
Weave silver laces while I sleep.

Yes, when the daylight comes again,
I find they 've worked with might and main;
  For frills and stars
  And crinkly bars
Make curtains on my window-pane.

Melville Chater.



"BY THE LIGHT OF MOONBEAMS WHITE WEAVE SILVER LACES."

AKBAR AND BIRBAL

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

AS TO POETS

THE Emperor Akbar, Lord of Ind, awoke
And, half in jest, to Rajah Birbal spoke:

"My poet-friend, in Bhoja Razu's days
The minstrel Kalidasa filled the air
With mighty harmonies; but tell me, where
Is he that fitly sings thy monarch's praise?"

Then Birbal, wit and scholar, bowed his head
In playful reverence, while thus he said:

"Great Bhoja Razu proved a worthy king;
Rich gifts he gave to wise and witty men;
When kings like Bhoja Razu come again,
Like Kalidasa other bards shall sing."

THE TALE OF THE BLIND MEN

"A BLIND man's wealth is in God's keeping," quoth Badaoni Khan.

"Ill is it then in Agra," laughed the Rajah Birbal; "for here be there more of the blind than of those whose eyes are opened!"

"O my lord, how long wilt thou bear with this fool?" muttered Badaoni in the ear of the king. "I pray thee, command him to prove his word of folly, so that he be justly shamed."

And the king did even so.

And Birbal said: "I brush my lord's golden slippers with mine eyelashes. Let my lord bid one of the royal scribes follow me into the public road; there will we stand for an hour's space, and the scribe shall make a score on his tablets for each of those that pass—the blind and the seeing."

So was it done. And when, after an hour's space, Birbal and the scribe returned to the court, Akbar said, "Scribe, say what is noted upon thy tablets."

And the scribe replied, "My lords, the tablets record that of the blind two thousand passed, but of the seeing not one."

Then Badaoni grew exceeding wroth (for though he was a learned man there was in him no seed of mirth or laughter), and he cried: "How can this be? Scribe, didst thou thyself count these men?"

"Nay," replied the scribe, "I did but score as my lord the rajah bade me."

"That do I well believe!" sneered Badaoni. "Now, I charge thee, tell to the king truly that which thou sawest with thine own eyes."

"My lords," spake the scribe, "the rajah and thy slave went out into the public road; and there my lord the rajah, in his silken robes, stooped and lifted great stones and carried them to the side of the road and heaped them in a heap. And each that passed that way said, 'Rajah, what art thou doing?' And even as he spoke such words my lord the rajah said unto me, 'Put him down also;—poor man, he cannot see!'"

Then the king laughed gaily, and flung a golden chain of honor about Birbal's neck. And Badaoni Khan growled in his throat, "Truly, if this man is flung into the Ganges he will come up with a fish in his teeth!"

THE TALISMAN

AKBAR the King, worn with many cares, spake unto the Rajah Birbal: "O friend whom I love, witty thou art and wise, and full of good counsel; canst thou give me a talisman against all sorrow?"

And the rajah answered, "Yea, good my lord, I can,—if thou wilt but learn to use it." And he gave the king a golden ring set with an emerald on which was graven the Persian word *Mezugrad*, which means "Passing away." And he counseled him that when unduly uplifted by good fortune or cast down by ill, he should gaze upon that graven word so that his soul again might know that nothing shall endure.

OF AKBAR AND HIS CAPTAINS

VALOROUS in war was Akbar (though, as hath been told, war he loved not), warring but to bring peace, and using peaceful means when such might serve. Thus is it told that when besieging a great city, he caused to be shot from his cannon, not balls of iron or stone, but bags of gold and silver coin. From this the people of that city knew that his mind was well disposed toward them, and joyfully threw open their gates to welcome one who came not as an evil conqueror, but as a lord of peace and bounty. Yet for all his gentleness of heart, the great emperor knew well that there be in this rude world other kings and chiefs that are held from war only by fear of greater force; therefore was he ever prepared, mindful of the proverb which says, "One ready sword keeps many other swords in their sheaths." And truly, when there was need, he did not stay the sword for any obstacle until his end was achieved. Thereto is this tale:

One of Akbar's captains, the Rajah Maun, upon whom had been laid the task of taking the city of Kabul, which is in Afghanistan, halted his army when he came unto the banks of the river Indus, for that the Indus was held as the barrier between the fair lands of Hindustan and the fierce warriors of the North. And in the tongue of Hindustan the river is named "The Uttuc," which means "The Barrier." But when Akbar heard that his captain was daunted by this "Uttuc," or "Barrier," he sent him in reproof the verse which reads:

The whole earth is of God
In which He hath placed The Barrier.
He whose mind admits of barriers
Will always find one.



ABUFAZL RETURNING THE GIFTS TO THE REBEL BAHADUR KHAN.

Another of Akbar's captains was that wisest of counselors, his prime minister the Sheik Abufazl, whose statesmanship was such that Abdulla, King of Bokhara, said, "I fear Abufazl's pen

more than Akbar's arrow." Now Abufazl lay with his host in siege of the city of Asir; and the rebel Bahadur Khan, who held that stronghold, sent him rich gifts in the hope of winning his favor and thus averting the might of Akbar. But Abufazl returned the gifts, saying: "I have made a vow never to accept presents unless three conditions are fulfilled: first, that there shall be friendship between me and the giver; second, that the gift shall not be of too great value; and third, that the gift shall be something of which I have need. Now, supposing that the first two conditions of my vow by which I am held are satisfied, still the favor of the emperor hath extinguished in me all desire or need for accepting gifts from others." So did the wise Sheik Abufazl courteously reject a bribe which, as the saying goes, might have caused him to look at the matter through silver spectacles; and at the same time did he shrewdly contrive to praise the generosity of his master, even to an enemy in arms.

The Rajah Birbal was also among the captains of Akbar, and it is told among the people who love tales of wonder that the rajah was sent against a city in the hills, which was encompassed with high walls so straight and smooth that no man might climb them. Now there is in that hill-country a huge lizard, like to that which is called the gecko, but more large and heavy than a full-grown man; and its feet are so furnished with suckers that it can ascend the smoothest wall, even as a fly, but cannot be pulled therefrom with great force. So the soldiers of Birbal caught one of these great lizards; and when night was come, they fastened a piece of meat so that it should dangle in front of the lizard's nose, yet just out of reach of its darting tongue; and having likewise tied a rope about the creature's body, they started it up the wall at a point where there were no sentinels. Thus, when the lizard, pursuing the piece of meat which ever dangled just out of reach, had climbed over the parapet of the wall dragging the rope behind it, chosen soldiers of Birbal clambered up that rope, stole through the streets, overpowered the guards, and threw open the gates to the besieging army, so that the city was taken.

Little more is said of Birbal in respect to matters of war, save a slight tale that hath passed into a proverb, thus: "Birbal said to Akbar, 'With what weapons shall we fight when the time for fighting comes?' And the emperor made answer, 'With whatever weapons are at hand.'"

BIRBAL'S RAM

ON a pleasant day, when the rains had ceased, King Akbar rode a-hunting with four of those of his court who were nearest and dearest to his heart. And after a day of sport the royal pavilion was pitched in a grove that lay a few *kos* beyond the village that is known as the Village of Fools. Now the Rajah Birbal rose early the next morning and walked toward that village; but when he came to a shallow stream he beheld four men coming from the village; and each man was leading a ram, garlanded with flowers and with gilded horns. So the rajah hid in the long grass to see what might chance.

There saw he the four men, with their led rams, enter the river to ford it, though clearly in great fear of their lives notwithstanding that the water was but shallow. At last they drew out of the stream near to the spot where Birbal lay hid, when the leader of the four said: "I fear lest one of us hath been drowned in crossing this water. Let us count and see." So he counted the others, "One, two, three," counting not himself. And each of the other three in turn counted his fellows, numbering them, "One, two, three," but likewise not counting himself. And all together they set up a wailing.

Then Birbal arose and came to them, saying, "Wherefore weep ye?"

And they replied: "We that were four are now three, since one of us hath been drowned in crossing yonder stream; yet we know not which one is lost!" So Birbal must needs count them many times and in diverse ways before he might assure them that they were indeed yet four in number; whereat they rejoiced greatly.

Then said Birbal, "Whither go ye and on what errand, ye and your rams?"

And the leader of the four made answer: "We have heard that our emperor, Akbar, lieth in camp near to this place; and likewise have we heard how he is wont to honor with rich gifts wise men and poets; therefore we four, being held the wisest of our village, do come to recite to him some poem,—we know not as yet what,—so that he may give us of his bounty."

"Well met, O wise men and poets!" said Birbal; "for I am myself of Akbar's court, and I will go before ye to prepare the king for your coming."

So Birbal came before the king, saying: "My Lord, there be come four men from the Village of Fools to speak a poem before thy Greatness. I doubt not that they will yield fair sport if the king be so minded."

Then said Akbar: "It pleaseth me well. Let them enter, and say and do as thy mad wit prompts thee, yet do them no hurt."

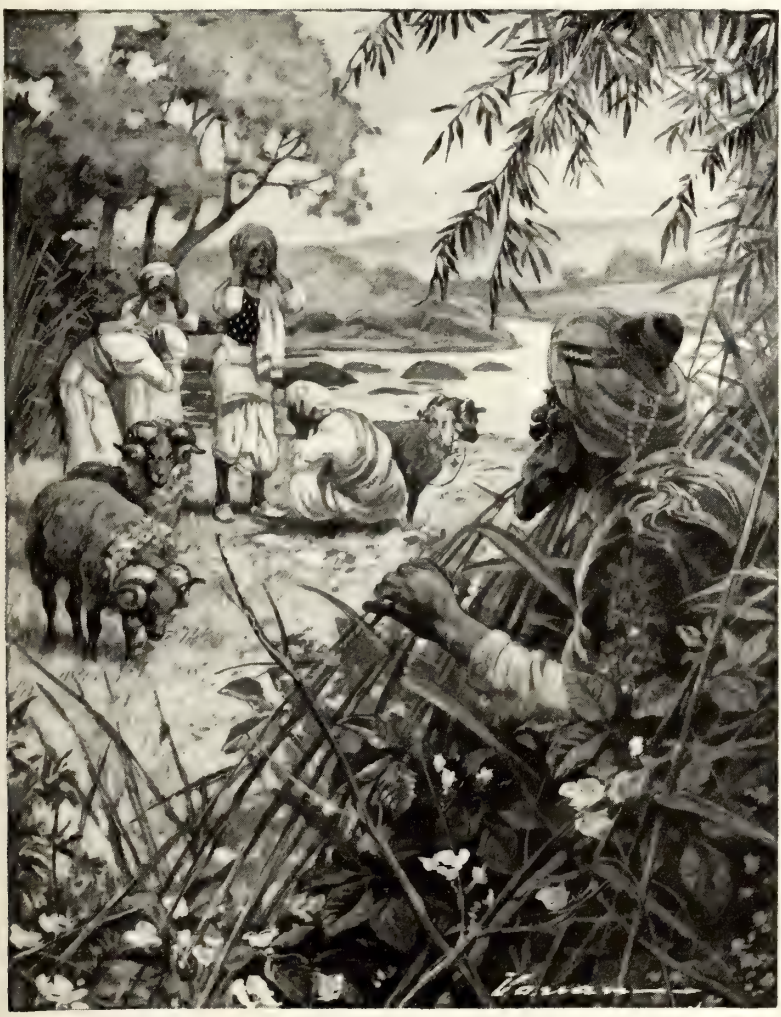
So the men were commanded to enter, they with their rams. And their leader, making obei-

sance, said, "O King, we have come before thee to recite a poem, as yet we know not what, and it is for me to begin." So he spoke the first line, thus:

"The noble banyan-tree, I sing."

And the second man spoke:

"For high in heaven it holds its head."



"AND ALL TOGETHER THEY SET UP A WAILING."

And the third spoke:

"Its leaves are green, its fruit is red."

But the fourth, that should have finished the stanza, paused and rubbed his brow; whereon, Birbal quickly slipped forward and whispered in his ear, and as quickly stepped back among his fellows. And the fourth man echoed the words that had been whispered into his ear, thus:

"But Akbar is a foolish king."

Then the king's four lords started back in well-feigned horror, while Akbar frowned darkly upon the four villagers, saying in a voice of thunder, "How dare ye speak thus to your king!"

Then the man who had last spoken cast himself before the king, pleading, "Ah, my Lord, my Lord! these evil words are not mine. They were but even now put into my mouth by one of these, thy courtiers!"

Then said Akbar, "Show me the guilty man!"

Then did the four villagers lift up their voices, clamoring as they pointed first at one and then at another of the courtiers, "It was this one!" "Nay, it was that!" "In truth, it was this tall one!" "Verily, it was that one with the gold chain!" each choosing a different man.

Then, after much wrangling, the leader of the villagers held up his hand for silence and spoke gravely unto the king: "Great Lord, it is clear that this fault was the fault of a foolish man, being one of which no wise man could have been guilty. Therefore, it were well to try the wisdom of these thy lords, to make certain which of them may be too wise to have had part in so grievous a folly. So, I pray you, let each of thy four lords take one of these rams which we lead, and let him feed it and care for it so that in seven days' time the animal shall be neither lighter nor heavier than at this moment. And let him that succeeds in this test go free, for he shall have been proved wise and therefore incapable of this guilt; but let any that may fail, pay to me, as headman of my village, one hundred silver rupees in fine; for such will be proved unwise, and therefore capable of this fault."

And Akbar said: "It is a judgment. So let it be."

Then each of the four nobles led away his ram. And one fed his ram too little; and one fed his too much; and the third let his ram escape from the fold so that, when it was caught, it was sadly



"THEY POINTED FIRST AT ONE AND THEN AT ANOTHER OF THE COURTIERS."

thin from lack of feeding and from much running. So each was forced to pay a fine, which he did with no ill grace, for in sooth it was but the king's bounty that Akbar desired to give to the villagers. But Birbal alone proved himself wise and therefore guiltless. For while he penned his ram in a good pasture where it was well-nourished and might not lose in weight, he kept there also a large dog, which with its barkings and pursuings so fretted the ram that it could gain no whit in weight despite the good food.

Thus is it said of one that hath much good fortune, yet likewise doth suffer from losses and griefs, that "He can grow neither fat nor thin, like Birbal's ram."

SUCH then are the stories of Akbar, that was emperor of Hindustan, and of his Rajah Birbal, as they are set down in books or passed from mouth to mouth in the bazaars. And, making an end, let me write even in the manner of the pious pundit in the distant land whence these stories come: "My tale is of earthly kings, but the true king is God."

NORTON WINS

BY JULIEN JOSEPHSON

Ralph Norton, student-fireman on switch-engine Number Sixteen, thrust a dejected face out of the cab window and jangled the bell listlessly as "Pop" Richards sent the big engine slowly down the yards.

The bitterness of Norton's disappointment still smoldered within him. Only a week before, he had taken the examination for promotion to regular fireman and had failed. What made his failure so hard to bear was the knowledge that it had been due solely to a deficiency in one minor subject. Barnes, the division superintendent, had expressed his kindly surprise to Norton that he should have fallen below the mark in this comparatively easy subject when his grades in all the others were so satisfactory. Of course, he could not know that the evenings set apart for preparation in this particular subject had been unexpectedly needed by a sick brother, and Norton would not tell him.

But Ralph was young and strong and possessed of a resolute, cheerful nature, and it would have required a harder blow than this to cast him down. There was a more serious reason for his worried face. Student railway employees do not receive pay, and Norton's four months of apprenticeship on the engine had just about used up the little bank-account that he had slowly accumulated during the past two years. His mother had managed the little household with the utmost economy, making every dollar go as far as possible; but even with the most careful management, they had only enough money left in the bank to last them another two weeks.

As his mother and younger brother were dependent on him for support, Norton now found himself facing a very serious problem. According to the railroad company's rules, it would be another three months before he could take a reexamination; and in order to be eligible for such examination it was necessary that he continue as student-fireman during these three months. Hence, if he gave up his place as student, he would lose his chance of becoming a regular fireman at the attractive salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. On the other hand, it was absolutely impossible for him to work more than two weeks longer without pay. His face was the picture of worried uncertainty.

Pop Richards happened to glance over at him. He read something of what was in his thoughts. "Cheer up, Ralph!" he exclaimed in his gruff, but kindly, way. "You 'll make it next time; I 'm sure of it!"

Norton shook his head. "I 'm afraid there won't be any next time," he replied somewhat bitterly.

Pop was on the point of making an encouraging rejoinder when his brow puckered suddenly and he whirled about in his seat and glanced out of his window. Number Thirteen was puffing slowly down a spur of track at right angles to his own engine and he saw that Barney Fitch was at the throttle.

Pop Richards did not like Fitch. He suspected him, of late, of violating the rules of the railroad against drinking and considered him a dangerous man to have charge of an engine. It was whispered about the yards that a few nights ago he had narrowly missed running Thirteen off the turn-table. It was his signal to Pop Richards, directing him to stop, that had caused the old engineer to frown; but he obeyed the signal. As Thirteen kept coming toward Richards's engine an angry, puzzled look came into his face, and once his hand strayed to the throttle. But rules are rules; so he stood his ground and quietly waited.

Number Thirteen, moving at slow speed, came nearer and nearer. When she was almost upon them, and it was too late to get the engine out of the way, Pop Richards and Norton sprang for their lives.

It was not a moment too soon. Almost at the same instant the steel front of Thirteen crashed into the side of the cab, splintering the woodwork. Pop Richards and Ralph scrambled to their feet, unhurt. The old engineer shook his fist furiously at the now thoroughly frightened Fitch.

"You miserable, bungling wretch!" he shouted. "You—" Here his angry outburst was suddenly drowned by a loud snort from Sixteen. With a bound, the big engine went plunging down the track. In tearing into the cab, Fitch's engine had in some way struck the throttle and thrown it wide open.

Pop Richards, white as chalk, grasped Norton's shoulder. "Heaven help us, lad!" he gasped. "She 'll be on the side track in thirty seconds—and there 's a work-train without an engine just over the top of Wright's Hill. It 's the night shift—and they 'll all be asleep in the cars. Run to the despatcher and tell him—run, *run!*"

As Ralph raced toward the despatcher's office, some two hundred yards away, his brain was working rapidly. Before he had taken fifty steps he realized that it would be impossible for the despatcher to warn the work-train in time. The nearest station south was nearly twenty-five miles, the work-train only twelve. And the nearest station south that could furnish an engine was nearly fifty miles distant. The only way that warning could be sent to the work-train from the south would be by railroad velocipede; and as the distance to be traversed by the velocipede would be just about as great as that covered by the runaway engine, the warning would reach the work-train far too late. The work-train was of course on a side track. But the side track, in this case, happened to be simply a twenty-five-mile piece of track starting at the yard limits and running parallel to the main track. Three years ago the railroad company had started to put in double tracks, but had given up the project after building this twenty-five-mile piece. As the yard switch had been closed when Sixteen rushed through it, the big engine, instead of being switched to the main track, went plunging down the parallel spur.

As Norton realized the utter impossibility of warning the work-train in time, he turned sick with horror at the thought of what must happen when the heavy engine, plunging down the steep grade of Wright's Hill at fifty miles an hour, crashed into the flimsy box-cars filled with sleeping men. A moment later he staggered into the despatcher's office and gasped out the story. Gazley, the chief despatcher, listened with a white face—then flew to his instrument and dashed off a warning to Junction.

"And they 'll all be sound asleep," he muttered brokenly.

Ralph nodded silently and turned to go. As he stepped out of the office, the first thing that met his eye was Walter Bain's big new racing-car coming leisurely down the crushed granite speedway that ran parallel to the track.

A sudden desperate idea seized Norton, but it seemed to offer a ray of hope. He rushed up to Bain and with breathless haste told him what had happened. "There 's just one possible chance of reaching Wright's Hill in time to warn the work-train," he finished excitedly, "and that 's with your car!"

Young Bain's daring spirit leaped at the prospect of adventure, while his honest heart beat gladly at the thought that he would be helping to save the lives of twenty helpless men. "Jump in!" was all he said, but his voice spoke volumes.

The road that ran alongside the track was made of crushed granite, packed hard, and was almost as level as a floor. Bain quickly had the car going at twenty-five miles an hour. Inside of another minute the speed indicator showed forty miles. Then forty-five—fifty—sixty! The air roared in their ears, and the unmuffled explosions of the engine were like the steady rattle of a machine-gun. They could see the runaway engine, far ahead, dashing down the track at terrific speed.

"We 're gaining fast," muttered Norton, grimly, a few moments later. "But if we catch her, it will have to be before she gets over the top of Wright's Hill."

The swift-racing car was undoubtedly creeping up steadily on the powerful engine, but they were not unevenly matched. Sixteen was at full speed and doing forty-five miles an hour on the level stretch. Besides, she had a substantial start over her pursuers. The racing-car was running sixty miles an hour and gaining perceptibly. The runaway was now plainly in sight. As she started up the moderate slope that formed the approach to Wright's Hill it was at a visibly slackened speed.

Great speed on even a moderate grade is impossible for an engine weighing several tons. Norton's face lighted up with hope, and he touched Walter Bain's elbow. Bain set the speed ahead to the highest point that he dared—sixty-five miles an hour. It was taking a big risk, for the speedway was narrow. But twenty lives hung in the balance, and only desperate chances could win in this race against death.

Now the engine had reached the foot of the steep grade. Her speed from now on until the top of the hill was reached must be much slower, while the much lighter automobile could still maintain a high rate of speed. By pushing the racing-car to its utmost limit, there was a fighting chance of overtaking the engine before the top of the grade was reached. But it was only a fighting chance.

By the time the engine was two thirds of the way up the long hill, the racing-car was only half a mile behind. The half-mile became a quarter. But now Sixteen, though moving very slowly, was perilously near the summit. "Faster, faster!" urged Norton, frantically, "faster, or we 'll be too late!"

Within a few rods from the top, the automobile rushed alongside the engine, which now, at the steepest part of the whole climb, was making very poor headway. "Pull in close!" directed Norton, tensely. Bain grasped the idea instantly, and slowed up with a jerk that almost threw them out of their seats. The next instant, just as Six-

teen was almost at the crest of Wright's Hill, Ralph made a desperate, flying leap into the demolished cab. To close the throttle and jam home the reverse lever was the work of an instant—and Sixteen's wild run was at an end. A quarter of a mile below, Norton could see the work-train; and as he thought of the night crew lying asleep in the box-cars he breathed a silent, thankful prayer.

Long before the exciting race had come to an end, Pop Richards himself had carried the news of the runaway engine to the superintendent. Everybody knew that the detached work-train, with the night shift asleep in the cars, could not possibly be warned in time, and a wrecking-train, equipped with cots, bandages, and other first-aid materials, was being prepared as rapidly as possible.

All at once Pop Richards dropped the cot he was carrying and gave a yell of amazement. "Look!" he shouted, pointing far down the track. *"Here comes Sixteen!"*

The mystery was still further deepened when they beheld Ralph Norton, with a pale but very determined face, sitting calmly among the wreckage of the cab and backing the engine toward them with perfect control. A big automobile moved along lazily a few rods in the rear.

"It 's all right, Pop!" Ralph called out weakly. "Stopped her at the top of the hill. Nobody hurt."



"RALPH MADE A DESPERATE, FLYING LEAP INTO THE DEMOLISHED CAB."

Pop Richards rushed to the engine and fairly dragged Norton back to the crowd—a totally puzzled and admiring crowd. When he had modestly recounted how the engine had been overtaken and stopped, giving full credit to Walter Bain, everybody shook him by the hand and congratulated him on his coolness and courage.

Then the superintendent made a little speech in which he said a lot of nice things that made Ralph Norton's cheeks redden with embarrassment. When he had finished, Pop Richards, who had been with the company twenty-five years and was a privileged character, drew the superintendent aside for a moment and spoke to him in low tones.

Whereupon the superintendent again came over to Norton and cleared his throat in some embarrassment. "Mr. Norton," he said slowly as he placed a hand on the young man's shoulder, "there has been a mistake made in reporting your recent examination. I have had occasion to look over the papers again, and I find your average standing entirely satisfactory. I take pleasure in informing you that you are hereby appointed regular fireman on Number Sixteen."

And Pop Richards, who was standing near, held out his hand to Ralph and added: "I 'm proud to have you!"



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THE NEW NECKLACE. PAINTED BY PAUL HOECKER.



HOW THE BOBCAT LOST HIS TAIL

BY GRACE PURDIE MOON

THIS is a legend of long ago;
  Come, little brother, come close and hear
A tale of the land of the Navajo,
  With its purple buttes and its air so clear,
The dusty sage and the piñon-tree,
  The tiny homes of the desert folk;
Where Brother Coyote runs swift and free,
  With a wary eye for a hogan's smoke.

Now out in the desert, so far away,
  The animals lived in a little town,
Whose houses were built of sticks and clay,
  And painted an earthen, dusty brown.
Remember that this was long ago,
  When beasts and men one language spoke.
(The wise men say this still is so
  In the desert towns of the animal folk.)
The animal folk lived free from care,
  And worked and sang the long days through,—
The wolf and the rabbit, coyote and bear,—
  And never a moment's discord knew.

But one there came to this peaceful camp,
  And no one asked him or wanted him there,
For he was a meddlesome, haughty scamp,
  Who made only enemies everywhere.
He burned the medicine-hogan down,
  And stole the paint and the sacred meal.
In the dead of night he 'd rouse the town,
  And precious treasures from each home steal.
He burned the fields of ripening maize;
  He drove all the horses far away;
He thought of a hundred wicked ways
  To frighten and harm them night and day.

This was the lynx; but at that time
  A long and beautiful tail he wore,
And many a story and many a rhyme
  Had been written about it in days before.



A NAVAJO MEDICINE-MAN.

But now he was hated by great and small;
  They longed to punish and kill him, too;
But this was voted, by one and all,
  Hardly the possible thing to do;



"WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND HE LOPED ALONG,
OVER THE HILLS AND ROCKS AND SAND."

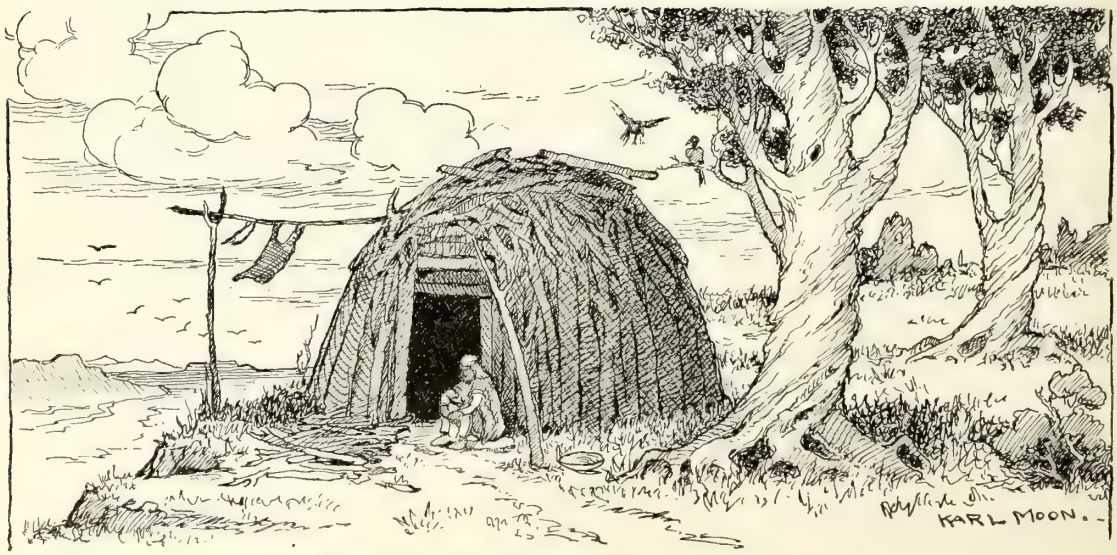
For there was a secret he kept full well,—
A magical power, an evil charm
That guarded his life so none could tell
The possible way to do him harm.

So, early and late, they thought and they thought
How they could punish him—what to do!
What was the charm of this magic they fought?
Who of them all could furnish a clue?

Old Father Bear was their ruler then,
And just and wise was his rule, and kind.
He called together the wisest men
To see what remedy they could find.

O'er many a pipe they nodded until
One of their number briefly spoke;
His voice in the silence sounded shrill,
And the others peered through the haze of smoke.
"Out on the edge of the desert," he said,
"A medicine-man lives all alone;
The wisdom of ages, living and dead,
He mingles with wisdom of his own.
Brother Coyote is swift and sure;
We 'll send him out to this ancient man,
And *he* will suggest the wisest cure
For all of our trouble—if *any one* can."

And so when the sun went down that night,
And over the hilltop, bright as day,
Came peeping the moon with mellow light,
Brother Coyote sped swift away.
With the speed of the wind he loped along,
Over the hills and rocks and sand,



"AND NOW IN THE DOOR OF HIS HUT HE SAT,
AND SMOKED AND NODDED AND SMILED AND THOUGHT."

And as he ran he sang a song,
A song of the hunt and the desert land:

"Bring me my pony and arrows and bow!
The desert is calling, and gladly I go
To hunt for the deer or to hunt for my foe;
It matters but little—I go, I go!
I 'm off for the desert, *Ho-ho! ho-ho!*
I 'm off for the desert, *Ho-ho!*"

On he ran, through wood and through dale,
And never a moment stopped for rest
Till the purple sky grew wan and pale,
And the sun peeped over a hilly crest.
Then there before him a wonderful sight
Brought his speed to a pace more slow;
For spread before him in rosy light
The Painted Desert lay far below.

In a tiny hut on a jutting ledge,
In the shade of a twisted piñon-tree,
Right on the desert's very edge,
Lived the wise old man he had come to see.
And now in the door of his hut he sat,
And smoked and nodded and smiled and thought,
And found an answer to questions that
Many a wise old man had sought.

He raised his eyes to the trail, at last,
That twisted back up the mesa's wall,
Where a tiny speck was coming fast,
But seemed to the wise old sage to crawl;
For well he knew who the comer was,
And why he came, and the need of speed,
And he knew the lynx as the evil cause,
And he knew the waiting villages' need.
So, turning into the hogan door,
He reached for his bags of colored sand,
And kneeling down on the beaten floor
He spread them out with careful hand.
An old, old song he chanted low
As on the floor the picture grew,
And into the door with steps now slow
Brother Coyote came into view.

The wise old man then rose and said:
"Brother, your errand is known to me,



"AGAIN IN THE CAMP DID THE COUNCIL MEET."

But wisdom greater than my old head
Must give the answer, but we shall see."
Then down he took from the dusty wall
An ancient rattle of tortoise-shell,
And into the fire let gently fall
Some incense powder of fragrant smell.

Then walking slowly with stately grace,
He circled the sandy, pictured floor,
And chanting low, with a solemn face,
He shook the rattle o'er and o'er.
And carefully placing a woven mat
In the midst of the brightly colored sands,
Down on the pictured floor he sat,
And bent his face o'er his folded hands.
Long he sat, and the silence grew,
And Brother Coyote began to yawn;
He stretched and wriggled and sighed some, too,
And wondered how much of the day had gone.

Finally, then, the old man said,
As he raised his ancient, wrinkled face:

"This is the message that I have read
In the painted sands by the spirit's grace:
'To take from the lynx his power for bad,
Rob him of that he loves the best.'



"OLD FATHER BEAR."

And that," he said, with a look half sad,
"Is all we are told. You must learn the rest."

And Brother Coyote, with thoughtful brow,
Turned to the hogan's open door,
And breathed in deeply, for he must now
Speed swift away up the trail once more.

And again in the camp did the council meet,
And deeper still was the mystery now,
And every wise man took his seat
With a puzzled look on his thoughtful brow.
The lynx was caught, and they 'd chained him, too,
In the strongest house there was in town,
But every man of the council knew
He 'd free himself when the sun went down.
For that was the strength of his magic spell—
Nothing could hold him when darkness came;
Locking the door or tying him well,
Chaining him down,—it was all the same.

And now he sat on the sandy floor,
And his evil face wore a wicked smile
As he said to himself the words once more
He 'd heard before but a little while:

"*'To take from the lynx his power for bad,*
Rob him of that he loves the best.'
Ah," he muttered, "that makes them mad!
Surely, the wise one spoke in jest.
How could they know that the thing I love"
(And he gave his beautiful tail a pat)
"Everything else in the world above
Is *you;* and, my beauty; they 'll *never* guess
that!"

But near the lynx, in a cold gray heap,
The ashes lay of a fire long dead,
And buried under their softness deep,
A little horned-toad on the sandy bed.
And bright were his eyes as the stars at night,
And sharp his ears as the cactus spear;
And he saw the lynx in the fading light,
And every word did his sharp ears hear.

So out he crept on his noiseless feet,
And swift he ran to the council, then,
And never a soul did the horned-toad meet
Till he came to the lodge of wise old men.

And then indeed was excitement keen
When, raising his voice so small and shrill,
He told them all he had heard and seen
Of the rascal who 'd worked so much of ill.
And over the town the news so good,
Carried by shout and cry and call,
Spread like fire in an autumn wood,
And carried its joy to one and all.
Then pulling the lynx by his silky tail,
They dragged him into the public square,
And paying no heed to his angry wail,
They chained him down to a tree-stump there.

And old Father Bear with a sharpened stone
Cut off his tail with a single *"whack,"*
And the *bobcat* slunk with a savage groan
Into the forest—and never came back!



THE WORK OF A CHILDREN'S GARDEN CLUB

BY OLIVE HYDE FOSTER

Did you ever see the boy or girl that did not want to get up a club? I never did; and the reason is that people, young and old, like both to work and play together. Now a garden-club is really worth while, and although I might simply *tell* you how to proceed after getting your friends to meet and agree on the purpose, you probably will get a much clearer idea if I relate what a certain group of young folks actually did accomplish.

Fifteen boys and girls living in old Greenwich Village—to-day one of the poor, crowded sections of New York City, where even the streets are darkened by a tall, unsightly elevated railroad—were invited to form a club that would be taken once a week to garden out on Long Island. A vacant lot (100 by 110 feet) in Flushing, about twelve miles away, had been offered for their use, and some of the older people saw that the ground was first properly plowed up, for of course the children could n't be expected to do that kind of hard work.



AT WORK IN THE VEGETABLE-BEDS.

But when that was done, they could, and they eagerly did, see that the soil was properly prepared by breaking up the clods, removing all the sticks and stones, and getting the earth raked beautifully smooth. Several Flushing ladies agreed to help, making out lists of the flowers and vegetables most easily grown there, getting the seeds free by asking for them from their congressman at Washington and their State College of Agriculture, and then showing the children how to plant them.

First a five-foot border, for a flower-bed, was measured off around the outside edge of the entire lot, and each child had its own section. After finding out what each one wanted to grow, one bed was planted to show how the work should be done—the distance the rows should be apart, the depth to put in the seeds, the way to cover them, besides the placing of the tallest flowers at the back or outer edge, and the lowest, or edging, plants along the foot-path.

This eighteen-inch path ran around the lot, inside of the flower-bed, leaving a large plot in the center. This plot was then marked off by string or wire to divide it into the vegetable-gardens, with little walks between. The vegetable-beds measured about six by nine feet, but as six feet proved wide for small arms to reach over and cultivate, this year the beds are to be made five feet by ten. At first, too, each child grew its own few stalks of corn in its own garden, but it was difficult to manage; so now all the corn will be grown in one patch, where it can be more easily hoed.

The radishes and lettuce, of course, grew most quickly, and within five or six weeks were ready for the table. On that memorable first day, from the fifteen beds 1004 radishes were picked, and that original planting continued to produce for nearly a month. Successive plantings brought on plenty for the rest of the season. The lettuce, too, grew abundantly, while the cucumbers were especially fine. String-beans were ready very early, and three plantings during the season produced at times two to three quarts a week for

each child. Tomatoes grew in such profusion that once during the hot weather, when they ripened faster than usual, a neighboring hospital was given two bushels!

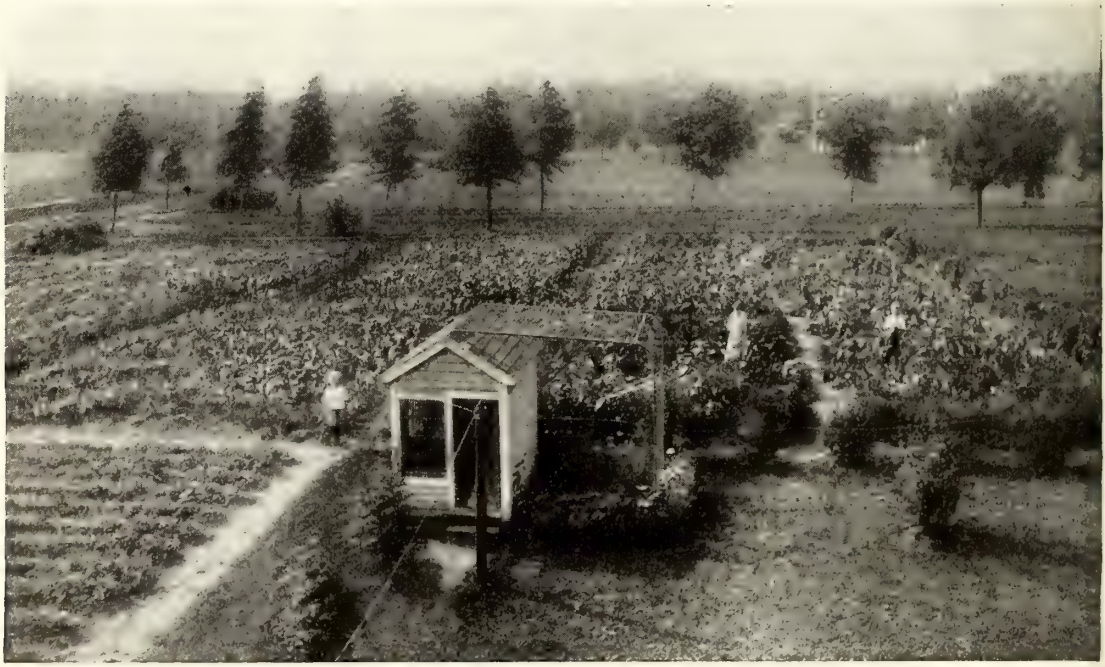
And flowers! The children actually could not carry them away. They took home all they wanted, and made up the rest into thousands of little bunches which the Plant, Flower, and Fruit Guild gladly called for and distributed to the New York City hospitals, jails, and missions. Freshly cut, they would last a week, until the children's next visit to their gardens. With hollyhocks, dahlias, cannas, and cosmos at the back of the border, and, in front, stocks, poppies, sweet alyssum, Japanese pinks, nicotiana, and the loveliest blue corn-flowers imaginable, they offered a choice variety.

How the children loved the work! One poor little lame boy took some of his morning-glory seed back to the city and planted it—where? In a box on the window-ledge of a dark court that never saw a ray of sunshine. He had no other place, for it is against the law to have any incumbrances on the fire-escape, which was on the front of the tenement where he lived. And there the little vine actually bloomed, dwarfed like its young owner, fragile beyond words, with a delicate flower no bigger than a dime, but answering the call of love.

The gardens thrived in spite of receiving only once-a-week care. A pipe-line, with a faucet at the garden end, ran to the center of the lot, and plenty of watering-cans were provided for the weekly use; but in between times, during any extra hot weather, a friendly neighbor would turn on her hose to save the crops. And a children's outgrown playhouse, donated for the purpose, served as a convenient place to keep the garden-tools.

The garden work created general interest in all nature-study, and the children would go on trips to gather all kinds of grasses, wild-flowers, and swamp treasures. These were dried, then classified, and later presented to the public library for the use of teachers and students of botany. And the little lame boy made a really beautiful collection of butterflies.

If the club you organize wants a community garden, almost any owner of a vacant lot will give you its use, especially if you offer in return to give him some fresh flowers and vegetables. If you prefer, however, you can have your garden on your own grounds. Then a committee of your elders could be invited to give you suggestions as to the flowers and vegetables best adapted to your location and soil, and also to act as judges at your show. For of course, when everything is at its best, you will want to have an exhibition. Perhaps some grown-up will offer a prize—a garden book, a vase, or a plant for winter blooming.



"A CHILDREN'S OUTGROWN PLAYHOUSE SERVED AS A CONVENIENT PLACE TO KEEP THE GARDEN-TOOLS."



A BUSY MORNING FOR THE GARDEN CLUB.

Remember that both the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, and your State College of Agriculture are anxious to help this kind of work and will give you all the seeds you can use, free of charge. Write to some well-known seed-houses for catalogues, and you will get particulars about all the different varieties. Go to your public libraries, and you will find the most fascinating books, many written especially for children, telling you just what to do. "When Mother Lets Us Garden," by Frances Duncan, is one of the best and simplest, while "Little Gardens for Boys and Girls" (Higgins), "Mary's Garden and How It Grew" (Duncan), "Children's Library of Work and Play: Gardening" (Shaw), and "The School Garden Book" (Weed-Emerson), are all intensely interesting.

If you find yourself so successful in your work that you have more flowers and vegetables than you can use, remember that there are always plenty of poor people in your own town who would gratefully accept your gifts, and any church organization would tell you how to reach them. If, however, you are trying to earn some money for yourself, you can always find regular customers glad to buy things fresh from the garden.

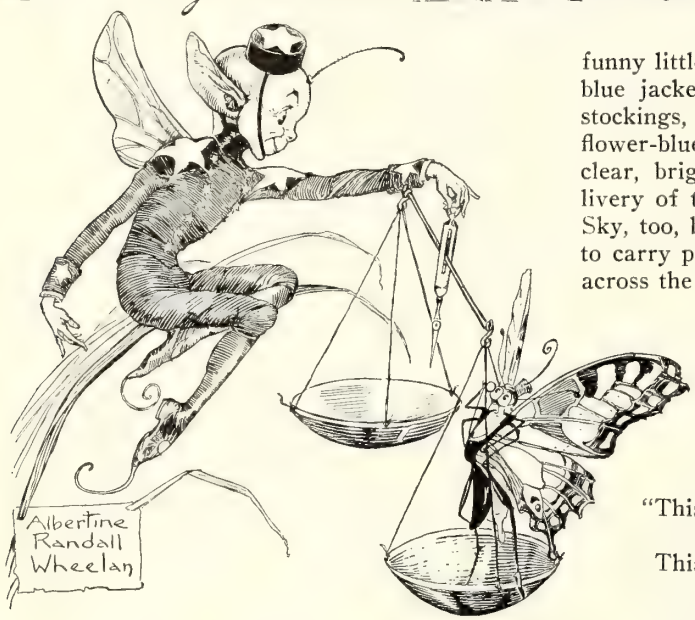
For a meeting-place during the summer, why not plan a flower club-house? Perhaps some of the dear old grandmothers will give you a few hollyhock roots, which you can plant in a circle big enough to hold your little club. Leave an opening in the ring just big enough to enter through, and before the season is very far along, the hollyhocks will be tall enough to screen you from the passer-by. The hollyhocks sow themselves, and come up every year, and, thanks to the bees, which carry pollen from one flower to another, show different colors every season. Or you can run some heavy cords from a circle in the ground to the top of a pole in the center, and on them train up climbing nasturtiums or Dutchman's-pipe. Better still, go to the woods for a lot of brush, stick the big ends of the branches into the ground to form a square space, and cover this with a brush roof. Over this light structure you can train wild honeysuckle, which you can find in lengths of ten and twelve feet. Or you can buy a package or two of the variegated Japanese hop, which will grow ten feet in a month or six weeks, and, sowing itself, come up and cover your house every year.

A garden-club proves a source of pleasure through the winter, too. You can go on with the care and cultivation of house-plants, and the growing of all kinds of bulbs. You can meet regularly at the different homes, and have the members prepare and read little papers, such as "How to grow Roman hyacinths in water," "The best flowers for a window-box," "Raising plants from cuttings," "Starting seeds indoors," and "How to make a table water-garden."

In case you wish to know exactly how to organize and conduct a club, just as big folks do, get from your public library a book called "Boys' Clubs," by Bernheimer and Cohen. This has also a chapter on girls' clubs, and it tells you all about club management, so that you can have a lot of fun at your meetings besides learning a great many important things in a way that you will never forget.

ABOUT THE SPRITESKY AND HIS TRUE-BLUE SCALES

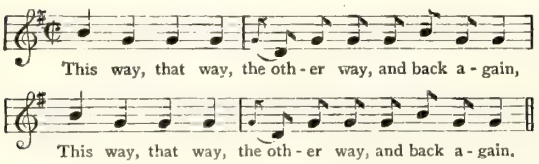
BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE



Once upon a time, a curious little singsong voice was heard saying over and over, as one sometimes singsongs in repeating a rhyme:

"This way, that way, the other way, and back again.
This way, that way, the other way, and back again."

It was almost like a real, little song, and this is the way it sounded:



The curious little singsong voice came from a curious little singsong figure. I say *singsong* figure, because it *was* a singsong figure, and swayed back and forth like the voice. You could not look at him without singsonging—or songsinging—yourself. The figure was that of a funny little fellow. He was dressed in blue cap, blue jacket, tight-fitting knee-trousers, blue silk stockings, and blue shoes—not sea-blue, nor flower-blue, nor any other blue but sky-blue—clear, bright, beautiful sky-blue. He wore the livery of the Sky, and he *was* the livery of the Sky, too, because it was his business to be hired to carry passengers wherever they wished to go across the Sky—only there was an if about it!

He sat upon a grass-blade and teetered up and down.

Now, it is an unwise man who does not advertise his business, and the little sky-blue liveryman was wise. That was why his curious little singsong voice kept up its same cry:

"This way, that way, the other way, and back again.
This way, that way, the other way, and back again."

When a wise man advertises, something is sure to happen. Other people hearing even a peanut and pop-corn vendor crying his wares in the street stop to buy; or if the advertising be printed in magazines and papers, instead of being cried in the ears of the public, people seeing before them every day this or that man's account of what he has for sale write to him, or they call at his shop to look at, and perhaps buy, the things advertised.

It was so in the case of the wise little—but, there! I forgot I had not told you what he was! He was a Spritesky. You never heard of the Spritesky, of course, but his name needs only a little explaining. The name really was Skysprite, in the first place, because that is what it means, as any one can see; but in his opinion it took so much time to say it that he turned it right around, and even left out the hyphen, for luck, and to make the word yet more simple. Now, Spritesky sounds like a Russian name, but the Spritesky said he did not care—that it might sound Russian and Polish too, and it would not matter to him at all, as it was quite suitable any-

way, because it was his business to rush, and besides, he was traveling often from pole to pole! You can see, therefore, why Spritesky was the best name for the sprightly fellow to have.

Well, the Spritesky was singsonging his curious little singsong rhyme:

"This way, that way, the other way, and back again.
This way, that way, the other way, and back again,"

for the seventy-seventh couple of times, when along came his first customer; and the first customer was an Ant, with an anxious, business look about him.

"Hello, Spritesky!" said the Ant. "Whither away?"

"To the Blue Sky, of course," said the Spritesky, pausing in his singsong.

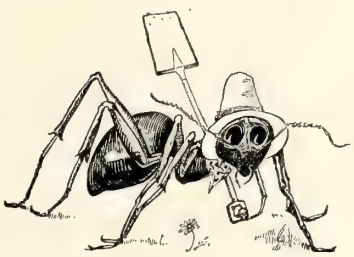
"Take me with you," said the Ant. "I should like to have a nearer view of it. What is the price of the trip?"

"The price," said the Spritesky, "is nothing, and sometimes less."

"That is cheap enough, I am sure," said the Ant. "I can find that amount in my purse any day. I shall be glad to go with you at once; but I must remind you that I have to be back in time to work at my house. We are very busy at our colony, you must remember."

"Very well," said the Spritesky; "but first I must weigh you." And quick as a wink, from somewhere or nowhere, he whipped out curious little, old-fashioned Scales of True Blue,—as blue as his own Sky livery,—and carefully weighed the Ant then and there.

"Sorry," said he, after the Scales balanced, "but I cannot take you, because you are far too heavy. You are weighed down by the thought of your work, and so you would not find the Sky so Blue as it really is. I must bid you good-by. Run right along now, and help build that colony!"



THE ANXIOUS ANT.

The Ant was rather surprised at that, but there was nothing for him to do but obey, and so off he went.

The little Spritesky hung his Scales on a grass-stem, and skipped in glee, because he could not keep his spirits down. He bounded; he flitted; he danced on tiptoe; and then lightly sprang upon his teetering grass-blade and began again his singsong rhyme:



"THE SPRITESKY SKIPPED IN GLEE."

"This way, that way, the other way, and back again.
This way, that way, the other way, and back again."

Then along came another customer; and this customer was a Butterfly with a vain, careless look about him.

"Hello, Spritesky!" said the Butterfly. "Whither away?"

"To the Blue Sky, of course," said the Spritesky, pausing in his singsong.

"Take me with you," said the Butterfly. "I should like to have a nearer view of it. What is the price of the trip?"

"The price," said the Spritesky, "is nothing, and sometimes less."

"That is cheap enough, I am sure," said the Butterfly. "I can find that amount in my purse any day. I shall be glad to go with you at once; but I must remind you that I have to be back in time to do my flutter-dancing among the flowers at the Honey Festival. I am so beautiful that I want to show my gorgeous wings to the world."

"Very well," said the Spritesky, "but first I must weigh you." And upon the curious little old-fashioned Scales of True Blue he carefully weighed the Butterfly, then and there.

"Sorry," said he, after the Scales balanced, "but I cannot take you, because you are far too heavy. You are weighed down by too much vanity and love for frivolous things; and so you would not find the Sky so Blue as it really is. I must bid you good-by. Run right along now to your Honey Festival, so you will be in plenty of time to flutter-dance among the flowers! The world must not miss seeing how very beautiful you are when you are using your gorgeous wings."



THE FLUTTER-DANCING BUTTERFLY.

The Butterfly was rather surprised at that, but there was nothing for him to do but obey, and so off he went.

The little Spritesky hung his Scales on the grass-stem, and skipped in glee, because he could not keep his spirits down. He bounded; he flitted; he danced on tiptoe; and then lightly sprang upon his teetering grass-blade, and began again his singsong rhyme:

"This way, that way, the other way, and back again.
This way, that way, the other way, and back again."

Then along came another customer; and this customer was a Spider, with a greedy look about him.



THE GREEDY SPIDER.

"Hello, Spritesky!" said the Spider. "Whither away?"

"To the Blue Sky, of course," said the Spritesky, pausing in his singsong.

"Take me with you," said the Spider. "I should like to have a nearer view of it. What is the price of the trip?"

"The price," said the Spritesky, "is nothing, and sometimes less."

"That is cheap enough, I am sure," said the Spider. "I can find that amount in my purse any day. I shall be glad to go with you at once; but I must remind you that I have to be back in time to catch a fly for supper."

"Very well," said the Spritesky, "but first I must weigh you." And upon the curious little old-fashioned Scales of True Blue he carefully weighed the Spider, then and there.

"Sorry," said he, after the Scales balanced, "but I cannot take you, because you are far too heavy. You are weighed down by your appetite and greediness, and so you would not find the Sky so Blue as it really is. I must bid you good-by. Run right along now, and catch that fly for supper!"

The Spider was rather surprised at that, but there was nothing for him to do but obey, and so off he went.

The little Spritesky hung his Scales on the grass-stem, and skipped in glee, because he could not keep his spirits down. He bounded; he flitted about; he danced on tiptoe; and then lightly sprang upon his teetering grass-blade, and began again his singsong rhyme:

"This way, that way,
the other way,
and back again.
This way, that way,
the other way,
and back again."



THE SOLEMN OWL.

Then along came another customer, and this customer was an Owl with a solemn look about him.

"Hello, Spritesky!" said the Owl. "Whither away?"

"To the Blue Sky, of course," said the Spritesky, pausing in his singsong.

"Take me with you," said the Owl. "I should like to have a nearer view of it. What is the price of the trip?"

"The price," said the Spritesky, "is nothing, and sometimes less."

"That is cheap enough, I am sure," said the Owl. "I can find that amount in my purse any day. I shall be glad to go with you at once; but I must remind you that I have to be back in time for my studying. I have to know all there is to know in the world."

"Very well," said the Spritesky, "but first I must weigh you." And upon the curious little old-fashioned Scales of True Blue he carefully weighed the Owl, then and there.

"Sorry," said he, after the Scales balanced, "but I cannot take you, because you are far too heavy. You are weighed down by too much



THE NIGHTINGALE PRACTISES HIS SCALES.

wisdom, and so you would not find the Sky so Blue as it really is. I must bid you good-by. Run right along now to your books before you miss anything there is to learn in the world!"

The Owl was rather surprised at that, but there was nothing for him to do but obey, and so off he went.

The little Spritesky hung his Scales on the grass-stem, and skipped in glee, because he could not keep his spirits down. He bounded; he flitted; he danced on tiptoe; and then lightly sprang upon his teetering grass-blade, and began again his singsong rhyme:

"This way, that way, the other way, and back again.
This way, that way, the other way, and back again."

Then along came another customer; and this customer was a Nightingale, with an absent sort of look about him.

"Hello, Spritesky!" said the Nightingale. "Whither away?"

"To the Blue Sky, of course," said the Spritesky, pausing in his singsong.

"Take me with you," said the Nightingale. "I should like to have a nearer view of it. What is the price of the trip?"

"The price," said the Spritesky, "is nothing, and sometimes less."

"That is cheap enough, I am sure," said the Nightingale. "I can find that amount in my purse any day. I shall be glad to go with you at once; but I must remind you that I have to be back in time to practise my scales, so that I can sing my Song to the Night as it should be sung. There is nothing so lovely in the world as Music, you know."

"Very well," said the Spritesky, "but first I must weigh you." And upon the curious little old-fashioned Scales of True Blue he carefully weighed the Nightingale, then and there.

"Sorry," said he, after the Scales balanced, "but I cannot take you, because you are far too heavy. You are weighed down by too much love for your art, and so you would not find the Sky so Blue as it really is. I must bid you good-by. Run right along now and practise *your* scales, which weigh you down so much that they make you too heavy for mine!"

The Nightingale was rather surprised at that, but there was nothing for him to do but obey, and so off he went.

The little Spritesky hung his Scales on the grass-stem, and skipped in glee, because he could not keep his spirits down. He bounded; he flitted; he danced on tiptoe; and then lightly sprang upon his teetering grass-blade, and began again his singsong rhyme:

"This way, that way, the other way, and back again.
This way, that way, the other way, and back again."

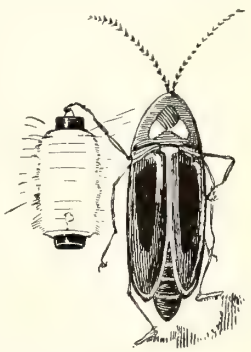
Then along came another customer; and this customer was a Firefly, with an important look about him.

"Hello, Spritesky!" said the Firefly. "Whither away?"

"To the Blue Sky, of course," said the Spritesky, pausing in his singsong.

"Take me with you," said the Firefly. "I should like to have a nearer view of it. What is the price of the trip?"

"The price," said the Spritesky, "is nothing, and sometimes less."



THE IMPORTANT FIREFLY.

"That is cheap enough, I am sure," said the Firefly. "I can find that amount in my purse any day. I shall be glad to go with you at once; but I must remind you that I have to be back in time to light up the Marsh. The Marsh would be nothing at all without me," and he swelled out his chest, and said *"Ahem!"* in a very loud voice.

"Very well," said the Spritesky, "but first I must weigh you." And upon the curious little old-fashioned Scales of True Blue he carefully weighed the Firefly, then and there.

"Sorry," said he, after the Scales balanced, "but I cannot take you, because you are far too heavy —as well as too *light!*" and here he chuckled at his joke. "You are weighed down by too great a sense of your own worth, and so you would not find the Sky so Blue as it really is. I must bid you good-by. Run right along now and get your lighting-system in order!"

The Firefly was rather surprised at that, but there was nothing for him to do but obey, and so off he went.



"'I 'LL GIVE YOU ALL I HAVE IN MY POCKETS.'"

The little Spritesky hung his Scales upon the grass-stem, and skipped in glee, because he could not keep his spirits down. He bounded; he flitted; he danced on tiptoe; and then lightly sprang upon his teetering grass-blade, and began again his singsong rhyme:

"This way, that way, the other way, and back again.
This way, that way, the other way, and back again."

Then along came another customer, and this customer was a Human Being—a Child; and just because the Human Being was a Child, he saw the Spritesky at once.

"Hello, Spritesky!" said the Child; "where are you going?"

"To the Blue Sky, of course," said the Spritesky, pausing in his singsong.

"Oh take me with you!" said the Child. "I have always wanted to see what it is like. Please do! I 'll give you all I have in my pockets."

As the Child was a Boy, he had Many Pockets; and in the Many Pockets were Many Things. He took these Many Things out and offered them all to the Spritesky.

"H'm!" said the Spritesky. "My other customers have given me nothing, and sometimes less; and as that is the price of the trip, really, you may put back into your Pockets all of your Many Things and keep them, with my best regards. However, I must weigh you before we start." And upon the curious little old-fashioned Scales of True Blue—although they were small and the Child, though a little Child, was large—the Spritesky—because he *was* a Spritesky—managed to weigh the Child carefully, then and there.

"How jolly!" said the Spritesky, after the Scales balanced. "You are neither too heavy nor too light, but just right! You are not weighed down by too much love for work; nor by too much love for vanity and play; nor by appetite and greediness; nor by too much wisdom; nor by too much love for art; nor by too much thought of your own worth; and so you will find the Sky as Blue as it really is, which is True Blue. There is nothing so light, in all the world, as the innocent heart of a Child!"

The Child did not understand this grown-up talk of the Spritesky. The only understandable part was that the trip to the Blue Sky surely was to happen, and any one who did not dance with joy at such a thing was either stupid or a cripple. As the Child was neither stupid nor a cripple, he therefore danced with joy.

The little Spritesky, as quick as a wink, clapped back to somewhere or nowhere his curious little old-fashioned Scales of True Blue, and skipped in glee, because he could not keep his spirits down. He bounded; he flitted; he danced on tiptoe; and then lightly sprang upon his teetering grass-blade, and said in his curious little singsong voice:

"Now, we 'll go this way, that way, the other way, and back again.
This way, that way, the other way, and back again."

Then, before you could think what was coming next, he merely touched the Child, and suddenly both Spritesky and Child were off for the True Blue Sky.

It was a wonderful trip! Why, they saw everything in the Sky—all the things you see in the daytime, and all the things you see in the nighttime, and many more things that from the earth you do not see in the daytime nor in the nighttime. They touched at all the cloud islands and

continents in the True-Blue-Sky Sea. They saw the moon and all the stars that shine and never are put out by that sort of a sea. They looked at them through a Magic Glass the Spritesky had —so Magic that it showed the moon and the stars at their brightest. They looked at the sun, too, and the Magic of the Glass kept the too-much brightness from hurting their eyes. They saw every one of the wonderful things the Child had wanted to see, and in the True-Blue Sky he found the answers to all the questions he had asked the Grown-ups on Earth and they had not been able to answer. This way, that way, and the other way they went. Of course, it was a wonderful trip!

When it was over, they went back again to the Earth as easily as they had gone up to the Sky.

"There," said the Spritesky, as they sat together upon the soft green grass, the Spritesky needing only his one teetering blade for a seat,— "there, little Child, how did you like that?"

"Oh, I liked it more than anything I ever did!" cried the Child, and he looked dreamily up into the now far-off Sky. "It really is as Blue as it is; is n't it?"

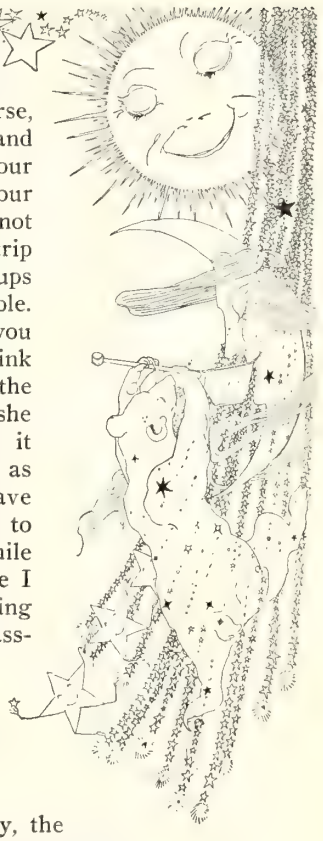
"Ah, yes indeed!" said the Spritesky. "I knew you would find that out, for that is the main thing."

"Some day will you take me again?" asked the Child.

"I hope so," said the Spritesky. "It all depends upon your very own innocent little self; for the price of the trip is nothing, and sometimes less. Do not forget, though, that I shall have to weigh you first. If you still are not kept down by too much love for work; nor by too much love for vanity and play; nor by appetite and greediness; nor by too much wisdom; nor by too much love for art; nor by too much thought of your own worth, you may go; and you will find again that the Sky is really as Blue as it is—but remember my little Scales of True Blue!"

"I will remember," said the Child, "indeed I will remember."

"Now," said the Spritesky, "you 'd better fall asleep, because soon your big Sister will come in search of you. Of course, you will tell her and all the rest of your Grown-ups about your trip, but they will not believe it, for my trip is one that Grown-ups never believe possible. If your Sister finds you asleep, she will think you have dreamed the journey; and since she would not believe it anyway, she may as well think you have dreamed it. So go to sleep, little Child, while I sing to you before I go." And teetering gently upon the grass-blade, the Spritesky said "Good-by!" and began again his singsong rhyme:



"This way, that way, the
other way, and back again."
This way, that way, the other way, and back
again."

The words grew more and more slow and singsongy. The Child lay upon the soft grass, and his eyes closed. Soon he slept.

Then the singsong rhyme grew gradually even slower and fainter:

"This way—that—way—the other way—and
back again.
This—way that—way—the other—way and—
back—again."

The Spritesky vanished in the Blue Sky, which really *is* as Blue as it is!



UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS

BY JOSEPH B. AMES

Author of "The Treasure of the Canyon," etc.

Chapter X

THE SURPRISE

There was no school on the Friday after Thanksgiving, and as soon as Dale had finished his chores he sallied forth to hunt up some of the fellows. A light snow had fallen during the night, but the day was clear and bright and just the sort for a good active game or a brisk hike. As he skirted the north side of the green a shrill yodeling from behind brought the scout around to see Court Parker bearing down upon him, calling out:

"Say, where were you yesterday, anyhow? I did n't see you all day."

"I was—busy," returned Dale, briefly.

"Busy stuffing yourself, I s'pose. Well, you missed a dandy game up at Sherm's. We 're going to have another this afternoon."

"Won't the snow— Say! Why could n't we play 'Smugglers over the Border,' or something like that? It 's just the day for it."

Court's glance swept comprehensively over the snow-covered green and his eyes brightened. "I had n't thought of that. Now and then you do manage to hit the little black circle, Tommy. Let 's hunt up the bunch and see what they say."

The crowd was presently gathered from several different parts of town, and the majority approved of Dale's suggestion. Ranny Phelps and several of his clique had other plans for the afternoon, but Ranny had a habit of frequently failing to take part in the troop doings, unless these were official and gave him a chance to appear in uniform, girded with authority, so his absence was not unexpected.

Immediately after lunch the others betook themselves a mile outside of town, sides were chosen, and the "border" laid out. This consisted of about four hundred yards of a little-used road where the snow had not been much disturbed. This was patrolled by a portion of the "custom inspectors," with a reserve posted farther inland. About half a mile back from the road a deserted barn did duty for the "town."

The smugglers gathered about half a mile on the other side of the border and were allowed to cross it in any formation, singly, together, or scattered, and make for the town at any speed they chose. One only of their number was supposed to be smuggling, and he was equipped with tracking-irons. The moment a sentry patrolling the border caught sight of these tracks, his duty was to signal the fact to the reserve party of inspectors and at once follow the track himself. The reserves coöperated with him, trying by any means to catch the smuggler before he could reach the town. If they succeeded, the game was theirs; but if the smuggler eluded them and reached the barn safely, victory went to the other side.

It was a typical scout sport, and for three hours or more the fellows played it strenuously, varying it toward the end with one or two other stalking games. These all met with unanimous approval, even Bob Gibson, the habitual grumbler, admitting that it was more fun than he thought it would be.

"We 'll have to try some more of those in the book," Ward remarked as they tramped back through the twilight. "That deer-hunt one sounds pretty good, if you fellows will only make bows and arrows enough. I vote we fix up a deer and go to it next Saturday."

It happened, however, that the following Saturday was devoted to something even more interesting than deer-hunting. As Dale entered the parish-house on Monday evening he passed Mr. Curtis, just inside the door, talking earnestly with Wesley Becker.

"It was a big surprise to me, I can tell you," he heard the scoutmaster say. "I can't imagine what has brought about the transformation."

"He does n't say, I suppose?" asked Becker.

"No; it 's just the curt invitation. He 's hedged it about with all sorts of prohibitions, but still it 's wonderful he should have come around at all."

"It 'll be corking for the troop!" exclaimed Becker, enthusiastically. "That 's the one thing we 've lacked, and if—"

At that point Tompkins passed beyond the range of their voices, but he had heard enough to rouse his curiosity. Fortunately this did not have to remain long unsatisfied. After the opening exercises the scoutmaster faced the three patrols, a small sheet of paper in one hand.

"Attention, scouts!" he said crisply. "The troop will be much pleased to learn, I 'm sure, that Mr. Grimstone has given us permission to use the north side of his lake for camping purposes."

For an instant there was amazed silence. Then a bedlam of surprised comment arose, mingled with a torrent of eager questions, which Mr. Curtis did not attempt to quell.

"Well, what do you know about that!" "Hurray for old Grimey!" "Can we skate there, Mr. Curtis?" "Will he let us swim in the summer?" "Can't we go out this Saturday?" "How did you work it, sir?"

"One at a time," smiled the scoutmaster. "I 'll answer the last one first. I did n't 'work it,' as you so pithily express it, Vedder, at all. I 've failed several times to get this privilege from Mr. Grimstone, and his letter this morning was as much of a surprise to me as to any one. He does n't state the reason for his change of mind."

A shock of sharp surprise sent the blood tingling into Dale Tompkins's face and clenched his hands spasmodically. "Gee!" he muttered under his breath. "I wonder— Why, it must be! But I never thought of that—not for a minute!" He paused an instant, his gaze growing introspective. "He certainly is one good old scout," he murmured to himself. "I said his bark was a lot worse than his bite."

Then he realized that Mr. Curtis was speaking.

"We 're not to go beyond the dam at one end of the lake or the inlet at the other. In other words, there must be no trespassing on the side of the water where the buildings and orchard stand. He does n't wish any timber cut, and there are several other minor prohibitions. He says nothing against swimming or skating, so I imagine both will be allowed. As for camping there on Saturday, I 'm afraid it will be too cold to stay overnight, but there 's no reason why we should n't hike out in the morning and make a day of it."

So it was that the following Saturday morning found practically the entire troop hiking briskly along the Beldon Turnpike at an early hour. Ranny Phelps had complained that there would n't be much fun in just a picnic affair, but he was there, nevertheless. The others had no such criticism to make. They fairly bubbled enthusiasm, and in their eagerness to reach the hitherto forbidden spot many of them would have willingly gone the entire distance at scout's pace.

When they finally left the road and turned off into the woods along an overgrown lumber-track, it was like exploring an undiscovered country. Most of them had been there before, but with a difference. When one's ears must be constantly open for the baying of dogs, with the necessity ever present of being ready for instant flight, there is little chance to appreciate the beauties of nature. Now, instead of having to creep along through trees and undergrowth, they could boldly follow the shore-line, investigate every little cove or promontory, discuss possible camping-sites, and even make definite plans with the assurance that they could be actually carried out in the spring.

At about eleven o'clock they reached the old swimming-place near the head of the lake and halted by general consent. Hitherto, they had considered the spot solely from the point of view of aquatic sport; now they realized that a more ideal spot for a camp could scarcely be imagined. A small, rocky point thrust its flat nose out into the lake. One side was sliced off as with a knife, and here the depth varied from six to eight feet; on the other it shelved more gradually. Back of it, the level open space, facing south and hedged in by a thick shelter of hemlock, would accommodate five or six shelter-tents with ease. Scarcely a dozen yards away, a clear spring bubbled into a mossy basin.

In an instant packs were laid aside, and under Becker's direction one party foraged for wood while another brought stones for an oven and cut saplings for the crane or forked sticks to use in broiling meat. Sandwiches and other ready-to-eat provisions were not looked upon with favor. Every boy wanted something he could cook, and the variety of chops, small steaks, eggs, bacon, ham, and the like that swiftly appeared was endless. One enterprising scout had even brought a can of twist-dough and proceeded deftly to brown it on sticks held over the embers. On every hand were voiced regrets that they could n't have come prepared to stay overnight.

"I don't believe it would have been too cold, with the fire and everything," said Bennie Rhead, after they had finished luncheon and were sitting lazily around the blaze for a bit before tackling the job of cleaning up. "Why, it 's as warm as toast now."

"Naturally, with the sun pouring in here all the morning," smiled Mr. Curtis. "You 'd find it rather different at night. If we all had sleeping-bags or tents that were really tight, we might undertake it. But our sort of equipment is n't meant for winter, and there 's no use risking colds when you 'll have all the time you want next spring and summer. By the way, Sherman, did you send that letter to Mr. Grimstone?"

"Yes, sir. Ted and Ranny and I made it up, and all the fellows signed it. I posted it on Wednesday."

"That 's good. I wrote him, myself, but I wanted him to see that you fellows, as well, appreciated what he 's done." He rested his head against a tree-trunk and glanced appraisingly

around the glade. "What a place this would be for a log-cabin!" he remarked.

"Immense!" exclaimed Court Parker, sitting suddenly upright. "With a big stone fireplace at one end."

"And bunks!" added Sanson, enthusiastically.



"THEY REACHED THE OLD SWIMMING-PLACE NEAR THE HEAD OF THE LAKE."

"And shelves where we could keep pans and things. And—"

"We could camp here any time of the year then, could n't we?"

"Sure! And think of coming in when your hands and feet are 'most frozen from skating, and thawing out before a roaring blaze, and making some cocoa,—oh, yum! Do you s'pose there 's any chance, Mr. Curtis, of his letting us—" Sherman broke off with a sigh. "I forgot. He does n't want any timber cut."

"No; and I 'd scarcely like to ask him, anyway, after he 's been so decent," said the scoutmaster. "It would look as if we did n't appreciate what he 's done already." His glance swept thoughtfully around the open space again as if he were seeing in his mind's eye the structure that had excited such instant enthusiasm. "Of course, it would be quite possible to cut enough timber for a cabin without in the least hurting the woods; in fact a little thinning would do them good."

"Would n't it be a corking place to feed the birds from in winter!" suddenly spoke up Paul Trexler, a silent, reserved sort of chap. "We started up three or four covies of quail between the road and here."

"It certainly would!" The scoutmaster's tone was emphatic. "You 've hit the best argument in its favor yet, Paul. The woods are fairly teeming with birds of all sorts; I noticed it as we came along. The place has been barred to the public for so long that I dare say the wild creatures have come to feel more or less safe here. With a cabin right on this spot we could keep grain in fairly large quantities, and when the heavy snows come, it would be easy to establish regular feeding-stations at different points, and—"

A sudden yelping made him break off and turn quickly, to see a large dog burst from the thicket at one side of the glade. With hair bristling and teeth bared, the animal pulled up abruptly and started a furious barking.

The scouts leaped up and several snatched sticks from the woodpile. An instant later, however, the low, sweeping hemlock branches parted, and Caleb Grimstone himself stepped into the open. With a snarl he silenced the dog and sent him groveling to heel. Then he faced Mr. Curtis and the boys with an odd, embarrassed defiance

that made the former suspect his appearance had not been intentional, but was rather the result of the dog's outburst.

"This is mighty nice, Mr. Grimstone!" exclaimed the scoutmaster, advancing with outstretched hand. "You see we have n't lost any time in taking advantage of your kindness."

"Huh!" mumbled the old man. "I was jest takin' a little walk, an' heard voices—"

He paused awkwardly, glowering around the circle of wide-eyed boys.

"I had no idea you were able to walk so far," put in Mr. Curtis, quickly, "or we 'd certainly have invited you to eat lunch with us. Won't you let the boys cook you something now? They 're mighty proud of the way they can—"

"I 've had dinner," interrupted the old man, hastily. He fumbled for a moment with the stout cane he carried; then his gaze returned to the scoutmaster. "I heard you sayin' somethin' about feedin' birds," he said curtly. "I did n't know you— What was it you meant?"

Briefly Mr. Curtis explained their methods of establishing feeding-stations through the woods and caring for them. When he had finished, Mr. Grimstone nodded.

"Humph!" he commented grumpily. "I—I like the birds. One o' the reasons I would n't—" He paused again and glowered at the boys. "*They* could n't make a log-cabin," he stated positively. "It would be too much like real work."

A sudden stir went through the group. Mr. Curtis smiled. "I should hate to set them at it unless I really wanted it done," he laughed.

"How 'd they know what trees to cut an' what to leave? They 'd make a mess o' the whole place."

"Not with proper supervision," argued Mr. Curtis.

"Would you look after it?" inquired the old man, sharply.

"Certainly! I 'd constitute myself general foreman."

"Humph!" There was a momentary pause, tense with suspense. A battery of eyes, eager, expectant, pleading, was turned upon the old man, whose bent shoulders straightened a bit. "Wal, you can go ahead, then," he agreed crustily. "But all I can say is—"

A quick exclamation from the scouts drowned the remainder of his words. "G—e—e!" came hissing from a score of lips in a long sigh of rapture. It was followed by a bedlam of excited chatter.

"The greatest thing I ever heard!" exploded Ted MacIlvaine, enthusiastically. "A log-cabin, fellows—think of it! A troop cabin!" With eyes shining, he stepped suddenly forward and faced the crowd. "Three cheers for Mr. Grimstone, fellows!" he cried; "and make 'em good ones!"

When the last echo had died away, a faint touch of pink tinged the old man's leathery brown skin. But his frown abated nothing of its fierceness as he turned to the scoutmaster.

"Tut-tut—nonsense!" he grumbled. "I 'll leave it to you, then; you 'll be responsible, mind! I s'pose you know what trees to take out—or you ought to. Nothin' over eight inches, remember, an' not a scrap o' rubbish left lyin' around when you 're done."

Without waiting for a reply, he turned abruptly and stalked off, a lean, bent, shabby figure with a nose like an eagle's beak and fiercely beetling brows. To the boys staring after him he was an angel in disguise.

Chapter XI

Elkhorn Cabin

All that week the members of Troop Five could talk or think of little else save the wonderful log-cabin which was to arise like magic on the shore of Crystal Lake. That, at least, was the way many of them pictured it as going up, but at the meeting on Monday night Mr. Curtis gave a little talk in which he pointed out that the undertaking could only be carried through by a good deal of hard, persistent labor, which would undoubtedly grow more or less tiresome before the end was reached.

"Saturday is really the only day when we can all get together," he said, "and there won't be many of them before the snow comes to put a stop to things. If we mean to enjoy it this winter, we 've got to give every spare minute of our time to the work. There can't be any slowing down or backing out. Now, if you 'd rather wait till spring, when we can take things more easily—"

"No, *sir!*" came in a swift, united chorus of protest. "We want to start now. We want to have it this winter."

The scoutmaster smiled a little. "That 's the way I feel myself," he said; "so we 'll consider that part settled. We 'll meet here, then, next Saturday morning at half past eight, prepared to put in a strenuous day. I 'll tell the different patrol-leaders what tools are needed, and they can look them up during the week. There 's another thing. We 'll have to buy considerable material, such as cement, boards for the floor and roof, window- and door-casings, and the like. That money should be earned by the troop, and I

think it would be a good plan for Ward, MacIlvaine, and Dale to meet at my house to-morrow afternoon or evening to discuss ways and means. Is that agreeable?"

It proved to be, when the question was put to vote and decided unanimously in the affirmative. The meeting ended with the enthusiasm over the project unchecked by this placing of it on a strictly methodical and businesslike basis.

That enthusiasm continued throughout the week, and when the crowd assembled on Saturday, Bennie Rhead, who was housed by a bad cold, was the only absentee. The others, laden with axes, saws, hatchets, an adz or two and some wide wood-chisels until they resembled a gang of pioneers, were in high spirits and eager to begin work. Their interest was heightened by the production of a plan Mr. Curtis had drawn up, showing a cabin twenty by sixteen feet, with a big stone fireplace opposite the door, two windows, and a double tier of bunks, one on each side of the entrance.

During the week the scoutmaster had gone over the ground with Mr. Grimstone and marked certain trees which were to be taken out, mainly white pines from six to eight inches in diameter that were too closely crowded to develop properly, so there was no delay in starting work. Immediately on reaching the point, the entire troop was divided into groups of three or four, each under the leadership of a boy who knew how to handle an ax. As soon as he felled a tree the others trimmed off the scanty limbs, sawed it into proper lengths, and stacked these up in piles on either side of the glade.

By noon the piles had assumed such proportions that after luncheon half of the wood-cutters were called off and set to notching the ends of the logs under the direction of Wesley Becker. This was work in which everybody could take part. The notches were made on opposite sides of the log, about eight inches from the end, and were a quarter the thickness of the timber in depth. The logs averaged pretty much the same diameter; so that, when fitted together at right angles with the under notch on one side resting in the upper notch on the other, the whole length was snugly in contact, with scarcely any chinks to be filled in.

"That 's the great advantage of pine," said Mr. Curtis, when he had explained the method to the boys. "Almost any hard wood will have bumps and twists in it, but the trunks of pines growing as thickly as these are practically straight from one end to the other.

"Are we going to build up the four walls solid, and then cut holes for the door and windows and fireplace?" asked Paul Trexler, who had evidently been reading up on the construction of cabins.

The scoutmaster shook his head. "That 's the way many of them are made, but I could never quite see its advantage. It 's a mean job, sawing the openings, and the full-length logs are lots harder to handle than shorter ones, to say nothing of the waste of timber. Of course there 'll have to be full-length ones under and over the windows and over the door; but if we measure accurately, there 's no reason why we should n't leave these openings as we go along, and so save time and labor. Spiking the door- and window-casings to the logs will hold them together firmly enough."

The cabin had already been staked out, and when, presently, the lower logs were set in place it was amazing what a difference the sight of that simple rectangle made. Instantly the visualizing of their dream became nearer and more concrete to the boys, its possibilities more apparent. They could see at a glance its size and shape and spaciousness. Entering through the door space, one could say that here would be the bunks, there the windows, and that gap opposite, the fireplace. It stimulated every one to renewed efforts. Blisters and tired muscles were forgotten in the eager desire to get another tier of logs into position. When Mr. Grimstone stalked into view, toward the middle of the afternoon, he was greeted by urgent invitations to "Come ahead and see how the cabin 's going up!"

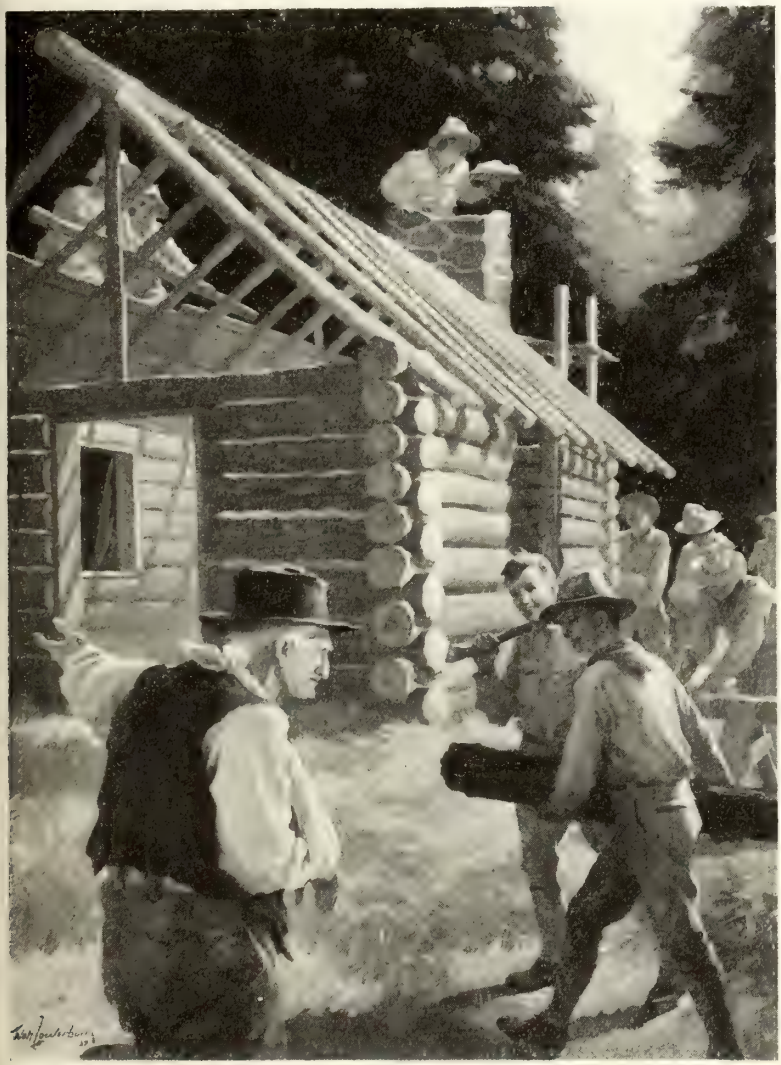
The old man responded stiffly, but it was impossible to maintain that attitude long in the face of the boisterous, whole-hearted enthusiasm of twenty boys. Inside of ten minutes he was chuckling over the awkward efforts of one scout to handle an adz and showing him the proper method. Within an hour, one would never have known him for the crusty, crabbed recluse who had been at odds with the Hillsgrove boys for more than a generation. He had shown the scouts a splendid place to get rocks for the fireplace, and told them how to make, with two poles and some cross saplings, a sort of litter for carrying the larger ones; he had made the rounds of the wood-choppers and watched them interestedly, criticizing, suggesting, and even cracking a dry joke or two at their expense. But his interest seemed to center in the building operations, to which he finally returned. When Mr. Curtis followed him a little later, he paused at the edge of the glade, a quiet smile curving his lips.

The old man stood amid a group of boys who were notching the logs. He had evidently been showing them some improvement on their meth-

ods, for as the scoutmaster stood there, he heard one of them say: "Is that right, Mr. Grimstone? Is that the way you mean?"

The old man nodded "You 've got it, son; you 'll find that 'll save you a lot of time."

"Say, Mr. Grimstone," piped up Harry Vedder,



"UNDER MR. GRIMSTONE'S SUPERVISION THE CABIN GREW APACE."

from the other side of the cabin, "won't you come over here, please?"

"You wait a minute, Dumpling!" admonished Bob Gibson. "I 'm next. He promised to give me some points about fitting 'em together."

The scoutmaster's smile deepened as he came forward. "I guess I 'll have to appoint you building foreman, Mr. Grimstone," he said. "Looks as if you knew a lot more about log-cabins than I ever will."

From force of habit the other frowned, but his eyes were twinkling. "I 'd orter, I reckon," he returned. "I built enough of 'em when I was loggin' up state. If it wa'n't for this pesky arm—"

"That need n't interfere. You won't have to lift a finger. The boys are only too ready to work when they know how. Seriously, if you could oversee the building part, it would help us a lot. Then I could give all my time to getting out the logs, cleaning up, and looking after the chimney."

"I s'pose I can," observed the old man, briefly. "I ain't fit for much else jest now—an' the sooner you 're done, the sooner the mess 'll be cleared up."

So it was arranged, and the following Saturday found Mr. Grimstone promptly on the job. There was no question of his pleasure in the work, in spite of the occasional grumblings to which he gave vent in odd moments when he was not entirely lost in the novel occupation. To these the boys paid scant attention. They seemed to realize that they were merely superficial and really meant nothing, and from the first they got on admirably with the old man. They even joshed and joked with him, and before long he was retorting with sundry dry comments that sent them off into shouts of laughter.

Under his supervision the cabin grew apace. When the logs were all cut and carried in, Mr. Curtis devoted himself mainly to the stone chimney which, though necessarily slower and more difficult work, progressed very well. The opening was made to take four-foot logs, and the stone facing filled up more than half that end of the cabin. The boys could not wait for its completion to give it a baptism of fire. When the sides were up three feet or more, they kindled a blaze and cooked lunch there—the first meal to be prepared in the cabin.

Another celebration marked the setting of the ridge-pole; and when the roof was laid, it seemed

as if the end was actually in sight. In the meantime, the important detail of earning money to pay for necessary materials had not been lost sight of. It had been decided that the scouts should go about this either singly or in groups, as they preferred. A number of suggestions were made by Mr. Curtis, but it was impressed upon the troop that there must be no appeal for either work or money in any way that would in the least savor of begging. Whatever they did must be real work, the sort that people wanted done whether or not a scout cabin was in process of erection; and they must always give value received.

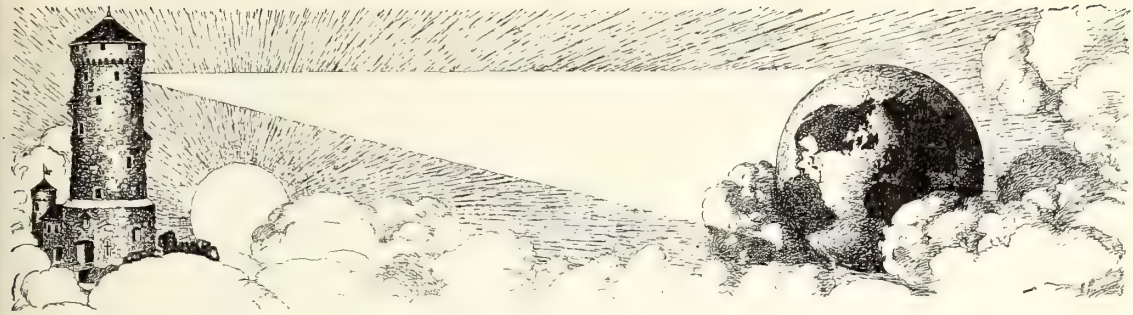
The methods resorted to seemed endless. Three boys who were adept with saw, hammer, and plane undertook the building of bird-houses, and their products were so well made and attractive that they had a hard time filling orders. Others raked up lawns, tended furnaces, cleaned cellars, sawed wood, and did a score of other varied chores. One entire patrol took up the subscription proposition of a big publishing-house and devoted themselves to it with such ardor that they cleared up nearly as much as all the rest together.

It can safely be said that few members of the troop had many spare minutes in the month that followed the starting of the cabin. There was no time for sports or games or reading stories. The public library was deserted. Of course there were a few who tired of the constant pressure and managed to escape a Saturday's labor by some flimsy pretext, but, on the whole, they stuck to it with remarkable perseverance. And when the last stone was in place on the chimney-top, the last chink filled, the last nail driven, there was n't a boy in all that twenty-five who did n't feel a thrill of proud achievement at the result of their united efforts.

(To be continued.)



THE OPENING OF THE CIRCUS SEASON IN FORESTVILLE.



THE WATCH TOWER

BY S. E. FORMAN

Author of "Advanced Civics," "A History of the United States," etc.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S PEACE SPEECH

On January 22 President Wilson appeared before the Senate and delivered a speech in reference to plans for bringing about peace among the warring nations of Europe and making the peace permanent. The President felt that he had a right to speak directly to the Senate because in all matters relating to our foreign policy he is constantly associated with that body and must rely largely upon it for support. Every treaty which the President enters into with a foreign government must be confirmed by the Senate before it can have any force.

In his speech to the Senate the President said that the peace that is to come at the end of the Great War "must be a peace without victory." This statement must have fallen like a bombshell among those who are conducting the war and who are striving for victory with all their might. The President admitted that it was not a pleasant thing to say, yet he felt that in saying it he was only facing realities and stating the truth. "Victory," he said, "would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory, upon which terms peace would rest not permanently, but only as upon quicksand. Only a peace between equals can last." Another important portion of the speech referred to the limitation of the size of armies and navies. "There can be," said the President, "no sense of safety and equality among the nations if great preponderating armaments are henceforth to continue here and there to be built up and maintained. The statesmen of the world must plan for peace, and nations must adjust and accommodate their policy to it as they have planned for war and made ready for pitiless contest and rivalry." The armies and navies, in the opinion of the President, should be large enough to keep order, but not large enough to act as instruments "of aggression or of selfish violence." But the part of the speech that had the most interest for Americans was the suggestion that the United States join with the other nations of the world and form a "League for Peace," resembling the one described in The Watch Tower for May, 1915. This suggestion met with much opposition both in the Senate and in the country at large. It has always been our policy to hold ourselves aloof from the affairs of Europe, and many Americans are opposed to any plan that would sweep us into the turmoil of the nations of the old world. "Peace and friendship with all nations, but entangling alliances with none" has been our motto in the past, and is still the motto of vast numbers of our people.

The speech of the President was delivered not only to the Senate, but to the whole world, for copies of it had been sent beforehand to our representatives abroad, and it was read by the people of London and Paris and Berlin almost at the same time that it was read in New York and Washington and Chicago. Opinions in respect to the speech of course differ widely. To the minds of some it was an utterance full of danger, while to others it seemed to be a message of hope. Some of the senators regarded it as untimely and entirely out of place, while others thought it was the wisest and greatest utterance that has been heard in many a day. But whatever the views of individuals might be, all were agreed that it was a remarkable and a startling speech. "The message of the President," said one of the senators, "was a remarkable production, as startling in its application to international life as was the Decla-

ration of Independence regarding national life." In foreign countries the speech made a profound sensation. To none of the warring nations were the words of the President entirely agreeable, but in every country, whether belligerent or neutral, the message was regarded as a powerful appeal in behalf of peace. What effect the appeal will eventually have, time, of course, alone can tell.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT

IN 1913 Congress passed what is known as the Webb-Kenyon Law, which prohibits the importation of liquor from one State into another when the importation is against the law of the State into which the liquor is sent. Mr. Taft, who was President when the law was passed, vetoed it on the ground that it was probably unconstitutional, but Congress repassed it over his veto. After the passage of the act the legislature of West Virginia passed a law forbidding liquor to be brought into the State. A distilling company in Maryland contended that both the Webb-Kenyon Law and the law of West Virginia were unconstitutional, and they brought their case before the Supreme Court of the United States. On January 8 the Supreme Court decided that both laws are constitutional. That is to say, the court decided that Congress, under its power to regulate interstate commerce, had the right to pass the Webb-Kenyon Law, and that the legislature of the State, under its power to regulate the sale of liquors, had the right to prohibit the importation of liquors across its boundaries. This decision has great importance for those States which have prohibition laws. Heretofore, liquor for personal use has been brought from the outside into prohibition States by express companies and in other ways, and there has been no power to prevent the importation, for States have not had the power to close the channels of interstate commerce. But now, under the Webb-Kenyon Law, if a State in the exercise of its police power wishes to close those channels upon the liquor traffic, it may do so. Already three "dry" States—West Virginia, Oregon, and Arizona—have prohibited by law the importation of any alcoholic beverages whatever, except such as may be necessary for sacramental and medicinal uses. So if the laws of these two States are enforced, they will be "dry" indeed, for it will be impossible to secure liquors either within the State or from the outside. Will all the other prohibition States, and there are now more than twenty, take advantage of the Webb-Kenyon Law to prohibit the importation of liquor and thus prevent individuals from receiving it for personal use? This doubtless is a question to which the lawmakers in the prohibition States will presently give a great deal of attention.

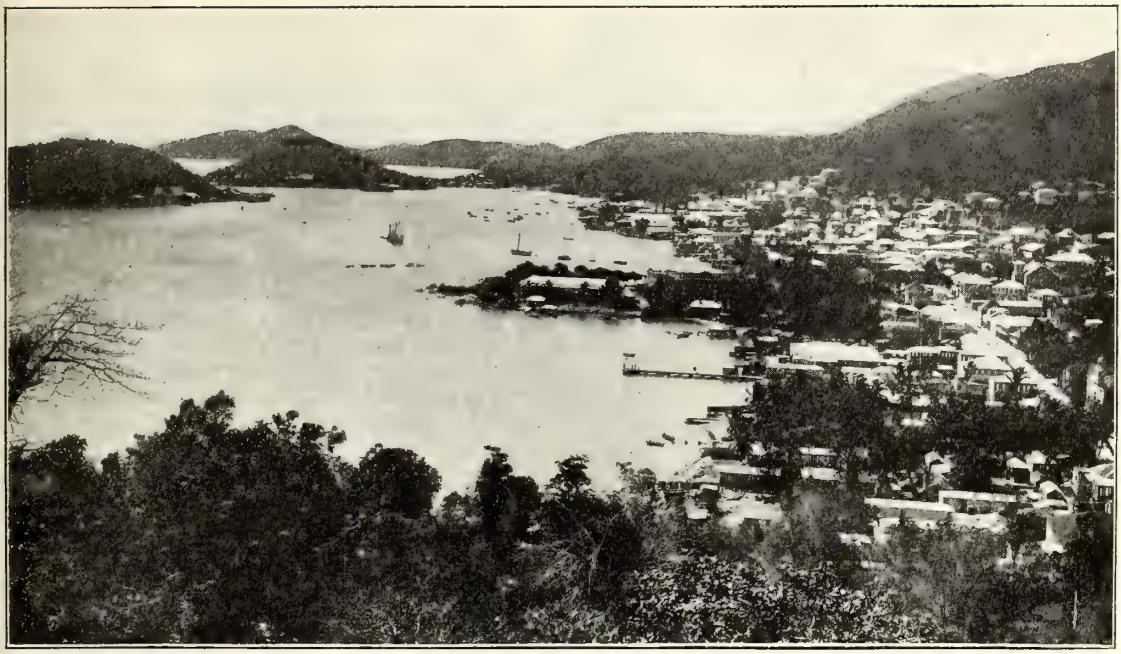
UNCLE SAM ADOPTS THE THREE "SAINTLY SISTERS"

OUR Government has just come into full possession of the Danish West Indies, consisting of the islands of St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John. These three "saintly sisters," as they are sometimes called, have a total area of a little more than a hundred square miles,—about half the area



Courtesy of "The Independent."

THE DANISH WEST INDIES—"THE KEYS TO THE CARIBBEAN."
The islands stand where the steamer route from Europe to Panama crosses the route from New York to South America.



Copyright by Brown & Dawson.

THE HARBOR OF CHARLOTTE AMALIE, THE PORT OF ST. THOMAS.

of one of our smallest counties,—and their combined population is about 30,000. For a long time Uncle Sam has had his eyes upon these islands, and has been wishing to own them in order that he might convert them into a naval station. As far back as 1865 our statesmen saw the need of a naval station in the Caribbean, and during the administration of President Lincoln efforts were made to buy the islands from Denmark, but that country then was unwilling to sell them. Later, President Grant tried to buy them, but the United States Senate would not consent to the purchase. In 1902 President Roosevelt offered Denmark $5,000,000 for them and his offer was accepted, but the Senate again refused to confirm the purchase. After the building of the Panama Canal our interest in having the islands as a base for our Navy became greater than ever, for, as will be seen from the map, they stand at the cross-roads of the routes between Europe and Panama, and between the United States and South America. So President Wilson determined to secure the islands, even if he had to pay a very high price for them. He recently offered $25,000,000 for them, and the Danish government agreed to sell them. In January the treaty providing for the purchase and transfer of the islands was brought to a successful conclusion, and the "saintly sisters" were formally adopted as possessions of the United States. The inhabitants of the islands are satisfied with the change of rulers and are more than willing to live under the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

The taking over of the Danish Islands is an event of much significance. It is another step in the onward march which we are silently but swiftly making in the regions lying south of us. We have established a protectorate over Cuba, a virtual protectorate over Haiti (or Santo Domingo), and have acquired the ownership of Porto Rico and of the Panama Canal Zone If this extension of power is continued a little farther, Uncle Sam will be the undisputed master of the Caribbean world.

ADMIRAL DEWEY

When the body of Admiral Dewey was committed to its last resting-place in Arlington Cemetery the entire nation bowed its head in sorrow, and the cannon on American ships in all parts of the world boomed mournful salutes in honor of the great hero of the sea Admiral Dewey was trained in the old days of the wooden warvessel. He was with Admiral Farragut when in 1862 the Union fleet sailed up the Mississippi River to capture New Orleans. The river was guarded on either side by forts bristling with guns, across the stream enormous chains were stretched to prevent the passing of vessels, while scores of Confederate gunboats stood ready to open fire upon the approaching enemy. But in

spite of forts and chains and gunboats Farragut and his men forced their way up the river and captured the city. So Dewey learned seamanship at a time when a sea-fight was a real fight, a struggle in which the outcome depended largely upon dash and physical courage and personal daring. These qualities he possessed in a high degree. When in the Spanish-American War he entered the harbor of Manila with the purpose of capturing or destroying the Spanish fleet, the waters of the harbor were sown with mines.



Copyright by Clinedinst, Washington.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.

Two were exploded just ahead of the admiral's flagship *Olympia*, which led the fleet into the harbor. But the admiral gave little heed to mines; he pushed on and won a victory that thrilled every American heart; he captured the Spanish fleet without the loss of a single man. But it is not only for his brave deeds in scenes of actual conflict that he will be remembered. In naval administration his services were of highest value. "The Navy," said Secretary Daniels, "is full of fine men and officers, but after all there is only one Admiral Dewey. He has been to me my great support, the man whose judgment I have always followed, and never once has he failed me. He was truly one of the great men of our time, and it will be a long time before we see his like again."

CHOOSING A PRESIDENT: THE ELECTORAL COLLEGES

OUR readers have already learned that the great Presidential election which was held in November last was really forty-eight separate elections held by the forty-eight States, and that the purpose of the election was not to choose a president, but a select body of men, known as electors, who were to choose a president. On the second Monday in January, the actual election of the President took place, for on that day the 531 electors chosen in November cast their vote for President and Vice-President. But all the electors did not meet together at one place and act as a single body. The electors of each State met at their capital and organized as an *electoral college*. For example, the eight electors of Maryland met at Annapolis, and, after selecting a presiding officer and a secretary, expressed their choice for President and Vice-President. Inasmuch as they had all been elected by Democrats they all felt that it was their duty to vote for the Democratic candidates. So the eight votes of the members of the Maryland electoral college were cast for Woodrow Wilson as President and for Thomas R. Marshall as Vice-President. The forty-five members of the New York electoral college all cast their votes for Mr. Hughes as President and Mr. Fairbanks as Vice-President, for all the New York electors were elected on a Republican ticket. And so it was with the other electoral colleges: in every case the electors voted for the candidate of the political party which elected them. They were not legally bound to do this, for every elector was free to vote for any person he might prefer, even though that person belonged to a different party and even though he was not a candidate. (See THE WATCH TOWER, December, 1916.) The result of the voting in the forty-eight electoral colleges was to give Mr. Wilson and Mr. Marshall 276 votes for President and Vice-President, and Mr. Hughes and Mr. Fairbanks 255 votes for these offices.

MEXICO LEFT TO HER OWN DEVICES

THE American army which was sent across the border to "get Villa" has been withdrawn. But our troops came back without Villa. The "punitive" expedition punished nobody and accomplished nothing. There was, however, no good reason why our troops should have remained longer on Mexican soil. They had no fighting to do, they were costing a large sum of money, and their presence caused distrust among the Mexi-

cans. About the only reason for keeping the troops across the border any longer was that Carranza did not wish them to remain. But that, of course, was not a reason that could have any weight with a great self-respecting nation like the United States. So the President withdrew the troops, and, faithful to his policy of "watchful waiting," left Mexico to its own devices. As soon as the Americans began their march northward—the only direction, it will be remembered, in which Carranza was willing they should move—Villa, changed from a bandit to a general, promptly appeared in Chihuahua at the head of an army ready for battle with the troops of the Mexican Government. Thus in the final week of January the situation in Mexico was almost precisely what it was two years ago when Villa and Carranza were rivals for power, although on the last day of the month it was announced in the newspapers that President Wilson had decided to give full recognition to the Carranza government and to send Ambassador Henry P. Fletcher to Mexico City at once. This would restore the diplomatic relations between the two countries which were broken off in April, 1914.

THE GREAT WAR

At the beginning of February it seemed that the Great War, already the greatest the world has ever seen, was about to become even greater. The fighting, it is true, was not very fierce, and the battles were everywhere comparatively small and unimportant. Indeed, the warfare was so mild and indecisive that it seemed, on the face of things, that the peace talk of December and January had produced a lull on the battle-fronts. But the indications were that the lull was only the harbinger of a greater storm. The Allies, in response to President Wilson's request, had stated in precise terms what they were fighting for. They had said that before peace could be considered they must be assured of the following things:

(1) Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro must be restored, and indemnities be paid to each of these nations.

(2) The armies of the Teutons must leave the invaded territory of France, Russia, and Rumania.

(3) There must be a restitution of provinces wrested in the past from the Allies, a demand which has been taken to mean that Alsace-Lorraine must be returned to France.

(4) Italians, Slavs, Rumanians, and Czechs now living under foreign domination must be freed from that domination.

(5) Turkey must be expelled from Europe.

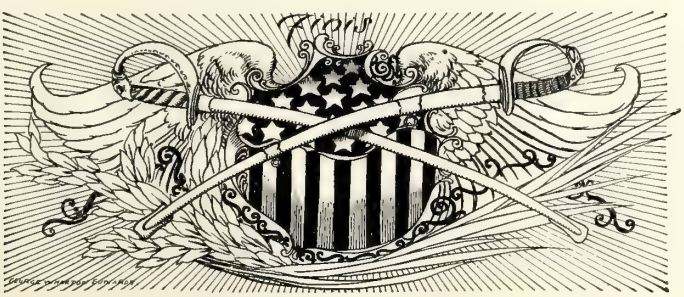
(6) Poland must be given an independent government.

(7) Prussian militarism must be destroyed.

(8) There must be arrangements for a permanent peace founded upon the "principles of liberty and justice and upon inviolable fidelity to international obligations."

These demands of the Allies were made early in January, but at the end of the month no response from the Teutons had been heard, and it seemed that the only important movement for peace made since the war began had come to naught. Instead of approaching each other in the spirit of peacemakers, the two sides were opposing each other more fiercely than ever before, and were preparing for drives mightier than any that have yet been made. Moreover, it seemed that our own country would be drawn into the strife, for on February 1 our Government was informed by the German Government that its submarines would begin immediately to sink merchantmen without first providing for the safety of persons on board, notwithstanding the fact that in April, 1916, it had promised not to conduct its submarine warfare in this manner.

When President Wilson received this information from the German Government he promptly severed diplomatic relations with Germany, and appeared before Congress and informed that body that it was his purpose to defend our rights even to the extent of war.





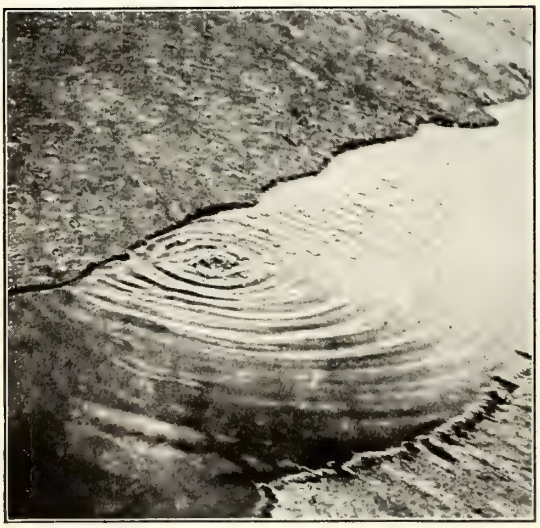
PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE GREAT ASPHALT LAKE OF TRINIDAD.

THE ASPHALT LAKE OF TRINIDAD

THINK of a manufacturing organization run without workmen, without buildings, with no overhead expenses except the sky, lit by the sun and moon, and heated by the tropics!

All these conditions exist in the asphalt-plant of Dame Nature, on Trinidad Island, in the British West Indies off the coast of Venezuela, with the Gulf of Paria on one side and the Atlantic Ocean on the other. (See map on page 452.)

There, in this tropical garden-spot, lies the



GAS-BUBBLES COMING UP THROUGH SURFACE-WATER.

lake of asphalt, one of the most precious deposits in the world. It is a great level area of about 114 acres, bordered by a few low hills and dotted with clumps of trees. It is possible to walk over any part of the lake, for it is solid enough to bear a very heavy weight. It feels warm to the feet and of about the same consistency as an asphalt pavement on a hot day. Its blue-gray surface is broken by a series of great folds in which the rain gathers, forming irregular pools of water. A writer has compared the lake, in appearance, to the skin of an enormous elephant and the creases to the folds in his hide. Both gas and oil are found in and around the lake, and gas-bubbles are constantly coming up through this surface-water.

Some authorities claim that the asphalt lake is the crater of an extinct volcano, a storehouse for the asphaltic petroleum that seeps into it far below. What elements are at work down in the cellar of the world, we do not know; we only guess that Nature somehow kneads the clay and petroleum together, and adds no one can say what other substances. Centuries are consumed in this secret process. Slowly and thoroughly the asphalt is mixed, and is finally churned to the surface of the lake.

Man has done his best to imitate this marvelous compound, but he has met with little success. Chemists have analyzed it, seemingly duplicated the ingredients, and laid it in a pavement. And yet, once laid and exposed to the elements, the man-made asphalt has quickly worn out. Perhaps the sun, the rain, and the wind, playing over the asphalt lake and curing Nature's product, have put something into it that even the searching eye of the microscope will not reveal.

Columbus on his third voyage, in 1498, discovered the island of Trinidad, but it was not until



DIGGING ASPHALT. THE EXCAVATION WILL FILL UP OVERNIGHT.

1870 that the first lot of asphalt was used for paving. Since that date there has been an ever-increasing demand for the product, and now it is used not only for paving, but for roofing, shoe-making, waterproofing, and as an ingredient in rubber compounds and other commodities.

In digging the asphalt the only tool used is a mattock, an instrument shaped like a pick-ax, but having its ends broad instead of pointed. About thirty barefooted men work in one gang in a space about sixty feet long and forty feet wide. If it were not for the fresh breeze that blows constantly, it would be unbearably hot, for the thermometer stands at ninety degrees or more during much of the day.

After the asphalt is broken out, a laborer simply lifts one or two lumps, which are about two feet across and so heavy that an untrained man could not handle them, and carries them on his head to the car, which stands only a few feet away, waiting to receive it. This crude asphalt is a dark earthy color and filled with many holes, like sponge, about an inch in diameter. In one day these "miners" will dig down to a depth of about three feet, possibly more. By next morning the hole has been mysteriously refilled, and in a week all traces of the work are obliterated.

No one can tell the depth of the lake; borings of 125 feet have been made without reaching bottom. Although the digging lowers the entire surface a little, so vast is the deposit that it will undoubtedly supply the entire world with asphalt for many centuries. And yet it is with Trinidad asphalt that more than 170,000,000 square yards of city pavements have been constructed in the United States alone.



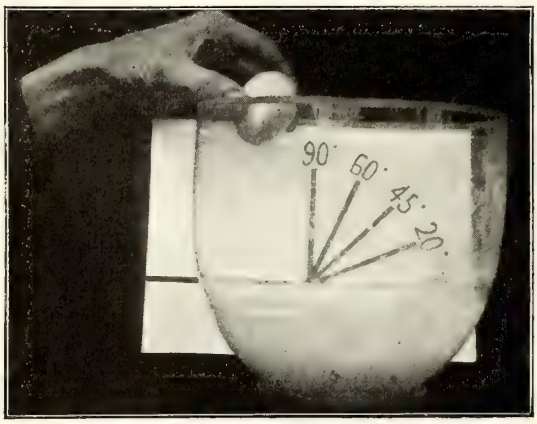
LOOKING ACROSS THE LAKE. THE LIGHTER PORTIONS ARE POOLS OF RAIN-WATER.

KARL KNIPE and J. M. CUMMINGS.

TELLING THE AGE OF EGGS

A VERY clever plan of finding out how old an egg is has recently been discovered. After many severe tests the method has been declared to be absolutely reliable; indeed, by this means it is possible to find out the time which has elapsed since the laying of the egg almost to the day.

Most people know that in the thicker end of an egg there is an air-space. This can be easily seen when an egg is held in front of a candle in a dark room. As the days go by, this air-space



NO. 1. THE EGG-TESTING DEVICE.

increases in size, owing to the fact that the moisture from the egg evaporates through the pores of the shell. Thus, day by day, the egg loses density, and it is possible to discover its age by specific gravity. First of all, a solution of salt and water is prepared, one part of the former being allowed to two parts of the latter. The behavior of the egg in this solution is controlled by the size of the air-space, which we must remember gets bigger with the evaporation of the egg's moisture. The following table has been worked out after a large series of experiments, and is said to be one upon which poultry-keepers may rely with confidence:

Up to thirty-six hours from the laying of the egg it will sink in the salt solution and lie horizontally on the bottom of the vessel. After thirty-six hours, and onward until the third day, the egg rises near to the surface and floats with a small portion clear of the water.

There is now to be noted a tendency on the part of the thick end of the egg, where the air-space is, to rise upward. As the days go by this tendency increases progressively. Thus, in eggs four or five days old the long axis (that is, an imaginary line drawn through the center lengthwise) is at an angle of 20° from the perpendicular; at the end of the eighth day it is 45°; on the fourteenth day it is 60°; on the twenty-first day it is 75°; in four weeks the egg will be standing quite upright in the liquid.

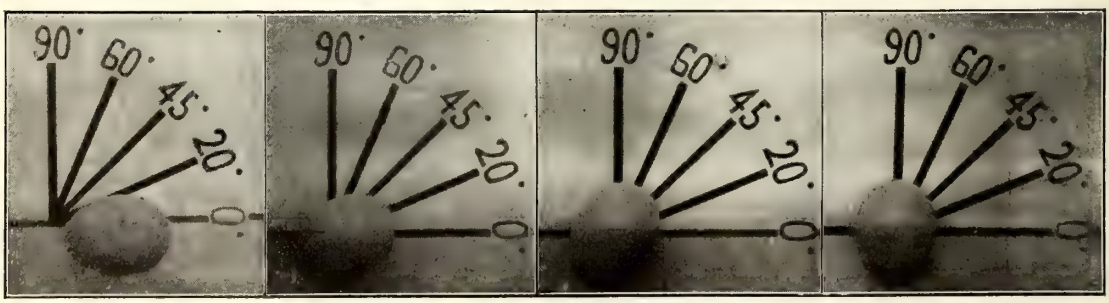
A way of showing with great clearness the angles at which the eggs are floating is shown in the accompanying photograph, No. 1. In this case a card is prepared on which is drawn out a scale of degrees ranging from 0 to 90, the latter representing the perpendicular. The scale is drawn in strong lines in such a way that it can be plainly seen. The salt solution is put into a glass vessel and the scale of degrees is placed behind this. The eggs are then floated in the mixture, and in a moment it is plainly seen at what angle they are floating. In this manner large numbers of eggs can be rapidly tested and their age determined.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

THE STRENGTH OF A DOG

WITH the exception of occasional travelers, explorers, and those whose life-work takes them into wilderness regions where the dog is used as a beast of burden, few people have any idea of the great strength and drawing power of the train-dog of the arctic regions of North America.

Yet, judged on the basis of size and weight, this animal is superior to the horse. Instances of his remarkable drawing power are continually



THIRD DAY. THE EGG IS HORIZONTAL.

FIFTH DAY. THE ANGLE IS 20°.

FOURTEENTH DAY. THE ANGLE IS 60°.

FOURTH WEEK. THE EGG IS UPRIGHT.



A TEAM OF THIRTEEN HUDSON BAY HUSKIES DRAWING A LOAD OF FIFTY-FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS.

being cited by men who spend many months behind a dog-team during the long arctic winters. Perhaps the greatest feat attributed to a dog is that of a particularly large malamute at Dawson City. The animal weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds—truly a monstrous dog. This beast, according to witnesses, drew a sled loaded with twelve hundred pounds. This, of course, only for a short distance. Unauthentic records



FOUR DOGS WITH A LOAD OF SIXTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS.

of what one dog has drawn, or several dogs have drawn together, are so numerous as to fill many pages.

Our illustrations, however, give in some degree an idea of the immense power of what is, at best, a very small beast.

The first shows thirteen Hudson Bay huskies drawing a two-ton whale-boat, which had packed inside it a half a ton of nails and other articles. In addition to this the sledge weighed five hundred pounds, a total of fifty-five hundred pounds, or over four hundred and twenty-three pounds per dog. This is not, however, an exceptional weight per dog; the interesting evidence of strength lies in the fact that they drew this load four miles without one halt over a rough country where no regular trail existed. The men seen in the picture appear to be helping, but are not, being merely busied in keeping the whale-boat steadied upon its somewhat insecure foundations.

The second picture shows four dogs from the same group. They drew the sledge and five barrels of sugar, a weight of sixteen hundred pounds, over the same course as the whale-boat. Four hundred dogs similar to the ones shown herein were shipped from Alaska to France to be used there in winter transportation connected with scouting-parties.

FRANCIS J. DICKIE.

THE NERVIEST MAN

IN constructing the new aërial cableway over the Whirlpool, at Niagara Falls, winter before last, one of the six passenger-carrying, or track, cables became entangled with the others at a point directly over the most dangerous part of the great vortex of swirling water. There was but one way to extricate the cable: a man had to be sent out on a "snatch-block" and do it by hand.

When the Spanish engineers making the installation asked several workmen if they were

willing to attempt the hair-raising trip, they refused gently, but none the less firmly. It was pointed out to the engineers that if something



THE YOUNG WORKMAN SUSPENDED OVER THE ROARING WATERS OF THE NIAGARA WHIRLPOOL.

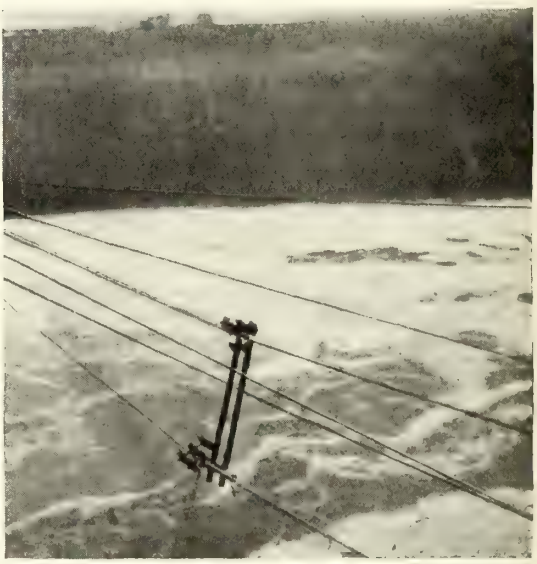
were to go wrong with the snatch-block, the man would drop into the Whirlpool, and there was nothing to save him after that. It was freely admitted that the man brave enough to try it was not only taking his life in his hands, but was actually willing to part with it. Finally, a young Italian spoke up and said he was willing to attempt the trip.

The cables were tightened, the snatch-block was put in place, and in fifteen minutes the Italian was hanging two hundred feet above the churning ice of the Whirlpool. Slowly and carefully the rope was let out until he reached the spot where the cables were entangled. He was so near the water at this particular point that he was obliged to bend his knees to keep his feet from striking the ice, which was revolving in great circles under him.

For ten minutes he worked at the tangled mass of steel wire, and then succeeded in freeing the cables. The instant he accomplished this, the cable holding him sagged about six inches, precipitating his feet into the water. For a minute he was swung around in the swirling mass of ice like a top, but the engineers, seeing his plight, put additional weight on the anchor of the cable, and he was lifted several feet heavenward, much to his relief, as he afterward explained.

It was only a matter of from two to three minutes before he was pulled safely to Thompson's Point, from where he started, but it was a matter of many minutes before he could collect his thoughts sufficiently to tell of his sensations while suspended over the Whirlpool. He said that the air over the Whirlpool swirled and eddied with the water, and that there was a terrific suction noise, which is not discernible on shore; while in some places the water was from one to three feet higher than in other places, due to the boiling and surging movement.

When the feat of this young Italian was talked about in engineering circles, where they are accustomed to seeing and hearing of men who do courageous things, it was agreed that this performance was one of the nerviest. The chances against him were twenty to one, according to the way engineers figure it out, whereas the chances of a man dropping from a parachute are only six



THE SNATCH-BLOCK WHICH CARRIED THE WORKMAN.

to one, and of a man diving from a sixty-foot height, three to one. However, the daring young workman has established a record that no other person holds: he has had his feet in the Whirlpool at the very center of its most dangerous currents, and he is alive to tell about it.

CHARLES W. PERSON.

APPLIED SCIENCE & MECHANICS FOR BOYS

INCLUDING BRIEF ARTICLES OF THE "HOW TO MAKE IT" SERIES

BY J. S. NEWMAN

EASY ELECTRICAL LESSONS

Number Three

HOW TO MAKE AND USE THE ELECTROPHORUS

So far, in our experiments, we have generated only very limited quantities of electricity.

We are now ready to construct an *electrophorus,* which is a simple instrument for collecting comparatively large charges of electricity.

From your druggist buy one pound of resin, costing ten cents. Also purchase two tin pie-plates, one about ten inches the other eight inches in diameter.

Melt the resin in the larger plate until it forms a smooth, glassy surface. This is best accomplished by placing the larger plate over a pan or kettle of boiling water, allowing the steam to heat the tin, as shown in Fig. 1. Under no circumstances should the resin be melted directly over the flame, as it might catch fire. When the resin is entirely melted, put it in a cool place to harden.

Now secure a piece of sealing-wax from your druggist or stationer. It should be in rod form, about a half-inch in diameter and three or four inches long.

Heat one end of this wax rod in the flame of a match until it becomes sticky, and then press the sticky end to the center of the smaller pie-tin allowing it to harden in place. This serves as an insulating handle to lift the plate (see Fig. 2). Our electrophorus is now complete.

The tin which we filled with resin is called the electrophorus plate. The smaller tin, with the sealing-wax handle, is called the electrophorus cover.

Follow instructions carefully, and see how our new electrical machine operates.

Experiment No. 8

Lay the electrophorus plate, resin side up, on a flat table in a warm dry room. Rub it vigorously with a piece of fur or woolen cloth, so as to charge it with electricity. Hold the electrophorus cover by its handle and set it down on the charged plate. *While the cover is resting on the plate,* touch the metal cover, but only for a second, with your finger. Then lift the cover *by its handle.* The metal cover now has a large charge of electricity. If you bring your knuckle close to the edge of the cover, a tiny bright spark will leap across from the cover to your knuckle. The above directions must be carefully followed in order to insure success. This process may be



Fig.1.

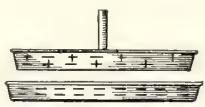
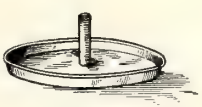
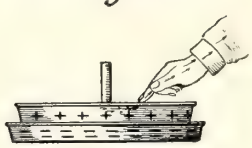

Fig.3


Fig.4.


Fig.2.


Fig.5.

repeated many times without again rubbing the plate.

Now let us see if we can learn *why* the electrophorus works as it does. In the first place, we must understand that every substance really has both positive and negative electricity in it at all times in equal proportion. A substance is said to be positively charged when it has *more* positive electricity than negative. A substance is said to be negatively electrified when it has *more* negative electricity than positive. A substance is said to be neutral when the positive electricity in it exactly balances the negative.

Now refer to the illustrations herewith. In these drawings positive electricity is represented by the sign +. Negative electricity is represented by the sign —. In Fig. 3 we see that the electrophorus plate has been *negatively* charged.

The cover is *neutral,* and we see (Fig. 3) that there is an equal amount of both positive and negative electricity in it. Now when the cover is placed on top of the plate, we see that, since the plate is *negatively* charged, it attracts all the *positive* electricity as near to it as possible, and repels all the *negative* electricity as far away as possible (Fig. 4).

If, now, we touch the cover with our finger, the repelled *negative* electricity has a chance to escape through our body into the ground, leaving the cover with *positive* electricity only, bound and attracted by the *negatively* charged plate (Fig. 5).

Now we take our finger away, and, holding the cover by its insulating handle, we lift it away from the plate, charged with *positive* electricity (Fig. 6).

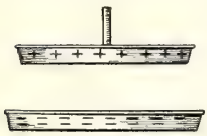


Fig. 6.

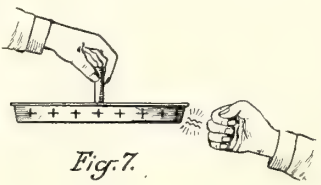


Fig. 7.

If we approach our cork-ball electroscope (see Lesson Number One) with this charged cover, we see that the balls are readily charged with positive electricity and repel each other. When we bring the charged cover near a piece of metal held in the hand, a bright spark leaps to the metal, thus discharging the cover. This spark is really a miniature lightning-flash (Fig. 7).

Lightning is caused by heavily charged clouds. The clouds, moving through the air, are charged by friction. When two oppositely charged clouds approach each other, a great spark leaps with a tremendous noise across the intervening space from one to the other. This noise we hear as thunder.

HOW TO MAKE AN ELECTRIC TOASTER

WOULD N'T the family be agreeably surprised if, some day, you were to present to it an electric toaster made entirely by yourself?

Here is the way to make one. Secure 38 feet of No. 28 German-silver wire and wind it into a long spiral spring. This may be accomplished by winding the wire over a smooth brass, glass, or iron rod about ⅛ inch in diameter. The turns should touch each other, that is, the wire must be very closely and neatly wound. The entire spring will be about 16 or 17 inches long.

Now, from a hardware store, plumbing shop, or tinsmith, get a piece of asbestos board 6 inches square and about ¼ inch thick.

Secure, also, four small porcelain knobs at an electrical shop and bolt them to the corners of the asbestos board so as to make legs for the toaster to stand upon.

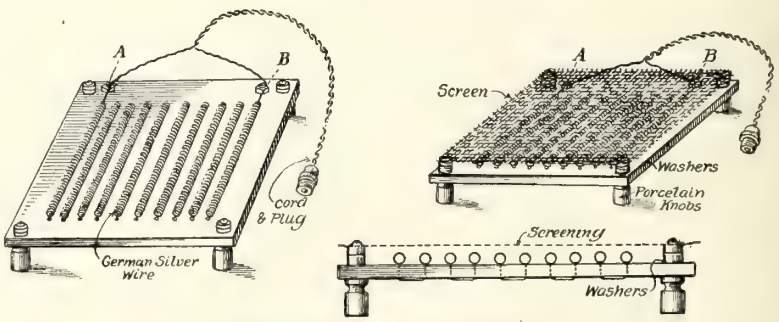
Drill two rows of 3/16-inch holes ½ inch apart and 5 inches between the rows. Make ten holes in each row. Lace the German-silver spring through these holes as shown, stretching the spring gently as you proceed, so as to make it extend through to the last hole.

The two ends of the spring must be led to brass nuts and bolts, A and B, as illustrated. The electric current must be carried to these terminals through the usual cord and plug, which may be purchased at any electrical store. Of course, the ends of the wires must be scraped free of insulation before making the connections to the toaster and to the plug which screws into the lighting socket.

Mix some plaster of Paris with water, making a thick paste, and with this cover the nuts and bolts with little mounds of the plaster, so that there will be no danger of shocks.

A piece of very heavy wire window-screening 6 inches square may now be cut and supported ¼ inch above the top of the German-silver spring. This may be accomplished by cutting several small washers of asbestos, or asbestos board, so as to make four piles about ½ inch high. Remove the nuts and bolts holding the porcelain legs in place and slip these washers between the heads of the bolts and the asbestos-board surface, first having arranged the screening in place as shown, the bolts passing first through the screening, then through the washers, then the asbestos, and finally through the porcelain legs. Care must be exercised that the screening does not sag in the center and thus touch the heating wire beneath. Stretch the screening very tightly.

Our toaster is now complete, and if we connect it to the 110-volt lighting current, the German-silver spring will become cherry red with heat. Delicious toast may be prepared in a very few moments.



THE HOME-MADE ELECTRIC TOASTER.

(Note: The above dimensions are for a 110-volt current. For a 220-volt the toaster must be made large enough to accommodate 76 inches of No. 28 German-silver, wound into a spring as described.)

A better toaster may be made using any of the following kinds of wire, if you can get them:

Kind of Wire	*Size, B & S Gage*	*Feet Needed for 110 Volts*
Calido	28	17
Climax	26	25
Nichrome	24	22

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF SCIENCE
II. LIQUID AIR

It 's a great night to be indoors. You curl yourself up in your favorite chair and lay your book on your lap a moment to listen to the howling wind.

The swirling snow may be seen against the blackness of the window. Some one says that it 's below zero outside. You shiver a little, despite the warm comfort of the room. The very thought of the chill outdoors on such a night—

But old Mother Nature is merely playing with her powers when the thermometer shows zero temperature. Polar explorers have recorded many instances when the tiny thread of liquid in the thermometer has dropped down to *eighty degrees below zero.*

Now eighty degrees below zero is pretty cold, so cold that the human body exposed to such a temperature, unprotected, would freeze solid within several minutes. But even this degree of cold is *hot* when compared to nature's possibilities, for scientists have succeeded in discovering a liquid so cold that it *boils* at 180 degrees below zero. Astounding to scientists and laymen alike, surely liquid air is one of the seven great wonders of science.

To understand liquid air we must first picture to ourselves what air would look like if we were able to see the tiniest of the particles which compose it.

Scientists have proved that these air particles are in a state of constant and violent motion, each one darting this way and that, bumping into its neighbor and getting bumped by its neighbor. It seems as if each particle heartily dislikes its fellow-particles, trying to keep as far from them as possible.

The warmer the air gets, the greater becomes this antagonism and the farther do these particles stay apart. Thus, as you know, warm air is lighter than cold air. This is because the warm air has fewer particles, or molecules, of gas to a given volume, with greater space between them, making the air lighter. When the air is cooled, the gas particles are not quite so violent; they come closer to each other and the air becomes heavier, or denser. This condition is more or less true of every substance, particularly gases.

Consider a piece of ice. It is a hard, brittle solid. The tiny particles composing it are cold and comparatively lifeless. They have lost most of their energy, and appear to lie together in solid form. If we warm the ice, the particles commence to regain life. They no longer lie peacefully side by side, but start to move and loosen up into liquid form. If we continue to heat the melted ice or water, we find that it commences to grow violent. It bubbles and boils. The water particles are battling with each other, trying to separate. Finally the water turns to steam. Each heated water particle has pushed itself farther and farther away from its neighbor until there is no longer any resemblance to a solid or a liquid. The particles have formed into a gas, whose volume is many times that of the original water or ice.

It is easy enough to turn this vaporous steam back into water. Cooling or pressure will do it.

Air is the vapor of liquid air, just as steam is the vapor of water. But it is not so easy to turn air into the liquid state. The air particles have a tremendous aversion to each other at ordinary temperatures. We may compress them together with a pressure of fifty thousand pounds to the square inch, but the stubborn particles will not come together. They still battle and bump and refuse to condense to a liquid.

How did scientists finally solve the problem?

It was discovered that pressure alone is not sufficient to bring the air particles together into liquid.

We learned before that heat converts water into steam. When we desired to condense the steam back to water, we had to *take away* this heat. Therefore, we must deprive the air of its heat before we can liquefy it, for, as long as the air particles have any heat left in them, they are strong enough to keep battling and to keep apart in gaseous form.

You all know how a bicycle-pump heats when you compress the air in it. The air particles, being brought closer together against their will, fight all the harder and become highly heated. You also know, when the compressed air is allowed to escape, how cool the escaping stream is. The air particles lose their heat by expansion.

With this principle in mind, we may now understand how extremely low temperatures may be obtained. Air is first compressed in great pumps to a pressure of twenty-two hundred pounds to

the square inch. In this state it becomes very hot. The compressed air is then led in tubes through large tanks of water, thus cooling it. We now have highly compressed air at a comparatively low temperature. The air particles are close together, but have been cooled so that they are robbed of a great deal of their energy. This cooled compressed gas is now allowed to expand into a small chamber, and the expansion takes the last remaining energy from the air particles. The trifling heat which was left in the compressed air is spread over a large volume of it, so to speak, and tremendous cold is the result. The air particles lose their love of battle, and fall together into a bluish liquid whose temperature is three hundred degrees below zero.

Of course, this liquid is very unstable and boils back into gas very rapidly at ordinary temperatures. In a closed vessel it exerts a pressure of over twelve thousand pounds to the square inch. Liquid air must be kept in special unstoppered bottles with double walls and a vacuum between. It flows harmlessly to the ground when poured from the neck of the bottle. Place a vessel of liquid air on a block of ice, and it boils like water on a stove.

The effects of liquid air are most peculiar. Mercury becomes as hard as iron when chilled with liquid air, while iron becomes so brittle it may be crushed with the bare hand. But, curiously, it toughens copper and brass. Alcohol freezes solid. Meat, eggs, and fruit become hard as steel and as brittle as glass.

Although liquid air is not a new thing, it is only comparatively recently that we have heard much about it, because of the difficulty of manufacture. The first ounce cost over three thousand dollars, and vanished within several seconds in a cloud of mist!

We shall hear more of liquid air in the future, as it is to-day being made commercially in both England and America. It is prophesied that eventually it may be sold for a few cents a gallon. For refrigeration purposes it may supplant ice, because of its lesser bulk, temperature considered. It is already used in surgery to deaden parts of the body which are being operated upon. Eventually it will enable submarines to remain submersed for long periods of time, because of the possibility of carrying large quantities of fresh air in a limited space. Under the name of "oxyliquit" it is being used in explosives, and is safer to handle and more effective than nitroglycerine.

The greatest use to which this mighty giant of cold will some day be put will be for power purposes. When gasolene is no longer procurable, by reason of our present tremendous demand, and when all the coal-beds have been deprived of nature's secret stores, we may turn to liquid air with thanksgiving.

For to-day brilliant men are working at the problem. The power-plants of the future will perhaps be located on the vast sunburnt deserts. The sun's rays will be gathered and focused by huge mirrors on great boilers, and the steam so obtained will be used to operate engines to compress air into liquid form. This liquid will be transported all over the world to be used as power to run engines. Dynamos may be operated from these engines, and thus electricity may be generated, led to the home, and used for light and heat.

Thus will mankind search out the wonders of science and convert them to useful work, making liquid air, at 300 degrees below zero, heat our homes when the snow drifts past the window.

WHAT IS SUGAR MADE OF?

Sometimes you hear a person say that such-and-such a thing is as "white as sugar." And to convey another idea, we frequently remark that something is as "black as a coal."

To those unfamiliar with chemistry it will be a shock to learn that pure white sugar itself is made up of nothing but black carbon (the principal part of coal) and water.

The chemical symbol for sugar is written thus: $C_{12}\ H_{22}\ O_{11}$, which simply means that each tiny crystal of sugar consists of twelve parts of carbon, twenty-two parts of hydrogen gas, and eleven parts of oxygen gas.

Now water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen gas in the proportion of two parts of hydrogen to every one of oxygen.

Thus if sugar has twenty-two parts of hydrogen and eleven parts of oxygen, we see that this is the equal of eleven parts of plain water, for the proportion of hydrogen to oxygen is two to one multiplied by eleven.

So sugar consists of twelve parts of carbon to eleven parts of water. Of course, we could not very well mix carbon and water in this proportion and expect to get sugar. Chemistry works in its own peculiar way, and, to form sugar, the various particles of the substances composing it must be joined together in its own peculiar fashion.

But we may readily prove that carbon is a part of sugar, for when we throw a pinch of sugar on a hot stove the water is driven out and the coal-black carbon remains.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

GNOME GROUCH AND FAIRY DIMPLE-DIMPLE

A FAIRY-TALE WITH A MORAL

BY EDNA GROFF DEIHL

ONCE upon a time there was a Boy who forgot how to smile, and a sad state of affairs it was, indeed, for both the boy and all his folks. You see, he had once been such a cooing, dimpling, grinning baby that when he lost his smiles every one was terribly blue. And it all happened because he *insisted* upon entertaining old Gnome Grouch!



"THERE WAS HIS FRIEND GNOME GROUCH."

Every morning, as soon as he arose from his comfortable little bed, there was his friend Gnome Grouch, and together they always found something to be unhappy about. Sometimes it was underwear that was too tight; sometimes it was shoes that felt funny; sometimes it was because his face had to be washed; sometimes it was because his hair had to be combed; sometimes it was because he did n't like what the folks had for breakfast. Oh, I tell you, Gnome Grouch and he had no trouble finding something about which to complain!

So after a while the dimples and the smiles came less and less often, and one day, when he wanted to smile very sweetly for the lady next door, who had a big bag of candy in her hands,—*he could not smile!* No, siree, not a *smile* or a *dimple* would come!

Gnome Grouch explained it to him the next morning. "I just met Fairy Dimple-Dimple on my way here, and she had your *last smile* tucked under her arm," he said. "And she told me that as long as you wanted *me* for a friend she 'd keep it; and until you hunted for *her*, you could never smile any more. But *we* don't care, do we? *We* can do without smiles!"

Poor Boy said, "No, we don't need smiles!" but he felt a kind of sinking feeling that went way down to his very boots. It was all right to be cross and run with Gnome Grouch when



"HE DID N'T LIKE WHAT THE FOLKS HAD FOR BREAKFAST."

one wanted to; but how about the times when one wanted an extra piece of cake, or a plate of ice-cream, or a new bicycle, or a "really" man's suit? How about those times? Why, nothing good would come to a fellow who could *never* smile! The more Boy thought over it, the worse he felt; but try as he would, he could not smile—not even a ghost of a smile. So at last he started off to find Fairy Dimple-Dimple. Gnome Grouch would n't show him the way, so, leaving him behind, he started on the long, long journey by himself. It was a hard journey, I can tell you; there were the sharp stones of Bite-Your-Tongue-When-You-Want-To-Say-A-Cross-Word; there were the puddles of Keep-Back-Your-Tears; but at last, after many days, he found Fairy Dimple-Dimple—found her sitting on a fairy moonbeam, right after he had closed his sleepy eyes one night.



"HE FOUND FAIRY DIMPLE-DIMPLE."

"Oh, kind Fairy Dimple-Dimple, please give me back my lost smiles!" begged he.

Fairy Dimple-Dimple only turned her head to one side. "Where is Gnome Grouch? He is your friend. He ought to help you."

Boy hung his head. "He can't. I left him behind, sitting beside the road; and I have been hunting you *so* long."

Fairy Dimple-Dimple turned her face a wee bit. "Left him behind, did you? Well, that 's a step forward. Are you sure you won't hunt him up as soon as you leave me? Well, if you won't, I 'll tell you how to *earn* your lost smiles—that is the only way you can get them back. As soon as you have made five people so happy that *they* smile, you may have back *your* smiles—they will come flying right into your face. But remember, you will have to let Gnome Grouch alone, or you may lose them again; and next time it will be much harder to win them back."



"SOON BABY GOOED *THE BIGGEST SORT OF A SMILE.*"

Boy thanked Fairy Dimple-Dimple and tried hard to smile, but he could not; so off he ran. Next morning dawned bright and balmy. Boy arose from his bed too much occupied to even think of hunting up Gnome Grouch. He hustled into his clothes without once complaining, and, running down-stairs, gobbled up his breakfast without even asking for something which was not on the table. "Now I 'll go out and try to make five people smile," thought he; but before he had even risen from the table he caught his mother's eye, and she was *smiling the most wonderful smile!*

"Boy has made Mother very happy this morning," she said, as she kissed him. Boy's heart gave a jump. One smile! and the day not begun! Why, it was easy when Gnome Grouch was not whispering in one's ear. He tried to smile back, but the smile was not yet there; so he ran away to try to make the second person smile. Climbing up to his own little bank he took one of his very ownest pennies, and ran to the store in great haste. Soon he was back all out of breath, carrying his grandpa's favorite morning paper. He ran up and laid it in Grandpa's lap.



"SHE *SMILED A GREAT BIG IRISH SMILE.*"

A broad smile spread over Grandpa's face. "Why, my precious little fellow, to think of me!" and putting on his glasses, he settled down to read the news, still wearing the smile.

"Two smiles!" said Boy, and his *heart* was all smily, even though it would not shine through. How could he get the third smile? Why, Baby Brother, of course! He would build a block-house for him to knock down! He and Gnome Grouch had always been too busy thinking of themselves to bother entertaining the baby. He went to the nursery, and soon Baby gooed *the biggest sort of a smile*, as, with Baby's fingers, he knocked down the pretty house. "Three smiles!" shouted Boy. "Goody, goody!"

And now for the fourth. Why, he would try Cook, who usually was cross with him all the time. "I think I can make her smile if I go out and pick up my overshoes and muddy leggings and keep out of her way," said he. That was the hardest smile of all to get, for Cook was so used to having Boy and Gnome Grouch in the kitchen playing pranks, that she did not trust him altogether; but at last, just before dinner, she *smiled a great big Irish smile.*

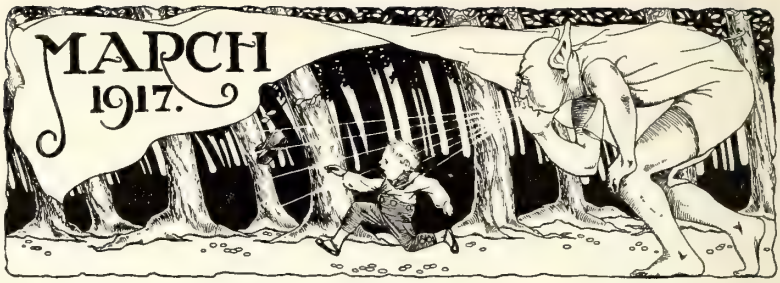


"Only one more!" Boy sang as he thought and thought. At last the idea came, but he had to wait all through the long day before he could get that smile. It was Daddy, of course; he would warm his house slippers, and have his big chair pulled right before the grate for him when he got home.

Boy could hardly wait until Daddy finished his supper and went to the living-room. "Get me my slip—" Daddy began, but then his eyes lighted on the slippers, big chair, and all, and then on Boy's eager look, and the *manniest sort of a smile* spread over his face. Up went Boy into the air, thrown by Daddy's strong arms, and right out of the air he grabbed the lost smiles that Fairy Dimple-Dimple dangled before his eyes.

Then Boy smiled a *smile* as big as every one's put together, and *Gnome Grouch* crawled out through the open grate!

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY FRANCIS S. WATTS, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE)

LAST month we recorded with pride the fact that a former Honor Member of the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE had painted a portrait of herself which was given a position on the line in the exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. And now, with equal pleasure, we print the main part of a letter from another Honor Member in a city almost as far away but in the opposite direction:

Dear Editor of the LEAGUE: Portland, Oregon.

I am sending you a copy of this, my first book, in grateful recognition of the fact that I practically began my literary career in the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE. And my fellow-members may be glad to know of the great possibilities which the organization has opened for me and will open for them. I have written prose as well as poetry,—and while I have won between fifteen and twenty prizes in literary competitions, it was in the LEAGUE pages that I first saw my efforts really rewarded. I am now six months past the limit of eighteen years, I am sorry to say, but though I may not write for the LEAGUE, I can still read our dear ST. NICHOLAS; and its readers may see some of my stories and poems in other magazines, as several have been accepted.

The book is published before my graduation from high school. Two other books, one of poems and one of short stories, are now completed, and one of them is to go to press in February.

Hoping this may be an encouragement to all LEAGUE members, and a little thank-offering to you as well, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

MILDRED E. HUDSON.

Accompanying this very interesting letter was a beautifully bound and printed little book, bearing the pretty title, "Under the Blue and Gold," and containing no less than forty poems, including ballads, lyrics, and shorter pieces, in great variety and of a quite remarkable average of excellence. We congratulate Miss Hudson and wish her continued progress and good fortune as a writer. Her success is, indeed, a great encouragement and incentive to her fellow-members, by whom her contributions to the LEAGUE are pleasantly remembered.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 205

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Helen Palmer** (age 16), Illinois; **Katherine Wallace** (age 14), California. Silver badges, **Dorothy Tomlinson** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Henry Rische, Jr.** (age 14), Wisconsin; **Mary R. Hanlon** (age 14), New York.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Genevieve E. Freeman** (age 17), Nebraska; **Elizabeth Land** (age 17), New York. Silver badges, **Emily Lucile Weed** (age 12), Minnesota; **Edith Vernon M. Simonds, II** (age 15), New York; **Marshall Jack** (age 15), Illinois; **Ellen M. Jarden** (age 15), Pennsylvania.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Francis S. Watts** (age 17), Pennsylvania; **Henry Allman** (age 16), New York; **Jean Moore** (age 16), California; **Eunice A. Walker** (age 17), Kentucky; **Alice P. Schafer** (age 17), New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Emily Clift Searles** (age 13), California; **Esther S. Ely** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Martin K. Bovey** (age 17), Minnesota; **Kathryn Warner** (age 13), Ohio; **Alice Rumpp** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Aubin Zabriskie** (age 10), New York.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badge, **Angela M. Smith** (age 15), England



BY ELEANOR G. HILL, AGE 14.



BY BARBARA BLAKE, AGE 11.

"POSED."

TWILIGHT

BY GENEVIEVE E. FREEMAN (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1912)

JUST at the close of day, when earth and sun
Meet for one blazing moment heart to heart,—
One farewell kiss before he passes on,—
The golden light still lingers, loath to part.
Then come the great world's busy workers home;
Bees seek their hive, the little birds their nest;
The reaper and his horses, flecked with foam,
Find cheery welcome and a grateful rest.

There, as the twilight deeps to purple gloom,
Gathers the little brood about his knee.
Over the garden and the apple-bloom
Breath of the flowers is wafted soothingly.
Happily then the triumphs of the day
Pass in review. To-morrow's plans are laid.
Now song and story while the time away,
And as the curfew chimes a simple prayer is said.

So, when the sun of active life dips low,
Leaving thee naught but golden memory,
Dearer by far than all but thee can know,
Call not thy life old age, but let it be
Only an hour between the dark and day
To raise thy weary head, and, breathing deep,
To feel the triumph of a task well done,
And find thy God before thou fall asleep.

THAT SNOW-STORM

BY DOROTHY TOMLINSON (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

OLD Uncle Abe was the recognized weather-prophet of Centerville. There had never been a particularly bright day that he had not felt sure it would be veiled with



"POSED." BY EMILY C. SEARLES, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

clouds and deluged with rain. If the report spread among the small boys of the village that Unc' Abe had forecast a stormy seventeenth of August, the seventeenth was sure to be the day appointed for the amateur circus. If the widow Marley learned that Wednesday was to be fair, she postponed her shopping-excursion until Thursday, that her imported bonnet might be saved a wetting.

"Gwine ter be snow-boun' dis T'anksgibin'," he had said early one November. And, of course, after this all the good old ladies of Centerville felt safe in planning for a fair Thanksgiving on which to hold the ride to the football game, and to have the big turkey-dinner.

There never was a day so looked forward to. Luscious puddings and pies were tucked out of the reach of tiny fingers. What mattered it that Uncle Abe should shake his head? There was nothing for it but to laugh at him and be merry.

It was very early that wonderful morning when the little folks scrambled from bed and peeped over the window-sills at the dawning day. But the ensuing excitement cannot be described—the world was white! One little lady ran, howling, to her mother's side with the



"POSED." BY NATHALIE G. NELSON, AGE 17.

fearful report, "Uncle Abe he did tell us right this time, Mama."

The good lady threw one glance out of the window and dropped into a chair. "I always said," she gasped, "that that man would strike the truth *one* of these days!"

THE SNOW-STORM

BY HENRY RISCHE, JR. (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE trees shook and shivered as a cold blast of wind whistled through their branches. The bear snuggled himself down closer in the hollow tree, the fox and wolf slunk back farther into the cave, the squirrel cuddled himself up in his home in the tree, the rabbit crawled back under the roots of the old oak, and the owl hooted dismally in the distance. All nature seemed to scent the cold and threatening whiff of snow, and all, except the deer and her little fawn, seemed to be protected from the approaching storm. The deer knew she must find some sort of shelter for her fawn and herself, or be buried alive under the ever increasing volume of snow. She also knew that to seek shelter in the cave would mean to be bitten to death by the fox and wolf; or that under the overhanging branches of a tree, they would be snowed in. So she strove valiantly on. The snow soon covered up bushes and fields, and piled itself up in drifts directly in the path of the deer. Through these drifts the deer bravely leaped; and when her little fawn was caught in one of them, she turned around and kicked and bit at the snow until the fawn was freed. The strenuous efforts of the fawn had nearly exhausted its strength, and it dropped to the ground; but urged on by its mother, it rose and laggingly followed. Just then, they came to an open field in the middle of which stood an old, abandoned barn. The deer hesitated at first, thinking of that dreaded creature, man, and his blazing stick, but then, risking it for the sake of her little fawn, she bounded forward and through the open doorway, followed by the brave little fawn.

TWILIGHT

BY EMILY LUCILE WEED (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

'T is twilight, cool and damp and fresh;
The world is clothed in misty gray;
The lights that twinkle there afar
Are lighting up a dusky way.

A far-off barking dog is heard,
And then a distant muffled train;
These make the silence yet more still—
These and the ever-pattering rain.

'T is clearing now; it brighter grows;
Clouds part, and in the west is seen
One brilliant streak of molten gold—
So ends the day—in peace serene.

THE SNOW-STORM

(*A True Story*)

BY KATHARINE BARTLETT (AGE 13)

It was all because of the snow-storm. If it had been rain instead of snow, I should have had no story to tell, and you would have had no story to read, and none of us would have been the better for a good laugh.

It all happened like this: Mrs. Sherman, a very great friend of ours, who had been visiting us during the



"A GOOD TIME." BY HENRY ALLMAN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

warm, delightful weather of our late fall, was still with us when winter descended upon us in earnest. As she received word that she was wanted at home, Mrs. Sherman decided to leave the next day.

When arising that morning she looked out upon a white, cold, bleak, and wintry world.

A boy had been hired to come at nine o'clock and drive her to the station four miles away. Accordingly, at fifteen minutes before the time, we warmed two soapstones and two irons, hunted out some heavy carriage-robes, found a warm scarf, and made Mrs. Sherman put an extra coat over her own.

Very rapidly, it seemed, the hand of the clock ran up to the twelve mark; it struck nine, and the hand raced to the quarter-past mark. Still no boy appeared.

My small sister Harriette, who was watching out of the window, soon spied a moving object in the distance —a sleigh, in which, as it approached, we could discern the figure of a boy.

As he stopped at the door Mother ran out with the soapstones, my twin and I each carried an iron, Father followed with the blankets, and, last of all, Mrs. Sherman climbed, puffing and blowing, into the cutter and Mother carefully tucked her in.



"A GOOD TIME." BY JEAN MOORE, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

Father turned to the boy, who was watching us with a rather blank expression, and said, "Now you must drive fast to make the ten-twelve train."

"B-but I came for the wash!" remonstrated the boy.

And just then came the *right* boy with the *right* sleigh, a thing we made *right* sure of, before we helped Mrs. Sherman, amid much laughter, into her *right* conveyance.

TWILIGHT

BY ELLEN M. JARDEN (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

Twilight! A robin chirps his evening song;
A flock of apple-blossoms drift along;
The sky is draped in shades of palest gray,
And the new moon follows the vanished day.

Twilight! The birds fly twittering to their nest;
The flowers close their leaves and gently rest;
The sun sinks crimson; night doth softly fall;
And summer quiet broodeth over all.

Twilight! The leaves sink rustling to the ground,
Then, rising, circle higher round and round.
Corn stands in shocks, apples in red piles lie,
And a soft haze hangs in the darkening sky.

Twilight! The world lies cold, deserted, chill;
The sun gleams for an instant o'er the hill;
The air is soundless; clouds are hanging low;
And through the deepening darkness whirls the snow.



BY ESTHER S. ELY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARTIN K. BOVEY, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ISABELLA C. CHILDS, AGE 14.



BY MARY L. LYTLE, AGE 13.



BY JOHN BRANSBY, AGE 15.



BY HELEN M. BURT, AGE 15.



BY DOROTHY ORDWAY, AGE 12.

"POSED."

TWILIGHT

BY FRANCES BONNER (AGE 12)

THE twilight is darkening valley and plain;
No longer we see the red sun.
The cow-bells are tinkling down in the lane,
And soon will the milking be done.

So pull down the curtain, for soon 't will be dark,
The lamps are all lit, we can see.
To his nest and his babies has gone the sweet lark,
And asleep are the bird and the bee.

THE SNOW-STORM

BY HELEN PALMER (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1916)

SOFTLY, silently, persistently, the white flakes floated down, slowly wiping out the ghastly marks of the day's battle on the Belgian frontier. They sifted through the great straw-covered piles, temporary graves, each surmounted by a rude cross. They softened the sharp outlines of shattered cannon, covered the masses of barbed wire, and turned a wrecked war-plane into a gigantic white bird with crumpled, broken wings.

And in that white, desolate world stood a dark statue, horse and rider—a boy sentinel of the Belgian Guard. Kervyn Rueldes stroked his horse's wet mane and then lifted his face toward the heavens, and as he felt the cool flakes on his cheeks he thought of the joy the first snowfall had brought one short year before when his little sisters had helped him drag out the big sled and his mother had waved them good-by as they ran happily off to coast. Where were they now? The tears sprang to his eyes as he pictured them as he had seen so many other homeless refugees.

Then suddenly came thoughts of his father, somewhere back there in the sleeping camp; and then of his beloved king, still holding out bravely with his crushed and battered army against the overwhelming numbers pouring over the border from the empire. To be a member of that loyal handful heroically defending Belgium was enough to make any boy lift his head proudly. To be trusted on sentinel duty—

His horse started violently and wheeled toward the camp. Over his shoulder Kervyn saw, with terrified eyes, something which the blinding snow had hidden—close ranks of advancing men.

"Germans!" he gasped between set teeth.

Before him rose a picture of his sovereign, and then his revolver sounded instant warning to the camp he guarded. There were answering flashes from the kaiser's ranks, and the boy's shrill, agonized scream rang through the storm—"For Belgium and the King!"

TWILIGHT

BY ELIZABETH LAND (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1913)

In a misty cave beyond the wave
I, Circe, have my home.
O'er its floor shines clear the stranded mere
Tossed high from the hissing foam.
In its whirlpool bowl I read the dole
Of the wanderer at sea;
In its depths are seen his genii green
That writhe in agony.
The seaweeds creep o'er each recess deep;
With fluttering fingers they
From these mouths withhold the echoes bold
That would my haunt betray.

At night I stray o'er the restless spray,
And it sinks, as the melting snow,
In a wind-blown wreath to the depths beneath
When my purple robes fall low.
I charm the ocean to a gentler motion,
Till his silver veins flow chill;
While crystal streams do bear him dreams
From the muses' woody hill.
Then dark shall twine my star-wreath fine
(Sent swift through the silent air),
With bright rifts frail from the day's red veil
To set light in my dusky hair.

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SNOW-STORM

BY KATHERINE WALLACE (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1916)

DEAR JEAN:

Early last Wednesday morning a bright light woke me, and from the window I looked out upon a white world. It seemed like very bright moonlight, but I could find no moon. Excitedly I woke Father and Mother. It was *snow! Real* snow! No make believe, but *snow!* Snow in a Southern California valley! Did you ever hear of such a miracle?



"OUT OF DOORS." BY KATHRYN WARNER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Then what a hullabaloo! I woke every one, dressed myself warmly, and went out to take my first taste of a real snow-storm. Neither Helen nor I had ever seen snow. We both learned how to make snowballs. But the falling snow interested me. I had always thought it came down in large thick pieces, like pancakes, but the flakes are the tiniest little things imaginable.

Soon after breakfast a regular blizzard came up, and we went for a tramp up the canyon. I don't suppose you Easterners would have called it a blizzard, but it was one to me. Snow! *Snow! Snow!* Blowing "every which way." And my, but it was cold! By noon there were *eight* inches, and we made a snow-man. He was a very robust fellow and not very handsome, but he was a good sport. He lasted nearly three days!

In the evening Dorothy came up from the city, and we had a jolly time. We rolled around in the snow and had our faces washed in it. We snowballed everything and everybody. The next morning we got up at four o'clock and slid downhill in a dish-pan! It was pretty bumpy sliding, but we slid. Many were the tumbles and laughs. I 'll never forget my first snow-storm.

Lovingly,

KATHERINE.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY FRANCES H. LENZ, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

TWILIGHT

BY EDITH VERNON M. SIMONDS II (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

We came from the Land of the Setting Sun,
To the Land of the Rising Moon;
When all the glory of day was done,
And a hush was over the earth, while one
Lone little star peeped out too soon.

In a boat with silver sails we came,
On a sea of aquamarine;
Behind, the sky was all aflame;
Before, the ruler of night—our aim—
Rose, a majestic queen—

An orange moon in a purple sky,
Slowly she rose from the sea
At the prow of our boat. My love and I
Steered from the Land of Things Gone By
To the Land of What is to Be.

THE SNOW-STORM

(Told by the dog)

BY SARAH ROCK (AGE 11)

It was soon after I had opened my eyes, and I was sitting on the door-step, sunning myself, when the maid came out of the house. She had an armful of big bags which she hung on the clothes-line.

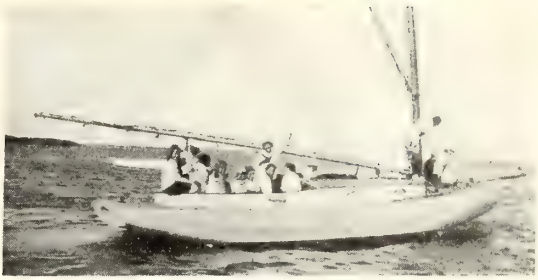
After she had gone in, being moved by great curiosity, I went to the bags and began gnawing a hole in the end of one of them.

It was not until I had made a hole in every bag that I noticed anything wrong. The air was filled with little snowflakes, which I thought very unusual, for it was about June.

My mother had told me of snow-storms, and I felt very proud to think I had been the cause of one.



BY STERLING DOW, AGE 12.



BY POLLY KLOTS, AGE 14



BY OSGOOD S. LOVEKIN, AGE 14.



BY MARGARET PAGE, AGE 13.



BY WENDELL KEENEY, AGE 12.



BY SAMUEL SPIKER, AGE 13.



BY ALICE RUMPP, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY PEGGY GANTT, AGE 16.



BY WILLIAM J. O'HEARN, AGE 14.

"OUT OF DOORS."

TWILIGHT

BY LOUISE PATTERSON GUYOL (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

SOFTLY the dusky curtain of the night
Is drawn across the glowing sunset sky;
Reluctantly sweet petals, rose and white,
Flutter from blossom-laden cherry-trees;
The sacred mountain vanishes from sight;
Long-leggèd cranes and herons homeward fly;
The sea grows sullen in the graying light—
Eve, in the island of the Japanese.

Half hid by shimmering robes of spotless snow,
Majestic mountains tower overhead;
Behind their summits Phœbus, sinking slow,
The day's full cup of crimson glory spills.
He flees affrighted, and the radiant glow
Has touched each somber pine and swiftly sped;
Throughout the trees a chilling wind moans low—
Twilight, among New England's stately hills.

A swooping eagle pauses high in air
Above a blackened waste of ruined towns—
A country once so calm, so green, so fair,
Now clutched in cruel Death's unsparing hand.
The musket's rattle and the bugle's blare
Resound o'er rolling plains and rock-strewn downs,
And through the smoke is seen the cannon's glare—
Twilight, in stricken Europe's blood-bathed land.

THE SNOW-STORM

BY MARY R. HANLON (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

EVERYTHING was dark; the people hurried to and fro; the bare dark trees looked gloomier than ever. The wind swept through the streets, carrying the dirt before it. Everything was bleak and cold; nowhere was there a glimpse of warmth. Dark clouds rolled overhead. The earth was old, the year was old, and the people, intent upon their own way, were in sympathy with the dreariness of the day.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY EUNICE A. WALKER, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

Here was a street; the houses which lined its side were dark; no merry voices filled the air. And there was a wood, shorn of its summer beauty of green, shorn of its autumnal beauty of scarlet and yellow. The trees were bare and the ground littered with dry brown leaves.

The world at large was repeating: "We are old; you are old; everything is old. And we have to accept the dreariness which comes from age."

MORNING dawned. A new day and—a new world. It was white, white, white. Everywhere one looked it was white. A sense of joy crept through our veins. Here was a different world—a new world! The stillness of the early morning added to its serene beauty.

It was like a child's soul, pure and clean, not one black spot in the whole creation.

We turned from the window, smiling, we knew not why; but the purity of the world had entered into our hearts.

Here was a forest shorn of its summer and autumnal beauty, but with another beauty—that of winter.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY ALICE P. SCHAFER, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

Will nature ever grow old? No. She is always unfolding new splendors. For a while she may grow dreary, but then she decks herself for another season, and we repeat our admiration.

Here is a street—no dreary houses now; they are white. The snow is piled high against the door-steps, roofs, and windows.

Already there are horns and voices heard, for it is New-year's Day, and the snow-storm of the night before has created a new world.

TWILIGHT

BY BEATRICE CALDWELL (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

"CAW! caw!" the lone marauder cries
As slowly up the stream he wings;
Far out across the silent wold,
The Prince of Night, his cloak he flings;
Round, lurid in the hazy skies,
Low sinks the sun;
The wind through the frozen marshes moans;
The day is done.

Thou comest now, belovèd hour,
O balm of all my restless strife,
O spirit of immortal power
Descending on a mortal life;
All heights in thee are possible,
Yet all dreams vain;
And in thee, truant thoughts astir,
Forgotten pain:

In thee, from out those gathering skies,
With the odor and the song
Comes back—a breath from paradise—
The day, the hour, lost for so long.
And bowing in the mighty trial,
Comes unto thee
The burdened heart, a shadow of
Gethsemane.

TWILIGHT

BY MARSHALL JACK (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE sun has set behind the wooded steep;
Between the trunks there flash long streaks of light,
Which, piercing far into the azure deep,
Make pathways for the shades of coming night.

A soft night breeze is stirring o'er the mere,
Which shimmers like a pearl 'twixt hill and hill;
A woodthrush sings his evening song so clear;
A hare goes rustling by; and all is still.

In breaking that deep twilight hush that fell,
The frogs start up their gaily piping song;
From some oak stub imprisoned in a dell
An owl begins his tale of woe and wrong.

'T is thus the mighty woodland stirs and wakes,
And hurries quickly on its nightward way;
And then the King of Night the scepter takes,
To rule until the opening light of day.

THE SNOW-STORM

BY MARGUERITE BONE (AGE 12)

IN February of 1916 the people of Seattle witnessed the heaviest snowfall in thirty-six years. In this country of rain, where a slight flurry of snow is a decided novelty, it was a wonderful sight to see the ground covered with from four to six feet of the fleecy blanket. The snow fell almost steadily from Monday until Saturday. Almost all traffic was suspended. Street-cars were tied up, schools stopped, stores closed, and there were many discomforts and much distress. The milkman could not make his daily rounds, and many poor little babies went hungry. Countless roofs of houses, stores, and churches collapsed, and the great dome of the magnificent cathedral fell. As the city is built on hills, there were numerous slides, causing destruction of property and some loss of life.



"POSED." BY AUBIN ZABRISKIE, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

But this storm had its amusing features as well as its tragic side. It was not unusual to see a house perched high in the air, with its front yard sliding merrily down into Puget Sound. Then there was the fun of tobogganing, building splendid snow forts, molding great statues and gigantic animals. Not knowing that school was dismissed, my brothers and sister struggled valiantly, in snow up to their waists, three miles to Broadway High School, while I toiled laboriously up eight blocks and fifty steps to my school on Queen Anne Hill, only to slide ingloriously back half an hour later. We shall not soon forget the entertaining sights from our windows of those rugged enough to brave the long tramp over the hills to the city. They straggled, Indian file, breaking a narrow trail through the drifts, clad in every imaginable kind of garb from Alpine costumes to gunny-sacks tied with strings.

Long shall we remember the curious sights and strange experiences of the great snow-storm of 1916.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY ELIZABETH WALTERS, AGE 12.

TWILIGHT

BY MARGARET L. DAVIDSON (AGE 13)

THEY were boating there together,
In the shadow of the willows,
Entering on love's glad springtime, toward the closing of the day.
They were skimming o'er the river,
O'er the faintly sunlit water,
And the willows whispered softly as they drifted on their way.

The whippoorwill was wailing
On that half-forgotten evening,
And the wah-wah-tay-see flitted, as its gleam shone far ahead.
Then the sun on the horizon,
A great ball of golden splendor,
Sinking, slowly sinking earthward, disappeared. The day was dead.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Francis Beattie
Carol Crowe
Ellen A. Walker
William H. Streeper
Helen Whiting
Evelyn M. Houghton
Constance Sawyer
Helene C. Kaufman
Theodosia Dennis
Inez Lindell
Charlotte Lovekin
Eunice Williams
Gwenfread E. Allen
Ragnhild Dalsgaard
Pauline W. Chobot
Josephine W. Focht
Cordelia Foster
Ruth Stark
Lorraine Pardee
Maude O. Ross
Frances M. Patton
Helen J. Hayward
Mabel F. Drury
Gertrude N. Scherer
E. Frances Jennings
Josephine De Mott
Edward Stern
Jeannette K. Finnemore
Marian E. Gray
Paul D. Hoeffler
Rachel M. Bodine
Edgar G. Lundin
Florence Guelman
Esther Rowland
Ethel Schneberg
Ruth Dewberry
Grace O. Brien
Helen E. Beckley



"A GOOD TIME." BY BETTY THOMPSON, AGE 16.

Miriam Buzzell
Samuel Hacker
Ethel Van Meter
Madleine Smith
Carolyn M. Pratt
Marian Rapkin
Virginia Nicholas
Paula Gysler
Marion Murray
Marian Alcott
Herbert Levinger
Alfreda Sill
Phyllis Emery
Josepha Schoeneman
Lily Goodman
Helen A. Koch
Sarah Volkell
Ann H. Benson
Helen Geer
Hester Meigs

Wellesley P. Davis
Margaret Mackprang
Frances Heineke
Elizabeth Bettmann
Elizabeth Reimer
Norma R. Gullette
Helen E. Sanderson
Florence H. Westerberg
Florence J. Rowley
Katharine B. Wood
Kelsey Martin
David Langendorf
Harold Richardson
Lina Norman
Elizabeth W. Merchant
Ruth M. Simonds
Beatrice H. Lowenthal
Helen M. Newcomb
Lois Osgood
Ellen C. Crawford



"A GOOD TIME." BY JAMES D. HAVENS, AGE 16.

Blanche M. Axelson
Ruth Gardner
John S. Kieffer
Barbara W. Burks
James Bridgwater
Maxine C. Levinger
Jean P. Robertson
Julia Dietsch
Ralph Anderson
Martha Bachman
Helen Lewis
Charlotte Antonisen
Edith West
Margaret M. Horton
Marjorie Diehl
Grove Thomas
Antonie Tackenberg
Dorothea Onken
William H. Miley
Ethel E. Reed
Cora Stevens
Florence Nightingale
Kathryn A. Lyon
Evelyn Runnette
Elise Harrison
Barbara Laimbeer
Florence W. Daniels
Harold Boyd
Juana Albraum
Samuel Minkowitz
Harriet S. Bailey
Mabel H. Walters
Alfred T. Vogel
Dorothy Daubel
Constance Chapman
Paul Grabisch
Carol Klink
Marion L. Pinckney
Marion Harris
Margaret Coe
Ethel Ten Eyck
Mary C. McGinnis
Dorothy M. Luhring
Francis C. Winkelmeyer
Marie Weld
Florence Creelman
Marigrace Beyersdorfer
Serena V. Crowley
Margaret Stevenson
Katharine More
Elizabeth Abell

VERSE, 1

Kathryn R. Oliver
Jessie M. Thompson
Ethel C. Litchfield
Gretchen G. Martin
Hattie Davis
Eleanor Hillyer
Evadne Scott
Helen L. MacLeod
Philippa N. Sherman
Mary Lockett
Oscar Kaplan
Keturah C. Rollinson
Florence E. Wallace
Leota Lohr
Rebecca Emery
Mary S. Benson
Ruth M. Cole
Katherine Hunn
Emily Ross
Elise Aylen
Amy L. Lamborn
Ada H. Haeseler
Lucy Barnard
Mary E. Jump
Pearl Robertson
Vivian W. Greene
Cora Geiger
Peggy Kahn
Katharine Brooks
Mary L. Canty
Josephine A. Hogan
Minna Frank
Katherine McKenna
Pauline Lyles
Margaret Flower
Marian L. Hopkins
Fannie M. Bouton
Theodore Diemer
Margaret Jordan
Margaret Pond
Hannah Ratisher
Amelia L. Bush
Gertrude Jerome
Violet Crosby
Eugenia Boross
Alice Roberts
Jean Harper
Nancy Riggs
Mildred Frank

DRAWINGS, 1

Helen A. Johnson
Jack Cook
Margaret Sutherland
Margaret Houghton
Herbert Barnard
Margaret Warrin
Gertrude Murphy
Louise Cramm
Marion P. Easton
Edna Cotter
Ruth Dreyfus
Mary H. Krulikowsky
Anna R. Lay
Eleanore L. Roberts
Elizabeth Mouat
Wanda Petrunkevitch
Amy H. Medary
Annie E. Townsend
Margaret A. Kelly
Eunice Harden
Lyda Langford
Katherine A. Duer
Jennie Koch
Catharine Abell
Dorothy Childs
Laura Douglas

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Corey H. Ford
F. G. Lawrence
Helen F. Sanders
Alice M. Clampitt
Marian Swannell
Eleanor A. Boshart
Helen E. Harroun
Lillian Eddy
Harriet Pratt
Carolyn C. Webb
Margaret E. Dixon
Betty Purviance
Samuel S. Ellis
Janet Scott
James C. Perkins
Louise M. Keller
Cleta Johnson
Catherine W. Meeker
Margaret Kimball
Alice E. Hulscher
Margaret Olmsted
Dorothy E. Green
Mary A. Walton
Georgia Nelson
Elizabeth Endebrock
Margaret W. Peterson
Miriam P. Thompson
Dorothy Powell
Florence Daly
Dora Miller



"POSED." BY GRATIA PENNINGTON, AGE 16.

Mary Campbell
Cecile deL. Simonds
Ruth W. Ayres
Katherine J. Russell
Margaret J. Burt
Jeanne Boyer
Elizabeth Badger
Katharine Tomkins
Amy A. Boss
E. Barney Thacker
Betty Bruyn
Mary M. Barr
Harriet G. Guild
Margaret Brown
Priscilla Bullitt
Elizabeth L. Perkins
M. Zanita Brown

PUZZLES, 1

Florence King Palmer
Renwick S. McIvor
Katherine Ryan
Dorothy Donovan
Mary E. Longworth
Virginia D. Stillman
Doris E. Wilson
Mona Wolff
Emily F. Johnston
Emily Pendleton

PUZZLES, 2

E. M. Chamberlain
Ellen Blair
Giaconda Savini
Virginia Sargent
Helen Lehman
Elizabeth V. Freeland
Edith Lamp
Mary Osborne
Medora Hostetter
Marian Wood
Doris Jeffrey
Benjamin Frank

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 209

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 209 will close **March 24** (for foreign members **March 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **July.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "From Sea to Sea."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Message of the Flag," or "A Story of the Flag."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blueprints or negatives. Subject, "The Crossing."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Safety First," or a Heading for **July.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of THE RIDDLE-BOX.

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in *a few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl, but I am living in Paris because my mother and I like to be near Father. He is in the ambulance corps. I go to a French school. We have lots of fun and play many games just like American games, only with very, very different names. My mother wrote "Understood Betsy," and we have a copy of it; so when I get impatient to know what is coming next, I can get it out of the drawer and read it. I thought perhaps you did n't know that the writer who wrote "Understood Betsy" had a little girl in France. That is why I write you this letter. My mother is helping blind soldiers and has to be away from home a good deal; but my little brother and I have a nice French girl to play with when Mother is gone. Sometimes we go to the Jardin d'Acclimatation and see the animals. We ride on the elephants there. Once the elephant put back his trunk and scared my little brother so he cried. You can ride on camels there, too, but we never have.

I love ST. NICHOLAS, and I am so glad to read it here where everything else is in French.

SALLY FISHER (age 7).

DULUTH, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received you for a Christmas present this year and anxiously await the coming of each number.

My home is in Duluth, Minnesota, which is situated on a hill at the head of Lake Superior. My daddy is the "weather man" here, so we live at the top of the hill where all flag- and light-signals may easily be distinguished.

We have a beautiful view, and when we have the water carnival every fall, we do not need to go down to the boat club or water-front to watch the parades and such things.

One summer we had some guests from Columbus, Ohio. We gave them chairs by the windows where they could look out over the lake. One of the ladies said, "Well, I have only one comment to make; and that is that this is too good to use every day." And I certainly agree with her. The evening view is also very beautiful.

I wish the story you published, "Saved by a Camera," had not ended so soon. I think it was one of the most interesting and exciting stories I have ever read.

Your loving reader,

CLARA B. RICHARDSON.

BERKELEY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you what a dear magazine you are. I have taken such an interest in you and all your stories! When my father was a little boy, he took you. "Bug-a-Boo-Bill" was a poem that he read. When we were smaller, he would recite it to us. I wish I had such a good memory when it comes to learning French poems. There was also a story about a lion who went to get shaved, and the "wind went whistling through his whiskers."

I *love* the LEAGUE! It has brought me the dearest friend I ever had. Several days after the first day of school, I saw a jolly-looking, slim figure who wore a pin that, although it was not entirely familiar, was not entirely *un*familiar. It was the gold badge worn by one of your Honor Members, Marian Allardt, whose lovely drawings have been published in the LEAGUE. Now we are the best of friends. Just think what your gold badge has done! I hope some day I shall be able to wear one, and I am sure I shall wear it as regularly and be as attached to it as Marian is.

I wish that the author of "The Boarded-up House" and "The Sapphire Signet" would write some more of those exciting stories that fairly make one's hair stand on end, especially when they leave off in those desperately exciting places!

I remain (a breathless person who awaits your arrival)

Yours forever,

PHYLLIS KETT (age 14).

SOUTH HADLEY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: You certainly cannot imagine how proud and happy I felt when I finally won my gold badge. Ever since I won my silver one several years ago my greatest desire has been to have the gold one, and I was beginning to fear that I would never get it, when it finally was awarded. It gives one such a nice feeling to think that, among all the hundreds of girls and boys all over the world, one is considered worthy of a prize.

For twelve years I have been a devoted reader of ST. NICHOLAS, and for half that time a member of the LEAGUE, and I certainly do hate to think that my last LEAGUE competition has been sent in and that I shall be without the pale forevermore. I really think I can say that ST. NICHOLAS has been more to me than any other one thing I have ever had, and I never shall lose interest in it, even though age forbids any active part.

Your ever devoted reader,

BETTY LOWE (age 17).

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our class of the De Witt Clinton Public School 9, of Mount Vernon, gave to-day, as a Christmas entertainment, your delightful play, "The Glory of the World."

I was *Snow*, and wore a costume similar to the one suggested.

There were a great many people present, and they all thought it beautiful.

I am writing this letter as a vote of thanks to Miss Carolyn Wells and to you, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

I just love your magazine and am always interested in your LETTER-BOX.

Of course I cannot expect you to publish this, for I fully realize how many hundreds of children are sending you letters, but if it is possible, I should like other readers to try this lovely play, and to know what a success ours proved to be.

Trusting you will have a long and prosperous reign, I am,

Sincerely yours,

MARJORIE L. BARCLAY (age 13).

GILMANTON, N. H.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were a New Year's present to me, and I assure you that Mother and Father chose well the gift!

Perhaps you would be interested to know about the Red Cross class Mother organized for me. It was called the "Girls' Lenten Service Club"; it was called this as it was made up of all my girl friends and was held during the seven weeks of Lent.

Up in the top of our house Mother had three long tables covered with oil-cloth, and then another, which

was a little smaller, for bandages. It had seven bandage machines on it. We did no sewing, but we made almost everything in the line of Red Cross articles which could be done without sewing. We had an organization tea, during which we elected officers, and Colonel Hunter spoke to us and told us how the work we were doing helps the people on the field. Then a Miss Christie gave us a little talk on what the work did in the hospitals. I think that almost all the girls were glad that their work was doing some good. I am sure I was.

I think that "The Sapphire Signet" was very exciting, but you always left off in the most exciting places. I also loved "Saved by a Camera" and "The Boarded-up House."

Thanking you for the many happy hours you have given me, I am

Your always interested reader,

JANE SCRIVEN (age 12).

COLUMBUS, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As my sister and I had the whooping-cough this summer and could not go away, Mother got us a little Shetland pony. It had a black mane and tail and was dark brown all over. Her name was Nellie. She was very stubborn, and sometimes we had to push and pull her before she went the right way. She ate ice-cream, cake, crackers, candy, and pop-corn.

My favorite stories in ST. NICHOLAS are "Silver-heels," "The Wonder-box," and "The Sapphire Signet." I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for two years, and my mother took it when she was a girl.

Your interested reader,

VIRGINIA SHEDD (age 9).

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My, but I was excited about your two stories entitled "Saved by a Camera" and "The Sapphire Signet"! I love to plan the stories out for myself before I go to sleep at night.

I go to the funniest kind of a school, an outdoor school, where we all sit in bags and wear heavy sweaters and things we call parkas, a khaki garment with baggy sleeves and a hood. When we have our hoods up, we look like a group of little monks.

There are only three classes in the open air, the fifth, sixth, and seventh grades. I am in the sixth.

The rooms are divided by brown canvas, which we pull up at play period, when we move our rooms. To move rooms does sound impossible, but it is n't. In fact, it is very simple. All we do is to move our chairs and desks, which are combined, to one end of the roof; then we move our walls, which are really only screens with blackboards on them, over by the chairs. Then our rooms are moved and we are ready to play.

Your devoted reader,

EMILY CURRAN (age 12).

EL PASO, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish that I could tell you how much I love you, but I love you so much that it would be awfully hard to tell truly how much I appreciate you.

My home is in Chihuahua, Mexico, but we are living here in El Paso until things are quieter in Mexico. My father was the American consul in Chihuahua, but he is here with us now. Before we went to Chihuahua we lived in Acapulco, a seaport on the Pacific coast. There were very few Americans there, but it was not very lonely, and I had a good time anyway. It was while we lived in Acapulco that Daddy gave you to me. Oh, how I loved you, and your stories! I enjoyed THE LETTER-BOX, too, and I had the joy of seeing my letter printed once. I think it is so interesting to read letters from all over the world telling that they love you, too. You certainly have lots of friends.

After we went to Chihuahua I took you for two or three years, but then the railway was torn up, and we did not always get our mail, so I stopped taking you. But this year, when we came to El Paso, Daddy sent for you again, and you may be sure I am glad.

When the San Francisco exhibition closed, the Liberty Bell passed through here on its way back to Philadelphia. The school-children were all given an afternoon off to see the old relic. We were all down at the station to see it, too. The train on which the bell was to arrive was about two hours late, but the great crowd at the station was determined to see the bell, and very few, if any, went home. There was a grand chorus that sang patriotic songs before the station while the bell was here. I certainly am glad that I had this chance to see this historic bell. There was a military parade just before the bell arrived, and a military tournament for two days after it left, all to celebrate the bell's visit. As the school-children were in school these last two days, General Pershing called for a special tournament Saturday for the school-children, and it certainly was lovely. Everything was *so* interesting!

I have two little sisters, one seven years old and one five. Their names are Adele and Margaret. They are awfully sweet, I think. I know so many girls that take you, and those that don't take you read you, and they all think you are the best magazine ever, and I agree. Last month I read a very interesting story in ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE which one of my friends contributed.

If you have *one* fault, it is that you only come once a month, and keep your readers anxiously waiting for a whole month! I try to read you slowly when you come, so as to make you last a long time, but your stories are always so interesting that soon I find that I simply can't stop reading, and before I can believe it, I have read you all the way through!

Good-by, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your devoted reader,

MARION LOUISE LETCHER (age 13).

LANSING, MICH.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I always read your magazine the first thing when I get it. You always have good stories. I like "The Sapphire Signet." I was so sorry that "Through the Storm" was not a serial.

We have a dog named Queen. I 'll tell you about her. She is an Irish setter. Well, one day she went out hunting with two of our neighbors. They let her go ahead, while they followed her. She started to run, and she ran right where some chickens were kept, and began to kill them. The guide shot at her with an air-gun that they shoot birds with, and that frightened her so that ever since that day she is afraid of a gun, and she is no good for hunting any more. That is all I have to say. Good-by.

From your very interested reader,

BETTY THOMAS (age 9).

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you over nine years, and every one in our family reads you.

Every month when you come we all three scramble for you. My big eighteen-year-old sister, and my thirteen-year-old brother, and eight-year-old me.

I hope I will read you until I am a grown lady. We all love you. Your little friend,

ELIZABETH SIMPSON.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Cob. 3. Cones. 4. Contain. 5. Beast. 6. Sit. 7. N.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Clam. 2. Lore. 3. Area. 4. Meat. II. 1. Adam. 2. Dane. 3. Anna. 4. Meat. III. 1. Meat. 2. Each. 3. Acre. 4. Them. IV. 1. Them. 2. Hare. 3. Erst. 4. Mete. V. 1. Them. 2. Have. 3. Even. 4. Mend.

QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Charles Robert Darwin. 1. Dedi-cat-ions. 2. Misc-hie-vous. 3. Inst-all-ment. 4. Geog-rap-hies. 5. Theo-log-ical. 6. Achi-eve-ment. 7. Unde-sir-able. 8. Deco-rat-ions. 9. Ackn-owl-edge. 10. Crab-bed-ness. 11. Temp-era-ture. 12. Desc-rip-tive. 13. Puri-tan-ical. 14. Impe-dim-ents. 15. Warr-ant-able. 16. Pilg-rim-ages. 17. Allo-wan-cing. 18. Incl-ination. 19. Good-nat-ured.

A "MANNISH" PUZZLE. 1. Mansion. 2. Manager. 3. Mankind. 4. Mango. 5. Mandrake. 6. Manikin. 7. Mandarin. 8. Mandate. 9. Mangrove. 10. Mandrel. 11. Mandrill. 12. Mantis. 13. Manna. 14. Manicure. 15. Manatee. 16. Manifest.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Now he belongs to the ages!" Stanton's exclamation when Lincoln died.

CHARADE. Thy-me.

PATRIOTIC DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, George; finals, Martha. (Washington.) 1. Germ. 2. Edna. 3. Odor. 4. Rent. 5. Gash. 6. Ella.

DIAGONAL. Lincoln. 1. Leghorn. 2. Liberty. 3. Monitor. 4. Chicago. 5. Norfolk. 6. Buffalo. 7. Holbein.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Aaron Burr. 1. St-are. 2. Ch-air. 3. Th-rob. 4. Sp-oil. 5. Pi-ned. 6. Ro-bin. 7. Sp-urn. 8. Sc-rub. 9. Ar-row.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Third row, Abraham Lincoln. 1. Beaver. 2. Babble. 3. Garnet. 4. Praise. 5. Behave. 6. Adagio. 7. Lament. 8. Wallet. 9. Bridle. 10. Minuet. 11. Doctor. 12. Brooch. 13. Pulpit. 14. Ranges.

WORD DIAMOND. From 2 to 24, Dee; 3 to 23, grave; 4 to 22, Florida; 5 to 26, soup; 6 to 27, warm; 7 to 28, haul; 8 to 29, Scot; 9 to 30, Erie; 10 to 16, Neptune; 11 to 15, dirge; 12 to 14, cue; 32 to 17, hint; 33 to 18, pier; 34 to 19, lead; 35 to 20, Nile; 36 to 21, lens.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 24 from Helen McIver—Florence Noble—Florence S. Carter.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 24 from Alice and Janie Miller, 8—Elizabeth Hendrie, 8—Helen A. Moulton, 8—Jane Quackenbush, 7—Russell Kenfield, 7—Alice Poulin, 7—Florence Helwig, 7—Daniel S. Wood, Jr., 6—"St. Anna's Girls," 6—Elizabeth M. Lyman, 5—Whitney Ashbridge, 4—Josephine Rudolph, 3—Rosamond Castle, 2—Ella Miles, 2—Marjorie H. Probasco, 2—A. Talcott, 2—E. T. Pierce, 1—O. L. Chase, 1—J. Howard, 1—E. Drew, 1—E. L. Allen, 1—H. L. Upham, 1—J. Warren, 1—D. Macdonald, Jr., 1—M. Bell, 1—H. Wiepert, 1—B. Upham, 1—A. Tilley, 1—E. Jones, 1—E. F. Belknap, 1—D. Chamberlin, 1—E. G. Hills, 1—M. S. Jay, 1—M. Redfield, 1—V. Herbert, 1—J. M. King, 1—J. Jacobson, 1—E. E. Welch, 1—E. Bushnell, 1—E. McHugh, 1—A. Spear, Jr., 1—E. V. Freeland, 1—E. Batchelder, 1—G. Maynard, 1—F. S. Newburger, Jr., 1—M. Lewis, 1—B. McGahan, 1—H. G. Hochstadter, 1—V. T. Buel, 1—K. B. Githens, 1—C. Cadwallader, 1—F. Palmer, 1—R. DeCoudres, 1—H. Lehman, 1—J. R. Hayes, 1—A. Eastman, 1.

RHYMING FRUITS

(For younger puzzlers)

FILL in the ten blanks with the names of rhyming fruits.

1. I had a pony once, a dapple,
   He always liked a rosy ——.
2. One time I found, upon the beach,
   A dear, delicious, downy ——.
3. In pendant clusters, shadowy shapes,
   We find the lovely, juicy ——.
4. I saw them shipped, down in Havana,
   Gold-tinted, tropical ——.
5. The next means two, so now beware!
   How strange that *one* can be a ——.
6. When late the proper season comes
   We search beneath the trees for ——,
7. In drums and boxes far from big
   We sometimes buy the Smyrna ——.
8. Another fruit (now rub your pates!)
   Tells us what history 's full of, ——.
9. My next is something like potato;
   Good, sliced or stewed, is the ——.
10. To much small fruit the size of cherries
    We give the general name of ——. J. D. L.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS

1. TRIPLY behead a warning, and leave a descendant. 2. Triply behead part of the body, and leave a grain. 3. Triply behead to go back, and leave a vase. 4. Triply behead the flexible stem of certain palms, and leave a color. 5. Triply behead a mark of punctuation, and leave a fowl. 6. Triply behead quick, and leave a cave. 7. Triply behead to originate, and leave consumed. 8. Triply behead a large bird, and leave part of a piano. 9. Triply behead in front of, and leave crude metal. 10. Triply behead to harken, and leave a number. 11. Triply behead to threaten, and leave a unit.

When the beheadings have been rightly made, the initials of the remaining little words will spell the name of one of the United States.

RICHARD S. ANGELL (age 11), *League Member.*

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

TOM is one quarter as old as his father. Five years hence he will be one third as old. Five years ago he was one seventh as old; and twenty years hence he will be one half as old. How old are they now?

EDWARD CLAPP, JR. (age 13), *League Member.*

A CLASSICAL PUZZLE

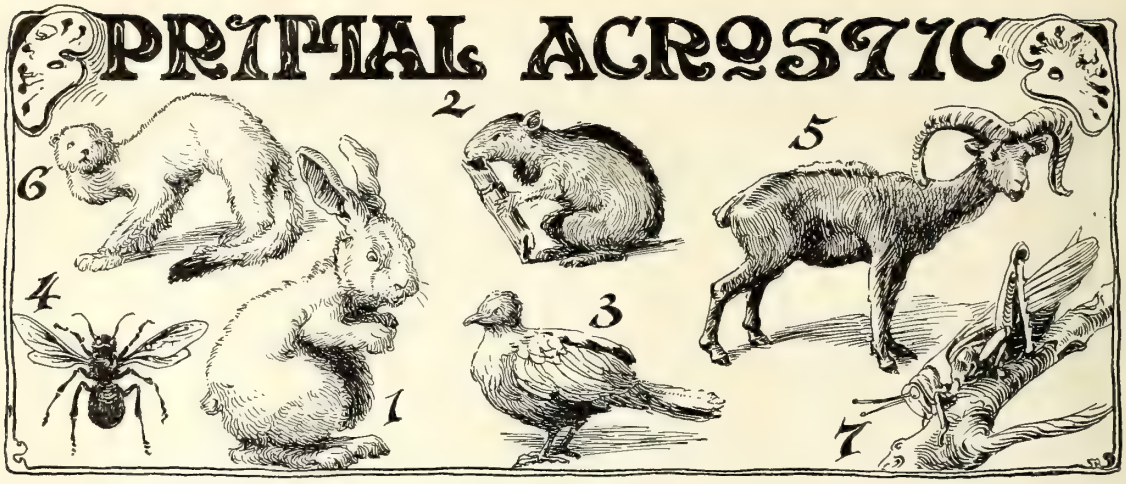
*	20	12	25	4
0	*	17	3	27
1	0	*	14	8
6	26	0	*	21
11	2	18	0	*
5	24	0	*	19
13	0	*	15	23
0	*	7	17	10
*	16	22	6	9

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To extract. 2. A measure of weight. 3. Hangings of tapestry. 4. A pronoun. 5. To embrace. 6. A glossy fabric. 7. To obscure. 8. A river of France. 9. Truth.

When these words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag of stars will spell a celebrated Athenian tragic poet; the zigzag of circles will spell one of his plays, while the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8, from 9 to 14, from 15 to 17, and from 18 to 27 each name another play by the same illustrious writer.

ISIDORE HELFAND (age 15), *Honor Member.*

PRIMAL ACROSTIC



All of the seven objects shown in the above picture may be described by words of the same length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a very famous man who was born in March, more than four hundred years ago.

CUBE

```
    1 . . . 2
  . . .   . .
5 . . . 6   .
  .   .   .
  . 3 . . . 4
  . .   . .
7 . . . 8
```

From 1 to 2, a banquet; 1 to 3, a caprice; 2 to 4, useful near a fire; 3 to 4, March toys; 5 to 6, to smooth, as feathers; 5 to 7, trivial; 6 to 8, observes; 7 to 8, gapes; 1 to 5, a cox-comb; 2 to 6, a measure of weight; 4 to 8, a familiar address; 3 to 7, part of a piano.

JENNIE B. BAKER (age 12), *League Member.*

A MARCH DOUBLE ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will form three words that are often heard nowadays; the final letters are all the same.

Cross-words: 1. Rigid. 2. To educate. 3. An idolater. 4. With full force. 5. A spine. 6. A bird. 7. A king of the Lapithæ. 8. A punctuation mark. 9. Recognized. 10. A famous Athenian lawgiver. 11. An evil spirit. 12. To form in a line. 13. To be eager.

ELEANOR MANNING (age 13), *League Member.*

CONNECTED SQUARES AND INCLUDED DIAMONDS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

```
    . . .   . . .   . . .
    . 1 .   . 2 .   . 3 .
  . . . . . . . . . . . . .
  . 4 .   . 5 .   . 6 .   . 7 .
    . . .   . . .   . . .   . . .
```

In solving this puzzle, follow the above diagram, though each word-square in the puzzle contains five five-letter words; a five-letter diamond is included in each of the seven word-squares.

I. 1. A stick. 2. To become gradually small toward one end. 3. A fruit. 4. Cuts down. 5. Unimpaired. Included Diamond: 1. In arena. 2. An animal. 3. A fruit. 4. A measure. 5. In arena.

II. 1. A small herring. 2. First quality. 3. To bring to perfection. 4. To improve. 5. Cares for. Included Diamond: 1. In arena. 2. Margin. 3. To mature. 4. Human beings. 5. In arena.

III. 1. Trite. 2. One who wearies. 3. A place of contest. 4. Grants the temporary use of. 5. To expunge. Included Diamond: 1. In arena. 2. Anger. 3. Part of an amphitheater. 4. Termination. 5. In arena.

IV. 1. To mock. 2. To skip. 3. To think. 4. Wards off. 5. Original. Included Diamond: 1. In dot. 2. An animal. 3. To judge. 4. Conclusion. 5. In arena.

V. 1. Center. 2. Consumer. 3. To expiate. 4. Breaks. 5. A lock of hair. Included Diamond: 1. In arena. 2. Corroded. 3. To make compensation. 4. Finish. 5. In arena.

VI. 1. Condition. 2. A cloth for drying. 3. To adjudge. 4. To strike to the earth. 5. A senior. Included Diamond: 1. In arena. 2. To be indebted to. 3. To determine. 4. To sin. 5. In dot.

VII. 1. To impede. 2. An oblique direction. 3. Tuned. 4. A musical drama. 5. Part of a piano. Included Diamond: 1. In dot. 2. To cut off. 3. Sounded. 4. By. 5. In dot.

ANGELA M. SMITH (age 15), *League Member.*

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of fifty-six letters and form a quotation eulogizing a famous man.

My 18–45–32 is to fasten. My 25–9–56 is a masculine nickname. My 36–49–24–15 is to search. My 1–12–39–55 is a conflagration. My 7–42–50–22 is not one. My 26–20–29–5 is rapid. My 8–52–16–46–33 is part of the arm. My 54–37–10–3–53 is gay. My 14–40–38–6–17 is to color. My 30–44–27–13–41–51 is to crave drink. My 47–34–23–2–4–35 is a two-wheeled carriage. My 48–11–43–31–21–19–28 is a person holding authority.

J. C. P. AND V. W.

TRANSPOSITIONS

1. Transpose to harvest, and make a fruit. 2. Transpose a fleet animal, and make to listen to. 3. Transpose a big bundle, and make competent. 4. Transpose a certain measurement, and make a contest. 5. Transpose a ditch, and make a particle. 6. Transpose a sigh, and make the place of which Muscat is the capital. 7. Transpose garden tools, and make stockings.

When these transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the new words formed will spell the name of an Egyptian king.

ELIZABETH CARMALT (age 12), *League Member.*

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



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Also show the children how to wash a cut or scratch with Dioxogen and to cover it with a clean rag.

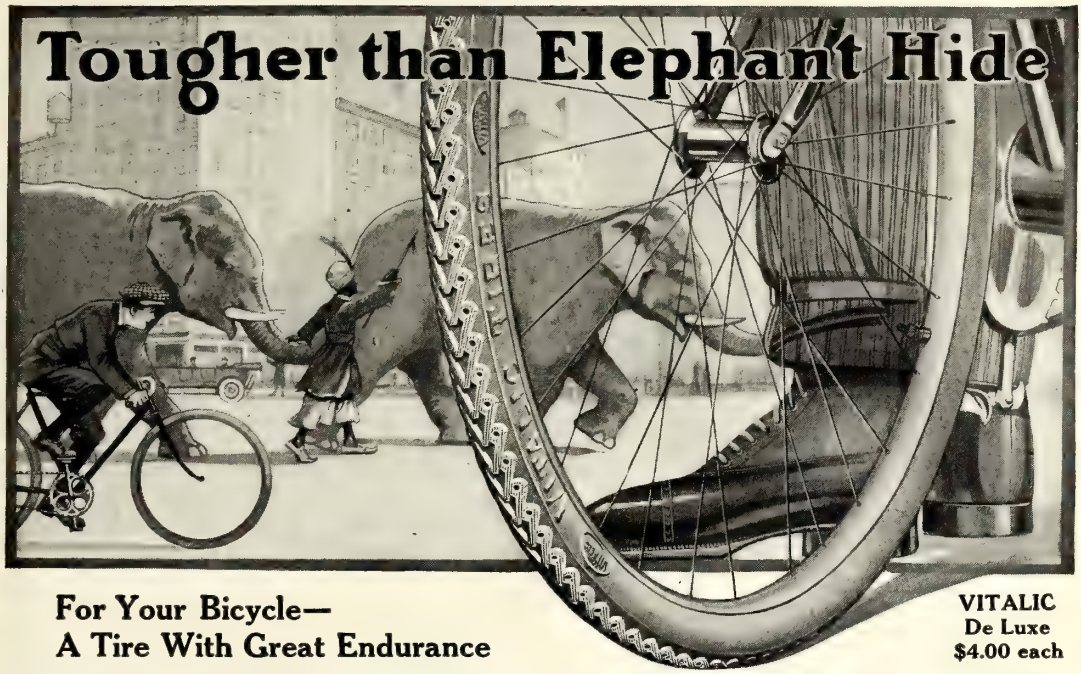
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VITALIC Bicycle Tires



Vitalic Brigadier
$2.50 each

Three great tires bear the great name *Vitalic.* Each wholly worthy the name. Each sturdy, long-lived—good for thousands of miles. Each easy to recognize. The *Vitalic De Luxe*, with heavy V-shaped suction non-skid all-white tread, brings you enormous friction-resisting tire-vitality—$4.00 each. The *Vitalic Brigadier* is a stalwart tire with white, heavy, studded tread and gray walls, built for hard knocks for those who prefer a more moderate price combined with staunch service — $2.50 each. You can recognize the *Vitalic Racer* by its white, smooth tread and black walls; it's light enough for speed, yet strong enough for endurance.

The Vitalic line, tire for tire, saves repairs, saves accidents, saves jars and jolts, saves time and trouble. By ordering Vitalics, you buy safer and ride longer.

Real Foot Ease on Vitalic Pedal Rubbers

Vitalic Pedal Rubbers put new ease — new energy — into pedalling. Best for a quick getaway. Restful on long jaunts.

Vitalic Grips Save Slips and Cramp

Once you ride with Vitalic Grips, you'll never change. Big enough and with just enough yield.

There's Life and Last to Vitalic Inner Tubes

They're without flaw or weakness. Layer upon layer of lively, long-lived rubber. Full of vim and vitality.



Send Today for This Free Testing Section

Continental Rubber Works, 1924 Liberty St., Erie, Pa.

Vitalic Automobile Tires, Too

If Cats wore Leather heels!



JUST suppose that cats' feet were equipped with hard leather heels such as are put on many people's shoes.

Their clatter! clatter! clatter! would annoy people so much they would not be allowed in anybody's house.

Yet boys and girls are so much heavier than cats and kittens that they make an even greater disturbance when they go romping about on hard leather heels.

But boys and girls don't have to thump and clatter about the house or the school. All they need do in order to walk "as quiet as a cat" is to have Mr. Shoestore or Mr. Cobbler put on all their shoes "Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels."

They save floors from scratching and marring. (They don't track dirt in the house either, because there are *no holes* in Cat's Paws.)

The Foster Friction Plug prevents slipping.

They save you from the hard bump that people get when they wear old-fashioned, hard leather heels. Cat's Paws help to keep you healthy.

Homes and schools all over this country are becoming quieter and pleasanter places all the time, because of the movement to have every one in them wear Cat's Paws.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind—50 cents, black, tan or white. For men, women and children—all dealers.

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street - - - Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug, which prevents slipping



You Can Put Goodrich Tires on Your Bicycle

Tires made in the same World's Largest Rubber Factory with the Goodrich Tires on your Daddy's car.

Here's the Commander—a tough, durable tire with an attractive red tread that delivers *real* service.

For a heavier, stronger tire, take this Goodrich White Safety Tread, with its five non-skid bars like a Goodrich Automobile Tire.

If you want the *best* Bicycle Tire ever made, with the same tough black rubber used in Goodrich Automobile Tires and heavy fabric that stands abuse and hard usage, buy a Goodrich Giant. You can't beat it!

The B. F. Goodrich Company
Factories: Akron, Ohio
Branches and Dealers Everywhere

GOODRICH
BICYCLE TIRES



"Hello, fellows, where are you bound for?"

"Going up through the woods to Waverly—lots of fun there this afternoon. Comin'?"

"No, it's too far. Gosh, I wish I had a wheel like you fellows and you bet I'd go!"

This boy is like many another who is missing a thousand and one good times because he has not a bicycle and perhaps does not know how easy it is to own one. Go to your nearest dealer now and ask him to show you the new models equipped with the

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE



This New Departure is a little wonder. It makes it safe for you to go anywhere you can ride, it halves the work of pedaling, and doubles the joy of the spin by giving you that fine, exhilarating fun of flying swiftly over the ground without work or worry.

Five million New Departures in satisfactory use mean five million reasons why your bicycle, new or old, should be equipped with

"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back."

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

105 Main Street **Bristol, Conn.**



Won't Mamma be S'prised?

"Pour it out of the Safety Bag," Dorothy says.
"Put hot water on it," says Nan.
"Won't mamma be s'prised?" Bobbie says.

Mamma is down town shopping, and the three, afraid she will not be back in time to make the promised Jell-O dessert, are making it themselves.

JELL-O

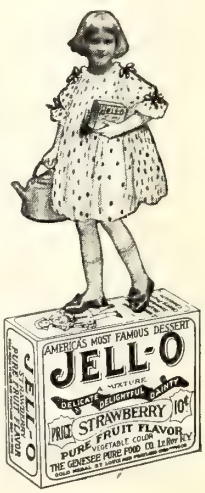
is probably the only fine dessert that requires no work at all in its preparation.

"It gives one," a Chicago lady says, "more spells of rest than anything else ever did."

The Jell-O "Safety Bag," made of waxed paper and air-tight, encloses Jell-O inside the package, keeping it pure and sweet and preserving the fruit flavor in full strength.

There are seven flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Each in a package by itself, **10** cents at any grocery or any general store.

The new Jell-O Book, just out, describes new Jell-O salads, "whips," knickknacks, and dainties of almost unlimited variety. Recipes for every-day salads and desserts are given first place in it, of course, and particularly the new things in fruity Jell-O desserts. A copy will be sent to you free if you will send us your name and address.



THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

That Boy and Girl of Yours

will be a better boy and girl, a stronger, healthier and happier boy and girl if you give them a

Columbia Bicycle

Bicycling is a safe, sane and sensible sport, one of the most beneficial and natural that could possibly be found for growing children.

Because parents the country over have come to a strong realization of this, children's Columbias are more popular than ever before.

When purchasing a bicycle for children it is well to purchase a strong, dependable bicycle that will be able to stand the severe handling it will be sure to get,—a Columbia.

You know this bicycle's reputation. You, perhaps, have ridden a Columbia yourself.

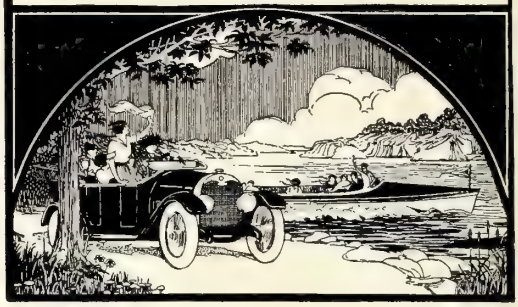
The first to be made in America, it has led the bicycle industry for thirty-nine years.

Dealers will show you the children's Columbias—prices $26.00 to $45.00.

WESTFIELD MFG. CO.
43 Lozier Ave. Westfield, Mass.
Makers of Pope Motorcycles



MOTOR



MOTOR-BOATS are playing a great part in the present war. Two types of motor-boats are playing what might be called a game if it were not so destructive—the game of hide-and-seek. Fast surface motor-craft, armed with guns, and capable of speeding at twenty or thirty miles an hour and turning about in no time at all are pursuing under-water motor-boats. When the fast marine hounds are seeking the submarine fox, the latter hides below the surface of the water for hours at a time. How the crew, cut off from the outside air, manages to survive is an interesting question. Before diving, a large supply of air is crammed into a tank just as fresh water is put into a tank for use on ships at sea. Unlike water, air can be pressed into a smaller space than it occupies ordinarily. This pressing of a large amount of air into a small space is called compressing it. As the air in the body of the submarine becomes exhausted, the compressed-air-tank is drawn upon and the boat refilled with fresh air. A small supply suffices, because it expands. No air is needed to operate the gasolene-engines, because these are not used except when the boat is propelled upon the surface of the water. Below the surface, electric motors, operated by storage-batteries, are utilized.

* * *

A reader of ST. NICHOLAS wants to know by what means the muffler of an automobile suppresses the noise of the explosions taking place in the engine's cylinders. Let us first see what causes the noise. We all know that noise is caused by vibrations of the air striking against the ear-drum. What causes the air to vibrate? In the case of the gasolene-engine, compressed gas explodes in the cylinders, and, rushing out, expands suddenly and shakes the air. The resulting noise is heard when Brother Bill opens the "cut-out" to see how the engine is running. Brother Bill likes to hear that noise, but most people object to it; so a device called the muffler has been invented to suppress it. There are different types of mufflers but we can learn

(*Continued on page 34.*)

Don't Scold the Children If They Tear Their Stockings



Get Holeproofs—Set Your Mind at Rest

We speak to the mothers who never have tried these famous, long-wearing stockings. The parents who *have* bought Holeproofs rarely go back to others.

They know too well how Holeproofs stand rough wear *for months!* Wouldn't you also like to escape the work of darning?

Children's Ribbed Holeproofs are the friend of thousands of mothers. You should certainly try them.

Holeproof Hosiery

For Men, Women and Children

Yarns of fine-spun strength and special ways of knitting make these stockings doubly strong. No other method, it seems, can equal the Holeproof way.

Even the thinnest closely woven styles for men and women stand much harder wear than average hose.

Children's, 35c Per Pair and Up; Men's, 30c and Up; Women's, 40c and Up

Any obliging store will supply you. Should you fail to find *genuine* Holeproof Hosiery close by, we'll ship direct, charges paid. Write for interesting descriptive booklet free. (886)

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Limited, London, Can. Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, Eng.



Strong of Limb and Keen of Eye

—growing more husky, hale, hearty, robust, deep-chested, pink-cheeked, red-blooded every day—that's *your* boy when he rides a 1917 *Electrically Equipped*

Indian Bicycle

Nothing like an Indian to keep him outdoors where he can broaden mentally and physically, where he will be in daily contact with the type of boys you want him to cultivate.

And in the Electrically Equipped Indian he has the strongest, most highly perfected bicycle money can buy. Snappy streamline Indian Motocycle effect, attractive red finish, Indian tank battery holder, Indian crank hanger, Indian front fork with quadruple crown and braced members, Indian rear wheel stand, Indian cross-bar motorcycle type handlebars, brake, front and rear mud guards, Troxel saddle, large electric light, powerful reflector. All *Indian* built and backed.

Indian Electrically Equipped Bicycle, $45; ten other models, $26 to $45. Write for 1917 Bicycle Catalog.

Makers of the famous *Indian Big Twin with Power-plus Motor, Side Car,* and *Light Twin with Four Cycle Opposed Motor.*

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO.
846 State St. Springfield, Mass.
Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World

MOTOR

(*Continued from page 32.*)

the principle of operation by examining a familiar one. This muffler consists of three very long cans, closed at the ends and set one inside another. The inside "can" is hardly larger in diameter than the exhaust-pipe leading to it from the engine. Near the back of this long can, slots have been cut in the sides. The escaping gas comes rushing out of the exhaust-pipe and expands slightly into this larger pipe, or can. As it goes through the slots, it is broken up into several streams and runs into the larger, middle can. Here it expands some more. It is then pushed to the opposite end by the pressure behind it and proceeds through other slots into the third and largest can. By the time it is discharged into the air it has expanded so much that it is practically at the same pressure as the outside air. The result is that only a slight vibration of the air is caused and only a moderate noise is heard.

* * *

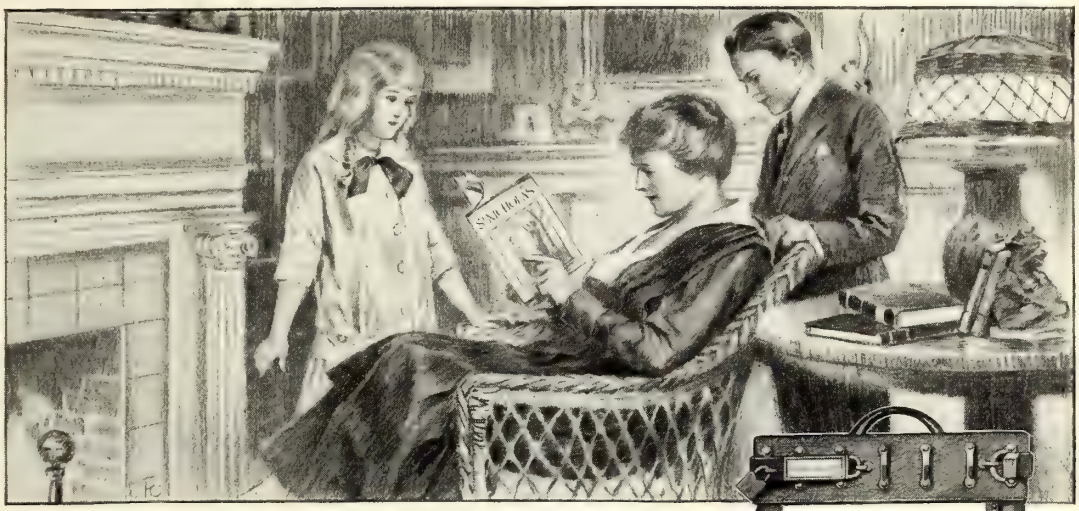
"What causes the engine to overheat?"

In looking for the answer to this question the driver should ask himself eleven other questions. When he can answer "Yes" to all of them, there need be no further trouble. Perhaps he will locate the cause of the overheating after asking two or three.

1. Is there enough water in the radiator?
2. Have I been driving too much on low speed?
3. Am I using enough oil?
4. Are the radiator tubes, or pipes, open and unclogged?
5. Is the fan working properly?
6. Is the spark sufficiently advanced?
7. Is the carbureter adjusted properly?
8. Are the cylinders and combustion-chambers free of carbon?
9. Is the muffler clear and unclogged?
10. Are the piston rings tight?
11. Do the exhaust-valves lift sufficiently?

* * *

This is the time of year when the radiator and other parts of the cooling system should be given attention if an anti-freezing solution has been used during the winter. Solid matter in the form of crystals collects upon the inside of pipes when the solution utilizes some salt, such as calcium chloride, as a basis. Scale and rust form upon the walls of the water-jacket, due to the action of acid in the glycerine in other kinds of anti-freezing solutions. To clear sediment and deposits from the water-system, solutions of potash or caustic soda are used. The latter should be avoided if any part of the system is constructed of aluminum.



What We Can Do For Your Father

YOUR father probably carries life insurance, so that in case anything happens the family will have a regular income. Of course, the more insurance a father has, the better for everyone—boys and girls and mothers. Father would carry more if he could get it without being bothered by an agent—if he knew about the

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

9½%

Dividends *Guaranteed* in your policy and the usual Contingent Dividends Paid besides.

You can help your father and yourself, too, if you will show this advertisement to your mother, *now*, just as soon as you have read it, and say, "Mother, do you think father would like to see this?"

Mothers know how important life insurance is. They have time to think about it,—while fathers are so busy that they often put things off. *You* may not understand all about life insurance, but you ought to *learn* about it, for it may mean everything to you some day. It is important to every family and that is why we are asking ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls to show this page to their mothers.

Put Life Insurance in the Family Budget—and Keep It There



New Postal Life Building
511 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

The *real* husband always makes a liberal allowance for life insurance whether his wife wants him to or not, but the sensible woman *does* want him to when she considers it seriously.

And whether times are hard or easy, they both want the most protection possible for their money, and hundreds of them during the last decade have therefore been turning to the Postal Life.

Find What You Can Save

Simply write and say: *"Mail official insurance particulars as per advertisement in ST. NICHOLAS for March."* And be sure to give:

1. Your full name. 2. Your occupation. 3. The exact date of your birth.

And bear in mind: No agent will be sent to visit you. The Postal Life does not employ agents—the resultant commission savings go to the *policyholder* because he deals *direct*.

Postal Life Insurance Company 511 Fifth Avenue New York
WM. R. MALONE, President

Strong Postal Points

First: *Old-line legal-reserve insurance*—not fraternal or assessment.

Second: *Standard policy reserves.* Resources, $9,000,000. *Insurance in force,* $40,000,000.

Third: *Standard policy provisions,* approved by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under *strict State requirements* and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Fifth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Sixth: *Policyholders' Health Bureau* arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.



Don't Monkey With the Buzz-Saw

and don't experiment with an unreliable brake. It is dangerous business. Experienced cyclists for the past sixteen years have given consideration to only one brake—the

CORBIN

DUPLEX COASTER BRAKE

Its reliability is known. It has proved itself dependable thousands and thousands of times under all riding conditions. Cyclists know they can trust it, because it has never failed. Through actual service it has earned its reputation as the standard brake equipment—100% efficient.

"Corbin Control Means Safety Assured"

Powerful, durable and sure; smooth in action, easy of operation, gradual or instant of grip. There is no doubt about it, the Corbin Duplex is the only brake you can afford to equip to your bicycle—old or new. It doubles the fun and safety of riding. Insist on the Corbin Duplex. It is the only brake for you to use. At all bicycle dealers'. Ask for it.

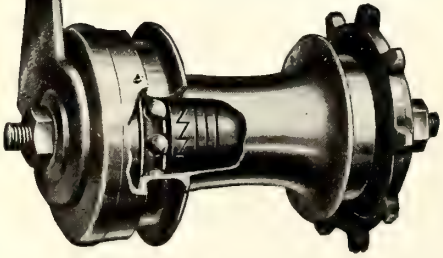
The Corbin Screw Corporation

The American Hardware Corp., Successor

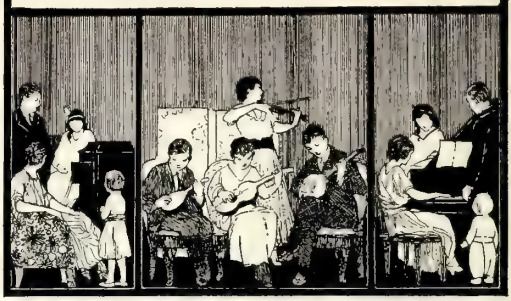
214 High Street New Britain, Conn.

Branches: New York Chicago Philadelphia

Makers of Corbin-Brown Speedometers



MUSIC NOTES



THOUSANDS of years ago, long before written history began, primitive man amused himself by beating upon a hollow log with a stick or a stone. The noise pleased him as greatly as the music of the symphony orchestra pleases a civilized audience to-day.

Perhaps centuries passed before it occurred to a savage, brighter than the rest, that a part of a log hacked out and closed at the end with skins, made a very acceptable musical instrument. The drum, fashioned in this very crude way, was probably the first of all musical instruments. Soon, however, the savage discovered that the conch-shell, found on the sea-shore, gave forth a new kind of noise. All the brass wind instruments of the modern military band are descended from this first trumpet. In the gradual evolution from the conch-shell and ram's horn to the silver trumpets of the early Egyptians, horns were lengthened so as to obtain a longer range. When they became so long that supports were necessary, it was found that the tubes could be turned without altering the tone. That explains why some of the horns of the modern orchestra twist and turn in all directions.

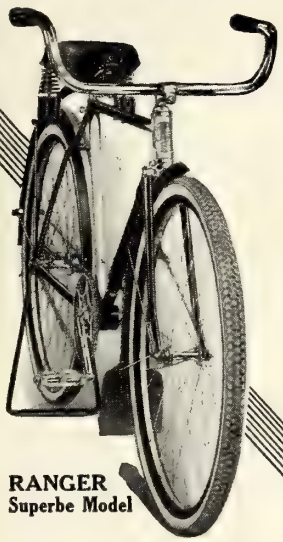
Wind instruments of wood, the "wood winds" as they are called, have developed from the simple reed or cane "whistle" of the savages.

By the time man had progressed far enough to feel that mere noise was not musical, he invented stringed instruments. The lyre and the lute appeared many hundred years before the Christian era, and now, more than two thousand years later, you can see pictures of them carved on the tombs of the ancient Egyptians. All through the Middle Ages bards sang and told their stories to the sound of the lyre, and so popular was the lute that it spread throughout Europe and remained a highly valued instrument down to the invention of the pianoforte.

Some of the many descendants of these famous instruments are the harp, the guitar, the zither and the mandolin.

(*Continued on page 38.*)

Delivered to You Free



RANGER
Superbe Model

The handsome, completely equipped RANGER "Motorbike" model or your own choice from the 44 Styles, colors and sizes in the famous RANGER line of bicycles, pictured in natural colors in the big, new 1917 RANGER Catalog. There are many other models also—in fact, the most complete line of bicycles in the world, all at factory prices from **$15.75, $16.95, $17.75** up. There is a MEAD Bicycle to suit the taste of every rider—Electric lighted "Motorbike" models, "Roadsters," "Racers," "Juniors" for small boys—Girls' and Ladies' models too—all at prices made possible only by our Factory-Direct-to-Rider selling policy.

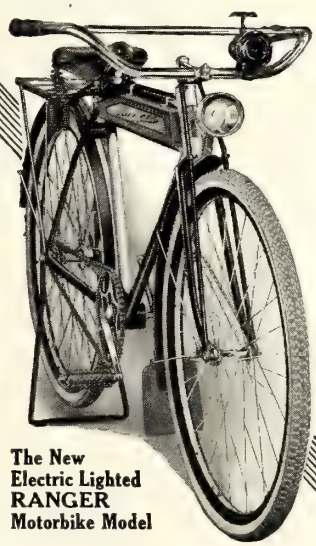
30 Days' Free Trial

We ship on approval and will send the RANGER Bicycle you select—we to pay freight charges to your town—for 30 Days' Use and trial, to let you get acquainted with the bicycle fully before you decide to keep it. You have the actual bicycle to use and thoroughly test, and we are not there to urge you or influence your decision. We pay the return charges if you decide not to keep it, and make no charge for use and wear while you are trying it. In other words, the 30 Days' Free Trial is all at our expense.

$5000 in Trust

We have placed a special deposit of $5000 in trust, in the great First National Bank of Chicago, to guarantee to you the faithful performance of this unusual Thirty Days' Free Trial selling plan. We will be pleased to send you a copy of the Bank's agreement with our catalog, if requested.

Any bank, express agent (or one of your neighbors) will tell you that we are as safe to deal with as a government bank.



The New
Electric Lighted
RANGER
Motorbike Model

Factory-to-Rider

Our great output—uniform and standard—reduces the factory cost to the minimum. Our sale plan, direct-to-the-rider, with only one small profit added to the manufacturing cost, gives you the greatest possible value for your money. And back of your RANGER, if you decide to keep it, is the oldest and most successful bicycle concern in the world, with a Service Department that cares for the parts and repair needs of more than a million riders in all parts of the world. (We have ourselves sold more than a million bicycles direct to the rider.) With every RANGER bicycle we send a Certificate of Guarantee for 5 years.

Juvenile Bicycles

Our big catalog also shows a complete line of sizes for the small boy and girl, in styles and prices to suit any taste and every pocketbook. *Not Toys*—they are made of exactly the same materials and of equal workmanship as our larger bicycles. They are *real bicycles*, not iron two-wheeled "velocipedes" now being advertised as "bicycles" at low prices. Get a real bicycle for your child—not a crude toy.

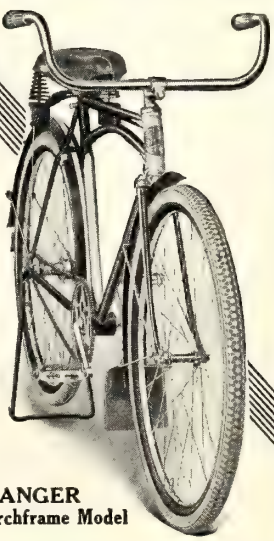
Rider Agents Wanted

We want to greatly increase our force of Rider Agents in all parts of the country. Select from our big catalog the RANGER model you prefer, "Motorbike," "Racer," "Superbe," etc., and while you ride and enjoy it make money by taking orders from your friends and neighbors, to all of whom we will give the 30 Days' Free Trial on the bicycle selected.

Parts and Repairs, Tires

Lamps, Horns, ready-to-use front and rear Wheels, Inner Tubes, Tool Kits, etc., etc. Repair parts for all bicycles and coaster-brakes, all accurately pictured and described in the sundry pages of the big new RANGER Catalog. All the latest imported and American novelties in equipment and attachments at prices so low they will astonish you.

Send no money but write today for this new 1917 catalog, also full particulars of the great new offer to send, all charges prepaid, the RANGER bicycle you select for 30 Days' Free Trial. You cannot afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries without first learning what we offer.



RANGER
Archframe Model

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY

Dept. P-15 CHICAGO



Dear Dr. Lyon's Co., I had to write a school composition on "An Example of the Golden Rule." Do you like what I wrote? Your friend Betty.

THE GOLDEN RULE IN PRACTICE

A Composition

Written by Betty St. Nicholas

The way our teeth treat us depends upon how we treat them. We want them to treat us well. So this Golden Rule is a good one to follow:

"Do unto our teeth as we would have them do unto us."

What an important part our teeth play in keeping us healthy and happy! Every bit of food we eat is masticated by them, and if they are sick they can't do good work.

The best way to keep the teeth clean and sound and well is to use "Dr. Lyon's" each night and morning. There are two kinds of Dr. Lyon's,—Tooth Powder and Dental Cream,—and one can choose the kind he or she likes best. But whichever one uses, it makes and keeps the teeth white and clean and healthy. Then, it 's very pleasant, too.

It seems to me this is a very little thing to do for our teeth, which do so much for us,—and if we do this, and also visit the dentist twice a year to make sure there 's nothing wrong, our teeth will not shirk *their* duty one bit.

This is an example of the Golden Rule in practice.

Betty St. Nicholas, Age 13.



To All St. Nicholas Readers:

We think Betty's composition is splendid. From what we learn here and there we have come to believe that nearly *all* of the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls live up to the Golden Rule which Betty expresses in such an interesting way, and that most of you use



Dr. Lyon's

For The Teeth

Powder ~ Cream

If you do not use it, send 2c. to-day for a trial package of either. There 's enough to last for nearly two weeks. See what fun it really is to brush your teeth with a dentifrice that you like—that tastes as good as it looks.

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc., 533 West 27th St., New York

MUSIC NOTES

(*Continued from page 36.*)

Widely separated countries claim to be the birthplace of the instrument we now know as the violin. Arabia and Wales vie for this high honor. For several hundred years before the first true violin model appeared in the sixteenth century, a similar instrument had been played with a bow. Even after the present shape, made in Italy, had been settled upon, a hundred years were spent in locating the sound-holes properly. The openings were shifted from spot to spot until Stradivarius perfected the bridge. After this one opening was placed on each side of the bridge, where they have remained ever since.

* * *

Readers who are interested in learning more of the history of musical instruments are referred to an article which appeared in ST. NICHOLAS in March and April, 1909. The title is "From the Drum of the Savage to the Great Orchestra." Those who do not have bound volumes or copies of that year's issues may find them at their public library.

* * *

In our day, very few residences contain organs, but nearly every good residence contains a piano. In your great-grandfather's day it was just the other way around.

The organ is a thousand years older than the piano, for while a satisfactory church-organ was in use as early as the year 666, it was not until 1709 that the first piano was built. At that time an Italian named Bartolommeo Cristofori made a pianoforte. He had been a builder of harpsichords, and he recognized the limitations of that instrument. The strings were picked by a quill and no graduation of sound was possible. Cristofori's invention of the "hammer action" made possible the modern piano, which now holds first place among all musical instruments. One of his early pianos is still preserved in Florence, and another is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City.

* * *

When you touch the keys of a good piano and hear the exact tones you expected, do you ever wonder how it "happens"? It does not merely happen, of course, but it is rather the result of careful planning and patient work by men who have studied their task until they know how to produce a perfect instrument.

You know that there are some automobile factories which turn out a completed motor-car in a day, but do you know that it takes six months to build a piano? If one considers

(*Continued on page 40.*)



The Greatest Sport of Them All

It has coasting with your bob-sled or double ripper beaten in a dozen different ways. And you can coast all year around. No waiting for a lot of snow, a good freeze or a steep hillside. *Every* day is a coasting day if you have a MIAMI-MADE Bicycle.

But you won't be really satisfied with anything but a MIAMI-MADE Bicycle. It has all the features of other makes and a lot they have n't got.

There are Four Lines of MIAMI-MADE Bicycles

The "Racycle," the "Hudson," the "Miami," the "Flying Merkel"

Go to the dealers in your city that handle these lines. Try them all before you decide. Pick out the one you like best. Tell Dad you want *that* bicycle and why. There are lots of bicycles, but there is only one kind that you really want and that is a MIAMI-MADE Bicycle. You 'll agree with us after you have seen them.

The Miami Cycle and Mfg. Co.

1017-1033 Grand Avenue Middletown, Ohio, U. S. A.

WRITE FOR OUR CATALOG TO-DAY

FREE

If there isn't anyone in your city who sells MIAMI-MADE Bicycles write us and we will send you our catalog.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Kindly check which line you are most interested in: Hudson?— Racycle? - Miami?— Flying Merkel?—

THE MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO.

1017-1033 Grand Avenue Middletown, Ohio, U. S. A.



Watch Over Those Little Feet!

MOTHERS: If you are ever tempted to let your children wear pointed, "fancy" shoes—never, never yield to the temptation.

For such shoes are the cause of all the foot troubles that afflict grown-ups—corns, bunions, flat feet, bent bones, callouses, ingrown nails.

Give your children roomy, healthful Educators, because they are built to "let the feet grow as they should."

Made for MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Start the whole family wearing them. But note this: Not *every* broad toed shoe is an Educator. The EDUCATOR mark on the sole is your guarantee of the correct orthopaedic Educator shape.

Send for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," a free book of foot facts by orthopaedic experts.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE ®

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



MUSIC NOTES

(*Continued from page 38.*)

the time required for the seasoning of the wood, it might be said that it requires three or four years to build a piano.

This fact is not nearly so surprising as the statement that there are between 9500 and 10,000 separate pieces in a piano. This seems an extraordinary number. You wonder where so many parts can be concealed, until you learn that there are seventy-nine separate pieces between the key which you press and the hammer which strikes the string. Multiply seventy-nine by the number of notes and you have accounted for 6852 pieces.

If you could look at a piano as it is being made, you would see that there are many layers of wood with grains running this way and that in several directions. This is to prevent splitting when the tuning-pins are driven into their places.

When you know that there is a pull, or weight, of 40,000 pounds upon the 228 strings in an average piano, you see how important it is that a piano should be strongly made. The strain is so great that a piano of cheap construction soon develops aches and pains that are reflected in a poor tone. These defects are not evident when the piano is new. For this reason it is better to select a piano with a good name and an honorable history rather than one which is unknown and untried.

* * *

What would you think if some one said you could buy player-pianos for two-and-one-half cents a piece? An ingenious man has figured out that they do cost just that much. You see there are 30,000 pieces in such a piano; 10,000 in the musical instrument and 20,000 in the "action," as the playing device is called. If you multiply 30,000 by $.025 you will see that the result is a fair price for a player-piano.

* * *

In some homes there is a "silent" piano. In these homes what should be a musical instrument is merely an ornament. Perhaps you have heard of the Indian who bought a grand piano because he admired its appearance. Finding his house too small for it, he left it in his yard, regardless of consequences. The storms beat upon it and soon ruined its playing qualities, but the Indian continued to admire it and to take great pride in its possession. This is not the way a piano is regarded in the homes of ST. NICHOLAS readers. A while ago, thirteen hundred and fifty subscribers wrote us about their pianos, and in nine hundred of these homes the boy or girl reader had taken music lessons and could play the instrument.



After Meals—*BILLIARDS!*

Yes, you can play Carom or Pocket Billiards *right at home*, and pay for the table a little every month. Your chums and your parents will pay a few cents to play—*and ten cents a day buys a genuine Brunswick.*

Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, Expert Book of 33 games, etc., all included *free!*

This is the way that hundreds of boys are getting these tables—boys like you who read our offer and wrote for our interesting billiard book that gives full details.

Send us your address for free copy today.

BRUNSWICK
HOME BILLIARD TABLES

Saturdays, holidays, after school and after meals, any spare hour can be filled with the best indoor fun on earth.

Don't miss these jubilee times around the Brunswick. Be the champion shot of your neighborhood.

Fast, Accurate, Handsome

Brunswick Tables are scientifically built: live cushions, true angles, fast ever-level playing bed, lifetime oak and mahogany construction—*a size for every home.*

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. 47-T. 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Write for Color-Catalog

Low prices, easy terms and home trial offer all explained in our handsome billiard book and catalog—"Billiards—The Home Magnet." It pictures all tables in actual colors—will show you the endless amusement you are missing. Get this book by return mail free. Write today.

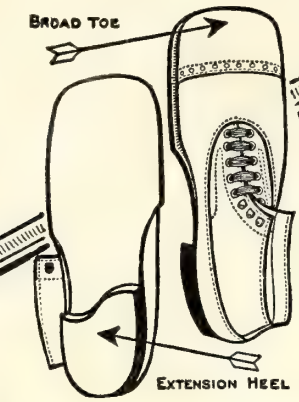
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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.,
Dept. 47-T 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send free, postpaid, a copy of your color-catalog—"Billiards—The Home Magnet," and tell about your home trial offer.

Name_____

Address_____



Growing Feet

should be trained in the path of health and comfort. Care in the selection of shoes will prevent "flat-foot," weak ankles and other foot ills. It is the duty of every mother to see that her children wear

The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."

The Coward Special shoes for children prevent foot troubles, encourage correct walking and train the growing feet to be natural and shapely.

NOW is a good time to start. Don't wait until your child develops foot ills that will cause trouble and discomfort in after life.

Sold Nowhere Else

JAMES S. COWARD
262-274 Greenwich St. New York
(Near Warren Street)
Mail Orders Filled
Shoes for Men, Women and Children

THINGS TO EAT



In China, physicians are employed to keep people well, instead of merely to treat them when ill. In America, recently, physicians and dietists have conducted many interesting experiments upon a group of men and women to find what foods give the greatest amount of nourishment at the least cost. It is claimed that grown people who are doing active work can keep in good health under normal conditions by eating certain food that costs less than thirty-five cents a day. The diet squads, as they are called, consumed very little food, yet they did not lose weight or feel hungry. In the diet prescribed for these squads, wheat in various forms is one of the principal articles. It is served for breakfast in the form of a cereal; it is mixed with eggs, milk, and vegetables and made into cutlets or a roast for dinner; at supper it appears in bread or crackers. All food authorities agree that wheat contains practically all the elements for good health. Fortunately, it is economical too. A man in Alaska is reported to have lived entirely on wheat and salmon-berries for a long time. He is said to be in perfect health and to possess a great amount of endurance. Some of the time he cannot get the berries, and his wheat is not always cooked. He carries the raw grain in his pocket, and, when hungry, eats a quantity of it. He does a tremendous amount of very active work upon this simple diet. Any one may buy entire-wheat bread from the grocer or baker, but when you wish to vary the form in which you eat this nourishing wheat, make some wheat muffins, with currants in them, and serve them for luncheon or tea. If you try the following receipt you will find it a very easy way to make very good muffins.

Whole-Wheat Muffins

- 1 cup of flour.
- ½ teaspoon of salt.
- 3 teaspoons of baking-powder.
- 1 cup of entire-wheat flour.
- 1 tablespoon of butter.
- 1 egg.
- ½ cup of milk.
- ¼ cup of currants.

Sift the flour, salt, and baking-powder together,

(*Continued on page 44.*)



Taste Them They're Like Bubbled Nuts

Puffed Wheat and Rice are whole grains puffed to bubbles. They are eight times normal size. Before we explode them they are toasted in a fearful heat. This gives a nut-like taste.

So they seem like nut meats made airy and flaky, made flimsy and thin and crisp. If you ate them with your eyes shut you would never guess them grain foods.

They are Foods—Not Bonbons

But don't treat them like confections.

These are whole-grain foods. By Prof. Anderson's process, every food cell is exploded. So every atom of the whole grain feeds.

Don't be too sparing of these dainty morsels. Every food element is in them. And in this form those elements are all made available.

Don't confine them to breakfast. They are ideal foods for luncheons and suppers, floated in bowls of milk.

Between meals, when children get hungry, let them eat to their hearts' content. Let them eat the grains dry, or doused with melted butter.

Let Puffed Grains displace sweetmeats and confections—displace them with foods which are just as delightful. And which one can eat without any restrictions.

Not one child in ten ever gets enough of the minerals stored in whole wheat.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

Here are three grains—wheat, rice and corn—prepared in the perfect way. Every food cell is steam exploded. Every granule is fitted to feed.

Each has a different flavor. Each can be served in a dozen ways. A supply of each gives you an endless variety. And all are fascinating, hygienic foods.

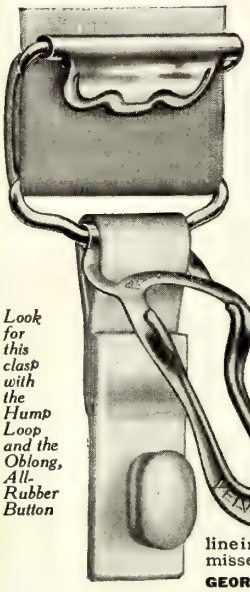
Puffed Rice excels in nut-like flavor. Corn Puffs excels as a dainty. And Puffed Wheat excels as a food. Keep all three on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1506)

Velvet Grip
OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON
HOSE SUPPORTER



Look for this clasp with the Hump Loop and the Oblong, All-Rubber Button

Mother—Save your stockings and those of your children by wearing **Velvet Grip**, the only make having the Oblong Rubber Button. This most important modern improvement in hose supporters has taken the place of the old-fashioned round button. Because of its shape and its larger holding surface for the stocking, it prevents tearing and drop stitches. The **Oblong Rubber Button** is a cushion of solid, live rubber, grooved on either side where the highly nickeled clasp fastens over the stocking firmly—yet as gently as a "thumb and finger" hold.

The Velvet Grip line includes styles for women, misses, children and infants.

GEORGE FROST CO. BOSTON

Also Makers of the Famous BOSTON GARTER for Men



This little "Eagle Brand" baby is as fine and healthy a little man as you'd find anywhere.

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

may be just the food for your baby. "Eagle Brand" is clean and wholesome (just good cows' milk and cane sugar, nothing else). It is easy to prepare and easy to get. *Send for booklets.*

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 NEW YORK

THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page 42.*)

then add the entire-wheat flour and mix again thoroughly. Rub the butter in quickly with the tips of the fingers, and add the egg, which should be thoroughly beaten and stirred into the milk. This will make a soft dough. Have ready some well greased muffin pans, shape the dough into cakes, get them into the pan as soon as possible, and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

This quantity makes twelve small muffins.

* * *

Another item found on the diet lists is nuts. The pecan-nut is said to have an especial food-value, and the flavor is more agreeable than that of other nuts. It is one of our own products, too, grown in the South. The States that produce the greatest quantity are Texas and Louisiana. Pecan-nut-trees begin to bear when they are five or six years old, but they have to be ten years old before they become profitable to the grower. Trees that are fifteen or twenty years old sometimes bear as many as twenty bushels of nuts, but the average production is from three to five bushels to each tree. The United States Department of Agriculture reports that in ten years the production of pecan-nuts has increased three hundred per cent. They are delicious in many salads, in breads or cakes, and to eat from the hand they are the most delicate of any nuts.

In one ST. NICHOLAS family a great many pecans are used in making very good little cakes called,

Pecan Drops

½ cup of butter.
1 cup of sugar.
2 eggs
2 squares of melted chocolate.
1 cup of chopped pecans.
¼ teaspoon of salt.
½ teaspoon of vanilla.
⅔ cup of flour.

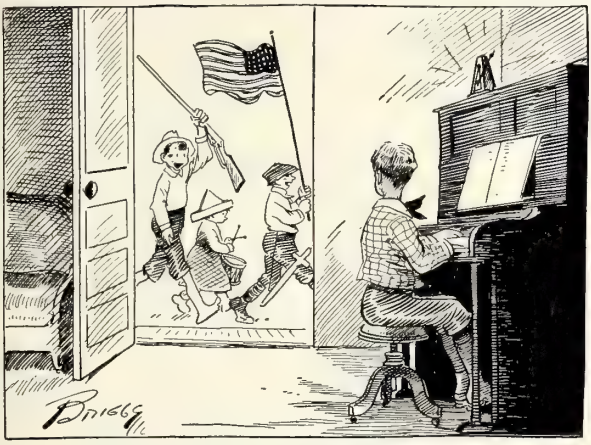
Cream the butter and sugar, then add the eggs, which have been well beaten, then the chocolate, nut-meats, salt, and flour. Mix the ingredients very thoroughly, and, when they are well blended, drop the batter from a teaspoon into a shallow, well-greased baking-tin and bake in a moderate oven. The drops should be far enough apart so they will not run together as they bake.

* * *

Here are the cardinal principles of successful cookery: Follow the directions carefully; measure the ingredients accurately; be attentive.

The cup you use to measure the receipts given here should hold a half-pint, and a "cupful" means level full. When you measure your baking-powder make it a level teaspoonful, unless the receipt particularly says to use a "heaping" teaspoonful.

"When a Feller Needs a Friend" *By Claire Briggs*



Send for the Briggs Book

—full of cartoons of boys having fun with Kings; containing story of the air rifle and how it is made, and listing the full King line with prices.

Send 2c stamp to Dept. D

The MARKHAM AIR RIFLE CO.
Plymouth - - Michigan

DO YOU happen to be a boy? A *real* boy, we mean, with a natural dislike for music lessons, rainy days and "solitary confinement?" And to make matters worse, are you the only fellow in the neighborhood without a King Air Rifle to play with—for Soldiers' Drill, Indians and Cowboys, Scouting, Target Shooting, an' ever'thing?

Go to Dad and talk it over with him. He was a boy once, too. Maybe he doesn't realize how much you want a King. Take him with you to see the hardware man—the prices are 25c to $2.50, according to size.



1000 SHOT REPEATER, No. 5 King—the famous "thousand shootin'" air rifle. Lever action. Frame and barrel one piece of nickeled steel. Walnut stock. Light, strong, accurate. At your dealers or direct, prepaid for $2.50.

KING AIR RIFLES





Eaten on bread, crackers or toast. Fine on saltines.

Did You Know There Are Many Kinds of Peanuts?

THERE are big fellows called Virginia Peanuts, which are very rich. The small peanuts, the ones that have such a "give-me-more" taste, are called Spanish Peanuts.

When we make Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, we mix both kinds together just right to bring out the taste that all boys and girls love.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is made differently from any other peanut butter. Most boys and girls like the Beech-Nut flavor better than any other. Lots of them like it better than candy.

HOW DO *YOU* EAT PEANUT BUTTER?

Most boys and girls love Beech-Nut Peanut Butter spread on bread, crackers or toast. Maybe you have found some new ways to eat it. If so, write us a letter about it. We would like to hear from you.

If you have never tasted *Beech-Nut* Peanut Butter, ask your mother to get you a jar today.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES

FOR some reason which we cannot quite explain we have always been deeply interested in the stamps of the Orient. Is it because these countries are so far away? Or because there is so much in the wording and the design that we cannot easily understand? Or is it because so few of the other boys and girls have them that we take pride in owning and displaying a stamp from China or Japan? Perhaps it is a combination of all these reasons. Be it as it may, the fact remains. And to such of our readers as have ways or means of obtaining stamps from Japan there is a treat in store, a new and gaudy combination of color and mystery. For Japan has issued a series of three stamps in commemoration of the coming of age of the crown prince and the ceremonies connected with the crowning of the heir apparent. Robert Hereford is one of the readers of STAMP PAGE, and he lives in far-away Japan and knows all about the stamps in use there. He sends us the first that we have seen of this new issue. He says that they are in great demand in Japan and that he secured them only with great difficulty. He wants his fellow-readers to see what they look like, and so we illustrate the 1½-sen which he sent us. Unfortunately, the picture will give but a poor idea of the stamp, because so much of its effective appearance is due to the vivid coloring. The reader will appreciate this more when we say that the entire outer frame is a bright green, while the central design is bright red upon an orange background. Is not that gaudy? This central design is very peculiar.



We have studied over it quite a little, and have decided that it represents a bird. The innermost part is the head, while to the right and left and downward extend the wings, and upward and backward, the back and tail. But we do not know what bird it is. On the 1875 issue of Japan there are several kinds of birds; perhaps this is one of them. Alas, we neither know the bird nor its symbolic meaning, for that it has some such meaning we may be sure. In looking at the picture one notices first that practically all of the inscription is in Japanese characters—only the figure in the lower left and the value (Sn for sen) in the lower right corner are in English lettering. The royal emblem, the chrysanthemum, in the upper center is familiar to us all, but what are the vines on either side? Certainly not the cherry blossom, with which we always associate Japan. But it is a dainty, pretty vine all the same. And proud will be the boy who is able to show any or all of this suggestive and historically interesting series of stamps.

The English colony or Island of Montserrat in the West Indies sends a complete set in the regular colors. Like all English colonies it presents an attractive appearance and shows most excellent workmanship in the engraving. In arrangement the design suggests the one which Barbados has just discarded. In the upper left corner is a portrait of George V; in the upper right corner, the value. In the lower right corner is the conventional design which appears in the coat of arms of the island, a female figure embracing a cross with the right arm and in the left holding a harp. The entire set is pleasing in color and design, and well worth owning. We also illustrate this month the five-centavos Argentine, which we described in a former article. As will be seen by the dates in the lower label, 1816–1916, it depicts a centennial anniversary, that of the Declaration of Independence of Argentine. This declaration took place in a general congress on July, 1816, under the name of the "United Provinces of Rio de la Plata" (River of Silver), which has since been Latinized as "Argentine" Republic. The ten-centavo value is the same design, but the color is pale green instead of rose, as in the five-centavo. Both stamps will be welcomed by all collectors, especially those who collect only such stamps as express local history.





A MAN'S COLLECTION

ONE of the questions most frequently asked by the readers of STAMP PAGE is in reference to the possible size of a stamp collection. Many readers desire to know who owns the largest collection of stamps, and its value in dollars and cents. That is the query of the younger collectors. There is another frequent question, but this is asked by the grown-ups. "What is the use of wasting money in buying stamps, since stamp-collecting is simply a children's fad, something of which they soon tire, something which is really not worth a moment's thought from a grown man or woman?" To both of these classes of questions there is material for an answer in a lawsuit now before the courts of Ohio. While the stamp collection of the "defendant" is by no means the largest in the world (the general consensus of opinion being that the largest and most valuable collection in the world is owned in Paris), it is almost surely the largest one in the United States. The evidence brought forward in this lawsuit is extremely interesting in showing what vast sums of money are often expended by serious collectors in what is so often considered merely a child's hobby. Every one seems agreed that the stamp collection in question is worth in round figures well above one million dollars; and one of the wit-

(*Continued on page 48.*)

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

Rare Stamps Free 15 all different Canadian and 10 India with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. When possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. **Large wholesale list for Dealers free.** We offer these sets, great bargains, cheapest ever offered, no two stamps alike in any set, all different, fine condition. Postage 2c. extra. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 50 Asia, 17c.; 20 Chile, 10c.; 4 Malta, 5c.; 13 Nyassa, 39c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 10 Straits, 7c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 7 Persia, 4c.; 10 Ceylon, 15c.; 8 Hawaii, 20c.; 20 Denmark, 7c.; 30 Sweden, 10c.; 50 Brt. Col's, 6c.; 35 Austria, 9c.; 25 Persia, 25c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 6 Fiji, 15c.; 25 Italy, 5c.; 7 Iceland, 20c.; 4 Sudan, 8c.; 10 China, 10c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 10 Uruguay, 7c.; 6 Reunion, 5c.; 5 Panama, 13c.; 5 Zanzibar, 20c. **Remit in stamps or Money Order.** Fine approval sheets 50% discount. 50 Page List Free. We buy Stamps. MARKS STAMP CO., DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER

All for 10c. { 1 Pack. "Cleveland" Hinges, 1 Pocket Album, 1 Perf. Gauge, 5 Spanish War Revs., 8 U. S. Envelopes cut sq. inc. War Dept., 6 Civil War Revs., 5 Scenery Stamps.

CROWELL STAMP CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO.



Stamps! 105 all diff. vars. Mostly from the countries now at war: Great Britain, France, Russia, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, Portugal, Bulgaria, Turkey, etc. A nice collection only 10c.; 1000 mixture 25c. 32-page list free. Agts. wtd. 50%. **I buy stamps.** L. B. DOVER, ST. LOUIS, MO.

FREE

60 different stamps, including Newfoundland, China, Japan, Mexico, etc., to applicants for our high-grade approvals.

Send 2c. stamp for return postage.

THE EDGEWOOD STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. S, MILFORD, CONN.

STAMPS 500 fine foreign including Mexican **War,** Salvador, including **officials,** Guatemala, China, etc., only **10c. Best Approval Sheets 60 to 80% discount.** We give valuable extra Presents **free!** Big 120-page catalog free. **We buy Stamps.**

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SNAPS **175 Different Foreign, 10c.** 65 Different U. S., including $1 and $2 revenues, **for 11c.** With each order we give free our pamphlet which tells "How To Make A Collection Properly." QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., ROOM 32, 604 RACE ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

STAMPS 500 different, no trash, price $1.00. "Dandy" approvals 50% from list price. Hawaii 10 different, 30c.; 1000 Hinges, 10c.

C. F. RICHARDS, BOX 77, GRAND CENTRAL P. O., NEW YORK.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER to applicants for Immaculate approvals sending satisfactory references. Write to-day.

S. HAAS, 115 PRIMROSE AVE., MT. VERNON, N. Y.

LIBERIA, 1903, registration set of 5	20c.
HAYTI, 1898–99, 1c. to 10c. unused, 8 var.	18c.
JAPAN, 1914, ½ sen to 1 yen, 11 var.	12c.

GEO. T. SIMPSON, 433 PEARL ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Stamps 108 all diff., Transvaal, Turkey, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Ceylon, Java, etc., and **Album, 10c.** 1000 **Finely Mixed, 25c.** 65 diff. U. S., **25c.** 1000 hinges, **5c.** Agts. wtd. 50%. **List Free.** I buy stamps. **C. Stegman,** 5940 Cote Brilliante Ave., **St. Louis, Mo.**



NOTICE

1917 APPROVAL LIST NOW READY

Hundreds of Scarce Varieties

We 've just bought several big stamp collections and have thus added hundreds of scarce and new stamps to our approval stock. We have put these up in small approval sheets and books which we will send to you or any of our customers upon request. Send for free, illustrated catalogue and price list. Write today.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN COMPANY
127 Madison Avenue **New York City**

CHAMBA, 21 varieties	$ .46
GWALIOR, 33 varieties	.60
JHIND, 33 varieties	1.08
NABHA, 27 varieties	.84
PATIALA, 40 varieties	.92
HYDERABAD, 28 varieties	.64
COCHIN, 15 varieties	.40
BHOPAL, 5 varieties	.15
JAIPUR, 12 varieties	.48
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SIRMOOR, 11 varieties	.60
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Postage extra on orders under $1.00.

DHAUN & SONS, PATIALA, INDIA.

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Forty (40) varieties of picture stamps for only 25c. Pictures of animals, trees, birds, ships, and many other interesting things from all over the world.

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25 from 25 countries, 25 var. U. S., illustrated Album and hinges, 10c. A. WRIGHT, 47 COURT ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Stamp Club Members I want your business, and will send each applicant for my **profit sharing approvals** an unused Department Stamp Cat. 50c. **Remember:** I offer the usual 50% discount and a Liberal extra discount for returns made in 10 days. **Note:** Premium to Stamp Club members only. D. M. WARD, 222 TANEY ST., GARY, IND.

OH, BOYS! **WHAT DO YOU SAY?** A fine set of unused Mexican stamps (new) free to approval customers. Only have a limited number of these left.

H. J. SCHMIDT, DRAWER H, OAKLAND STA., PITTSBURGH, PA.

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12c. for 1c.	15c. for 2c.	20c. for 2c.
30c. for 3c.	50c. for 5c.	$1.00 for 13c.

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PANAMA COMMEMORATIVE 1913

No. 203, 2½c. dark green, cat. 25c., for 12c. 19th and 20th Century Approvals at 50%.

HUB POSTAGE STAMP CO., 345 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

(See also page 48.)

STAMP DIRECTORY—Continued

DANDY PACKET STAMPS free for name, address, 3 collectors, 2c. postage, with 50% apprs. 125 dif. U. S. inc. high values, 50c. U. T. K. STAMP CO., UTICA, N. Y.

GRAND NEW SERIES—50% discount sheets. **AGENTS WANTED** in every town. Sell for profit; we supply stamps. 2 sets stamps **FREE.** HESS BROS., CLEARFIELD, PA., U. S. A.

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10,000 Stamps at one cent each. Send for trial selection on approval, and receive a Watermark Detector Free. BURT MCCANN, 321 NO. NEWTON, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

U 2 J Approvals are fine. Tried them yet? Premium to new customers: 5 Serbian. Extra premium for each 50c. purchase. MRS. L. W. KELLOGG, W. HARTFORD, CONN.

STAMPS FREE, 75 ALL DIFFERENT
For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.

BOYS! Have You Any Stamps from New Hebrides? A beautiful set of these free to approval applicants enclosing 3c. HARRIS, 3838 REISTERSTOWN ROAD, BALTO., MD.

Stamps on Approval at 50% disc. We have 'em, you want 'em. Let's get together. EXCELSIOR STAMP CO., BOX 263, MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

Ant-Eater stamp free to those applying for my high-grade approvals. Stamps at 1c., 2c., 5c., and 10c. each are my specialties. Please write to-day. H. E. CODWISE, MELROSE HLDS., MASS.

FREE—LARGE AMERICAN PACKET, Old issues, Commemoratives Galore, Dues, High Value Revenues, etc., 2 cents postage. MIDLAND STAMP CO., MIDLAND, ONTARIO.

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SELECT your own premiums from my new approvals. M. D. PLACE, E. NORFOLK, MASS.

LARGEST VENEZUELA STAMP; cat. 35c.; to approval applicants, 4c. EDWIN H. BAILEY, FARMINGDALE, N. Y.

25 diff. unused stamps from 16 countries for **27c.** H. GAST, 588 JACKSON ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

ROYAL APPROVALS—Nifty stamps at liberal discounts. Surprise Packet and bargain lists free to applicants. BELMONT STAMP CO., 32 SO. 17TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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200 Different Foreign Stamps Free
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A Most Wonderful Bargain

All you have to do is to send 25c. for a new 6 months' sub. to MEKEEL'S STAMP WEEKLY, Beverly, Mass.

The Best Stamp Paper in the World, 6 mos. } **Both 25c.**
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Ten Weeks for 10c. and One of These Free:
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FRENCH COLONIES
15 Varieties 10c.; Stamp Monthly of Bargains free
NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.
387 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON, MASS.

SEND for Price-list of Postage and Revenue stamps for collections. E. T. PARKER, BETHLEHEM, PA.

STAMPS 105 China, etc., stamp dictionary, list 3000 bargains, **2c.** Album (500 pictures), **3c.** BULLARD & CO., Sta. A, BOSTON.

FREE—55 For. Stamps to applic. for our 50% app. Ref. and 2c. stamp. 50 U. S., cat. $1.12, 10c., or 100 For., cat. $1.28, 10c. 1000 mixed, 25c. HOLLEY STAMP CO., EAST PEMBROKE, MASS.

FREE 20 diff. U. S. Revenues to approval applicants. Reference required. MURRAY, ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(*Continued from page 46.*)

nesses, who was in a position to know, testified that the defendant, the owner of the collection, expended annually on postage-stamps sums varying from fifty to sixty thousand dollars. Of course, the grown-up cynic may say that if he had spent less on stamps, he would not now be in financial difficulties. That may be so. On the other hand, many men have been in financial difficulties who never spent a cent for stamp-collecting. But these enormous figures go to show that our pet hobby is not altogether child's play. While there are not many collections which are worth a million, there are in our own country many which run to tens and hundreds of thousands; and the collections abroad undoubtedly exceed those in this country both in number and value. These people would not be spending their money so freely upon stamps unless there was in stamp-collecting far more of interest and pleasure, far more mental development and relaxation, than appears to the casual observer.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶ONE of our readers asks about the varieties of French stamps as indicated by Scott's Catalogue, Nos. 113 and 113a, 116 and 116a, where the body of the stamp and the numerals appear in different shades of the same color. In a foot-note the catalogue says this is due to the fact that at first—that is, in the earlier printings—the body of the stamp and the numerals were printed at a different operation. Why this should have been so at first and not afterward we do not know. Still, copies of these stamps are frequently found which show that the body of the stamp and the numeral must have been printed at different times. It is possible that they are always printed in two operations, and that the color varies so little from time to time that it is only in exceptional instances that the difference between the printings can be distinguished. This, however, is not probable. As stated before, the two varieties can be told only by a difference in color between the body of the stamp and the numeral. If these are of the same shade, the stamp is of the ordinary variety; if the shades are different, then the specimen belongs to the variety catalogued as "a." But do not be satisfied with a slight difference. A good specimen will show a very marked contrast, and this is what you need for your collection.

ST. NICHOLAS GIFTS DEPARTMENT

This department is to help gift-givers decide what to give boys and girls.

It lists only worth-while things.

There are birthdays and promotion days and commencement days. There are other times when boys and girls do some difficult thing exceptionally well. Those are the times when one wants to give something. But it is tedious to hunt through the stores, so ST. NICHOLAS has undertaken to help.

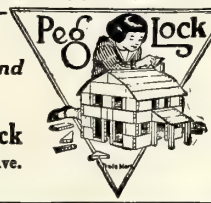
All one need do is to send to the advertisers for a catalog, select at leisure and order the product through the dealer (by telephone, by letter or in person) or direct from the advertiser if the dealer hasn't the particular thing desired.

Everything mentioned here is made by thoroughly dependable firms.

SKY-SCRAPERS, churches, city halls, and school houses. They're easy to build with

PEG LOCK BLOCKS

Made of selected wood. They won't rust, break or get out of shape. No sharp edges to cut. Every block fits with every other block. Hundreds of models. Write for illustrated catalogue and tell us where you buy your toys.



Build and *Stay Built*

Peg Lock **Block Co., Inc.**
221 Fourth Ave. **New York**

LEARN how to shoot straight. It's a duty in these days. Target shooting is an instructive sport, and great fun for all boys over twelve.

REMINGTON UMC



Remington UMC
SINGLE SHOT RIFLE



You can't shoot straight unless you have a well-made rifle. This one is easy to handle because it 's light and easy to carry because it 's a take-down model. Shoots .22 cartridge. Write for booklet and mention *St. Nicholas.*

The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company, New York City

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ERECTOR



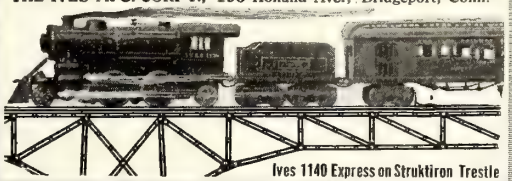
ERECTOR teaches boys the principles of construction and engineering. It is the *only* construction toy with girders like real structural steel. The powerful Erector motor (free with most sets) runs many of the *big, strong* models. Dealers everywhere sell Erector. The most popular set is No. 4 at $5. Write for Booklet and my boys' magazine, *Tips.* A. C. Gilbert, Pres., **The A. C. Gilbert Co., 130 Fox St., New Haven, Conn.**



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Make Happy Boys

The finest line of electrical and mechanical trains you ever saw. Just like real trains. Switches and signals and stations too. Also IVES STRUKTIRON, to build bridges, derricks, and buildings. Big, FREE BOOK on toy railroading. Write for it.

THE IVES MFG. CORP'N, 196 Holland Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.



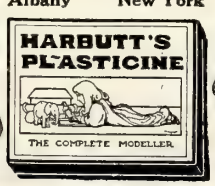
Ives 1140 Express on Struktiron Trestle

MODEL A THOUSAND THINGS!

Great fun for all children modelling anything they like in the germ-proof Harbutt's Plasticine. Teaches observation and dexterity. No water; no muss like clay. Send for our catalog of "Toys That Teach," which explains all.



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THERMOS

serves you right—food or drink hot without fire—cold without ice.

FATHER and mother will agree that the money given you for Christmas is wisely spent when you select a Thermos Bottle or Thermos Lunch Kit for use at school.



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Factory: Norwich, Conn.

The Price of Pets

ONCE in a while some one writes to the Pet Man: "I would like to obtain a cheap pet as a companion for my boy or girl." Every *St. Nicholas* reader will be interested in his reply. "It is not wise to purchase a cheap pet. Buying a pet is a good deal like choosing any other companion for your boy or girl. You want one that is well behaved, even tempered, agreeable, friendly, intelligent, always ready for a good time. In other words, you want one of good breeding. Well bred animals cost more than common ones. They have to be of good pedigree, well trained and carefully brought up. All this costs money. Good pets are not necessarily expensive but they are never cheap. It pays to pay a fair price."

If you would like to know where to obtain a good pet write to St. Nicholas Pet Department or direct to these advertising friends of *St. Nicholas.*



Hang Up a Dodson Wren House

These friendly little brown birds will soon be here looking for a home. Hang up my 4-room Wren Bungalow and a family will move right in and raise 2 or 3 broods.

I have studied bird habits and worked for bird protection for 22 years. My houses *bring the birds* because the *birds like them.* Entire collection described in catalog with prices. Includes bird baths, feeding devices, etc. All are patented.

Bird Book Free—My illustrated book tells how to attract birds to your garden. With it I send, free, my beautiful "Nature Neighbors" folder, together with a colored bird picture worthy of framing. Write to (11)

JOSEPH H. DODSON
Director of the National Audubon Assoc.
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$5.00 for this 4-room Dodson Wren House; built of oak; roof of cypress with copper coping. Wrens won't live in a one-room house, they want a fresh room for each brood.

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Fine Dogs for Children

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Give Your Child a Belle Meade Pony



Ideal Pet and Playmate. Gentle, Trustworthy. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for our catalog describing famous Belle Meade herd of Shetland and Welsh pedigreed ponies.
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PETS OF EVERY KIND

Shetland Ponies, Dogs of all breeds, Belgian Hares and all other rabbits, Angora Cats. Fancy Pigeons, Fancy Poultry, Wild Ducks, Geese, Swans, Cavies, Squirrels, Ringdoves, Parrots, Canaries, Monkeys, Foxes, Raccoons, Ferrets, thousands of Pets all varieties, low prices. Big catalog beautifully illustrated 25 cents, lists free.
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America's Pioneer Dog Remedies

BOOK ON
DOG DISEASES
And How to Feed
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Snow White Esquimo Puppies
The smartest and cutest dogs on earth. Natural trick dogs and very comical. Just the thing for children, affectionate, playful and harmless as a kitten. Always full of "PEPP." My puppies are not raised in a city back yard or crowded kennels but on a Kansas farm. They are full of vigor and the picture of health. Will ship on approval to responsible parties. Safe delivery guaranteed. Terms reasonable. 5c. in stamps brings you a catalogue of these popular dogs.
BROCKWAY'S KENNELS Baldwin, Kansas

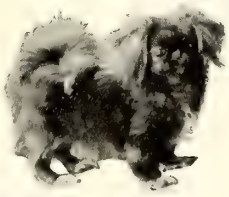


THIS IS ME

I may be little and soft and plump,
But my heart is big and true.
My mistress says now I'm quite big enough
To leave my dear mother—for you.
From $25 up for these wonderful little

PEKINGESE

Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418, Great Neck, L. I., or 489 Fifth Ave., New York City (Tel. Vanderbilt 1236)



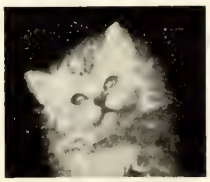
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SPRATT'S
Dog Cakes and Puppy Biscuits
They are the Best in the World.
Send stamp for catalogue.
SPRATT'S PATENT LTD. Newark, N. J.



Cocker Spaniels

Faithful, intelligent and affectionate, they make the finest companions in the world for children and grown people. Playful and full of spirits but not quarrelsome. Puppies and grown dogs of all colors usually for sale. Write to

MEPAL KENNELS, New Marlboro, Berkshire County, Mass.



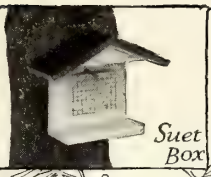
Pets for the Children

Beautiful Orange, Blue and Smoke Persian Kittens. Also young, prettily marked, Black with White, altered cats as well as fine Domestic Short Haired Kittens. If you already have a cat let us care for it while you are away from home. That is our specialty.

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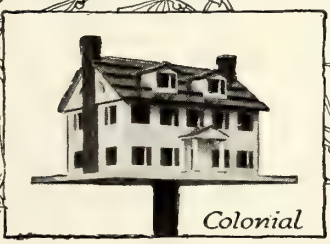
Pets (Continued)

HODGSON *Bird Houses*









The birds are mating. Soon their chirps and songs will fill the air. Now is the time to buy the bird house you've so often contemplated.

Hodgson bird houses are artistic, strong and durable. They are vermin-proof—made principally of red cedar. The illustrations show you some of the quaint styles. If one of them appeals to you—mark it, tear out the advertisement and mail it to us with your order. Or ask us for more information—or a copy of our catalog showing many kinds and styles. We'll give your request immediate attention.

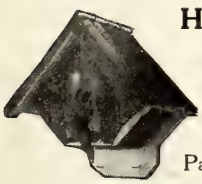
Hodgson houses are guaranteed to suit you.

Suet Box	**75c each—$8.00 per dozen**
Bungalow	**24" x 28"— 6 rooms—$ 9.00**
Old Homestead	**16" x 18"—10 rooms— 10.00**
Colonial	**16" x 24"—28 rooms— 20.00**
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E. F. HODGSON CO., Room 248, 116 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
6 East 39th Street, New York City







HAVE YOU A HOBBY?

If not, you should get one, and BIRDS make one of the best. Send $1.00 for this Wren House and get some free literature on the subject. Parcel Post prepaid within Third Zone.

THE CRESCENT CO., "Birdville," Toms River, N.J.

BIRD HOUSES $



Boys and girls can build houses the birds like. It's easy! It's fun! A. Neely Hall, pioneer bird-house builder, tells how. His copyrighted descriptive plans for 25 houses and shelters, membership in "American Bird-House League," certificate, badge, sent for 25c. in coin. These plans used everywhere in school and community campaigns. Prize Contest Details for stamp. You make gardens. Why not garden bird homes?

The PUT-TOGETHER HANDICRAFT SHOP, Dept. T, Elmhurst, Ill.

ELECTRICAL HANDY BOOK AND CATALOGUE FREE



WORTH 25 CENTS TO ANYBODY

The BIG BOOK you need and want. Describing positively the finest and most complete line of wireless, novelty, and experimental goods ever listed in any catalog and containing besides, innumerable tables, hook-ups and treatises of inestimable value to the experimenter. Absolutely **Free.** Send **No** Postage.

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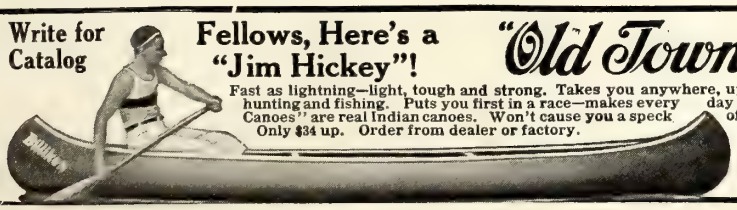
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"Old Town Canoe"

Fast as lightning—light, tough and strong. Takes you anywhere, up and down streams, on camping trips, hunting and fishing. Puts you first in a race—makes every day full of fun and good times. "Old Town Canoes" are real Indian canoes. Won't cause you a speck of trouble. 4000 canoes ready to ship. Only $34 up. Order from dealer or factory.

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ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION FOR HOOPING-COUGH OR CROUP

The celebrated effectual remedy without internal medicine. For 120 years this remedy has met with continued and growing popularity. Bronchitis, Lumbago, and Rhumatism are also quickly relieved by a few applications. No increase in price.

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All Druggists, or E. FOUGERA & CO., Inc.
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Go into any real, live boy's room and you will find his walls covered with pictures, photographs, school pennants and hundreds of other knick-knacks, all artistically hung with the famous

Moore Push-Pins

The pin with the invisible glass head and needle point, which will not mar the wall or woodwork. For heavy articles, like book-cases, clocks, etc., Moore's Push-less Hangers are used. Sample and booklet free.

Moore Push-Pins, Made in 2 Sizes
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At Stationery, Hardware, Photo, Department Stores, or by mail

10c **Packets**
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SELF FILLING SAFETY FOUNTAIN PEN

TRANSPARENT OR BLACK RUBBER

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NEW YORK RETAIL STORE. WOOLWORTH BLDG.

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Demonstrating Our Baseball Values



$1.25 In spite of the big advance in the price of leather, we offer you your choice of a fielder's glove, baseman's mitt or catcher's mitt, made of all leather, best grade, leather lined, welted seams. By ordering to-day you secure extra good value at a big saving in price.

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A Definite Service for Readers of St. Nicholas

Would you like to have our School Service Department help you choose the *right* school? Out of the large number of excellent schools advertised in our columns, you may well be somewhat perplexed as to just which one would best suit your requirements. *Let us help you find the school adapted for your individual need.* We welcome inquiries from parents who are in doubt as to *the best school* for their sons and daughters. If you will just write and tell us as fully as possible your particular problem, we shall be very glad to assist you in solving it. Address all inquiries to

SCHOOL SERVICE DEPARTMENT
THE CENTURY CO.
353 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

BLUE BIRD RACING AEROPLANE

Rear-Admiral Peary, who discovered the North Pole, is now the head of the National Aerial Coast Patrol Commission. He wants everyone to take an interest in aviation in order to defend our country from attack.



Get yours to-day $1.50 Complete

Flies "LIKE THE WIND" For Three Hundred Feet

Every boy's air fleet ought to contain one of these graceful flyers. This speedy little "air-ship" is a great one to *start* your air fleet with. It is so simple that any boy over eight can fly it 50 feet or more above ground and 300 feet straightaway. Its "engines"—Para rubber bands—are connected with fibre propellers, running on brass bearings. The outfit contains our patent multiple winder with which you can "crank the engine" in no time at all. You'll say that "model aeroplaning" is great sport. It's instructive too.



If you have other types of Ideal Aeroplanes, get the BLUE BIRD too, and race it with others. They cost only $1.50 complete, put together ready to fly, and prepaid.

Buy yours from your store to-day. Ask for the "BLUE BIRD" Racing Aeroplane.

We would rather have you buy it at the store, but if no store in your locality can supply it, we will send you one upon receipt of the price.

Send five cents to us for 48-page Aeroplane Book describing models and supplies.

IDEAL AEROPLANE AND SUPPLY COMPANY
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$19.95 and up

New Service Bicycle

Speedy—easy running. Sturdily built of seamless steel tubing—triple truss forks. With motorcycle type, anti-skid, puncture-resisting tires. Beautifully enameled and striped. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. $19.95 from Chicago. Write for our Bicycle Book, bicycles shown in colors! FREE! Address house nearest you.

Montgomery Ward & Co. Dept. G311

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Send for FREE Book

CLASS RINGS

PINS-MEDALS-PENDANTS

SEAL CUT FREE FOR ORDER OF 12 RINGS

CATALOG FREE. Pins 15c and upward.

K10 and K30, Plate, 50c.; 14K Gold, $2.00.

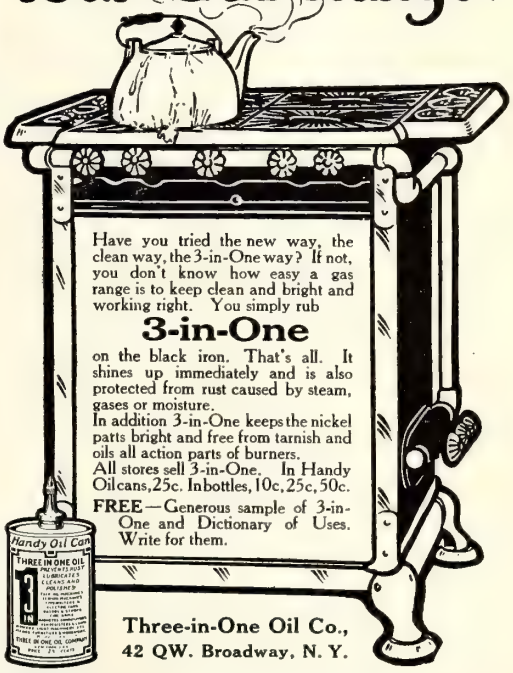
9170 RING
Sterling 1.00 each
Gold 3.75 each

C. K. GROUSE CO., Mfrs.
North Attleboro, Mass. Box 24.

LE PAGE'S GLUE 10c

USE FOR PAPER WORK

How Do You Clean Your Gas Range?



Have you tried the new way, the clean way, the 3-in-One way? If not, you don't know how easy a gas range is to keep clean and bright and working right. You simply rub

3-in-One

on the black iron. That's all. It shines up immediately and is also protected from rust caused by steam, gases or moisture.

In addition 3-in-One keeps the nickel parts bright and free from tarnish and oils all action parts of burners.

All stores sell 3-in-One. In Handy Oil cans, 25c. In bottles, 10c, 25c, 50c.

FREE—Generous sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses. Write for them.

Handy Oil Can
THREE IN ONE OIL
3 IN ONE OIL COMPANY

Three-in-One Oil Co.,
42 QW. Broadway, N. Y.



HODGSON *Portable* HOUSES

Are you thinking of erecting a small building? If it's anything from a bird house to a cottage—listen. There are Hodgson bungalows, garages, play houses, screen houses, chicken houses, dog houses and every other kind of houses imaginable. Get a catalog and you'll see them all.

They can be quickly and easily erected by unskilled workmen. They withstand all kinds of weather.

Here is the best way to buy. By paying 25% of the price of your house we will prepare and hold it until wanted. This saves you money and insures prompt delivery. Our Catalog is illustrated with photographs—and prices, too. Send for it.

E. F. HODGSON COMPANY

Room 248, 116 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 6 East 39th Street, New York City



POND'S EXTRACT

relieves burns. It should be applied promptly and repeatedly by means of a bandage saturated with Pond's Extract.

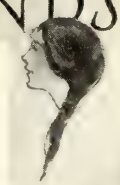
POLLY and PETER PONDS



(A CONTINUED STORY)

Chapter LXV

In which Polly learns a lesson





POND'S EXTRACT

relieves all kinds of bruises, cuts, stings, and all injuries where the skin is cut or bruised.

WHO ever read a boarding-school story that did not have at least one "midnight" spread, where a chafing-dish and smuggled goodies played important parts, and the fear of discovery gave an added zest to the party.

Such a spread Polly Ponds had in her room the other night, and an eventful party it was—to her sorrow. Polly wrote to Peter about it. After you read her letter, decide for yourself what character in the story deserves the greatest praise: Molly, or Polly, or Pond's Extract.

DEAR PETER:

You 'll hear sooner or later about the exciting time we had the other night, but I want to tell you first because you sometimes say that girls don't have exciting adventures.

Wednesday night, a little while after the lights had been put out, Molly and I got up and began to get the spread ready for the Merry Five (as we had planned for the past two weeks). We had just put the fudge ingredients into the chafing-dish, and Molly was about to give the signal for the others to come, when suddenly the flimsy curtain caught fire from the chafing-dish flame, and in the shortest moment you ever heard of there was a lively blaze. Fortunately the curtain was torn off in time, and the blaze stamped out before it had done much damage; but we had been considerably upset, and we did n't have much heart for our party after it.

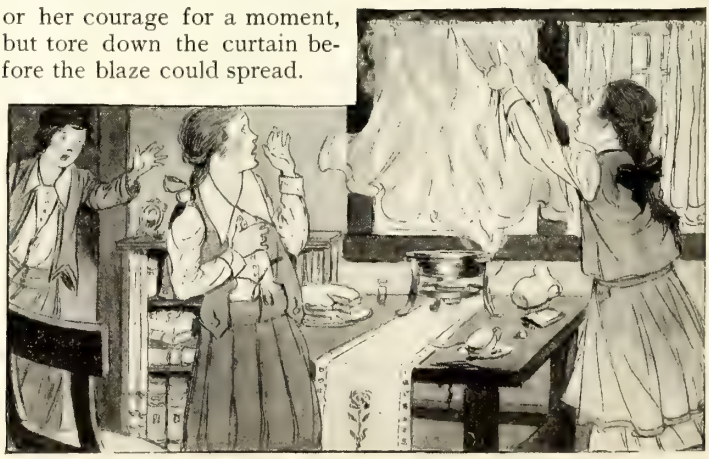
I must tell you what a comfort Pond's Extract was to us. I had burned my hands pretty badly, but Molly thought of Pond's Extract right away, and she saturated some bandages with the soothing liquid, and wrapped my aching hands in them; and, Peter, I can't tell you how much relieved the pain was. Now the burns are getting better rapidly, and though I had to make explanations to Miss Elliott, she was n't severe a bit with me—I guess because she knew I had been punished. Anyway, I 've learned it does n't pay to break rules just for the fun of breaking them.

Well, I must say good-by. I hope you are well and not getting into too much mischief.

Your affectionate sister,

POLLY.

Peter read enough "between the lines" to know that Polly had been modest about her share in the adventure. He knew she did not lose her head or her courage for a moment, but tore down the curtain before the blaze could spread.



Polly's quick action deserves praise, but think what harm would have been done if Molly had forgotten that Pond's Extract relieves burns. She deserves praise for remembering, for having some on hand, and for applying it promptly and properly. Pond's Extract deserves praise for being such an "ever-present help in time of trouble."

Do you know all about the important things Pond's Extract does to help cure boys' and girls' aches and bruises? If not, we will be very glad to tell you all about it, if you ask us.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S
Vanishing Cream—Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street New York

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream



Each Fragrant Drop Soothes and Softens

the tender, frost-nipped cheek, quickly relieves the cracked lips or badly chapped hands, and so convinces you by its wonderful restorative action that ***Hinds Honey and Almond Cream*** *does* possess rare potency. A few gentle applications, day and evening, will demonstrate its great value in keeping the skin always soft and the complexion charmingly fresh.

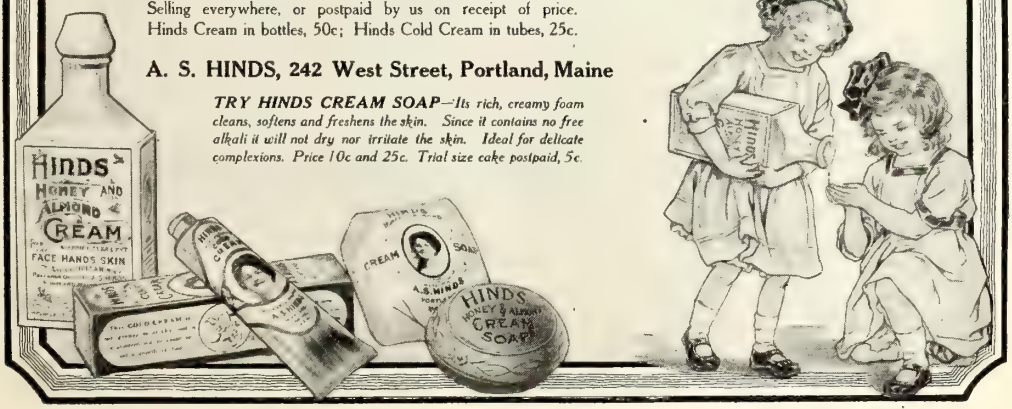
Since it possesses unusual cleansing qualities, is mildly antiseptic and stimulating, Hinds Cream should be used after exposure to dusty winds and the unwholesome atmosphere of crowded shops, cars and theatres. Use this cream and *save your complexion.*

Let us send you Booklet and liberal samples of Cream. Enclose 2c stamp for postage.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

A. S. HINDS, 242 West Street, Portland, Maine

TRY HINDS CREAM SOAP—*Its rich, creamy foam cleans, softens and freshens the skin. Since it contains no free alkali it will not dry nor irritate the skin. Ideal for delicate complexions. Price 10c and 25c. Trial size cake postpaid, 5c.*



Have you Accepted the Invitation yet?

You remember this in last month's ST. NICHOLAS, don't you?



YOU are invited to take part in a competition which consists of writing a composition on the subject, "A Clean Tooth Never Decays."

Perhaps you read about it in St. Nicholas last month. It is going to be great fun. There will be a great many prizes to try for, and much glory for the winners, too.

"It ought to be awfully easy to write," says one St. Nicholas reader, "especially when anyone has that little book you sent me."

This little six-page, easy-to-read book, whose title is "A Clean Tooth Never Decays," will be sent to every St. Nicholas reader who mails the coupon attached to this page. Write for it. Of course, you mustn't *copy* what this booklet says, but anyway it will be a great help. It answers questions like these:

What causes tooth-ache?
Why do teeth decay?
What is a tooth made of?
How many layers has a tooth?
Why is tooth-ache like an alarm clock?
Why should boys have good teeth?
Why should girls have good teeth?
What is the best way to clean teeth?

—and dozens more things that will make it much easier for you to compete for the prizes.

You can get all the information you want from anyone, but you must *plan* and *write* your composition all alone and without help.

Before you begin to write your composition you will want to talk to your parents, the druggist, your dentist, your teacher and perhaps to your physician, so better begin to ask everybody right away.

Here are the prizes offered:

First Prize: A $20. Gold Piece
Second Prize: A $10. Gold Piece
Third Prize: A $5. Gold Piece
Fourth Prize: A $2.50 Gold Piece
Next One Hundred Prizes:
A real Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Each contestant will be awarded a medal

Rules and Regulations in next month's ST. NICHOLAS

If you want to enroll but do not wish to cut your St. Nicholas, just write a letter saying so, and mail that instead of this coupon. Address: The Florence Mfg. Co., Florence, Mass.

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Europe's many tongues and consequent misunderstandings

The Fruits of Understanding

Throughout the vast area of this country prevails a common tongue. The whole of Europe hardly exceeds our territory, yet Europe has more than a score of nationalities and many different languages.

In the United States the telephone, as exemplified by Bell System, renders a matchless service in its mastery of distance and in encouraging the use of a universal language. This accomplishment is in spite of the great influx of population from every country in the world.

In Europe the independent countries, separated by barriers of language, and lacking efficient telephone service, suffer from inadequate facilities for inter-communication.

We now talk from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific, and eliminate more than three thousand miles. In Europe, contending with a babel of voices and unrelated telephone systems, a bare quarter of that distance has been bridged with difficulty.

The ideal of the Bell System has been day by day to extend its service in the interest of all telephone users. Its efforts have resulted in providing the facilities to unite cities and rural districts in true American democracy.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



A Brownie for her Birthday.

Even in their kindergarten days, almost from the time they can count the candles on the birthday cake, the children make really good pictures with their simple little Brownie cameras.

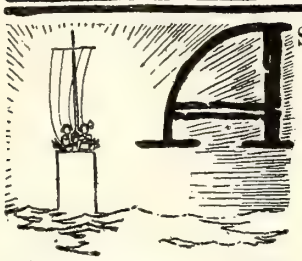
It's good fun for them, and the pictures they make of each other are among the treasured ones that find their way into the family snap-shot album.

Brownie Cameras from $1.25 up.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

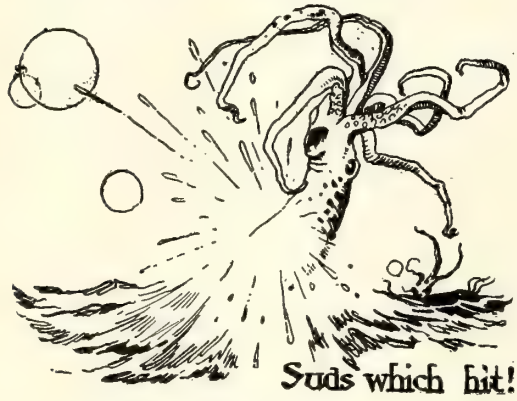

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Corner
For
Thorough Sanitation
Old Dutch Cleanser
Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
MAKES EVERYTHING "SPICK AND SPAN"

THE CRUISE of the IVORY WHITE



Chapter III VICTORY

AS LIGHTNING flashes to its mark, as pudding to its dish, so flew that most impulsive boat among the cuttlefish. To right, to left, at topmost speed Gnif steered a tangled way. Oh, how the snow-white IVORY craft dashed through the inky spray! Our heroes' noble brows were calm. They did not halt nor shrink as all the squirming cuttlefish begrimed the sea with ink.



Suds which hit!

The IVORY White, like falcon swift, swept in and on and through the writhing mass of horrid fish and bumped them black and blue. And as it dashed, the white suds splashed and bubbled o'er the sea. Thus IVORY SOAP began its work of cleansing purity. Meanwhile the rapid-fire gun shot IVORY SOAP and suds which *hit* the mussy, inky fish with dirt-defying thuds. But then, in desperation fierce, uprose *four* octopuses and grabbed our cleansing battle



They dragged it down.

boat with squirms and horrid cusses. They soused the IVORY up and down; they swashed it to and fro; they tossed it up a hundred feet; they dragged it down below! The cuttlefishes ramped and raged 'mid sputtering and gloating, but our brave heroes fought right on, their IVORY boat still floating.

Of course the soap-suds thus produced was by the bad fish swallowed. It got inside as well as out while in their rage they wallowed. Then they began to cough and sneeze and aimlessly to grope amidst the snowy bubbles and the suds of IVORY SOAP. Gnif whistled to a Thrasher Fish who spanked them fore and after, so they surrendered then and there 'mid cheers of joy and laughter. The inky sea was purified, and all the cuttlefishes swam off with lots of soap *in them* to wash Ma Cary's dishes. The fight was won, for what grim dirt can ever hope to cope with that resistless purity contained in IVORY SOAP.



Gnif whistled.

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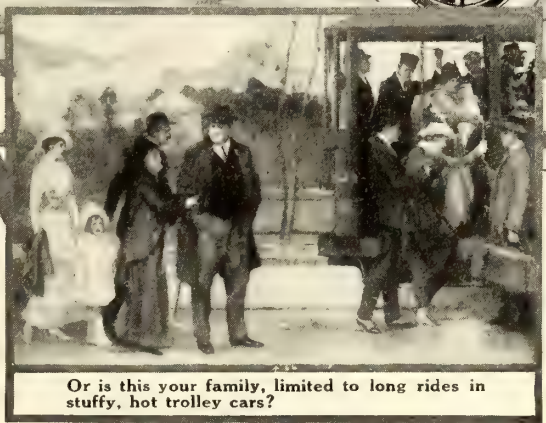
So, if in life all else should fail, and life seems grim and hopeless,
You'll find the trouble is with YOU, your days are IVORY SOAPLESS.

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
99 44/100% PURE





Is this your family, having the time of their lives in one of those beautiful Overlands?



Or is this your family, limited to long rides in stuffy, hot trolley cars?

This is the life—

There are two ways to live nowadays.

One way is the life that is daily chock full of healthy activity, wholesome fun and lots of fresh air.

The smaller picture tells the other side of the story—the other way some live—the wrong way.

This pictures the more narrow and cramped life, with trolley car outings for the big event of the week.

It's wrong. It's not fair to your children—your wife—or yourself.

Get a car—an Overland—and over night all this is changed. It will add years to your life and rejuvenate your family.

There is a quality car in the Overland line for every class of buyer.

This is not—

One executive organization—*one* factory management—*one* purchasing unit—*one* sales management—*one* dealer organization produce and sell the entire line. Each model shares the enormous economies thus effected.

Stop living the wrong way.

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		Sedan	$1450	Sedan	$1585	Four Limousine	$1950
						Eight Touring	$1950

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Buy a tube today or send 4 cents for a trial tube.

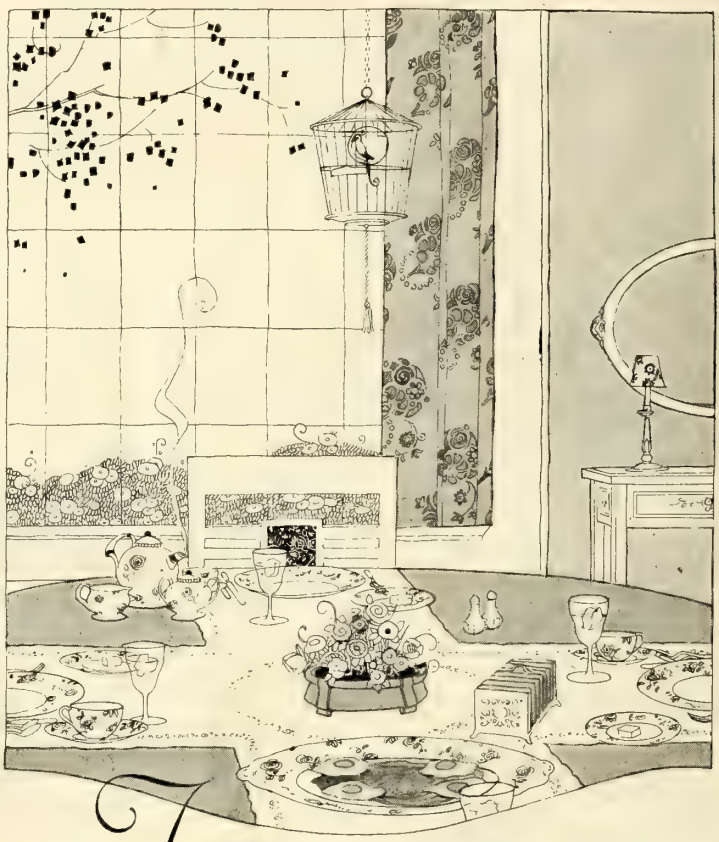
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ST NICHOLAS



APRIL 1917



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"Swift's Premium" Hams and Bacon

FAIRY SOAP

for toilet and bath

Users of this white, pure soap are pleased, first, by the convenient oval shape of the cake, which fits the hand.

Next, they appreciate its floating property and enjoy its rich, creamy, cleansing lather.

Finally, they experience the sense of grateful refreshment which follows its use in toilet and bath.

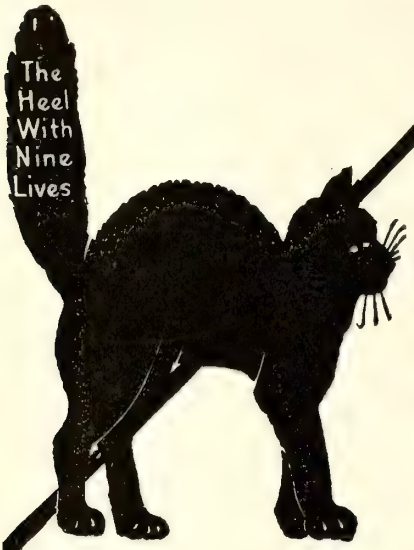
These agreeable qualities are due to a most careful selection of choice materials, combined with expert soap-making skill. With all—Fairy Soap costs but 5c a cake.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"



5¢



What message has this cat *for* Young Ladies and Gentlemen?

OF course a live cat cannot tell you anything, because it cannot talk.

But this printed cat has a message for you, and here it is:

"Boys and girls ought not to go bumping and clumping their way around the house any more than grown-up ladies and gentlemen do.

"Of course some grown-ups do have an annoying noisy walk, but people don't call that sort of grown-ups 'ladies' or 'gentlemen.'

"'Ladies' and 'gentlemen' are people who are considerate of other people's feelings.

"Girls and boys can be ladies and gentlemen too, even though they romp and run. All you have to do is to have Cat's Paw Rubber Heels put on all of your shoes. Then you can race around to your heart's content, and no one will be annoyed, because your heels will be noiseless.

"These heels make you more healthy too, because you walk naturally instead of jolting and jarring along.

"It is good manners to wear Cat's Paw Rubber Heels at home and at school. They contain *no holes in the heels* and so do not bring dirt into the house.

"Be sure you have real Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels put on. They cost no more than the ordinary kind —only 50c.; are made in white, tan or gray, for men, women and children — all dealers. Any shoe store or cobbler where you buy them will attach them *free*. Then your walk will be 'as quiet as a cat's.'"



Foster Rubber Company
105 Federal Street - - - Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug, which prevents slipping.

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ST. NICHOLAS *for* MAY



Illustrating "A Girls' Camp" in May St. Nicholas

THE GOLDEN EAGLE

***By* Allen French**

This new serial by the popular author of "The Runaway" will be welcomed by all ST. NICHOLAS readers, both new and old. The scene is laid on the New England coast, and the story, filled with a wholesome vigor and freshness of the sea, has exciting situations and thrills a-plenty.

OUR UNDERSEA FIGHTERS *By* Com. Orton P. Jackson, U.S.N., and Capt. Frank E. Evans, U.S.M.C.

A simply written, yet authoritative, article on the defensive arm of our Navy that is at present in the forefront of public interest.

EDWARD L. TRUDEAU: A PIONEER OF THE OPEN

***By* Mary R. Parkman**

The "Heroes of To-day" series for May will contain the heroic story of one who, himself a lifelong invalid, founded the well-known sanatorium at Saranac and brought hope and health to thousands of his fellow-beings. The life of Madame Curie, announced for an earlier issue, was unavoidably postponed, but will appear in the "Heroines of Service" series in May. Madame Curie's service to science, through her discovery of radium, has placed her name among the most noted scientists of all times.

BOOKS AND READING - - - - - *By* Hildegarde Hawthorne

In the May number will be printed the two essays on "Lorna Doone" selected by Miss Hawthorne as winning the first and second prizes respectively. The names of the successful contestants, together with those who have merited honorable mention, will be announced.

ANOTHER ARTICLE ON CAMPING

Those lucky young people who know the joys of a summer in camp, and those who have still to experience them, will read with equal zest this breezy account of the ways and experiences of some typical boys' and girls' camps.

The three serials, "UNDERSTOOD BETSY," by Dorothy Canfield, "THE GIRL NEXT DOOR," by Augusta Seaman, and "UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS," by Joseph Ames, continue in interest, and ST. NICHOLAS readers who are following the fortunes of these young people will enjoy the May instalments.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

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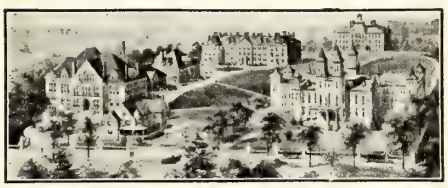
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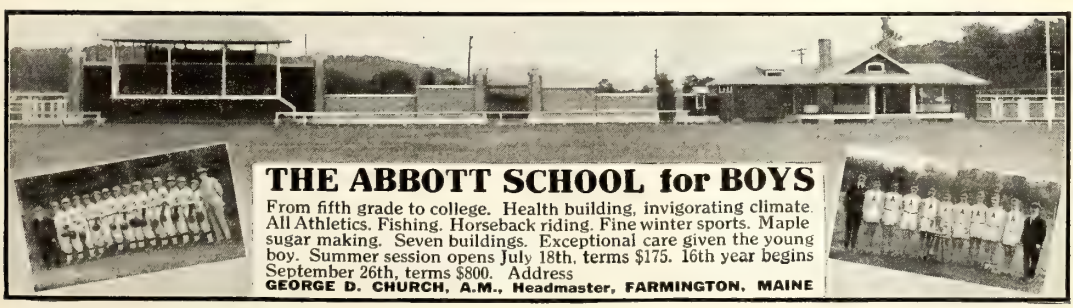
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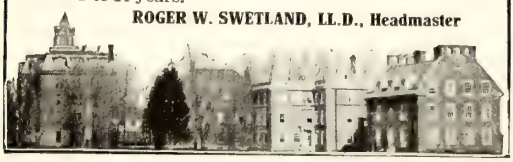
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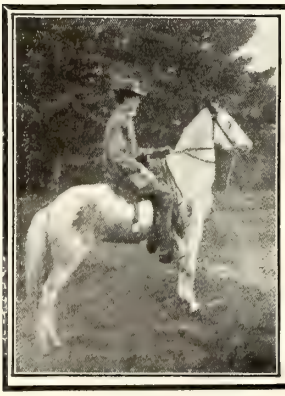
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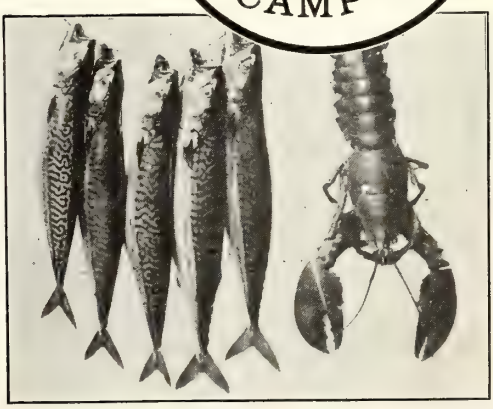
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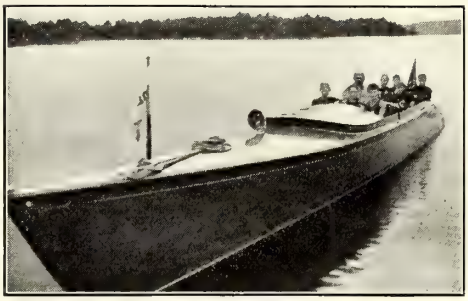


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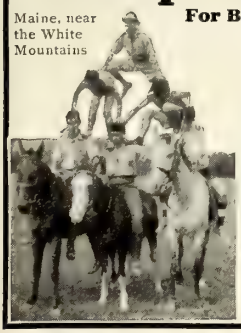


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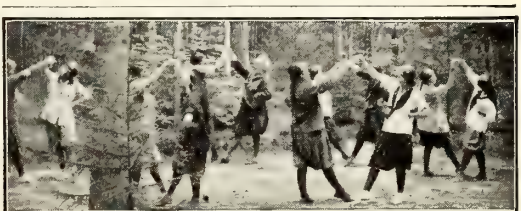


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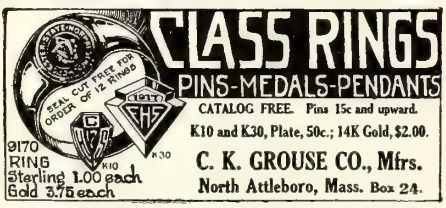


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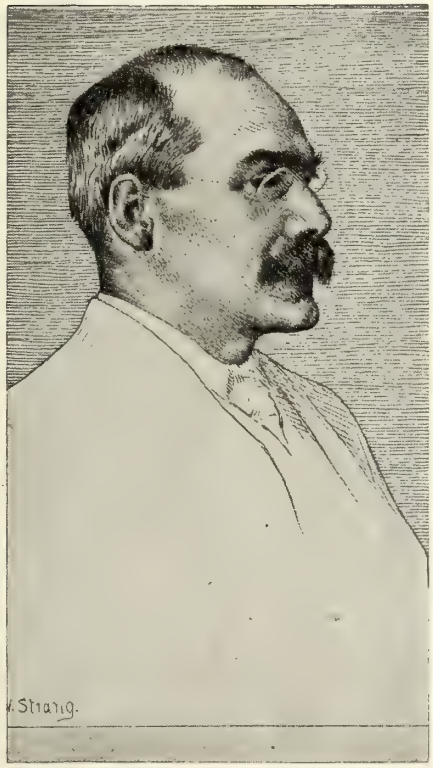


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"I can see their dim forms looming
Like phantoms in the mist."

(SEE PAGE 484)

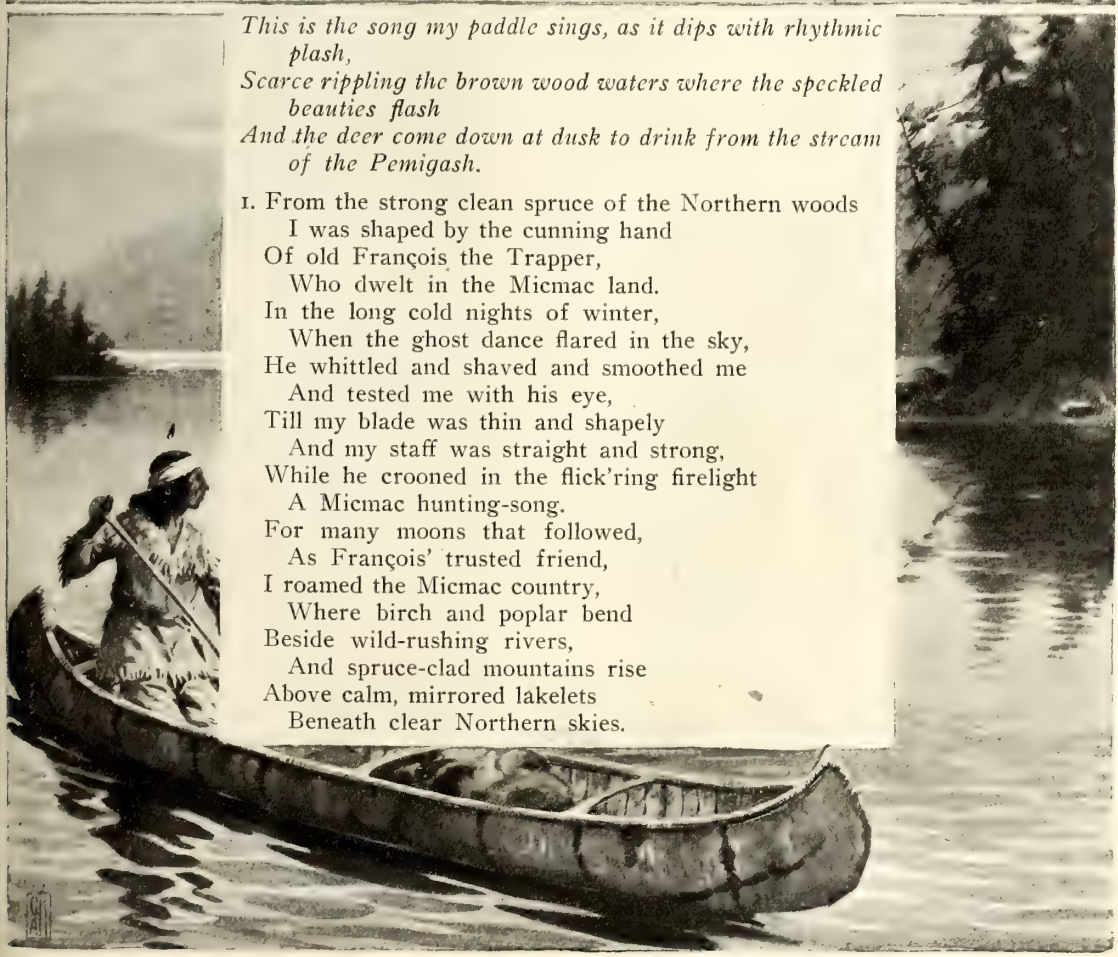
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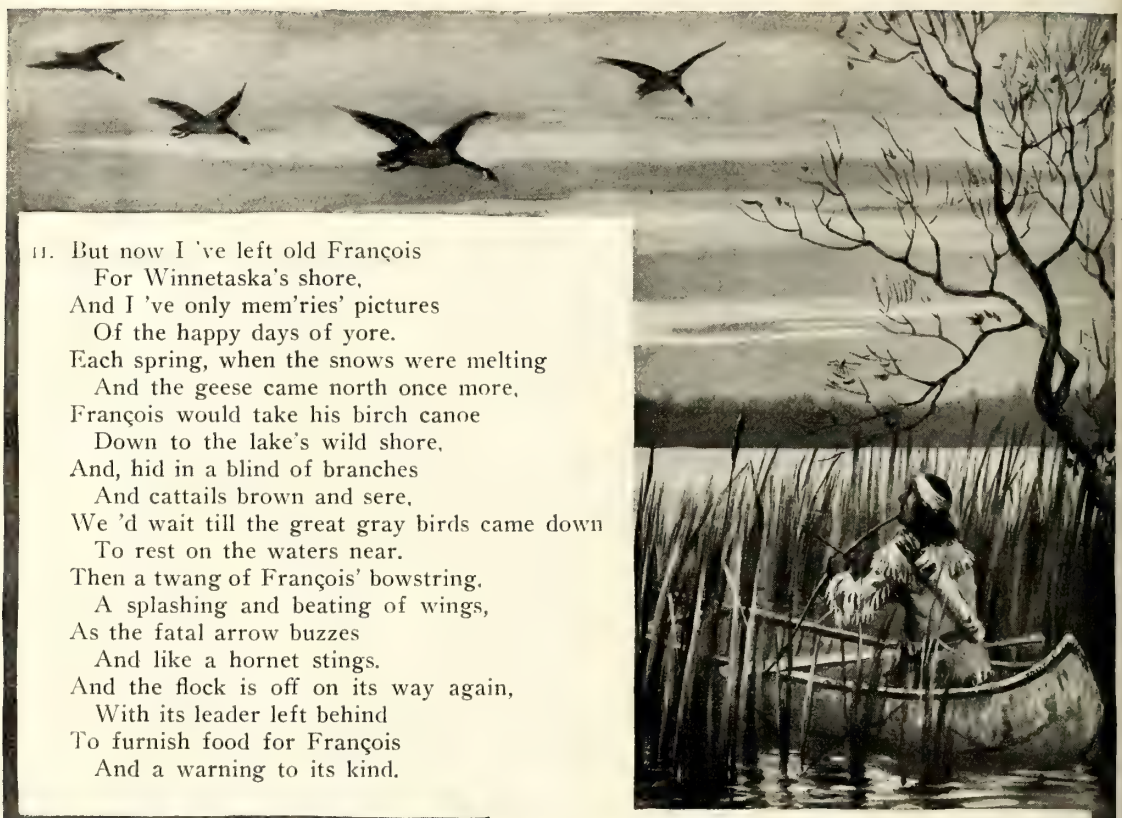
THE SONG OF THE PADDLE

BY JOHN B. MAY



This is the song my paddle sings, as it dips with rhythmic plash,
Scarce rippling the brown wood waters where the speckled beauties flash
And the deer come down at dusk to drink from the stream of the Pemigash.

1. From the strong clean spruce of the Northern woods
I was shaped by the cunning hand
Of old François the Trapper,
Who dwelt in the Micmac land.
In the long cold nights of winter,
When the ghost dance flared in the sky,
He whittled and shaved and smoothed me
And tested me with his eye,
Till my blade was thin and shapely
And my staff was straight and strong,
While he crooned in the flick'ring firelight
A Micmac hunting-song.
For many moons that followed,
As François' trusted friend,
I roamed the Micmac country,
Where birch and poplar bend
Beside wild-rushing rivers,
And spruce-clad mountains rise
Above calm, mirrored lakelets
Beneath clear Northern skies.

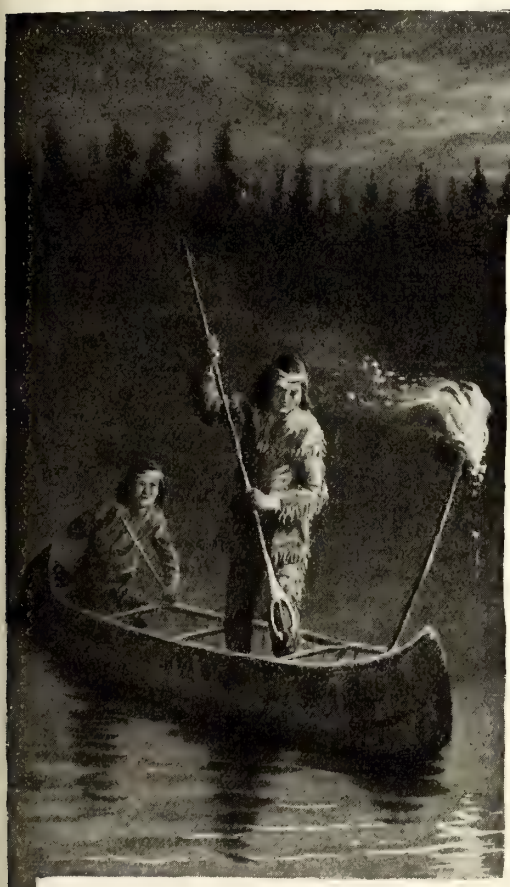


II. But now I 've left old François
For Winnetaska's shore,
And I 've only mem'ries' pictures
Of the happy days of yore.
Each spring, when the snows were melting
And the geese came north once more,
François would take his birch canoe
Down to the lake's wild shore,
And, hid in a blind of branches
And cattails brown and sere,
We 'd wait till the great gray birds came down
To rest on the waters near.
Then a twang of François' bowstring,
A splashing and beating of wings,
As the fatal arrow buzzes
And like a hornet stings.
And the flock is off on its way again,
With its leader left behind
To furnish food for François
And a warning to its kind.



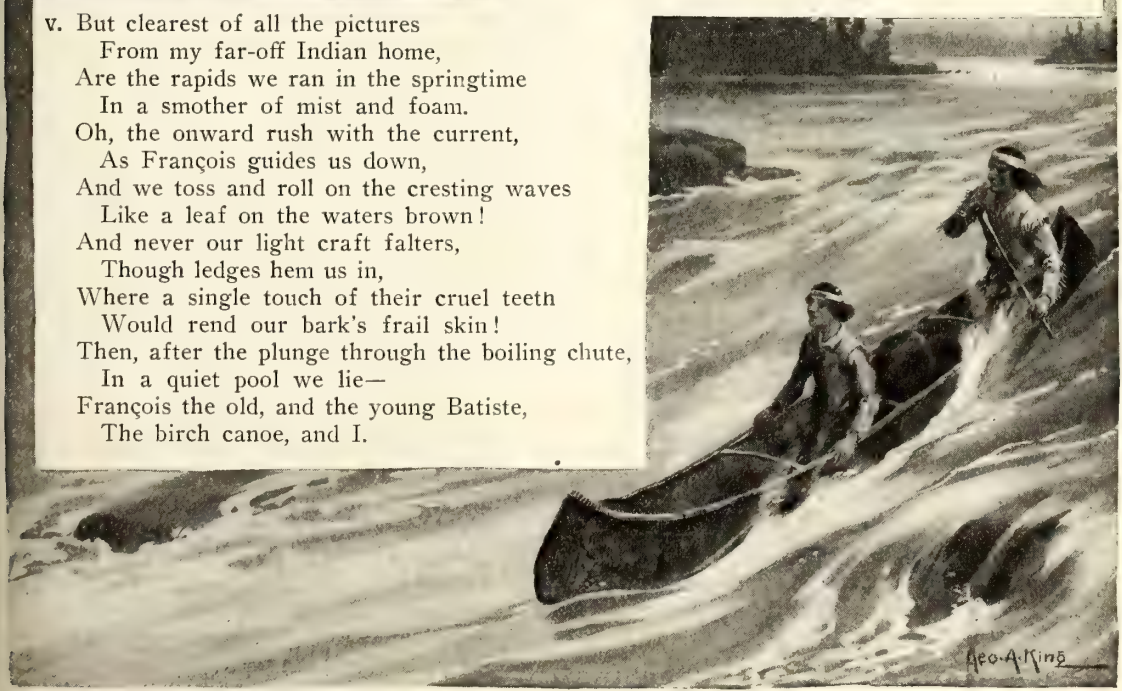
III. On quiet summer mornings,
While the fog lay soft and white,
We 'd stalk the bull moose, drinking
From the stream before 't was light;
Or creep like a silent shadow
Into a sheltered bay
Where the timid deer were feeding,
Before the break of day.
I can see their dim forms looming
Like phantoms in the mist,
While the rippled clouds above us—
The first the sun has kissed—
Are tinted with rose and scarlet,
And mottled with pearl and gray.
Then the sun comes up triumphant,
And the glory fades away.

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IV. Again, when the night had fallen,
And the moon shone clear and round,
And the salmon had answered the mystic call
To seek their spawning-ground,
With flaring torch of yellow birch
We 'd seek a shallow pool
Above a rushing rapid
Where the tired fishes school.
And François' slender son, Batiste,
Has gone as helmsman now,
And François, like a sturdy pine,
Is standing in the bow.
Now a great fish breaks the water
Beneath the torch's glare—
A flash—the lithe spear plunges—
He struggles in the air—
As François lifts him from the pool
The water flies in spray—
The finest, fattest salmon
We 've seen in many a day!
Then again the silent waiting
While François watches, keen,
Till we catch once more the flashing fin,
The salmon's silver sheen.

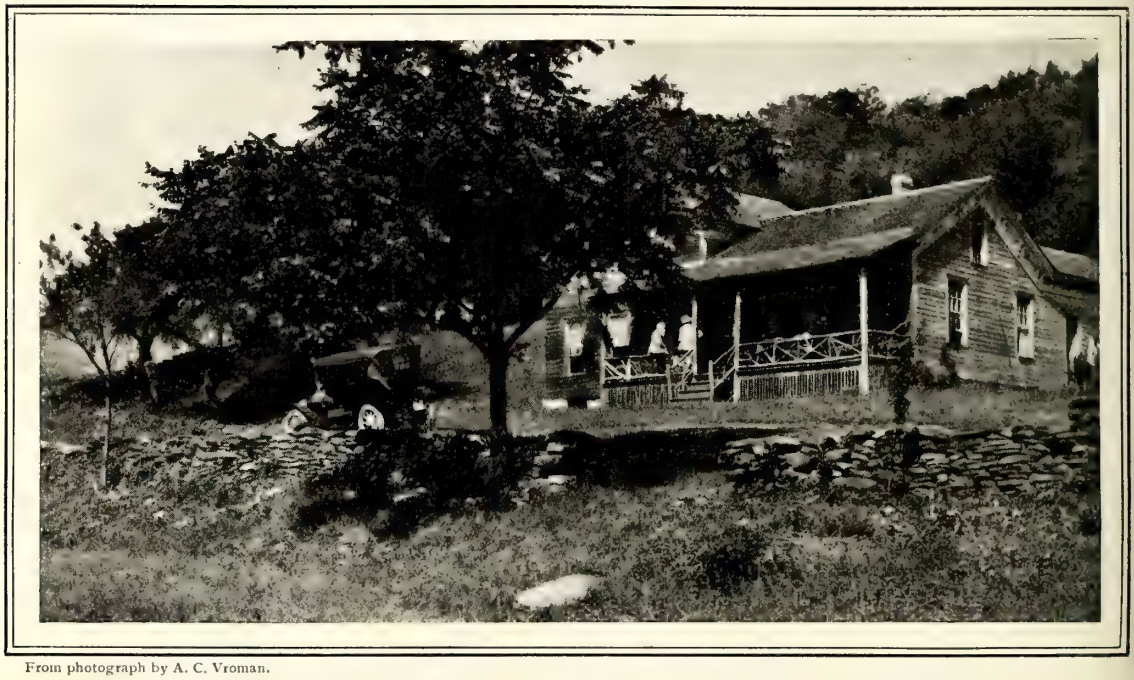
V. But clearest of all the pictures
From my far-off Indian home,
Are the rapids we ran in the springtime
In a smother of mist and foam.
Oh, the onward rush with the current,
As François guides us down,
And we toss and roll on the cresting waves
Like a leaf on the waters brown!
And never our light craft falters,
Though ledges hem us in,
Where a single touch of their cruel teeth
Would rend our bark's frail skin!
Then, after the plunge through the boiling chute,
In a quiet pool we lie—
François the old, and the young Batiste,
The birch canoe, and I.



JOHN BURROUGHS—THE SEER OF WOODCHUCK LODGE

("*Heroes of To-day*"—*IV*)

BY MARY R. PARKMAN



From photograph by A. C. Vroman.

"WOODCHUCK LODGE"—JOHN BURROUGHS' HOME NEAR ROXBURY IN THE CATSKILLS.

"In every man's life we may read some lesson. What may be read in mine? If I see myself correctly, it is this: that the essential things are always at hand; that one's own door opens upon the wealth of heaven and earth; and that all things are ready to serve and cheer one. Life is a struggle, but not a warfare; it is a day's labor, but labor on God's earth, under the sun and stars with other laborers, where we may think and sing and rejoice as we work."

JOHN BURROUGHS.

SOME farm-boys were having a happy Sunday in the woods gathering black birch and wintergreens. As they lay on the cool moss, lazily tasting the spicy morsels they had found and gazing up at the patches of blue sky through the beeches, one of the boys caught sight of a small, bluish bird, with an odd white spot on its wing, as it flashed through the trembling leaves. In a moment it was gone, but the boy was on his feet, looking after it with eyes that had opened on a new world.

So "Deacon Woods," the old familiar playground that he thought he knew so well, where blue-jays, woodpeckers, and yellowbirds were every-day companions, contained wonders of which he had never dreamed. The older brothers knew nothing and cared nothing about the unknown bird. What difference did it make, anyway? But the little lad of seven who followed its flight with startled, wondering eyes seemed to have been born again. His eyes were opened to many things that had not existed for him before.

Do you remember the story of the monk of long ago who, while copying in his cell a page from the Holy Book, chanced to ponder on the words that tell us that a thousand years in God's sight are but as a day? As the monk wondered and doubted how such a thing might be, he heard through his window the song of a strange, beautiful bird, and followed it through the garden into the woods beyond. Wandering on and listening, with every sense alive to the delights about him, it seemed that he had spent the happiest hour he had ever known. But when he returned to his monastery, he found himself a stranger in a place

that had long forgotten him. He had been wandering for a hundred years in the magic wood, listening to the song of the wonderful bird.

In somewhat the same way John Burroughs followed where the gleam of the little bluish warbler led him through woods and fields for more than seventy years. That is why Time missed him out of the great reckoning. One who listens to the song of life knows nothing of age or change. So it is that the boy John never slipped away from Burroughs, the man.

Do you know what it means to be a seer? A seer is one who has seeing eyes which clearly note and comprehend what most people pass a hundred times nor care to see. He looks, too, through the outer shell or appearance of things, and learns to read something of their hidden meaning. He has sight, then, and also insight. He looks with his physical eyes and also with the eyes of the mind and spirit.

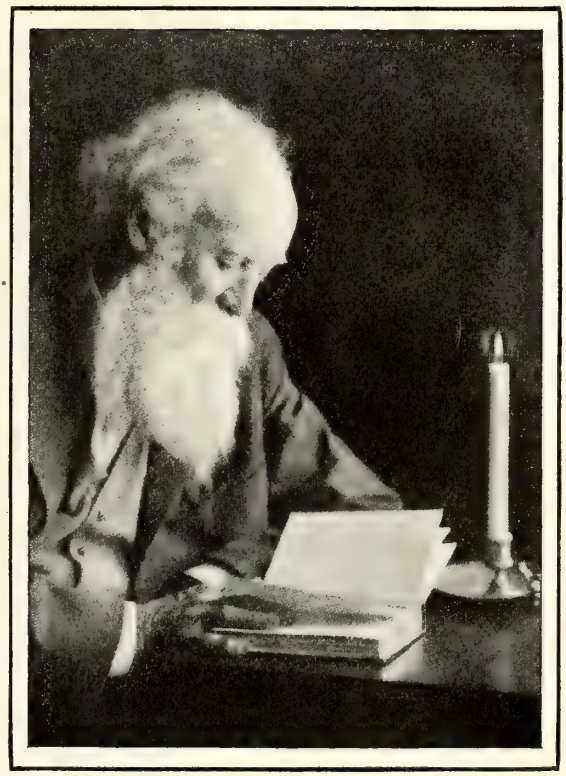
We always think of a seer as an old man, but little John Burroughs—John o' Birds, as some one has called him—began to be "an eye among the blind" that Sunday in the woods when he was a lad of seven. He led a new, charmed life as he weeded the garden and later plowed the fields. He saw and heard life thrilling about him on every side, and all that he saw became part of his own life. He drank in the joy of the bobolink and the song-sparrow with the air he breathed, as the warm sunshine and good earth smell of the freshly turned furrow entered at every pore.

Another day almost as memorable as that which brought the flash of the strange bird was the one which gave him a glimpse into the unexplored realm of ideas. A lady visiting at the farm-house noticed a boyish drawing of his, and said, "What taste that boy has!" Taste, then, might belong to something besides the food that one took into one's mouth. It seemed that there were new worlds of words—and thoughts—of which his farmer folk little dreamed.

Again, one day when watching some road-makers down by the school-house turn up some flat stones, he heard a man standing by exclaim, "Ah, here we have, perhaps, some antiquities!" Antiquities! How the word rang in his fancy for days! Oh, the magic lure of the world of words!

It seemed that school and books might give him the freedom of that world. He went to the district school at Roxbury, New York, summers until he was ten, when his help was needed on the farm. After that, he was permitted to go only during the winters. In many ways he was the odd one of the family, and his unaccountable interest in things that could never profit a farmer often tried the patience of his hard-working father.

One day the boy asked for money to buy an algebra. What was an algebra, anyway, and why should this queer lad be demanding things that his father and brothers had never had? John got the algebra, and other precious books beside, but he earned the money himself by selling maple-sugar. He knew when April had stirred the sap in the sugar-bush a week or more



Copyright by J. Edward B. Greene.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

before any one else came to tap the trees, and his early harvest always found a good market.

And what a joyous time April was! "I think April is the best month to be born in," said John Burroughs. "One is just in time, so to speak, to catch the first train, which is made up in this month. My April chickens are always the best. . . . Then are heard the voices of April—arriving birds, the elfin horn of the first honey-bee venturing abroad in the middle of the day, the clear piping of the little frogs in the marshes at sundown, the camp-fire in the sugar-bush, the smoke seen afar rising from the trees, the tinge of green that comes so suddenly on the sunny slopes. April is my natal month, and I am born

again into new delight and new surprises at each return of it. Its name has an indescribable charm to me. Its two syllables are like the calls of the first birds—like that of the phœbe-bird or of the meadow-lark."

The keen joy in the feel of the creative sunlight and springing earth—the eager tasting of every sight and sound and scent that the days brought—were not more a part of his own throbbing life than the desire to know and understand. When he was fifteen he had the promise that he might go to the academy in a neighboring town. That fall, as he plowed the lot next the sugar-bush, each furrow seemed to mark a step on the way.

When the time drew near, however, it proved as strange and unusual a desire as that for the algebra. The district school had been good enough for his brothers. So he put his disappointment behind him as he went for another winter to the Roxbury school. "Yet I am not sure but I went to Harpersfield after all," said Mr. Burroughs; "the long, long thoughts, the earnest resolve to make myself worthy, the awakening of every part and fiber of me, helped me on my way as far, perhaps, as the unattainable academy could have done."

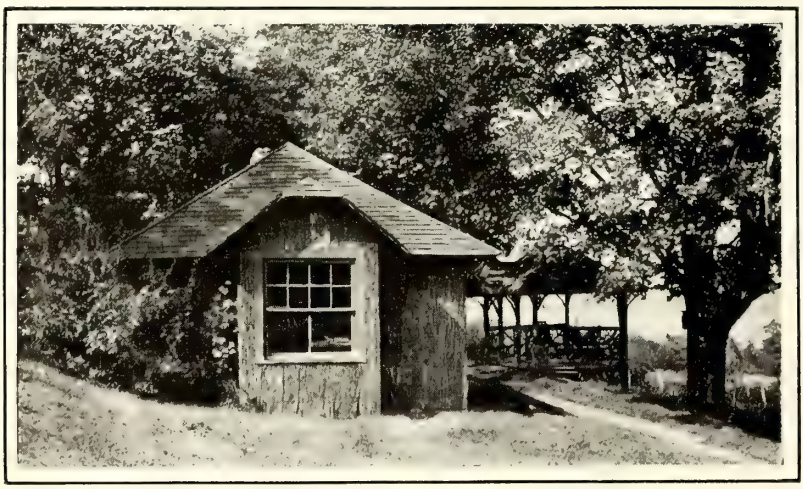
The next year found the youth of seventeen teaching a country school for eleven dollars a month and "board around." How homesick he felt for the blue hills at home, for the old barn, with the nests of the swallows and phœbe-birds beneath its roof, for the sugar-bush, and the clear, laughing trout-streams! He could see his mother hurrying through her churning so that she might go berrying on the sunny slope of Old Clump, and he knew what she brought back with the strawberries—dewy dreams of daisies and butter-cups, lilting echoes of bobolinks and meadow-larks.

In October the long term was over and he went home with nearly all his earnings,—over fifty dollars,—enough to pay his way at the Hedding Literary Institute for the winter term.

In the spring of 1855 he went to New York City for the first time, hoping to find a position as teacher. He was not successful in this quest, but the trip was memorable for a raid on the second-hand book-stalls. He reached home some days later "with an empty pocket and an empty stomach, but with a bagful of books."

Always attracted chiefly to essays, the works of Emerson influenced him greatly. He absorbed their spirit as naturally and completely as he had absorbed the sights and sounds of his native hill-country. His first article—an essay called "Expression," which was printed without signature in "The Atlantic Monthly"—was by many attributed to Emerson. Lowell, who was at that time editor of "The Atlantic," told, with much amusement, that before accepting the contribution he had looked through all of Emerson's works expecting to find it and confound this plagiarizing Burroughs with a proof of his rascality.

While teaching school near West Point he one day found, in the library of the Military Academy, a volume of Audubon—and entered upon his kingdom. Here was a complete chart of that bird world which he had never ceased to long to explore since that memorable day when he had seen the little blue warbler. There was time, too, for long walks, time to live with the birds—to revive old ties as well as to make new friends.



From photograph by Benjamin Chambers.

THE CHESTNUT-BARK STUDY AT "RIVERBY."

In speaking of his study of the birds, Mr. Burroughs once said:

"What joy the birds have brought me! How they have given me wings to escape the tedious and deadly. Studied the birds? No, I have played with them, camped with them, summered and wintered with them. My knowledge of them has come to me through the pores of my skin, through the air I have breathed, through the soles of my feet, through the twinkle of the leaves and the glint of the waters."

At once he felt a longing to write something of the joy he was gaining through this comradeship with his feathered friends. He had found his own path. He was following the little blue bird into a world of his own.

A chance came to go to Washington to live.



"SLABSIDES," THE RUSTIC RETREAT TWO MILES BACK FROM THE HUDSON RIVER.

For several years, while working as a clerk in the Treasury, he spent all his spare moments with the birds. He knew what nests were to be found near Rock Creek and along Piney Branch. It seemed that he heard the news as soon as a flock of northbound songsters stopped to rest for a day or two in the Capitol grounds.

While watching a vault where great piles of the Nation's gold lay stored, he lived over in memory the golden days of his boyhood spent in climbing trees, tramping over hills and through grassy hollows, or lying with half-shut eyes by the brookside to learn something of the life-story of the birds. There were leisure afternoons which brought no duty save that of sitting watchful before the iron wall of the vault. At such times he often tried to seize some of the happy bits that memory brought, a twig here, a tuft there, and now a long, trailing strand—stray scraps of observation of many sorts—which he wove together into a nest for his brooding fancy. And we, too, as we read those pages hear the "wandering voice" of the little bird of earth and sky, who wears the warm brown of one on his breast and the blue of the other on his wings; we see the dauntless robin a-tilt on the sugar-bush; we catch the golden melody of the wood-thrush—and "the time of singing birds" has come to our hearts. He has not only seeing eyes, but an understanding heart, this seer and lover of the birds, and so his bits of observation have meaning and value. He called the book in which these various bird papers were gathered together "Wake Robin," the name of a wild-flower that makes its appearance at the time of the return of the birds.

This book was well named, not only because it suggested something of the spirit and feeling of the essays, but also because it was the herald of several other delightful volumes such as "Signs and Seasons," "Winter Sunshine," "Birds and Poets."

Do you remember what Emerson says in his poem "Each and All"

> I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
> Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
> I brought him home in his nest at even;
> He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
> For I did not bring home the river and sky;
> He sang to my ear, they sang to my eye.

When John Burroughs writes about the birds, he brings with their life and song the feeling of the "perfect whole"—the open fields, the winding river, the bending sky, and the cool, fragrant

woods. For he always gives, with the glimpses of nature that he culls, something of himself, something of his own clear-seeing, open-hearted appreciation.

The ten years spent in Washington were memorable not only for his first success as a nature writer, but also for the experiences brought through the Civil War and his friendship with the "good gray poet," Walt Whitman. Years after, Mr. Burroughs said that his not having gone into the army was probably the greatest miss of his life. He went close enough to the firing-line on one occasion to hear "the ping of a rifle-bullet overhead, and the thud it makes when it strikes the ground." Surely there should be enough of the spirit of his grandfather, who was one of Washington's Valley Forge veterans, to make a soldier! How well he remembered the old Continental's thrilling tales as they angled for trout side by side, graybeard and eager urchin of nine. How well he remembered the hair-raising stories of witches and ghosts that made many shadowy spots spook-ridden. He had learned to stand his ground in the woods at nightfall, and at the edge of the big black hole under the barn, and so to put to flight the specters before and the phantoms behind. But when that night on the battle-field he saw a company of blue-coated men hurrying toward a line of rifle-flashes that shone luridly against the horizon, he concluded that his grandfather had "emptied the family powder-horn" in those Revolutionary days, and that there was no real soldier stuff in the grandson.

If his failure to enlist in the army was the greatest miss of his life, his friendship with Whitman was its greatest gain. They took to the open road together, the best of boon companions, and Burroughs came to know the poet as he knew the birds. His essay "The Flight of the Eagle" is one of the most spirited and heart-felt tributes that one great man ever paid another.

After the years in Washington, his work as a bank examiner made Mr. Burroughs seek a place for his home near New York City. The spot selected was a small farm on the Hudson, not far from Poughkeepsie, which he called Riverby. Here, in his eager delight over the planting of his roof-tree, he helped, so far as his time permitted, in the building, placing many of the rough-hewn stones himself. He tells with some relish a story of the Scotch mason who, on looking back one evening as he was being ferried across to his home on the east shore of the river, saw, to his great anger, another man at work on his job. Returning in fury to see why he had been supplanted, he surprised the owner himself in the act of putting in place some of the stones for the chimney.

"Weel, you are a hahndy mahn!" he exclaimed.

The big river never appealed to Mr. Burroughs, however, as the friendly Pepacton and the other silver-clear streams where he had caught trout as a boy. It brought too close the noise of the world, the fever of getting and spending. Besides, its rising and ebbing tides, its big steamers and busy tugs, its shad and herring, were all strange to him; his boyhood home had known nothing of these things.

He built for himself a bark-covered retreat some two miles back from the river in a bowl-shaped hollow among the thickly wooded hills. "Slabsides," as he called this human bird's-nest, was a two-story shack of rough-hewn timbers.

"One of the greatest pleasures of life is to build a house for one's self," he said; "there is a peculiar satisfaction even in planting a tree from which you hope to eat the fruit or in the shade of which you hope to repose. But how much greater the pleasure in planting the roof-tree, the tree that bears the golden apples of hospitality. What is a man's house but his nest, and why should it not be nest-like, both outside and in, snug and well-feathered and modeled by the heart within?"

Many guests climbed the steep, rocky trail and enjoyed the hospitality of this retreat, among others President Roosevelt and his wife. The naturalist, whom Colonel Roosevelt affectionately called "Oom John," cooked the dinner himself, bringing milk and butter from his cave refrigerator, broiling the chicken, and preparing the lettuce, celery, and other vegetables which grew in the rich black mold of the hollow. As he prepared and served the meal with all the ease of a practised camper, there was never a halt in the talk of these two great lovers of the outdoor world. John Burroughs is a man who never knew the tyranny of possessions, and so was never possessed by them. He is the type of the sane, happy human being who, while journeying through life, has taken time to live by the way. He knows the enchanting by-paths of existence, the friendly trails that wind over meadows and hills.

"I am in love with this world," he says; "I have nestled lovingly in it. It has been home. I have tilled its soil, I have gathered its harvests, I have waited upon its seasons, and always have I reaped what I have sown. While I delved, I did not lose sight of the sky overhead. While I gathered its bread and meat for my body, I did not neglect to gather its bread and meat for my soul."

Though the whole wide out of doors is home to John Burroughs, there is one spot that is more than any other the abiding-place of his affections. This is the country of his child-



From photograph by F. P. Clatsworthy.

JOHN MUIR ("JOHN O'MOUNTAINS") AND JOHN BURROUGHS ("JOHN O'BIRDS") IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY IN 1909.

hood in the Catskills. Here he spends his summers now at Woodchuck Lodge, a cottage about half a mile from the old homestead. Here he is happy in a way that he can be nowhere else. The woods and fields are flesh of his flesh, the mountains are father and mother to him.

A day with John Burroughs at Woodchuck Lodge will always seem torn from the calendar of ordinary living, a day apart, free, wholesome, and untouched by petty care. His world is indeed "so full of a number of things" that all who come within the spell of its serene content are "as happy as kings."

As he makes whistles of young shoots of dogwood for his small grandson he tells of his school-days, when necessity taught his hand the cunning to make his own pens, slate-pencils, and ink-wells. "And they were a very good sort, too," he adds. "Those were home-made days. . . . All my playthings were home-made. How well I remember my trout-lines of braided horsehair, and the sawmill in the brook that actually cut up the turnips, apples, and cucumbers that I proudly fed it!"

"These, too, are home-made days of the best sort," we think as we look about at the rustic porch and chairs made of silvery birch, and at the silver-haired seer, surrounded by his grandchildren and the friends who gather about him with the happy feeling of being entirely at home.

"You like my chairs with the bark on?" he says. "It 's a sort of hobby of mine to see how the natural forks and crooks and elbows which I discover in the saplings and tree-boles can be coaxed into serving my turn about the house, and I make it a point to use them as nearly as possible as they grow."

We sit on the porch at his feet, watching the busy chipmunks frisk along the fences and the woodchucks creep furtively out of their holes. We want to taste the quiet life he loves in the heart of the blue hills. We fancy that we can hear in the twitter of the tree-tops a clearly understood mingling of familiar voices, and feel in our hearts an answering echo that proves us truly akin to the creatures in feathers and fur.

"Home sights and sounds are best of all," says our friend, as he gazes across at the purple shadows on Old Clump. "The sublime beauty of the Yosemite touched me with wonder and awe, but when I heard the robin's note it touched my heart. Bright Angel Creek in the Grand Cañon found its way into the innermost recesses of my consciousness in the moment when it reminded me of the trout-stream at home."

There is another pause, in which the silver-clear notes of the vesper-sparrow come to us with their "Peace, good will, and good night."

"I think I am something like a turtle in the way I love to poke about in narrow fields," he adds whimsically; "but why should I rush hither and yon to see things when I can see constellations from my own door-step?"

And so it is indeed true that the Seer of Woodchuck Lodge can still find in a ramble among his own hills the land of wonder and beauty which he found as a boy when he followed the flash of the unknown bird, and in the glowing twilight of his years, with eyes that look into the heart and meaning of things, can, from his door-step, trace constellations undreamed of by day.

MARY LYON: PROPHET AND PIONEER

("*Heroines of Service*")

BY MARY R. PARKMAN



MARY LYON.
From a miniature.

"Anything that ought to be done can be done."
IMMANUEL KANT.

"WHAT is my little Mistress Mary trying to do?" The whir of the spinning-wheel was stilled for a moment as Mrs. Lyon glanced in surprise at the child who had climbed upon a chair to look more closely at the hour-glass on the chimneypiece.

"I am just trying to see if I can find the way to make more time," replied Mary.

"That 's not the way, daughter," laughed the busy mother, as she started her wheel again. "When you stop to watch time, you lose it. Let your work slip from your fingers faster than the sand slips—that 's the way to make time!"

If busy hands can indeed make time, we know why the days were so full of happy work in that little farm-house among the hills of western Massachusetts. It takes courage and ceaseless toil to run a farm that must provide food and clothing for seven growing children, but Mrs. Lyon was never too busy or too tired to help a neighbor or to speak a word of cheer.

"How is it that the widow can do more than any one else for me?" asked a neighbor who had found her a friend in need. "She reminds me of what the Bible says, 'having nothing yet possessing all things.' There she is left without a husband to fend for her and the children, so that it 's work, work, work for them all from morning till night, and yet they 're always happy. You would think the children liked nothing better than doing chores."

"How is it that the harder a thing is the more you seem to like it, Mary?" asked her seat-mate in the district school, looking wonderingly at the girl whose eyes always brightened and snapped when the arithmetic problems were long and hard.

"Oh, it 's lots more fun *climbing* than just going along on the level," replied Mary. "You feel so much more alive. I 'll tell you what to do when a thing seems hard, like a steep, steep hill, you know. Say to yourself: 'Some people may call you Difficulty, old hill; but I know that your name is Opportunity. You 're here just to prove that I can do something worth while.' Then the climbing is the best fun—really!"

It is a happy thing to be born among the hills. Wherever one looks there is something to whisper: "There is no joy like climbing. Besides, the sun stays longer on the summit, and beyond the hill-tops is a larger, brighter world." Perhaps it was the fresh breath of the hills that gave Mary Lyon her glowing cheeks, as the joy of climbing brought dancing lights into her clear blue eyes.

The changing seasons march over the hills in a glorious pageant of color, from the tender veiling green of young April to the purple mists and red-and-gold splendor of Indian summer. Every day had the thrill of new adventure.

There was no play in Mary Lyon's childhood except the play that a healthy, active child may find in varied, healthful work done with a light heart. There was joy in rising before the sun was up, to pick weeds in the dewy garden, to feed the patient creatures in the barn, and to make butter in the cool spring-house. Sometimes one could meet the sunrise on the hilltop, when it happened to be one's turn to bring wood to the dwindling pile by the kitchen door. Then there was the baking—golden-brown loaves of bread and tempting apple pies. When the morning mists had quite disappeared from the face of the hills, the blue smoke had ceased to rise from the chimney of the little farm-house. Then was the time to sit beside Mother and knit or weave, sew or mend, the garments that were home-made, beginning with the moment when the wool, sheared from their own sheep, was carded and spun into thread. For holidays, there were the exciting mornings when they made soap and candles, or the afternoons when they gathered together in the barn for a husking-bee.

Beauty walked with Toil, however, about that farm in the hills. Mary had time to lift up her eyes to the glory of the changing sky and to tend the pinks and peonies that throve nowhere so happily as in her mother's old-fashioned garden.

As the labor of her hands prospered, as her garden posies blossomed, so the wings of Mary Lyon's spirit grew. No matter how shut in the present seemed, no hope nor dream for the future died in her heart as the days went by. Her plans only took deeper and deeper root as she worked and waited patiently for the time of flowers and fruit. There were few books to be had, but these yielded her of their best. There was opportunity for but few scattered terms in distant district schools, but she learned there more than the teachers taught.

"Anything is interesting when you realize that it is important," she used to say. And to Mary everything was important that was real. She learned not only from books, but from work, from people, from Nature, and from every bit of stray circumstance that came her way. She was always hungry to know and to do, and the harder a thing was the more she seemed to like it. Climbing was ever more fun than trudging along on the level.

The years brought changes to the home farm. The older sisters married and went to homes of their own. When Mary was thirteen her mother married again and went away with the younger children, leaving her to keep house for the only brother, who had from early childhood been her best comrade. The dollar a week given her for her work was saved to pay for a term in the neighboring academy. She also taught in a district school for a while, receiving seventy-five cents a week and board.

The nineteen-year-old girl who appeared one day at the Ashfield Academy somehow drew all eyes to her. Her blue homespun dress, with running-strings at neck and waist, was queer and shapeless, even judged by village standards in the New England of 1817. Her movements were impulsive and ungainly and her gait awkward. But it was not the crudity, but the power, of the new-comer that impressed people. Squire White's gentle daughter, the slender, graceful Amanda, gave the loyalty of her best friendship to this interesting, ardent schoolmate from the hill farm.

"She is more alive than any one I know, Father," said the girl, in explanation of her preference. "You never see her odd dress and sudden ways when once you have looked into her face and talked to her. Her face seems lighted from within—it is n't just her bright color and red-gold curls; it is n't even her merry laugh. I can't explain what I mean, but it seems as if her life touches mine—and it 's such a big, warm, beautiful life!"

The traditions of this New England village long kept the memory of her first recitation. On Friday she had been given the first lesson of Adams's Latin grammar to commit to memory. When she was called up early Monday afternoon, she began to recite fluently declensions and conjugations without pause, until, as the daylight waned, the whole of the Latin grammar passed in review before the speechless teacher and dazzled, admiring pupils.

"How did you ever do it? How could your head hold it all?" demanded Amanda, with a gasp, as they walked home together.

"Well, really, I 'll have to own up," said Mary, with some reluctance; "I studied all day Sunday! It was n't so very hard, though. I soon saw where the changes in the conjugations came in, and the syntax rules are much like English grammar."

Studying was never hard work to Mary, because she could at a moment's notice put all her attention on the thing at hand. Her busy childhood had taught her to attack a task at once, while others were frequently spending their time thinking and talking about doing it.

It seemed as if she never knew what it was to be tired. She appeared to have a boundless store of strength and enthusiasm, as if, through all her growing years, she had made over into the very fiber of her being the energy of the life-giving sunshine and the patience of the enduring hills. Time must be used wisely when all one's little hoard of savings will only pay tuition for one precious term. Her board was paid with two coverlets, spun, dyed, and woven by her own hands.

On the day when she thought she must bid farewell to Ashfield Academy the trustees voted her free tuition, a gift which, as pupil-teacher, she did her best to repay. The hospitable doors of Squire White's dignified residence were thrown open to his daughter's chosen friend, and in this second home she readily absorbed the ways of gracious living—the niceties and refinements of dress and manners for which there had been no time in the busy farm-house.

When the course at the academy was completed, the power of her eager spirit and evident gifts led Squire White to offer her the means to go with his daughter to Byfield Seminary near Boston, the school conducted by Mr. Joseph Emerson, who believed that young women, no less than their brothers, should have an opportunity for higher instruction. In those days before colleges for women or normal schools, he dreamed of doing something toward giving worthy preparation to future teachers. It was through the teaching and inspiration of this cultured Harvard scholar and large-hearted man that Mary Lyon learned to know the meaning of life, and to understand aright the longings of her own soul.

Years afterward she said: "In my youth I had much vigor—was always aspiring after something. I called it longing to study, but had few to direct me. One teacher I shall always remember. He taught me that education was to fit one to do good."

On leaving Byfield Seminary, Miss Lyon began her life-work of teaching. But with all her preparation for doing and her intense desire to do, she did not at first succeed. When tempted to give up in discouragement, she said to herself: "I know that good teachers are needed, and that I ought to teach. 'All that ought to be done can be done.'"

To one who worked earnestly in that spirit, success was sure. Five years later, two towns were vying with each other to secure her as a teacher in their academies for young ladies. For some time she taught at Derry, New Hampshire, during the warm months, going to her beloved Ashfield for the winter term. Wherever she was she drew pupils from the surrounding towns and even from beyond the borders of the State. Teachers left their schools to gather about her. She had the power to communicate something of her own enthusiasm and vitality. Bright eyes and alert faces testified to her power to quicken thought and to create an appetite for knowledge.

At this time all the schools for girls, like the Ashfield Academy and Mr. Emerson's seminary at Byfield, were entirely dependent upon the enterprise and ideals of individuals. There were no colleges with buildings and equipment, such as furnished dormitories, libraries, and laboratories, belonging to the work and the future. In the case of the most successful schools there was no guarantee that they would endure beyond the lifetime of those whose interest created them.

Miss Lyon taught happily for several years, often buying books of reference and material for practical illustration out of her slender salary.

As experience came with the years, however, as she saw schools where a hundred young women were crowded into one room without blackboards, globes, maps, and other necessaries of instruction, she realized that something must be done to secure higher schools for girls, that would have the requisite material equipment for the present and security for the future. "We must provide a college for young women on the same conditions as those for men, with publicly owned buildings and fixed standards of work," she said.

This idea could appeal to most people of that day only as a strange, extravagant, and dangerous notion. Harvard and Yale existed to prepare men to be ministers, doctors, and lawyers. Did women expect to thrust themselves into the professions? Why should they want the learning of men? It could do nothing but make them unfit for their proper life in the home. Who had ever heard of a college for girls! What is unheard of is to most people manifestly absurd.

To Mary Lyon, however, difficulties were opportunities for truer effort and greater service. She had, besides, a faith in a higher power—in a Divine Builder of "houses not made with hands"—and those who looked into her earnest blue eyes, bright with courage, deep with understanding, could not but feel that she had the prophet's vision. It was as if she had power to divine the difference between the difficult and the impossible, and, knowing that, her faith in the outcome of her work was founded on a rock.

It took this faith and hope, together with an unfailing charity for the lack of vision in others and an ever-present sense of humor, to carry Mary Lyon through the task to which she now set herself. She was determined to open people's eyes to the need of giving girls a chance for a training that would fit them for more useful living by making them better teachers, wiser homemakers, and, in their own right, happier human beings. She must not only convince the conservative men and women of her day that education could do these things, but she must make that conviction so strong that they would be willing to give of their hard-earned substance to help along the good work.

Those were not the days of large fortunes. Miss Lyon could not depend upon winning the interest of a few powerful benefactors. She must enlist the support of the many who would be willing to share their little. She must perforce have the hardihood of the pioneer, no less than the vision of the seer, to enable her to meet the problems, trials, and rebuffs she had to face.

"I learned twenty years ago not to get out of patience," she once said to some one who marveled at the unwearied good-humor with which she met the most exasperating circumstances.

First enlisting the assistance of a few earnest men to serve as trustees and promoters of the cause, she, herself, traveled from town to town, from village to village, and from house to house, telling over and over again the story of the Mount Holyoke to be, and what it was to mean to the daughters of New England. For the site in South Hadley, Massachusetts, had been early selected, and the name of the neighboring height, overlooking the Connecticut River, chosen by the girl who was born in the hills and who believed that it was good to climb.

"I wander about without a home," she wrote to her mother, "and scarcely know one week where I shall be the next."

All of her journeying was by stage, for at that time the only railroad in New England was the one, not yet completed, connecting Boston with Worcester and Lowell. To those who feared that even her robust health and radiant spirit could not long endure the strain of such a life, she said: "Our personal comforts are delightful, but not essential. Mount Holyoke means more than meat and sleep. Had I a thousand lives, I would sacrifice them all in suffering and hardship for its sake."

During these years Miss Lyon abundantly proved that the pioneer does not live by bread alone. Only by the vision of what his struggles will mean to those who come after to profit by his labors is his zeal fed. It seemed at the time when Mount Holyoke was only a dream of what might be, and in the anxious days of breaking ground which followed, that Miss Lyon's faith that difficulties are only opportunities in disguise was tried to the utmost. Just when her enthusiasm was arousing in the frugal, thrifty New Englanders a desire to give, out of their slender savings, a great financial panic swept the country.

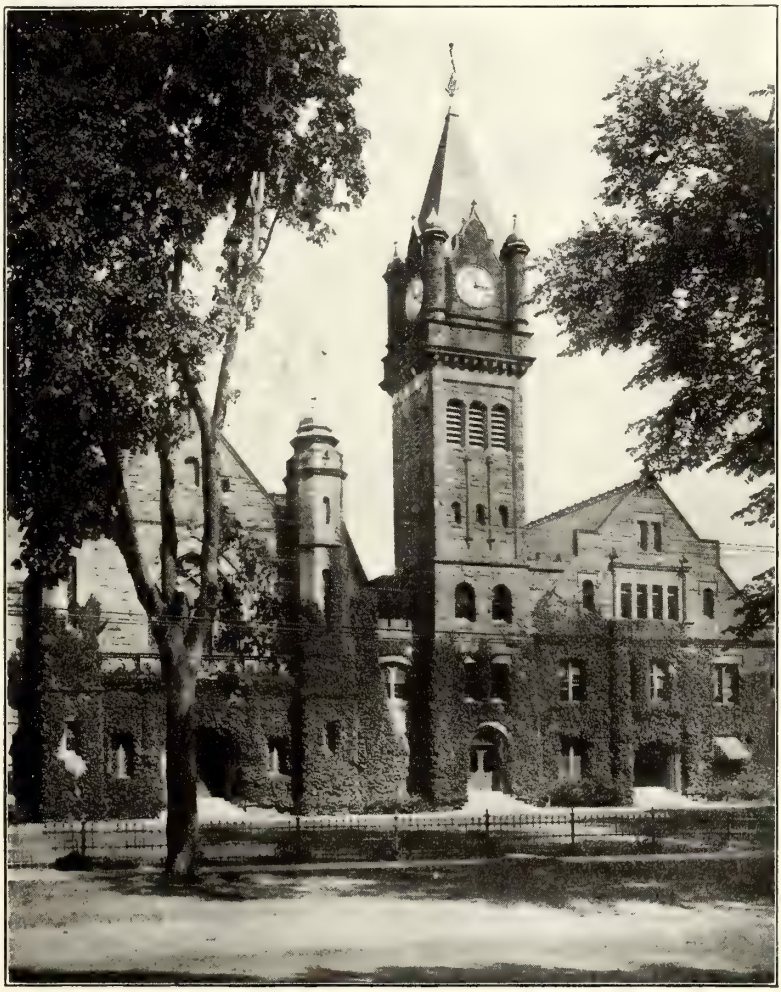
Miss Lyon's friends shook their heads. "You will have to wait for better times," they said. "The undertaking is impossible just now."

"When a thing ought to be done, it cannot be impossible," replied Miss Lyon. "*Now* is the only word that belongs to us; with the afterwhile we have nothing to do."

In that spirit she went on, and in that spirit girls who had been her pupils gave of their little stipends earned by teaching, and the mothers of girls gave of the money earned by selling eggs and braiding palm-leaf hats.

"Don't think any gift too small," said Miss Lyon. "I want the twenties and the fifties, but the dollars and the half-dollars, with prayer, go a long way."

So Mount Holyoke was built on faith and prayer and the gifts of the many who believed that the time cried out for a means of educating girls who longed for a better training. One hard-working farmer with five sons to educate gave a hundred dollars. "I have no daughters of my own," he said, "but I want to help give the daughters of America the chance they should have along with the boys." Two delicate gentlewomen who had lost their little property in the panic, earned with their own hands the money they had pledged to the college.



MARY LYON CHAPEL AND ADMINISTRATION HALL, ON THE SITE OF THE FIRST BUILDING OF MOUNT HOLYOKE SEMINARY.

Even Miss Lyon's splendid optimism had, however, some chill encounters with small-mindedness in people who were not seldom those of large opportunities. Once when she had journeyed a considerable distance to lay her plans before a family of wealth and influence in the community, she returned to her friends with a



MOUNT HOLYOKE SEMINARY AND COLLEGE.
The original building. Destroyed by fire, September, 1896.



THE LIBRARY, MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.
To the north of the Mary Lyon Chapel.

shade of thought on her cheerful brow. "Yes, it is all true, just as I was told," she said as if to herself. "They live in a costly house, it is full of costly things, they wear costly clothes,—but oh, they 're *little bits of folks!*"

Miss Lyon, herself, gave to the work not only her entire capital of physical strength and her gifts of heart and mind, but also her small savings, which had been somewhat increased by Mr. White's prudent investments. And for the future she offered her services on the same conditions as those of the missionary—the means of simple livelihood and the joy of the work.

"Mount Holyoke is designed to cultivate the missionary spirit among its pupils," declared an early circular, "that they may live for God *and do something.*"

Always Miss Lyon emphasized the ideal of an education that should be a training for service. To this end she decided upon the expedient of coöperative housework to reduce running expenses, to develop responsibility, and to provide healthful physical exercise. Long before the day of gymnasiums and active sports, this educator recognized the need of balanced development of physical as well as mental habits.

"We need to introduce wise and healthy ideals not only into our minds, but into our muscles," she said. "Besides, there is no discipline so valuable as that which comes from fitting our labors into the work of others for a common good."

One difficulty after another was met and vanquished. When the digging for the foundation of the first building was actually under way, quicksand was discovered and another location had to be chosen. Then it appeared that the bricks were faulty, which led to another delay. After the work was resumed and all was apparently going well, the walls suddenly collapsed. "Then," said the man in charge, "I did dread to see Miss Lyon. Now, thought I, she will be discouraged."

As he hurried toward the ruins, however, whom should he meet but Miss Lyon herself, smiling radiantly! "How fortunate it is that it happened while the men were at breakfast!" she exclaimed. "I understand that no one has been injured!"

The corner-stone was laid on a bright October day that seemed to have turned all the gray chill of the dying year into a golden promise of budding life after the time of frost.

"The stones and brick and mortar speak a language which vibrates through my soul," said Miss Lyon. "I have indeed lived to see the time when a body of gentlemen have ventured to lay the corner-stone of an edifice which will cost about fifteen thousand dollars—and for an institution for women! Surely the Lord hath remembered our low estate. The work will not stop with this foundation. Our enterprise may have to struggle through embarrassments for years, but its influence will be felt."

How lovingly she watched the work go on! When the interior was under way, how carefully she considered each detail of closets, shelves, and general arrangements for comfort and convenience! When the question of equipment became urgent, how she worked to create an interest that should express itself in gifts of bedroom furnishings, curtains, crockery, and kitchen-ware, as well as books, desks, chairs, and laboratory material. All sorts and conditions of contributions and donations were welcomed. One was reminded of the way pioneer Harvard was at first supported by gifts of "a cow or a sheep, corn or salt, a piece of cloth or of silver plate."

On the eighth of November, 1837, the day that Mount Holyoke opened its doors, all was excite-

nent in South Hadley. Stages and private carriages had for two days been arriving with road-weary, but eager, young women. The sound of hammers greeted their ears. It appeared that all the men, young and old, of the countryside had been pressed into service. Some were tacking down carpet or matting, others were carrying trunks, unloading furniture, and putting up beds. Miss Lyon seemed to be everywhere, greeting each new-comer with a word that showed that she already knew her as an individual, putting the shy and homesick girls to work, taking a cup of tea to one who was overtired from her journey, and directing the placing of furniture and the unpacking of supplies.

It might well have seemed to those first arrivals that they must live through a period of preparation before a reluctant beginning of regular work could be achieved, but in the midst of all the noise of house-settling and the fever of uncompleted entrance examinations the opening bell sounded on schedule time and classes began at once. What seemed, at first glance, hopeless confusion became ordered and stimulating activity through the generalship and inspiration of one woman whose watchword was: "Do the best you can *now*. Do not lose one golden opportunity for doing by mere getting ready to do something. Remember, what ought to be done can be done."

This spirit of assured power—the will to do—became the spirit of those who worked with her, and was in time recognized as "the Mount Holyoke spirit."

"I can see Miss Lyon now as vividly as if it were only yesterday that I arrived, tired, hungry, and fearful, into the strange new world of the seminary," said a white-haired grandmother, her spectacles growing misty as she looked back across the sixty-odd years that separated her from the experience that she was recalling.

"Tell me what you remember most about her," urged her vivacious granddaughter, a Mount Holyoke freshman, home for Christmas vacation. "Was she really such a wonderful person as they all say she was?"

"Many pictures come to me of Miss Lyon that are much more vivid than those of people I saw yesterday," pondered the grandmother. "But it was, I think, in morning exercises in seminary hall that she impressed us most. Those who listened to her earnest words and looked into her face alight with feeling could not but remember. Her large blue eyes looked down upon us as if she held us all in her heart. What was the secret of her power? My dear, she *was power*. All that she taught, she was. And so while her words awakened, her example—the life-giving touch of her life—gave power to do and to endure."

The young girl's bright face was turned thoughtfully toward the fire, but the light that shone in her eyes was more than the reflected glow from the cheerful logs. "It is good to think that a woman can live like that in her work," she ventured softly.

The grandmother's face showed an answering glow. "There are some things that cannot grow old and die," she said. "One of them is a spirit like Mary Lyon's. When they told us that she had died, we knew that only her bodily presence had been removed. She still lived in our midst—we heard the ring of her voice in the words we read, in the words our hearts told us she would say; we even heard the ring of her laugh! And to-day you may be sure that the woman-pioneer who had the faith to plant the first college for women in America, lives by that faith, not only in her own Mount Holyoke, but in the larger lives of all the women who have profited by her labors."



STUDENT ALUMNÆ HALL.



SKINNER HALL, FROM SOUTH CAMPUS.



"PADDLING IS FOR THOSE WHO HAVE PASSED THE CANOE TEST." (SEE PAGE 502.)

WHEN GIRLS GO TO CAMP

BY ANNA WORTHINGTON COALE

HAD the authorities at the Grand Central Depot but known what they now know about boys and girls going to camp, all the mix-up might have been avoided. As it was, they had not yet found, at that big new terminal in New York, what all this camp business was about. And that was why Betty Brown came near being left behind when Camp B. boarded the White Mountain Express one hot morning in June.

Camp B. had arranged to meet the chaperon at the information desk. But when Betty and her grandmother arrived at the Grand Central, all breathless and perspiring and just a little late, they found the station a swarming mass of girls and boys, mothers and fathers, grandmothers, uncles, cousins, and aunts; and when, by dint of much pushing, Betty finally succeeded in jostling her way through the mob to the information desk, it was only to find herself hopelessly separated from her grandmother and locked tight in a jam of girls, chaperons, and suitcases, while the clock hands were dangerously near to train-time.

It was a desperate moment; for had the party gone without her, Betty would have had to give up going to camp for the summer. Something had to happen! And it did. She never knew just how, but all of a sudden something gave way, the jam loosened, and the next moment she found herself on the edge of the crowd, with a significant bit of blue ribbon, the badge of Camp B., fluttering right under her nose. It was attached to Miss Mills, the head councilor, making a last frantic search for the councilor with the block ticket, who had disappeared in the crowd to find Betty. They seized her just in time, and everything turned out all right, for her grandmother had found her way to the gates and was waiting there with the Camp B. girls. In a moment, with a single punch of the block ticket, every one was pushed through the gates, and the next thing they knew they were moving swiftly out into the open.

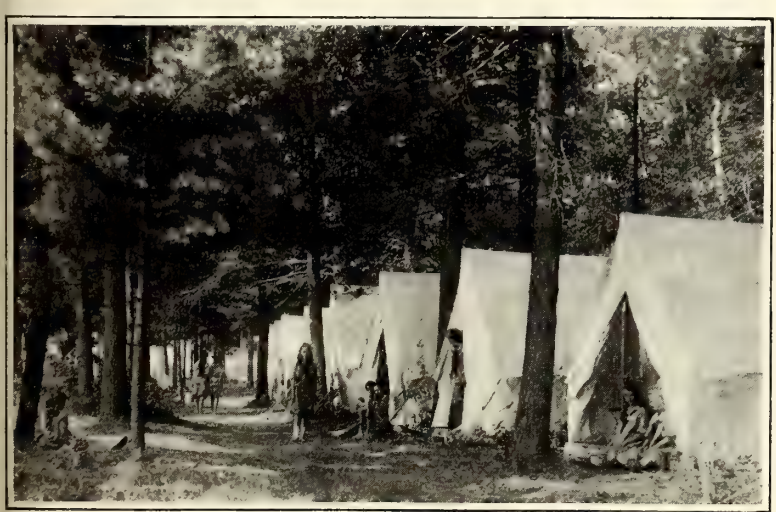
It seems as though everybody has wakened up to the situation now, even the railroad people. For instead of permitting everybody to use the information desk as a meeting-place, they have provided a separate place for each camp; and now a dozen camps can start the same day for the mountains or the sea-shore, with no more crowding or mix-up than there would be for the National Republican Convention.

As far as boys are concerned, camping may be as popular in other parts of the country as it is in the East, but most of the girls' camps are found in New England. And perhaps because the first ones started there, or for reasons which we will discuss later, the greatest number is found in the mountain and lake regions of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. This will not always be the case, for the Western girls are beginning to have camps of their own, from Michigan all the way out to the Pacific coast. There are a few in the South, too, the latest of which is a winter camp in Florida. Besides, the Camp Fire Girls are making camping the popular thing all over the country. So, since there are so many others, we will leave Betty Brown and Camp B. to find out something about camps in general.



FUN AT A SEA-SHORE CAMP.

There are camps where girls can go for only two weeks any time during the summer, where they sleep in the open, have camp-fires and outdoor sports; but those we are considering just now have a specified term, beginning the last of June or the first of July and continuing through nine weeks till the first of September, and the activities are arranged in regular progression through the summer, with final honors at the end.



A CAMP IN THE PINE WOODS OF MICHIGAN.

Camp opens very soon after school closes. Long before that,—if you are an old camp girl, at least,—it begins to call. The call comes with the first warm breeze wafted in through the school-room window, and grows stronger as the growing longing for outdoors helps to increase the dullness of books and lessons and final examinations. It lures you by whispers of cool places and thrilling adventures. Its effect is somewhat like the day-dreams of *Penrod,* when he found himself flying lightly over the heads of all his troubles while the class below was laboring through a stupid recitation. Only you may feel yourself making a splashing dive from Cæsar's bridge, or climbing to the top of an acute angle in the geometry.

One very exciting thing about the opening of camp is that everybody arrives at once—or at least on the same day. Imagine the commotion in any particular camp when they all get there—girls and councilors from all parts, pouring in, load after load, from the different trains! Can you hear the cheers and singing as they come up the road, the "Wonderful to be back!" and, "Why, there 's Dot!" and, "Thought I should never get here!"—everybody keyed up to the top notch of excitement and anticipation. Small wonder no one lives up to the family expectations by getting homesick.

After it has all subsided, the first and most important thing for the camper is to find out who are to be her tent-mates—or shack-mates, as the case may be. Every one rushes to the bulletin-board to find out, before she is even willing to relinquish her bag and tennis-racket. That board

has news as radical and startling as the news from the Stock Exchange at the time of the "leak," and the mêlée begins all over again when Betty finds she 's to be in the same tent with Dot, and gives her a wild hug, with a shriek added; some one else finds herself in the same tent with her favorite councilor and makes it known loudly; while four older girls dance in a frenzy on finding themselves placed on their honor in a much-desired shack by themselves. Every one gives way to an outburst of feeling that at home would have been repressed with "'Sh-h! The neighbors will hear you!" And the joy of it is, camp has no neighbors.

Getting settled takes less time than it does to tell it, since about all there is to it is pulling out of a steamer-trunk certain necessities of the simple life, such as a heavy sweater and night-clothes, a bath-robe, a few (very few) toilet articles, some shoes, and the photographs of the family, and putting them away on shelves along with the like belongings of three other people (blankets having already been put on the bed by kind hands, and things not required at the moment remaining in the steamer-trunk in the middle of the tent).

Yes, there is one thing more. Ask a new girl the first day what she likes best about camp, and she will say, "The costume." She never knew before what a difference clothes could make—exactly the difference it makes to the butterfly in leaving the chrysalis to flit about in the open. Just exchange your stiff high heels for soft springy soles, your troublesome skirts and waists for bloomers and a middy blouse, your combs and hair-ribbons for loose braids, and you will say the same thing. You will find all your movements are elastic and you yourself strangely light and springy, seeming barely to touch the ground when you walk. You are buoyed up over the rocks and stones, hills and hollows like—well, again it is a good deal like the flying *Penrod*. You never want to go back to city clothes.

Once settled and in camp costume, you can hardly wait to look around. Let us take Camp B. for an example of what a camp looks like. It was Betty Brown, the girl that made the sensation at starting, who showed Marjorie, a new girl, around camp the first morning. She came along to Marjorie's tent just as she was struggling with a bumpy place in her cot and straightening her shelves for inspection. "Come along," urged Betty, "let your shelves go. We have barely time enough as it is to get around on the run before the bugle." So the shelves were left to be marked "B minus," while Marjorie was dragged off on a hurried tour of inspection.



MARCHING AT THE INTER-CAMP FROLIC.

The Bungalow, a picturesque building, having a beautiful view over the lake, with inviting, broad piazzas and wide doorways, was near at hand, so they peeked in there first. They found the inside was one big room with a generous fireplace and box seats around the walls. "The place where everything goes on," Betty explained, as they went on toward the house, an old-fashioned farm-house, white, with green shutters and long porches across the front. They ran through the kitchen, where Jennie was baking cookies, before she could catch them, through the laundry, drying-room, and office, and up to the attic, where they found yesterday's traveling suits and hats put away in long rows. How queer they looked already in camp surroundings! Downstairs, the living-room, with books, piano, and fireplace, looked inviting to Marjorie, but Betty was in such a hurry!

Next came the barn. Seeing a crowd of girls gathering there, they started on a run to sign up.



MORNING CALISTHENICS IN A WISCONSIN CAMP.

But it was too late, for by the time they reached the barn door the last horse had been taken for the morning ride.

Joining the crowd, they strolled over to the athletic field, from which Marjorie could see the whole camp at once—the old farm-house she had just left, the roof of the Bungalow beyond, and, back of these, the tent rows on the edge of a pine grove; then out beyond it all, the beautiful lake, with stretches of farm and woodland on the opposite shore. The field itself had everything heart could wish—tennis- and basket-ball-courts, a big level stretch for baseball, and best of all, at that moment, a set of enthusiastic fellow-campers, good sports every one and ready at a moment's notice to come out and make up a team.

the Bungalow for assembly. Camp B. is one of the camps where they have short chapel exercises every morning, as they do at college. The campers love the short service with a hymn, such as, "My God, I thank Thee Who hast made the world so bright," scripture, and prayer before the day starts in full swing. They love to linger, too, after the announcements, to sing camp songs. Marjorie will never forget the singing, but we shall hear about that another time.

The camp routine that you read about in the catalogues is not one bit dull, as routine is usually supposed to be. All day long, gay, joyous notes from the bugle give the signal to go on from something interesting to something more thrilling. The first thing in the morning they break



TEN CAMPS UNITE IN AN INTER-CAMP FROLIC.

But they did not get to the swimming-pier, for just then the loud clear notes of the bugle sounded, and every one rushed pell-mell over to

through your slumbers and rout you out of bed. Ten minutes later they send you bounding along in whatever garb you can manage in that short

time (no matter if it 's only a bathing-suit, for then you can take a dip afterward)—to join the camp at calisthenics in "Up! Side! Down!" The breakfast bugle gives a five-minute warning, leaving no excuse for stragglers. Half an hour after breakfast its clear call rings out for assembly. Then the bugler, who is often a camp girl, hangs up her beloved horn, while the camp goes on from assembly to the fascinations of handicrafts—making baskets, tooling leather, modeling from clay, designing stencils for pillows and curtains, or making silver rings and bracelets. Then, at the most absorbing moment, a sudden loud blast announces swimming.



TENT-MATES AND VISITORS.

And so on through the whole day the merry horn regulates all the hours and helps you to accomplish so much. It calls from swimming to dinner, from an hilarious dinner-hour to a "quiet hour," with every one in her tent for "forty winks," or at least an hour's quiet for the sake of other forty-winkers; from quiet hour to an entire afternoon and evening free for any kind of fun; then, when it 's all over, at the end of the long twilight, having gathered in the last straggler from the hillside and lake, it sends forth the soft silvery notes of "taps," to die away over a quiet camp.

Afternoons and evenings at camp are filled with all kinds of fun. The loud peal from the bugle at the end of quiet hour is answered by a whoop, followed by a general hubbub and a great deal of running back and forth. In one tent a dozen girls are crowded on somebody's cot while waiting for the owner to put on her tramping shoes, while next door two chums are collecting pillows for a quiet paddle on the lake by themselves. Everybody has an appointment with some one else, and the camp scatters in groups. Within five minutes every tent is vacant.

There are so many things to do on a quiet afternoon; that is, when nothing has been arranged for the whole camp. It is the time for a hike to the village with a good crowd and a popular councilor; or, with a smaller party, to explore the region—to climb to the tops of hills and cliffs; to follow up the little brooks to waterfalls; or, on the sea-shore to visit the beaches and fishing-stations. Paddling is only for those who have demonstrated that they can handle a canoe and keep above water for twenty minutes by passing the canoe test, but there are the rowboats. When a cool, sparkling day comes, nothing affords more fun than a good old game of hare and hounds around camp, or impromptu field-sports. Then the whole camp can join in if they wish. Besides, there are tennis and basket-ball any time, and no end of games.

For rainy afternoons there are dancing, reading aloud by the fire, getting up a circus for the evening, or writing—letters, parts for camp plays, or articles or poems for the camp periodical. But whatever the weather or whatever the pastime, the good comrades who share it are best of all. This is the time for forming friendships that will last—well, perhaps after the good times are forgotten. For evenings, what with camp-fires on a beach or the top of a high hill, moonlight songs on the water, marshmallow roasts and corn roasts, outdoor games and sports, indoor dancing and charades, masquerades, musicales with camp talent, plays, circuses, and fudge parties, there is enough to fill the letters home, with plenty left to tell about when the snow comes.

In the midst of all these good times there comes every now and then an abrupt break, when even the bugle goes off its schedule and the whole camp breathes excitement over a trip abroad. To be sure, overnight hikes and camping-out parties are common enough, and "mighty good fun," with their experiences of making and breaking camp, cooking over an open fire, and attempting to stay

asleep after the crack of dawn; but when, after climbing all the lesser hills and one or two mountains in the region, a party in a White Mountain camp, for example, is ready for the long climb over the Presidential Range to Mount Washington, the camp pauses to see them off and marks time until they return. The party starts off in the early morning amid serenades and cheers from the stay-at-homes, and the home-coming is celebrated by an even warmer demonstration. Although the trip leaves a void in camp and upsets the schedule, it really serves to bind closer together the campers that remain. As for the party, their experiences are recorded in songs, the camp paper, and letters home.



KNITTING AS A HANDICRAFT.

There are long canoe-trips, too, from lake to lake, with short carries between, or down a gentle river for miles with the current. The sea-shore girls have their cruises, with moonlight nights on the way. Then there are the gipsy trips, with a wagon along for the food and blankets, and horseback trips, with stops at interesting points.



SCENE FROM "EVERY-CAMP," A PLAY WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY CAMPERS IN A NEW HAMPSHIRE CAMP.

You know the longshoremen say that you never know a man until you have taken a cruise with him. It seems that way with the trips. Three or four days' intimate association on a trip abroad with a college-girl councilor or a fellow-camper whom you never knew very well is worth all the rest of the summer put together. Many of the best friendships begin at this point.

But the nine weeks of this happy existence roll along all too swiftly, and by and by there comes a day when announcements are made about trains and baggage. The exciting events of the few days that follow, however, help to brighten the dread words "final week," and spirits rise once more with a day of water sports, a field-day, an exhibition of handicrafts, a play, and the climax of a closing banquet. The whole summer is reviewed at the banquet by a fond backward look in the toasts and songs, during which the diners are in a state of suppressed excitement over something to come. Finally it comes in that breathless moment when the camp leader rises to announce the honors. There is deafening applause as the big camp letter is awarded for proficiency in sports and crafts, subsiding for a tense moment just before the coveted loving-cup is put into the hands of the best all-round camper. How these honors were won and more about the sports at camp will be told in a later article.



The Adventures of Piang the Moro Jungle Boy

By Florence Partello Stuart

In the warm Celebes Sea, four hundred miles south of Manila, lies the romantic, semi-mysterious island of Mindanao, home of the Moro. For three centuries Spain struggled to subjugate this fierce people, with little or no success, and she turned them over to America with a sigh of relief. Perpetual warfare is the pastime of the Moro—it is his sport, his vocation; and the Mother Jungle hurls a livelihood at his feet. Food, clothing, shelter are his birthright.

One of the most powerful tribes of Moroland is ruled by Dato (chief) Kali Pandapatan. Far up in the hills dwells this powerful clan, arrogant and superior in its power. Piang, the chosen of Allah, dwells among them; haughtily the boy accepts their homage as his due, for he is destined to become their ruler some day. His prowess and bravery are the boast of his people, and the name of Piang is known from one end of Mindanao to the other.

News that a strange craft had put into Cottabato reached Piang in his mountain home. Hurriedly he gathered his few weapons together and started down the trail. He passed many traders and venders, who had heard of the boat also, and he hastened his steps in his desire to be there early.

"Un-di?" ("Whither?") called Sicto as Piang trotted past him.

"To the barrio" ("village"), replied Piang. Sicto hurried to keep up with him, but Piang had no wish to be in company with the ne'er-do-weel Moro boy, and he did not try to conceal his feelings. The natural dignity of the Oriental forbade Sicto from displaying his anger at the repulse, but he sullenly slackened his pace and registered another black mark against this haughty Piang.

Both boys had been aspirants for the coveted post of charm-boy of Kali Pandapatan's tribe, but Piang's right had been proved beyond a doubt. There existed a feud between the two boys, and Piang was constantly being shadowed by the bully, tricked and trapped by him; but the

sacred charm that hung from his necklace of crocodile teeth preserved Piang from harm, and the spirit of the great hermit Ganassi hovered near to protect him.

Piang loved to be alone; his playmates were too noisy, too talkative; he too loved to chatter and play games at times, but now in the jungle, as the morning light slowly broke through the damp foliage, he wished to be alone and watch nature unfold to the coming day. It seemed to him that the huge elephant-ears lifted their dew-weighted leaves and shook themselves in the gentle wind; the monkeys peeped out at him and continued to make their toilet undisturbed. Other travelers startled the little creatures into watchfulness, but Piang came upon them so silently, so peacefully, that they scarcely noticed him.

There was one spot, half-way down the trail, which he wanted to reach alone; there the jungle seemed to part as if to grant a glimpse of the harbor below. He quickened his stride, and as he passed a party of men one of them called to him, "You will be first to-day, little fleet one." So there was none before him. He was glad, and when he came within sight of the clearing he rejoiced in his solitude. He wondered if the boat were a vinta from Borneo, or if it were loaded with copra for Japan. There now! when that mist lifted, he should know.

As the beautiful harbor broke upon his sight Piang paused, holding his breath, for out of the boat, the only one in sight, smoke was pouring—it was on fire! But why were the people not trying to save the cargo? A huge black stick standing in the middle of the hull was belching smoke. While he was regretting that he should be too late to assist at the rescue he was startled by a thin white stream spurting out of the mast-head, and gradually he connected it with the shrill whistle that pierced his ears.

Piang wanted to run back to warn the others that some strange monster had sailed into their midst; but he saw that his brothers in the barrio were calmly watching the thing, and as it did not seem to hurt them, he took courage and dashed on down the trail into the jungle. All the rest of the journey he strained his ears to catch that shrill voice which he was now sure came from the boat. As he flew through the silent forest he recalled the tales of demons the wise men talked about, and he decided to approach the thing with caution. Finally he stood on the shore, and there before his eyes was a boat that seemed to be alive. It was breathing; but where were its sails? How did it move? Clusters of natives, their fears stilled by curiosity, watched the approach. Breathlessly they waited. It was coming toward the tiny wharf, and just as it settled alongside, a piercing screech from it sent them tumbling over each other in search for shelter. From the safety of trees and huts they waited. Big men, pale and straight, walked from the boat and beckoned them to descend. Cautiously the more daring ones responded, and soon the whole population was gathered around the visitors.

Curious to see what the strangers were showing the dato (chief), Piang slipped quietly up behind and caught sight of the most beautiful colored cloth he had ever seen. "Bandana," the pale man called it; Piang longed to possess it for his mother; how she would love to wear it for her gala head-dress! The sailor then produced a tiny object that glistened and sparkled in the sun; it was about as large as the palm of Piang's hand and very thin. The Moros were very much excited over it, and when Piang reached up on tiptoes to peer through the crowd, he cried aloud, for there, staring back at him, was a boy he had seen somewhere. The little brown face and the piercing black eyes, the long hair twisted in a knot with the ends flying loose, were strangely familiar. It was—Piang! "Mir-ro," he repeated after the white man when his scattered wits permitted and the crowd had ceased its merriment at his expense. The Moros were more interested in knives, tobacco, and strange food that the strangers had brought than in the red bandana handkerchief and the toy mirror; but Piang longed to carry the two things that had caught his eye back to his mother, and he was silently gazing at them when Sicto, attracted by Piang's admiration, picked the mirror up to look at it.

Before Piang realized it, Sicto was negotiating with the owner, offering in trade his brass buyo, or betel-box, used for containing a preparation of the betel pepper, extensively chewed in the East. Why had Piang not brought his brass! He would run and fetch it; but the man would not wait! Just as he saw the things about to pass into the hands of his rival he remembered his ring. Attracting the attention of the trader, he quickly unscrewed the tiny center and proudly displayed a few glittering flakes; Piang did not know that it was gold-dust, but the trader whistled a low note of surprise and called one of his shipmates aside. The Moro boy had seen the Japanese trade whole shiploads of copra for the shiny stuff, so, when he had found some in the sand one day, he had gathered it.

When the trader made it understood to Piang that he could have the treasures for more of the flakes, he was delighted, and without a moment's

delay started off up the trail, not deigning to glance at the disappointed Sicto.

Up, up, he climbed. Heat, thirst, nothing slackened his pace. Arriving at his home, he flew to the lake, and, without a word to any one, jumped into his banco (canoe), and pushed out into the water. Sweat poured down his face; mosquitos buzzed around his head; but he had no time to build a smudge; he must hurry, or the strange boat would leave the island and take forever the treasures Piang so coveted.

Soon he struck the current, and when he felt the boat settle into it he dropped over the side, holding on to the outriggers, and let the boat pull him through the cool water. He noticed another banco in the distance, and wondered what brought some one else out on the lake in the heat, but the mosquitos occupied all his attention and he dived and swam under the water to avoid them, soon forgetting the other boatman.

Which stream had he paddled up before, when he had found the bright sand? He examined the shore carefully as he climbed into the boat. It must be there—yes, he remembered the orchids in that tree. Cautiously he guided the banco to the mouth of the creek, and he shuddered as he caught sight of a shiny black object slipping into the water. It was a harmless snake; but Piang did not like snakes, and he hurried past the spot. Gradually he lost sight of the lake, the sun; overhanging vegetation and fallen trees engulfed him. At times he could not use his paddle, and cautiously avoiding the thorns and poisoned things, he pulled the boat along from above. Soon this little stream would take him into the big river where he had found the pretty sand.

Piang was startled by a sound behind him. Surely he had heard a paddle! But all was silence when he paused to listen. When he came to the river he shouted with delight, for his journey was half over, and there in the sun sparkled his treasure. Taking his gourd from the boat, he filled it with sand, and then started the long process of washing it away. Always in the bottom were left a few of the bright grains.

Too late, Piang realized that he had neglected to bring something to carry the tiny flakes in. While pondering on his predicament, he heard the chatter of a hablar-bird, and chuckled to himself. He searched his banco for his bow and arrows, but was astonished to find only the bow! What a misfortune! He must have lost the arrows on the trail. Nothing daunted, little Piang set about his task in another manner. Scattering a handful of parched corn in a clearing, he laid the noose of his rope around it, and taking the end in his hand, silently withdrew into the thicket and waited.

Soon the big bird discovered the handy meal, and, loudly proclaiming its rights to possession, flapped its way to the earth and lighted right in Piang's noose. The hablar-bird fluttered and chattered as it settled to the task of filling its craw with the good food. Cautiously Piang watched his chance and, with a deft twitch of the rope, secured the noose around the bird's foot. *Such* screaming and flapping! "Now you be good bird, and I no hurt you," Piang admonished. Catching hold of the creature behind the head, Piang held it firmly, and quickly plucked three large feathers from its brilliant plumage. He then set it free and laughed to see it searching for its lost glories.

Piang would have enjoyed watching it, as it scolded him from a high limb, but he must not delay, and he set about his task quickly. Cutting off the end of each quill, he scraped it clean inside and washed the pithy part out. He had seen his father prepare a quill in this way to pack tobacco-powder in, when there was no other way to keep it dry.

When these receptacles were ready to receive the gold-dust he began washing the sand again, and when he had secured enough to fill all three quills he stuck a piece of green banana on the ends for a stopper. Now he would have the treasures for his mother—that beautiful cloth; the funny, thin thing that played pranks on you when you looked into it!

What was that sound? Surely some one was spying on him. In a flash he remembered the banco on the lake,—the other sounds he had heard; and also he remembered that Sicto wanted the same treasures he coveted! He had been followed by the bully, and now, without his bow and arrows, he was helpless. To gain the lake again, he must pass through that treacherous creek, and he knew that Sicto would think nothing of robbing him and hastening to the village to buy the treasures with *his* hard-earned bright sand. Somewhere those wicked eyes were watching him from the foliage, but Piang bravely covered his misgivings.

There were two trails to the village; one lay to the west through the lake he had crossed; the other was straight ahead, down the river. But there were cataracts on this river, and Piang wondered if he could make his way on foot from the head of the first one to the right trail. He decided to take the risk, and quickly headed his banco in that direction. As he started down the river he heard a howl of rage, and glancing back, he saw Sicto preparing to follow him.



"WITH HANDS OUTSTRETCHED ABOVE HIS HEAD, HE WAITED FOR THE GREAT MOMENT."

So it was to be a race! Piang had foiled the bully, and his little heart beat faster as he realized the consequences if Sicto should catch him. Piang had a good start, but the river was so treacherous, the eddies so powerful, that sometimes his boat seemed to stand still or almost turn around when it was caught by the countercurrent. How he loved his slim little craft! Whenever possible, it obeyed his wish, and he chuckled to see Sicto struggling with his heavy boat. If he could only reach the first head-water and land on the opposite shore, he would not fear defeat. For who was more fleet-footed than Piang? Who more able to ferret his way through the almost impenetrable jungle?

Cautiously he watched the shore; he had been this way only once before, and he wondered if he could remember where the trail began at the water's edge. The current was so swift that he hardly needed to paddle at all, and he rested to examine the shore.

But what was the matter with Sicto? Why had he stopped paddling? In a flash it came over Piang that the cataract was near, and he started to back water with all his might. To his horror he found that he could not control the boat at all; fight as he would, it paid no heed to his struggle, but dashed on toward the waterfall.

Piang's first thought was that he would swim, but he realized he would be swept over just the same. There was only one thing to be done—he must *ride the cataract!* Sicto was left far behind, clinging to the bank, watching with a sneer the boy going to his death, as he thought. He wondered why Piang was standing up in the banco; surely it would be best to lie flat in the boat and cling to the bottom!

Gracefully Piang poised his body for the dive. The feathers were safely thrust into his long hair, and his bolo (long knife) secured in his belt. With hands outstretched above his head, he waited for the great moment. He knew that, if he was skilful, he could clear the dangerous waters below the falls and either swim to the shore or reach his banco. Faster, faster went the boat, and his little heart thumped so that he feared it would burst. He tried to remember that this was not such a dangerous feat; others had accomplished it, and *he* could, if he was careful. The drop was only a few yards, but the danger lay in the shoals at the foot of the falls. What a beautiful sight Piang was, poised on the brink of that foaming cataract, the black jungle for a background! As he felt the banco quiver and twist he prepared for the dive. Finally the boat reached the crest, and, with a lurch, it shot from under the boy as he sprang far out into space. It seemed an eternity to Piang before he plunged into the waters below; then he sank down—down. The roaring and thundering deafened him, and he wondered if he should ever stop tumbling over in the water. It tossed him, tore from his hands any support he was able to grasp, and finally, after almost depriving him of breath, left him floating on the surface of a calm pool. How delicious the rest seemed! How tired he was! As he lay there on his back he watched the water pour over the rocks above his head and marveled that he had accomplished it all so easily.

Gradually Piang regained his composure, and his first thought was for the quills. Yes, they were still safe, and he must hurry. Not fearing Sicto's interference any more, he began to wonder how he should find the trail. He searched the river for his banco and discovered it caught by some reeds near the shore. It was easy to swim on that side of the river, and he slowly made his way to the overturned banco, deftly righting it, and in a moment was over the side, searching for the extra paddle he always kept tied in the bottom. Fortunately it had not been torn away, and avoiding the rapids, he hugged the shore and finally resumed his journey down the river.

What a wonderful experience Piang had had! How he would boast of his bravery, Moro fashion, and maybe the wise men would praise him. As he paddled down the river he kept his eyes open for trails; and when he heard the next cataract thundering its menace in the distance, he decided to land and search the jungle for a path. Beaching his banco, he hid it in the undergrowth, and, carefully avoiding the stinging vines, crept into the shadow of the jungle.

The great silence was everywhere, and Piang wondered if he could trust his instinct to lead him aright. The heavy vines obstructed his passage, and he was forced to cut and hew his way through the edge of the forest. Nature does her best to protect the jungle, for always, on the edges, bamboo and *bajuca* (pronounced bah-hoo-kah) vie with each other in forming an impenetrable wall; but after the first few yards the obstinacy of the vines relax, their sentinel duty over.

Luckily for Piang, the jungle was well supplied with paths here, and he soon found the one leading down to the barrio. His heart was light now, and he threw back his head and shouted with glee as he remembered Sicto, pale with terror, lest he too be swept over the cataract.

Very quickly his exultation subsided, however, when he realized that Sicto could easily be on this same trail, and he redoubled his efforts as he imagined he heard twigs snapping behind him. What if the boat should have already gone and its coveted treasures be lost forever!

From his customary trot he broke into a run, and, panting and sweating, pushed forward. Soon the trail joined the one he had taken that morning, and in a moment he would come to the clearing where he had first seen the strange boat. Yes, there it was; ugly, cross-looking, without a single one of those bright-patched sails that decorated all the boats Piang had ever seen. But —was it *moving?* With a cry, Piang started forward as the white smoke appeared and the shriek echoed and reëchoed through the jungle. Fury, resentment, then determination flashed across his face; with a howl he darted down the trail. There was only a little way to go now, and he would run like the wind. Friends and strangers tried to engage him in conversation as he approached them on the trail, but he brushed them aside impatiently and rushed onward.

With his last bit of breath he stumbled through the barrio, but the boat was steadily moving out to sea. He threw himself on his face and beat the wharf with his clenched fists. All was lost— the beautiful "ban-da-na" for his mother, the "mir-ro," too! An exclamation from one of the men arrested his attention, and he sprang to his feet. The boat had stopped; and—could he believe his eyes?—the man with the treasures was getting into a small skiff and was beckoning to Piang!

Quickly the boy responded. Making sure that the precious quills were safe, he dived into the sea and struck out toward the approaching boat. When they pulled him over the side, a cheer went up from the Moros on the bank and was answered by another from the strange boat. Eagerly Piang searched the boat for the two objects so dear to his heart, but the trader silently tapped the ring and waited. Slyly the boy considered. Finally he drew forth one quill and offered it to the man. He handed Piang the red calico handkerchief, saying "ban-da-na." Eagerly the boy grabbed it. Guardedly the two contemplated each other. The trader reached into his pocket and produced the toy mirror, surrounded by colored-headed pins; Piang offered to trade for another quill, but the man shook his head. Piang resolutely shook his, and the owner intimated that the trade was over by slipping the mirror back into his pocket. Piang could not stand the suspense, in spite of his passion for making a good trade, so he thrust the other quill into the stranger's hand, grasped the treasure, and, saluting them in his dignified fashion, slipped over the side and was off.

When Sicto slunk into the hill barrio that night he was anxious to avoid Piang, but our hero was not concerned about him at all. Around the great fire in the center of the village were seated all the important members of the tribe, and Sicto's envy was complete when he saw that Piang's mother was the object of adoration. There she sat, the coveted "ban-da-na" crowning her stately head, and around her neck was suspended the funny thing that laughed back at you. Silently she offered each member of the circle one of the colored-headed pins, and when all were supplied, they fell to the task of picking their teeth, at intervals reverently examining the instrument. When the allotted period had elapsed, Piang's mother again extended the mirror, and when each one had gazed into the depth, the pin was replaced, later to be handed on to a new-comer.

Sicto had joined the less fortunate persons who were watching the ceremony from a distance. Only the elect were permitted to approach the circle. From his place of honor Piang loftily glanced in their direction, and, as his eyes met Sicto's, his triumph was complete. Under Piang's steady gaze, the bully quailed, and, dropping his eyes, shambled off into the darkness.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER

He wears a pair of overalls
Upon the stage—with ragged knees;—
But when the painted curtain falls,
He moves the mountains and the trees!

Jack Burroughs.

UNDERSTOOD BETSY

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "Hillsboro People," "The Bent Twig," etc.

Chapter VIII

ELIZABETH ANN FAILS IN AN EXAMINATION

I WONDER if you can guess the name of a little girl who, about a month after this, was walking along through the melting snow in the woods with a big black dog running circles around her. Yes, all alone in the woods with a terrible great dog beside her, and yet not a bit afraid. You don't suppose it could be Elizabeth Ann? Well, whoever she was, she had something on her mind, for she walked more and more slowly and had only a very absent-minded pat for the dog's head when he thrust it up for a caress. When the wood-road led into a clearing in which there was a rough little house of slabs, the child stopped altogether, and, looking down, began nervously to draw lines in the snow with her overshoe.

You see, something perfectly dreadful had happened in school that day. The superintendent, the all-important, seldom-seen superintendent, came to visit the school, and the children were given some examinations so he could see how they were getting on.

Now, you know what an examination did to Elizabeth Ann. Or have n't I told you yet?

Well, if I have n't, it 's because words fail me. If there is anything horrid that an examination *did n't* do to Elizabeth Ann, I have yet to hear of it. It began years ago, before ever she went to school, when she heard Aunt Frances talking about how *she* had dreaded examinations when she was a child, and how they dried up her mouth and made her ears ring and her head ache and her knees get all weak and her mind a perfect blank so that she did n't know what two and two made. Of course Elizabeth Ann did n't feel *all* those things right off at her first examination, but by the time she had had several and had rushed to tell Aunt Frances about how awful they were and the two of them had sympathized with one another and compared symptoms and then wept about her resulting low marks, why, she not only had all the symptoms Aunt Frances had ever had, but a good many more of her own invention.

Well, she had had them all and had them hard this afternoon, when the superintendent was there. Her mouth had gone dry and her knees had shaken and her elbows had felt as though they had no more bones in them than so much jelly, and her eyes had smarted, and oh, what answers she had made! That dreadful tight panic had clutched at her throat whenever the superintendent had looked at her, and she had disgraced herself ten times over. She went hot and cold to think of it, and felt quite sick with hurt vanity. She who did so well every day and was so much looked up to by her classmates, what *must* they be thinking of her! To tell the truth, she had been crying as she walked along through the woods, because she was so sorry for herself. Her eyes were all red still, and her throat was sore from the big lump in it.

And now she would live it all over again as she told the Putney cousins. For of course they must be told. She had always told Aunt Frances everything that happened in school. It happened that Aunt Abigail had been taking a nap when she got home from school, and so she had come out to the sap-house, where Cousin Ann and Uncle Henry were making syrup, to have it over with as soon as possible. She went up to the little slab house now, dragging her feet and hanging her head, and opened the door.

Cousin Ann, in a very short old skirt and a man's coat and high rubber boots, was just poking some more wood into the big fire which blazed furiously under the broad, flat pan where the sap was boiling. The rough brown hut was filled with white steam and that sweetest of all odors, hot maple-syrup. Cousin Ann turned her head, her face very red with the heat of the fire.

"You 're just in time, Betsy. I 've saved out a cupful of hot syrup for you, all ready to wax."

Betsy hardly heard this, although she had been wild about waxed sugar on snow ever since her very first taste of it. "Cousin Ann," she said unhappily, "the superintendent visited our school this afternoon."

"Did he?" said Cousin Ann, dipping a thermometer into the boiling syrup.

"Yes, and we had *examinations!*" said Betsy.

"Did you?" said Cousin Ann, holding the thermometer up to the light and looking at it.

"And you know how perfectly awful examinations make you feel," said Betsy, very near to tears again.

"Why, no," said Cousin Ann, sorting over syrup tins. "They never made me feel awful. I thought they were sort of fun."

"Fun!" cried Betsy, indignantly, staring through the beginnings of her tears.

"Why, yes. Like taking a dare, don't you know. Somebody stumps you to jump off the hitching-post, and you do it to show 'em. I always used to think examinations were like that. Somebody stumps you to spell 'pneumonia,' and you do it to show 'em. Here 's your cup of syrup. You 'd better go right out and wax it while it 's hot."

Elizabeth Ann automatically took the cup in her hand, but she did not look at it. "But suppose you get so scared you can't spell 'pneumonia' or anything else!" she said feelingly. "That 's what happened to me. You know how your mouth gets all dry and your knees—" She stopped. Cousin Ann had said she did *not* know all about those things. "Well, anyhow, I got so scared I could hardly stand *up!* And I made the most awful mistakes—things I know just as *well!* I spelled 'doubt' without any b and 'separate' with an e, and I said Iowa was bounded on the north by *Wisconsin,* and I—"

"Oh, well," said Cousin Ann, "it does n't matter if you really know the right answers, does it? That 's the important thing."

This was an idea which had never in all her life entered Betsy's brain, and she did not take it in at all now. She only shook her head miserably and went on in a doleful tone: "And I said thirteen and eight are *twenty-two!* and I wrote 'March' without any capital M, and I—"

"Look here, Betsy, do you *want* to tell me all this?" Cousin Ann spoke in the quick, ringing voice she had once in a while which made everybody, from old Shep up, open his eyes and get his wits about him. Betsy gathered hers and thought hard; and she came to an unexpected conclusion. No, she did n't really want to tell Cousin Ann all about it. Why was she doing it? Because she thought that was the thing to do. "Because if you don't really want to," went on Cousin Ann, "I don't see that it 's doing anybody any good. I guess Hemlock Mountain will stand right there just the same even if you did forget to put a b in 'doubt.' And your syrup will be too cool to wax right if you don't do it now."

She turned back to stoke the fire, and Elizabeth Ann, in a daze, found herself walking out of the door. It fell shut after her, and there she was under the clear, pale-blue sky, with the sun just hovering over the rim of Hemlock Mountain. She looked up at the big mountains, all blue and silver with shadows and snow, and wondered what in the world Cousin Ann had meant. Of course Hemlock Mountain would stand there just the same. But what of it? What did that have to do with her arithmetic, with anything? She had failed in her examination, had n't she?

She found a clean white snow-bank under a pine-tree, and, setting her cup of syrup down in a safe place, began to pat the snow down hard to make the right bed for the waxing of the syrup. The sun, very hot for that late March day, brought out strongly the tarry perfume of the big pine-tree. Near her the sap dripped musically into a bucket, already half full, hung on a maple-tree. A blue-jay rushed suddenly through the upper branches of the wood, his screaming and chattering voice sounding like noisy children at play.

Elizabeth Ann took up her cup and poured some of the thick, hot syrup out on the hard snow, making loops and curves as she poured. It stiffened and hardened at once, and she lifted up a great coil of it, threw her head back, and let it drop into her mouth. Concentrated sweetness of summer days was in that mouthful, part of it still hot and aromatic, part of it icy and wet with melting snow. She crunched it all together with her strong, child's teeth into a delicious big lump and sucked on it dreamily, her eyes on the rim of Hemlock Mountain, high above her there, the snow on it bright golden in the sunlight. Uncle Henry had promised to take her up to the top as soon as the snow went off. She wondered what the top of a mountain would be like. Uncle Henry had said the main thing was that you could see so much of the world at once. He said it was too queer the way your own house and big barn and great fields looked like little toy things that were n't of any account. It was because you could see so much more than just the—

She heard an imploring whine, and a cold nose was thrust into her hand! Why, there was old Shep, begging for his share of waxed sugar. He loved it, though it did stick to his teeth so! She poured out another lot and gave half of it to Shep. It immediately stuck his jaws together tight, and he began pawing at his mouth and shaking his head till Betsy had to laugh. Then he managed to pull his jaws apart and chewed loudly and visibly, tossing his head, opening his mouth wide till Betsy could see the sticky, brown candy draped in melting festoons all over his big white teeth and red gullet. Then with a gulp he had swallowed it all down and was whining for more, striking softly at the little girl's skirt with his fore paw.

"Oh, you eat it too fast!" cried Betsy, but she shared her next lot with him too. The sun had gone down over Hemlock Mountain by this time, and the big slope above her was all deep blue shadow. The mountain looked much higher now as the dusk began to fall, and loomed up bigger and bigger as though it reached to the sky. It

was no wonder houses looked small from its top. Betsy ate the last of her sugar, looking up at the quiet giant there, towering grandly above her. There was no lump in her throat now. And, although she still thought she did not know what in the world Cousin Ann meant by saying that about Hemlock Mountain and her examination, it 's my opinion that she had made a very good beginning of an understanding.

She was just picking up her cup to take it back to the sap-house when Shep growled a little and stood with his ears and tail up, looking down the road. Something was coming down that road in the blue, clear twilight, something that was making a very queer noise. It sounded almost like somebody crying. Why, it *was* somebody crying! It was a child crying. It was a little, little girl. Betsy could see her now, stumbling along and crying as though her heart would break. Why, it was little Molly, her own particular charge at school, whose reading lesson she heard every day. Betsy and Shep ran to meet her. "What 's the matter, Molly? What 's the matter?"



"'WHAT 'S THE MATTER, MOLLY? WHAT 'S THE MATTER?'"

Betsy knelt down and put her arms around the weeping child. "Did you fall down? Did you hurt you? What are you doing 'way off here? Did you lose your way?"

"I don't want to go away! I don't want to go away!" said Molly over and over, clinging tightly to Betsy. It was a long time before Betsy could quiet her enough to find out what had happened. Then she made out between Molly's sobs that her mother had been taken suddenly sick and had to go away to a hospital, and that left nobody at home to take care of Molly, and she was to be sent away to some strange relatives in the city who did n't want her and who said so right out.

Oh, Elizabeth Ann knew all about that! and her heart swelled big with sympathy. For a moment she stood again out on the sidewalk in front of the Lathrop house with old Mrs. Lathrop's ungracious white head bobbing from a window, and knew again that ghastly feeling of being unwanted. Oh, she knew why little Molly was crying! And she shut her hands together hard and made up her mind that she *would* help her out!

Do you know what she did, right off, without thinking about it? She did n't go and look up Aunt Abigail. She did n't wait till Uncle Henry came back from his round of emptying sap buckets into the big tub on his sled. As fast as her feet could carry her she flew back to Cousin Ann in the sap-house. I can't tell you (except again that Cousin Ann was Cousin Ann) why it was that Betsy ran so fast to her and was so sure that everything would be all right as soon as Cousin Ann knew about it; but whatever the reason was it was a good one, for, though Cousin Ann did not stop to kiss Molly or even to look at her more than one sharp first glance, she said after a moment's pause, during which she filled a syrup can and screwed the cover down very tight: "Well, if her folks will let her, how would you like to have Molly come and stay with us till her mother gets back? Now you 've got a room of your own, she could sleep with you."

"Oh, Molly, Molly, *Molly!*" shouted Betsy, jumping up and down, and then hugging the little girl with all her might. "Oh, it will be like having a little sister!"

Cousin Ann sounded a dry, warning note: "Don't be too sure her folks will let her. We don't know about them yet."

Betsy ran to her and caught her hand, looking up at her with shining eyes. "Cousin Ann, if *you* go to see them and ask them, they will!"

This made even Cousin Ann give a little abashed smile of pleasure, although she made her face grave again at once and said: "You 'd better go along back to the house now, Betsy. It 's time for you to help Mother with the supper."

The two children trotted back along the darkening wood-road, Shep running before them, little Molly clinging fast to the older child's hand. "Are n't you ever afraid, Betsy, in the woods this way?" she asked admiringly, looking about her with timid eyes.

"Oh, no!" said Betsy, protectingly; "there 's nothing to be afraid of, except getting off on the wrong fork of the road, near the Wolf Pit."

"Oh, *ow!*" said Molly, scringing. "What 's the Wolf Pit? What an awful name!"

Betsy laughed. She tried to make her laugh sound brave like Cousin Ann's, which always seemed so scornful of being afraid. As a matter of fact, she was beginning to fear that they *had* made the wrong turn, and she was not quite sure that she could find the way home. But she put this out of her mind and walked along very fast, peering ahead into the dusk.

"Oh, it has n't anything to do with wolves," she said in answer to Molly's question; "anyhow, not now. It 's just a big, deep hole in the ground where a brook had dug out a cave,—Uncle Henry told me all about it when he showed it to me,—and then part of the roof caved in; sometimes there 's ice in the corner of the covered part all the summer, Aunt Abigail says."

"Why do you call it the Wolf Pit?" asked Molly, walking very close to Betsy and holding very tightly to her hand.

"Oh, long, ever so long ago, when the first settlers came up here, they heard a wolf howling all night, and when it did n't stop in the morning, they came up here on the mountain and found a wolf had fallen in and could n't get out."

"My! I hope they killed him!" said Molly.

"Oh, gracious! that was more than a hundred years ago," said Betsy. She was not thinking of what she was saying. She was thinking that if they *were* on the right road they ought to be home by this time. She was thinking that the right road ran downhill to the house all the way, and that this certainly seemed to be going up a little. She was wondering what had become of Shep. "Stand here just a minute, Molly," she said. "I want—I just want to go ahead a little bit and see—and see—"

She darted on around a curve of the road and stood still, her heart sinking. The road turned there and led straight up the mountain!

For just a moment the little girl felt a wild impulse to burst out in a shriek for Aunt Frances and to run crazily away, anywhere so long as she was running. But the thought of Molly standing back there, trustfully waiting to be taken care of, shut Betsy's lips together hard before her scream of fright got out. She stood still, thinking. Now she must n't get frightened. All they had to do was to walk back along the road till they came to the fork and then make the right turn. But what if they did n't get back to the turn till it was so dark they could n't see it? Well, she must n't think of that. She ran back calling, "Come on, Molly," in a tone she tried to make as firm as Cousin Ann's. "I guess we have made the wrong turn after all. We 'd better—"

But there was no Molly there. In the brief moment Betsy had stood thinking, Molly had disappeared! The long, shadowy wood-road held not a trace of her.

Then Betsy *was* frightened, and then she *did* begin to scream, at the top of her voice, "Molly! Molly!" She was beside herself with terror, when suddenly she heard Molly's voice, very faint, apparently coming from the ground under her feet:

"Ow! Betsy! Get me out! Get me out!"

"Where *are* you?" shrieked Betsy.

"I don't know!" came Molly's sobbing voice. "I just moved the least little bit out of the road, and slipped on the ice and began to slide and I could n't stop and I fell down into a deep hole!"

Betsy's head felt as though her hair were standing up straight on end with horror. Molly must have fallen down into the Wolf Pit! Yes, they were quite near it. She remembered now that big white-birch tree stood right at the place where the brook tumbled over the edge and fell into it. Although she was dreadfully afraid of falling in herself, she went cautiously over to this tree, feeling her way with her foot to make sure she did not slip, and peered down into the cavernous gloom below. Yes, there was Molly's face, just a white speck. The child was crying, sobbing, and holding up her arms to Betsy.

"Are you hurt, Molly?"

"No. I fell into a big snow-bank, but I 'm all wet and frozen and I want to get out! I want to get out!"

Betsy held on to the birch-tree. Her head whirled. What *should* she do! "Look here, Molly," she called down, "I 'm going to run back along to the right road and back to the house and get Uncle Henry. He 'll come with a rope and get you out!"

At this Molly's crying rose to a frantic scream. "Oh, Betsy, don't leave me here alone! Don't! The wolves will get me! Betsy, *don't* leave me alone!" The child was wild with terror.

"But I *can't* get you out myself!" screamed back Betsy, crying herself. Her teeth were chattering with the cold.

"Don't go! Don't go!" came up from the darkness of the pit in a piteous howl. Betsy made a great effort and stopped crying. She sat down on a stone and tried to think. And this is what came into her mind as a guide: "What would Cousin Ann do if she were here? *She* would n't cry. She would *think* of something."

Betsy looked around her desperately. The first thing she saw was the big limb of a pine-tree, broken off by the wind, which half lay and half-slantingly stood up against a tree a little distance above the mouth of the pit. It had been there so long that the needles had all dried and fallen off, and the skeleton of the branch with the broken stubs looked like—yes, it looked like a ladder! *That* was what Cousin Ann would have done!

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute, Molly!" she called wildly down into the pit, warming all over with excitement. "Now listen. You go off there in a corner, where the ground makes a sort of roof. I 'm going to throw down something you can climb up on, maybe."

"Ow! ow! It 'll hit me!" cried poor little Molly, more and more frightened. But she scrambled off under her shelter, obediently, while Betsy struggled with the branch. It was so firmly imbedded in the snow that at first she could not budge it at all. But after she cleared that away and pried hard with the stick she was using as a lever she felt it give a little. She bore down with all her might, throwing her weight again and again on her lever, and finally felt the big branch perceptibly move. After that it was easier, as its course was downhill over the snow to the mouth of the pit. Glowing and pushing, wet with perspiration, she slowly manœuvered it along to the edge, turned it squarely, gave it a great shove, and leaned over anxiously. Then she gave a big sigh of relief! Just as she had hoped, it went down sharp end first and stuck fast in the snow which had saved Molly from broken bones. She was so out of breath with her work that for a moment she could not speak. Then, "There, Molly. Now I guess you can climb up to where I can reach you."

Molly made a rush for any way out of her prison, and climbed, liked the practised little squirrel that she was, up from one stub to another to the top of the branch. She was still below the edge of the pit there, but Betsy lay flat down on the snow and held out her hands. Molly took hold hard, and, digging her toes into the snow, slowly wormed her way up to the surface of the ground.

It was then, at that very moment, that Shep came bounding up to them, barking loudly, and after him Cousin Ann striding along in her rubber boots, with a lantern in her hand and a rather anxious look on her face.

She stopped short and looked at the two little girls, covered with snow, their faces flaming with excitement, and at the black hole gaping behind them. "I always *told* Father we ought to put a fence around that pit," she said in a matter-of-fact voice. "Some day a sheep 's going to fall down there. Shep came along to the house without you, and we thought most likely you 'd taken the wrong turn."

Betsy felt terribly aggrieved. She wanted to be petted and praised for her heroism. She wanted Cousin Ann to *realize*—oh, if Aunt Frances were only there, *she* would realize—

"I fell down in the hole, and Betsy wanted to go and get Mr. Putney, but I would n't let her, and so she threw down a big branch and I climbed out," explained Molly, who, now that her danger was past, took Betsy's action as a matter of course.

"Oh, *that* was how it happened!" said Cousin Ann. She looked down the hole and saw the big branch, and looked back and saw the long trail of crushed snow where Betsy had dragged it. "Well, now, that was quite a good idea for a little girl to have," she said briefly. "I guess you 'll do to take care of Molly all right!"

She spoke in her usual voice and immediately drew the children after her, but Betsy's heart was singing joyfully as she trotted along clasping Cousin Ann's strong hand. Now she knew that Cousin Ann realized. She trotted fast, smiling to herself in the darkness.

"What made you think of doing that?" asked Cousin Ann, as they approached the house.

"Why, I tried to think what *you* would have done if you 'd been there," said Betsy.

"Oh!" said Cousin Ann. "Well—"

She did n't say another word, but Betsy, glancing up into her face as they stepped into the lighted room, saw an expression that made her give a little skip and hop of joy. She had *pleased* Cousin Ann.

That night as she lay in her bed, her arm over Molly cuddled up warm beside her, she remembered, oh, ever so faintly, as something of no importance, that she had failed in an examination that afternoon.

Chapter IX

'Lias Brewster

Betsy and Molly had taken Deborah to school with them. Deborah was the old wooden doll with brown, painted curls. She had lain in a trunk almost ever since Aunt Abigail's childhood, because Cousin Ann had never cared for dolls when she was a little girl. At first Betsy had not dared to ask to see her, much less to play with her, but when Ellen, as she had promised, came over to Putney Farm that first Saturday she had said right out, as soon as she landed in the house, "Oh, Mrs. Putney, can't we play with Deborah?" And Aunt Abigail had answered, "Why *yes,* of course! I *knew* there was something I 've kept forgetting!" She went up with them herself to the cold attic and opened the little hair trunk under the eaves. There lay a doll, flat on her back, looking up at them brightly out of her blue eyes.

"Well, Debby dear," said Aunt Abigail, taking her up gently, "it 's a good long time since you and I played under the lilac bushes, is n't it? I expect you 've been pretty lonesome up here all these years. Never you mind, you 'll have some good times again now." She pulled down the doll's full, ruffled skirt, straightened the lace at the neck of her dress, and held her for a moment, looking down at her silently. You could tell by the way she spoke, by the way she touched Deborah, by the way she looked at her, that she had loved the doll very dearly, and maybe still did, a little.

When she put Deborah into Betsy's arms, the child felt that she was receiving something very precious, almost something alive. She and Ellen looked with delight at the yards and yards of picot-edged ribbon, sewed on by hand to the ruffles of the skirt, and lifted up the silk folds to admire the carefully made, full petticoats and frilly underwear, the pretty, soft old kid shoes and white stockings. Aunt Abigail looked at them with an absent smile on her lips, as though she were living over old scenes.

Finally, "It 's too cold to play up here," she said, coming to herself with a long breath. "You 'd better bring Deborah and the trunk down into the south room." She carried the doll, and Betsy and Ellen each took an end of the old trunk, no larger than a modern suitcase. They settled themselves on the big couch, back of the table with the lamp. Old Shep was on it, but Betsy coaxed him off by putting down some bones Cousin Ann had been saving for him. When he finished those and came back for the rest of his snooze he found his place occupied by the little girls, sitting cross-legged, examining the contents of the trunk all spread out around them. Shep sighed deeply and sat down with his nose resting on the couch near Betsy's knee, following all their movements with his kind, dark eyes. Once in a while Betsy stopped hugging Deborah or exclaiming over a new dress long enough to pat Shep's head and fondle his ears. This was what he was waiting for, and every time she did it he wagged his tail thumpingly against the floor.



BETSY AND ELLEN AND THE OLD DOLL.

After that Deborah and her trunk were kept downstairs where Betsy could play with her. And often she was taken to school. You never heard of such a thing as taking a doll to school, did you? Well, I told you this was a queer, old-fashioned school that any modern school superintendent would sniff at. As a matter of fact, it was not only Betsy who took her doll to school, all the little girls did whenever they felt like it. Miss Benton, the teacher, had a shelf for them in the entryway where the wraps were hung, and the dolls sat on it and waited patiently all through lessons. At recess-time or nooning each little mother snatched her own child and began to play. As soon as it grew warm enough to play outdoors without just racing around every minute to keep from freezing to death, the dolls and their mothers went out to a great pile of rocks at one end of the bare, stony field which was the playground. There they sat and played in the spring sunshine, warmer from day to day. There were a great many holes and shelves and pockets and little caves in the rocks which made lovely places for playing keep house. Each little girl had her own particular cubbyholes and "rooms," and they "visited" their dolls back and forth all around the pile. And as they played they talked very fast about all sorts of things, being little girls and not boys who just yelled and howled inarticulately as they played ball or duck-on-a-rock or prisoner's goal, racing and running and wrestling noisily all around the rocks.

There was one child who neither played with the girls nor ran and whooped with the boys. This was little six-year-old 'Lias, one of the two boys in Molly's first grade. At recess-time he generally hung about the school door by himself, looking moodily down and knocking the toe of his ragged, muddy shoe against a stone. The little girls were talking about him one day as they played. "My! Is n't that 'Lias Brewster the horridest-looking child!" said Eliza, who had the second grade all to herself, although Molly now read out of the second reader with her.

"Mercy, yes! So ragged!" said Anastasia Monahan, called Stashie for short. She was a big girl, fourteen years old, who was in the seventh grade.

"He does n't look as if he *ever* combed his hair!" said Betsy. "It looks just like a wisp of old hay."

"And sometimes," little Molly proudly added her bit to the talk of the older girls, "he forgets to put on any stockings and just has his dreadful old shoes on over his bare feet."

"I guess he has n't *got* any stockings half the time," said big Stashie, scornfully. "I guess his stepfather drinks 'em up."

"How *can* he drink up stockings?" asked Molly, opening her round eyes very wide.

" 'Sh! You must n't ask. Little girls should n't know about such things, should they, Betsy?"

"No *indeed!*" said Betsy, looking mysterious. As a matter of fact, she herself had no idea what Stashie meant, but she looked wise and said nothing.

Some of the boys had squatted down near the rocks for a game of marbles now.

"Well, anyhow," said Molly, resentfully, "I don't care what his stepfather does to his stockings. I wish 'Lias would wear 'em to school. And lots of times he has n't anything on under those horrid old overalls either! I can see his bare skin through the torn places."

"I wish he did n't have to sit so near me," said Betsy, complainingly. "He 's *so* dirty."

"Well, I don't want him near *me*, either!" cried all the other little girls at once. Ralph glanced up at them, frowning, from where he knelt with his middle finger crooked behind a marble ready for a shot. He looked as he always did, very rough and half threatening. "Oh, you girls make me sick!" he said. He sent his marble straight to the mark, pocketed his opponent's, and stood up, scowling at the little mothers. "I guess if you had to live the way he does you 'd be dirty! Half the time he don't get anything to eat before he comes to school, and if my mother did n't put up some extra for him in my box he would n't get any lunch either. And then you go and jump on him!"

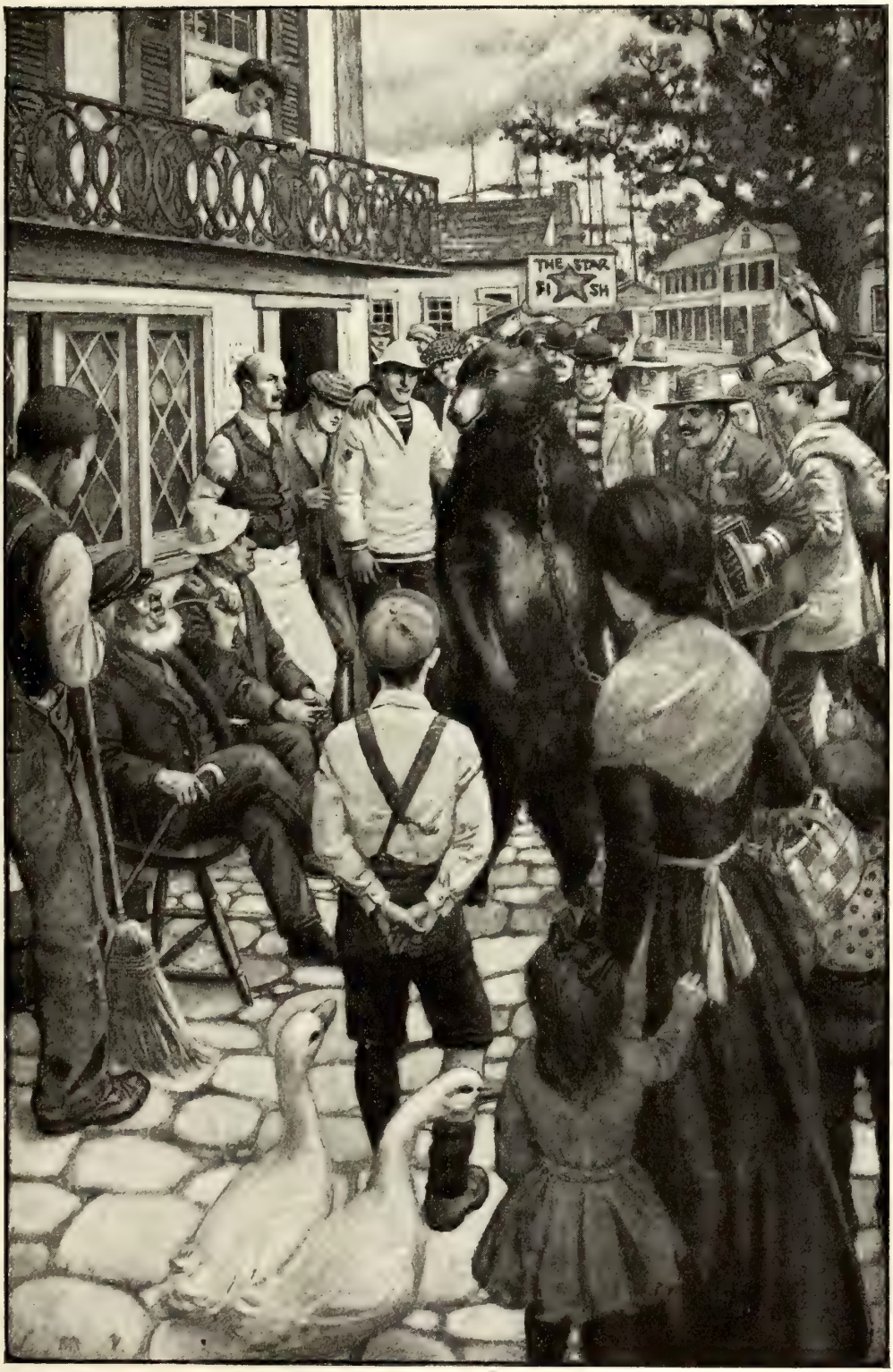
"Why does n't his own mother put up his lunch?" Betsy challenged their critic.

"He has n't got any mother. She 's dead," said Ralph, turning away with his hands in his pockets. He yelled to the boys, "Come on, fellers, beat-che to the bridge and back!" and was off, with the others racing at his heels.

"Well, anyhow, I don't care; he *is* dirty and horrid!" said Stashie, emphatically, looking over at the drooping, battered little figure, leaning against the school door, listlessly kicking at a stone.

But Betsy did not say anything more just then.

(*To be continued.*)



THE TRAINED BEAR COMES TO TOWN.



COMPANY B AND ITS OFFICERS AT CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND.

THE SOLDIER-GIRLS AT THE NATIONAL SERVICE SCHOOL

BY MIRIAM WARREN HUBBARD

First Sergeant of Company B

HAVE you ST. NICHOLAS girls and boys heard about the National Service School, which was held at Chevy Chase, Maryland, in May, 1916? It was the first training-camp for women in the history of the world. That 's a pretty big thought, is n't it?

You know that women and war have always been widely separated, except in suffering; and most people will admit that inactive suffering is harder to bear than that accompanied by shot and shell, music and glory. There have been a few trained women who of late years have done most excellent service in war, but universal training of women is a conception of our own time. Any one of the thousands of visitors who went to visit the camp could not but be impressed by the earnestness and joyous zeal of the girls who were in training there.

We girls went to the camp with many motives, not knowing what to expect: some out of curiosity, some because it was the social interest of the moment, and others because they really desired to learn. We found a model camp, situated on a plateau and adjoining Washington's most fashionable suburb. There was a small village of marine corps tents, each occupied by five soldier-girls, and oh, wonderful luxury! each tent was equipped with a wooden floor. We also had marine corps kitchens and mess-tents. Our food was prepared for us on the identical field ranges that were used by our forces in Mexico. It was this courtesy and assistance on the part of the marine corps and the Government which so largely contributed to the success of the camp.

Another luxury was the shower-baths; they were, however, supplied only with cold water, which seemed to us to have its source in the polar seas. If facing a cannon requires any more nerve than to take an ice-cold shower, at five-forty-five on a rainy morning, standing on a cold, rough, and soapy cement floor, I, for one, would lack the courage for the crisis.

After the formidable shower we had about ten minutes to don our khaki uniforms; then calis-

thenics, drill, and breakfast followed each other in rapid succession. In the calisthenics we took the same setting-up exercises that the recruits of the Army and Navy have, followed by a drill. The purpose of our drills was misunderstood by most people. There was no idea of our forming a regiment for actual service, as some thought, but merely to train us to get from one place to another as a unit, and not in a straggling, disorderly body. It is needless to say that the discipline of drill is excellent training for any one. After this strenuousness breakfast call, or, to be more military, mess, was a very welcome sound, and the food, considering the small cost per "man" of a dollar a day, was excellent. We had exactly the same things to eat that Uncle Sam's marines have, with the addition of butter three times a day instead of once. One of the jokes of the camp was that, as an actual fact, we two hundred girls ate more than two hundred marines did.



AN ARMORED CAR VISITS THE ENCAMPMENT.

The courses were two weeks in length with two hundred girls for each course. We had two battalions divided into four companies, with staff and company officers exactly like the Army. There was no manual of arms, as militarism was not the idea of the camp, but *universal service.* This is borne out by the courses we took: first aid, hygiene and home nursing, dietetics, surgical dressing, knitting and sewing, wireless and Morse telegraphy, and signaling; all of which are most useful in any condition of life.



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"ICE-CREAM CONES!" NOON HOUR AT THE CATERER'S SHACK OUTSIDE THE GROUNDS. (SWEETS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN CAMP.)

To show that women, as well as men, are interested in mechanics, the wireless and ordinary telegraphy seem to arouse more enthusiasm than any of the other courses. All day long, from almost any tent, you would hear dot—dash, dash—two dots, and so on, tapped by means of pencils, toothbrushes, or anything else that was at hand. Intermittently you would hear, "for a compound fracture you apply a bandage" in such and such a manner; these and similar sounds would make a stranger wonder if he had stumbled into a hospital or an insane asylum.

To many of us, who were somewhat frivolous and thoughtless girls, the idea of universal service was a new one. We had it emphasized in all possible forms in the lectures which took place

every afternoon. It was just this point of national service that made the camp so big and great. It was n't that we could complete any one subject in two weeks, but it opened up new vistas of education and interest. The lectures we heard were on a wide range of subjects, and delivered by various speakers, beginning with President Woodrow Wilson, who opened the camp. Dr. H. W. Wiley, Miss Boardman, Mr. John Barrett, and many other distinguished people gave us inspiring talks. One was for Pan-Americanism; one said our greatest need was a nitrate plant; Dr. Wiley thought we should never be a great race unless potato-skins formed a substantial part of our diet; while Mr. Barrett called attention to the fact that the National Service School was of not only national, but international, interest, for he had received letters and telegrams from all parts of the world inquiring about it.

The camp was so great a success that it has been made a national institution. It will be held every spring. This year the courses will be three weeks each instead of two. The first encampment will be held from April 16 to May 5, the second from May 7 to May 26. Similar camps are being organized in all parts of the country; those of Boston, New York, Savannah, Chicago, and San Francisco are among the most important. So we who attended the first National Service School feel that if a national calamity should come, we shall be better fitted to do our part toward upholding the national honor.

THE GIRLS IN KHAKI

BY MARGARET DADMUN

The bugle sounded the reveille call one May morning at half past six as the flag rose over the brown army tents of the National Service School.

I was sound asleep when the familiar strains woke me, and I suddenly realized that it meant only ten minutes in which to dress.

I tore off the mosquito-netting which enveloped my cot and sprang up, greeting the four other occupants of the tent and making a dive for the water-pail with which to fill my tin basin. This operation is not so quick, perhaps, as turning on a tap; nor is one mirror for five conducive to perfect hair-dressing; but thank goodness! it did not take long to get into the uniforms. Khaki skirts, flannel blouses, and campaign hats may not be the most beautiful of garments, but they are among the most comfortable and the easiest to work in—and with plenty of pockets.

We five managed to scramble out into the company street just as the second bugle sounded.



"WE ALL MARCHED OUT OF THE GATES ONTO THE BROAD HIGHWAY."



SETTING-UP DRILL AT SEVEN A. M.

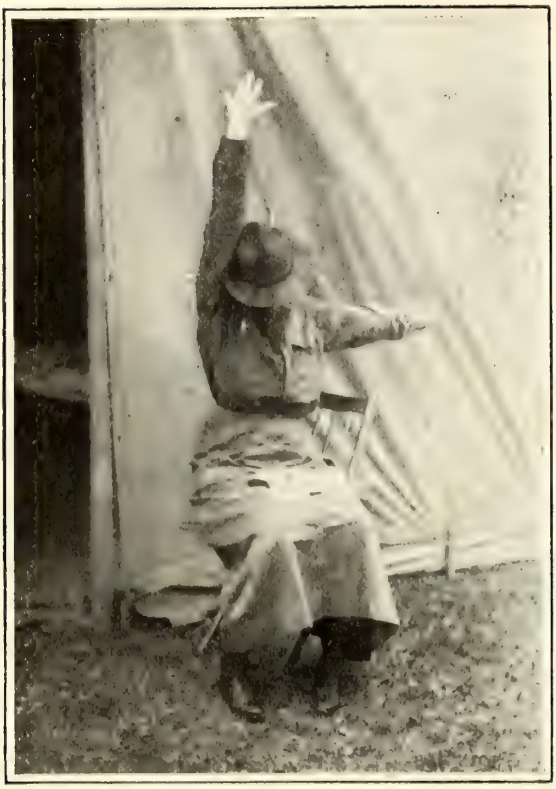
There our pretty young captain, assisted by a competent lieutenant and an energetic little sergeant, was organizing her company of fifty lasses. There were three other companies, each falling into line in its own street with a row of tents on either side.

"Left face! Forward march!" ordered our captain, and we all marched out of the gates onto the broad highway which stretched through miles of green country sparkling with dew in the morning sunshine. Here, witnessed only by the birds and a few early risers on their way to Washington, we had our setting-up drill, or calisthenics. A sergeant from the marine corps assisted the captain, and he found us very apt pupils. Indeed, in our execution of squad movements we were said to rival our brothers at Plattsburg.

We were all a little tired, but entirely waked up and very hungry, when mess-time arrived. We sat at bare tables and ate from very substantial crockery. The food was very substantial also, but not guaranteed to last as long as the china. The darky waiters were kept very busy, but the broad grins they wore as they brought in platters of bacon and "grits" showed that we were not the only ones who were enjoying a unique experience. Besides bacon we often had eggs for breakfast, and, on rare occasions, sausage and griddle-cakes.



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WIGWAGGING—A BIT OF PRIVATE PRACTICE.

Inspection took place at eight-thirty, so we hurried to our tents after mess to make ready for this, the most trying ordeal of the day. Cots were neatly spread up; suitcases, shoes, and basins were arranged in neat rows beneath them; tent floors were swept, flaps rolled up, and the company streets were cleared of all rubbish. Beetles must beware of visiting here, lest they be deposited in the trash-can; as for flies, we had none, as no food was allowed in the company tents. (Many a beribboned box of chocolates is held for its owner in the administration tent.) Last of all, we polished our shoes, straightened our hats, and lined up in front of our tents. We stood there, scarcely daring to breathe as the inspector, with the commandant and the officer of the day, went into every tent and looked each one of us over, stopping sometimes, alas! to shut suitcases and button buttons. After that came more drill, and at nine-thirty the regular classes of the day began.

Most of the classes were taught by nurses, doctors, and trained workers from the Red Cross Society. One of the compulsory courses was the making of surgical dressings. The delicate gauze must be folded very carefully, and while making bandages for some soldier on a distant battlefield we were learning valuable lessons in accuracy. Knitting and sewing for the soldiers were also taught; and in the dietetics tent a white-gowned nurse demonstrated the making of beef-tea and oatmeal gruel, with the help of an oil-stove and a tiny refrigerator.

The hardest courses were those in first aid and home care of the sick. The enthusiastic members of the former class were always on the lookout for broken bones to bandage; while the amateur nurses prided themselves on the beautiful beds they made and their ability to bathe and dress a baby (in this case a celluloid doll).

Out in the field a goodly number of maidens learned to wield the semaphore flags and decipher mysterious messages therefrom. They blinked at the heliograph, and, changing from sight to sound, entered the wireless tent, where the buzzers were kept busy all day long.

In the afternoon we went to the big white assembly-tent, many prudently carrying their knitting. Here we heard lectures on all phases of the vast subject of preparedness. National defense, for which we all, as members of the Women's Section of the Navy League, were working, came first.

But it was understood that the duty of actual fighting does not belong to women. There was not a gun at the camp. Should war ever come to this country, we women could help in a number of different ways. We could go behind



LEARNING TO TELEGRAPH.

the lines as an organized body of nurses' aids; or we could carry on work for the sick and wounded

in our own homes and communities. And in time of peace we could do all in our power to promote patriotism and prosperity throughout our country. To this end we listened to lectures on "Good Citizenship," "Food Values," "Home-visiting Nurses," "Home Economics," "Woman's Position in the Red Cross," and other topics of interest to us in our daily life.

Four o'clock was visiting-time at the National Service School, and a number of "rookies" lined up at the gate under the direction of an officer to show around those visitors who were not fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, or, in some cases, husbands and children of the students. They were deeply impressed by everything they saw: the saluting, the absolute cleanliness of the entire camp,—especially the mess-tent,—and the obvious healthfulness of the life we led. A sentry was on duty at each entrance to the company streets, so that those who saw the inside of our dwellings were few and privileged.

The visitors were exceedingly curious, but we answered all their questions with perfect gravity, even those concerning the whereabouts of the guard-house, and how many times a week they gave us pork and beans.

At five minutes of six all those who were granted leave were obliged to be back in camp and all outsiders departed. But most of them lingered just beyond the gates to watch the interesting ceremony of "retreat."

The four companies formed a hollow square about the flagpole, near which stood the commandant, the officers of the staff, and the officer of the day with the color-guard, the last distinguished by the bright red sashes they wore. The order "Parade-rest!" was given, and at the sound of the bugle the flag was slowly lowered by the color-guard. The captains then made their reports, and a new officer of the day was appointed, after which the companies marched to mess, for which they were quite ready.

The first part of the evening was generally study-time. Each tent had a single electric light, which was sufficient to enable us to read our first-aid and elementary hygiene books. Out in the street somebody was wigwagging with a broom, and our neighbors across the way were



A SOLDIERETTE.



SIGNALING.

practising the Morse code on the top of the trash-can.

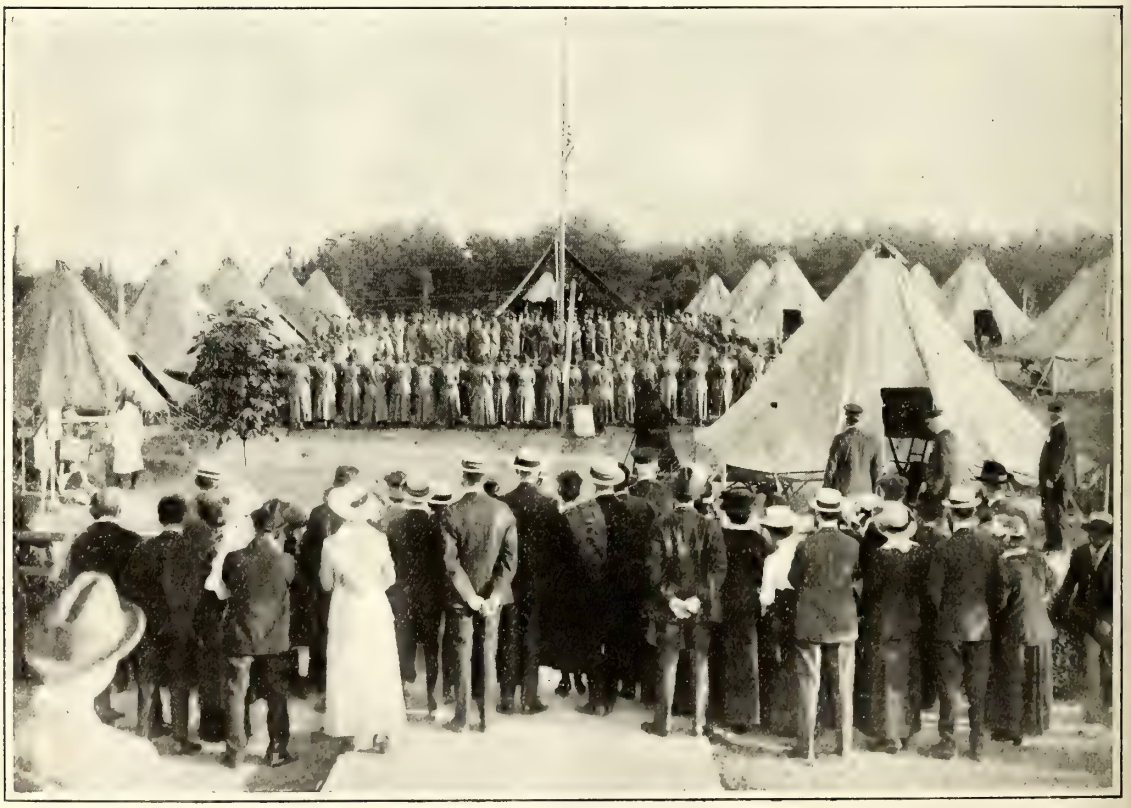
Far too soon the assembly-call sounded, summoning us again to the large white tent. This part of the evening was devoted to recreation. The musical members of the Press Club entertained us once, and we gave two entertainments ourselves. One of the girls who was a very good mimic gave some clever impersonations of camp characters and of some of the people who had addressed us.

Another evening one of the companies gave a circus. It featured a wonderful elephant of army-blankets, with campaign hats for ears; the Siamese triplets (three girls walking together with their skirts pinned around them); Semaphoria, a famous Egyptian dancer, who danced with semaphore flags; and Company J, who drilled with brooms, singing an appropriate song written by one of the girls.

We were a jolly crowd, though we did take our work seriously. In fact, the camp life worked both ways—it made older women renew their youth, and gave us girls a sense of responsibility.

It is nine-thirty, and taps are sounding. From under the corner of the tent I can see the other tents, like rows of glowing little hills in the twilight. One by one the lights go out; for one moment a figure in a flaming red bath-robe is seen loosening a tent-flap, and then disappears; the bugle-boy, who is putting his whole soul into the simple strain, is left alone in the deserted streets.

I wonder what kind of dreams are hurrying through the girl-soldiers' heads to-night. Some may see themselves as noble nurses, comforting the wounded and dying, abroad or at home. Others are feverishly taking messages in some lonely signal-tower, that the regular operators may fight for their country. Others dream of happier things, of an era of lasting peace and prosperity, with themselves as leaders in a great, wide-spread, patriotic movement. And still others have visions of happy homes, where children are brought up to serve their country whenever it needs them. One and all, whatever their personal aims and ambitions, know this: our Nation needs us now and at all times; each one of us has her own part to play in its progress, both by active service and by upholding in her own life the principles of liberty, justice, and peace.



SUNDOWN AT THE NATIONAL SERVICE SCHOOL—LOWERING THE COLORS.

THE FIRE ON TAMARACK

BY W. V. CHAMBERS

Sammy Lane, state forester, lonesome, discouraged, and, though he would not admit it, somewhat homesick, gazed thoughtfully at the great golden moon which was rising in all its glorious splendor seemingly just beyond the pine-fringed mountain-top before him.

The official part of Sammy's name had been with him for three days. Just that long ago the commissioner of forestry, in his office at the state capitol, had sent Sammy far up in the mountains, to be responsible for some thirty thousand acres of forest land. As his superior had explained, Forester Van Dorn had been dropped from the service and Sammy was to take his place. Van Dorn had n't made a success of his work on Daleton Reserve, primarily because Van Dorn was not a diplomat. That bad feeling had existed between the mountaineers and the state's officers before he had gone to Daleton was a well-known fact in the department, and Forester Van Dorn had widened that breach.

Forest fires on Daleton became frequent, and during the last winter a game-warden had been shot,—"mistaken for a bear in the underbrush and accidentally killed," a coroner's jury had found.

They were a lawless lot of men, these mountaineers. Some were farmers on a small scale, for the valley soil was scarce; some were woodsmen, who earned their money working now and then for the tanners and pulp-mills—"woodhicks" they were called; but far too many preferred to loaf and take chances on picking up a dollar now and then, and it was from these that Sammy would have to draw most of his help.

He thought of these things as he stood that night on the porch of his little frame shack, and went back over the events of his first day on the reserve. He had hired a team upon his arrival and hauled his belongings the twenty-four miles to Trout Run. Here he was to live. His house was one of three, supplemented by a small general store and post-office, which nestled at the foot of great North Mountain.

He had spread out the map of his reserve and studied it minutely. Then he had ridden around the country, getting acquainted and laying plans for the work ahead of him. There were new fire-lanes to be cut and old ones to be kept open. There was a long stretch of state road, leading to the Tamarack section, which required extensive repairing. Here, too, was a big stretch of virgin pine which ought to be further protected, he decided, and there was space for a good deal of planting. Yes, there was much to be done, and he planned how to divide his scanty appropriation.

But Sammy's feelings of discouragement came not from the prospect of the work before him,—he liked that,—but because of the way he had been received by the people he had met on the roads. Only two men of the several score he had seen had as much as admitted his presence, and these two had each spoken to him in the universal greeting of the mountain, "Howdy." Sullen looks and grim, appraising glances were all he received from the others. He had ventured an opinion on the weather once, and the cold stare of utter enmity he had got in return made him resolve to keep his thoughts to himself. Truly, Van Dorn had not made a friend in the valley. State-forester Lane sighed and turned into his shack. He lit his lamp and started writing up the report of the day.

Far up the mountain-side a whippoorwill whistled, and the shrill, musical call was answered from somewhere in the black silhouette of pines on the other side of the little valley; afar off a great horned owl hooted its dismal call; then all was quiet in the silvery night. Sammy "turned in" and was soon lost in profound slumber.

The first broad streaks of dawn were breaking through the mountain mists when Sammy was startled into wakefulness by the harsh ringing of his telephone-bell. Sammy listened a minute. Again it rang, his call—two long and two short.

"Hello," he answered.

"Mr. Lane?" queried a voice. Then it went on. "This is Rue Wyckoff, your fire-warden. I want to report a fire on Tamarack. I just seen it now, and it 's a good 'un."

"Just where on Tamarack is it and how much spread has it?" asked Sammy.

"On the west side, on state land, and working up the hill fast. I reckon it 'll carry half-way up afore we can get at it."

There was a road over Tamarack, and Sammy asked which side the fire was on.

"Both sides," came the answer; "it 's a-followin' the road. That makes it easier to get to from the east side."

"Round up your men, then, and do what you can. Wait a minute." He looked at his map. "There 's no fire-lane crossing the road. Figure how fast the header is traveling, then start far enough back to give you time, and cut a lane.

Rake the ground clean, and I 'll be over as soon as I can get a posse."

Sammy hung up the receiver and thoughtfully fingered the map. He was face to face with a climax in the feud between the state's officers and the mountaineers, and he knew it. The fact that the fire was on *both* sides of the road could mean but one thing—that it had been deliberately put there. A forest fire at its height might jump a road the width of the one over Tamarack, but not at its start.

Sammy Lane was mad clear through. A glance at the flash in his steel-blue eyes would have warned any one to be careful. And Sammy had red hair—not very red, but red enough. When that combination goes out looking for trouble it generally is n't very far off.

Sammy,—State-forest-officer Lane now, silver badge and all,—an ax on his shoulder and carrying dynamite and caps for blasting, set out in the direction of the nearest farm-house. It happened to be Pete Henderson's, and the commissioner had warned him of Pete. The latter was looked up to as a sort of leader among the men of the district, and Pete's word formed a good percentage of the law they recognized. Sammy knew this, and he knew it was Pete's house, for he had seen the name on the tin mail-box.

Sammy rapped loudly on the door. He had disturbed the family at breakfast, and old Pete himself came to answer. Sammy wasted no time in preliminaries.

"Mr. Henderson," he said, "you and your two sons will please come with me at once to fight a fire on Tamarack."

"Well," the other drawled, "I reckon that as the fire 's on state land, the State kin take care of it 'thout us a-botherin' with it." He eyed Sammy coldly.

"The State *is* taking care of it. I 'm asking you to go and work for the State. If you don't, the State fines you; if you do, the State pays you by the day. That 's reasonable enough. Are you going or not? The same, of course, applies to your sons."

"Are you the forester?" Pete asked him.

"I am," Sammy replied. Then he continued: "Mr. Henderson, you know the state law as well as I do on this point. I am satisfied that you do not wish to be fined, and so you will kindly bring along an ax apiece and plenty to eat. I am going down the road to the next house and will wait for you there. Please hurry." And leaving no room for further argument, Sammy set off down the road.

At the next farm-house he gained two more rather sullen recruits, who came only when threatened with a fine. When the men heard Sammy say that Pete Henderson and his sons were coming, however, they exchanged glances and seemed more ready to accompany him.

After what seemed an unnecessarily long wait, he was joined by Pete and his sons. They had nothing to say and walked behind Sammy as he led the way with a determined stride in the direction of Tamarack. He stopped at two other houses, and added three more to his little band.

Already they could smell the smoke from the fire, and as the mountain mists gradually broke and lifted, their place was taken by a sickly monochrome, a dirty yellow. The wind, which seemed to be sucked up the valley, had none of the freshness of the morning in it, and was simply smoky air—air that rolled about them, choking them. It was a weird dawn, the presence of the sun being marked by a great streak of copper in the east.

Coming suddenly around a turn in the road at the base of a mountain, they saw only a few miles ahead the great forces of destruction full at work. The conflagration seemed to spread a third of the way around the base of Tamarack Mountain, and was rapidly eating its way upward through a belt of pitch-pine. One after another the tops of the trees burst into flame, throwing sparks high in the air, which, in turn, scattered and dropped like seeds, scaling before the wind, only to spring up instantly into new destruction.

Sammy hastened his steps and watched anxiously for a lumber-road, long since abandoned, which he had noted on his map as leaving the main road and leading around the fire to the east side. After they had gone half a mile farther he asked one of the men if he knew where it was.

"Never heard of it," was the short answer he received. Sammy was sure the man must have known better, for he came upon it shortly after, plainly cut through the underbrush lining the wood.

"Of course they would n't help me!" he thought bitterly; "and they won't work any harder than they can help, either. Sammy Lane, you have your work cut out for you, all right."

They entered the Tamarack pines, and the dense, acrid smoke burnt their eyes and bit into their throats. It seemed to hang heavily, and sifted around the trees in long snaky belts. But Sammy never faltered, for he realized that any indecision on his part would be taken as a sign of weakness by the men. He must drive them, and to drive them, they must know that he was master of the entire situation.

So on they climbed, Sammy setting the pace, and it was no mean pace either. Near the top they joined the road again and turned toward the fire beneath them. Sammy had figured that

Wyckoff and his men were already at work and were somewhere near them. He was right, and the chop and ring of the axes led him to them. The two parties met and he sought out Wyckoff. Sammy found him a typical, tall, raw-boned mountaineer, hard at it with the rest. He wiped the sweat from his eyes as he came up.



"'I 'M ASKING YOU TO GO AND WORK FOR THE STATE.'"

They went over the situation together, and Sammy found his fire-warden quite different from the rest. He drew Sammy to one side.

"Mr. Lane," he said, "I know what you 're up against better 'n you do yourself. I want you to know I 'm with you. The State pays me to fight fires, and I cal'late Rue Wyckoff ain't never fell down on his job yet. These men hate the State worse 'n pizen, and we 've got to fight 'em to make 'em work. You can count on me; I have n't a friend in the bunch—what I get for bein' fire-warden." He held out his great bony hand, and Sammy took it. A mutual understanding came between the two, and Sammy realized as he looked into the candid eyes of the warden that he had one man at least he could depend on.

They quickly discussed the probabilities of the fire's course, and laid plans for the cutting of the lane parallel to it. Sammy took his men to the left of the road, while Wyckoff went on with his work on the right. Sammy drove his men mercilessly, but he worked with them and only stopped now and then to direct the course of the lane. Great blisters appeared on his hands, softened as they were from several months' cessation of hard work, but he hardly noticed them. They all seemed to be working so slowly, so listlessly, and the great roaring furnace beneath them was reaching out for more fuel all the time, while back of them lay acres of priceless virgin pine. It would have been useless to attack the fire itself in the daytime. The night was the time for that, for the red army of destruction seemed to crouch and doze then, dulled by the condensing dews and lacking the whipping of the winds.

Toward noon the great billowing clouds of smoke became almost unbearable, but they worked doggedly on. The roar of the great crown-fire was plainly audible now, and here and there a spark fell. Sammy started a back-fire to reinforce his fire-lane, and stationed his men to see that it was kept under control. When the main conflagration reached the burnt-out area, he hoped it would die out for want of fuel.

If only the sparks would n't carry so on the wind!

Sammy was pacing swiftly along, touching his torch here and there to the dried underbrush, when he heard a frantic cry from one of the men.



"EVERY SECOND WAS PRECIOUS NOW IF THEY HOPED TO GET OUT ALIVE."

Peering through the smoke he saw the woodsman running toward him.

"It 's come up in back of us!" was his startling news. "It 's circled us and reached the road on one side already! Run for your life!"

It required but a few steps to convince Sammy that what the man had said was true, and he hastily joined the others in making a hurried retreat. The fire had girdled the belt of pitch- and jack-pine running around the side of the mountain, and had crept up unseen several hundred yards in their rear. The smoke and noise had been so confusing that it was indeed a lucky circumstance that the new course of the fire had been discovered at all.

They plunged through the brush back to the road, coming out at a point considerably above where they had started to cut, and ran stumblingly in the direction of safety. And they were not a minute too soon, for, gasping and struggling, they broke terror-stricken through the patch of unburnt woods, leaping fire on either side, from the circular trap to freedom.

Sammy had been the last to leave, making sure that all had heard the warning. He found himself clear of danger, stumbling along with Pete Henderson. Suddenly the old man clutched his arm, and Sammy saw his face blanched with fear.

"Listen!" he gasped. They stopped. And then faintly, but clear above the roar of the flames, they heard a terrified scream—a girl's voice! And it came distinctly from the rapidly narrowing circle which they had just left!

"My daughter!" cried old Pete. "She was to bring our lunch, and she is in there!" He threw aside his ax and started back through the smoky glare. Then Sammy grabbed his arm.

"Listen, man!" he cried. "You can't carry her out, if it comes to that; you have n't the strength. I 'll go get her, I 'm younger. Keep him here, Wyckoff." And Sammy pushed the old man into the arms of the warden, who had come running up. Old Pete broke down completely and sobbed aloud as he watched Sammy disappear in the smoke.

"She 'll be killed! she 'll be killed!" he moaned over and over again. It had often been said that Pete Henderson's only interest in life centered on his pretty young daughter, and now the thought of her danger completely unmanned him.

Sammy rapidly pushed through the swiftly closing circle of fire and came out on the road again. The smoke was so thick it blinded him, and on every side there sounded the roar and crackle of the flames as they leaped from one tree-top to another. He shouted aloud, but he received no answer. The yellow smoke cut into his throat as he made the effort. Again he called, and still no answering cry. Great sparks fell on him and burnt holes in his clothing, searing the skin beneath before he could brush them off. He tore wildly through the brush, shouting incoherently as he went. Near the roadway his half-blinded eyes discovered a patch of white. He staggered to it. It proved to be the girl, huddled in a heap, just as she had fallen, and quite unconscious.

"Smoke too much for her," guessed Sammy, and he picked her up bodily in his arms. Shielding her from the sparks as best he could, he hurried along the road. It was more open there, and he could make better time. Every second was precious now if they hoped to get out alive, and Sammy gritted his teeth and plunged on. Over fallen, burning branches he leaped, and staggered blindly through great puffs of sickening, smothering yellow smoke. Fire singed his hair, and his clothes were burning in half a dozen spots.

Then a puff of air lifted the pall of smoke before him, and ahead he saw the group of men anxiously watching for his reappearance. He stumbled on, the dead weight of the girl in his arms almost dragging him down time and again. Then a cheer rose on the air, high above the roar of flames behind him, and as Rue Wyckoff relieved him of his burden he lost consciousness.

Dimly Sammy heard a distant rumble, which his dulled senses failed to understand. But when a great hollow boom reverberated among the mountains and jarred the earth under him, he struggled to a sitting position. He saw a brilliant flash zigzag across the swaying smoke, heard the splitting crack of a thunderbolt, and felt a raindrop on his face.

"It 's rain!" he cried; "it 's rain!"

"Yes," said a voice at his side, the fire-warden's; "I cal'late yore fire won't get much further. Not up in them pines anyhow. You had a narrow one, my boy; don't know as I ever see a closer call in my life."

"And the girl?" asked Sammy.

"She 's all right, Mr. Lane," spoke up Pete. He had his left arm about his daughter, who, though still pale and frightened, smiled at Sammy, much to his confusion. "I have n't the language to tell you what I want to," he went on brokenly, "but this much I will say, we-all played you pretty mean a while back, but there ain't a man here as will dare to do it again." He glared at the circle of men about him. "And if you don't mind," he concluded, "I 'd like to put it there!" He held out his right hand to Sammy.

And amid the drenching rain, which fell in sheets, Sammy Lane, State Forester, "put."



THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House," "The Sapphire Signet," etc.

CHAPTER VI

CECILY REVEALS HERSELF

THAT night the two girls held a council of war.

"It 's perfectly plain to me," said Marcia, "that that poor little thing is right under Miss Benedict's thumb. I think the way she 's treated is scandalous—not allowed to go out, or speak to, or associate with, any one! And scared out of her wits all the time, evidently. What on earth is she there for, anyhow?"

Janet scorned to reply to the old, unanswerable question. Instead she remarked:

"She 's breaking her heart about it, too. I can see that. And, Marcia, was n't it strange—what she said just at the last—that she loved us, and that we were all she had to care for! Where *can* all her relatives and family be? Miss Benedict certainly can't be a relative, for Cecily calls her 'Miss.' To think of that lovely little thing without a soul to care for her—except ourselves. Why, Marcia, it 's—it 's amazing! But the main question now is what are we going to do about it? We *must* help her somehow!"

"I know what *I 'm* going to do about it," replied Marcia, decisively. "I 'm going to tell Aunt Minerva about it, and see if she can't—"

"Wait a minute," Janet reminded her. "You forget that Cecily fairly begged us not to mention anything about her to any one."

"That 's so," said Marcia, looking blank. "What *are* we going to do then?"

"There 's only one thing I can think of," answered Janet, slowly. "Miss Benedict may forbid Cecily to meet or speak to *us*, but she can't forbid us meeting and speaking to Cecily, can she? So why can't we just watch for Cecily to come out, and then go and join her? She can't stop us—she can't help herself; and between you and me, I think she 'll be only too delighted!"

"Good enough!" laughed Marcia. "But what an ogre that Miss Benedict must be! I 'm horribly disappointed about her. After I heard her speak that time I was sure she must be lovely. It does n't seem possible that any one with such a wonderful, sympathetic voice could be so—so downright hateful to a dear little thing like Cecily."

"I must say it seems just horrid!" cried Janet, vehemently.

That night, after darkness had fallen, the two girls, settling themselves without a light at their open window, heard, as Marcia had once before described, the sound of running feet in the garden beyond the wall. This time there was no doubt in their minds about it. It was certainly Cecily, taking a little exercise, probably on the deserted paths.

"I wonder why she *runs*," marveled Marcia. "*I* should n't feel like running around there all by myself."

"I think I can understand, though," added Janet. "She 's cooped up all day in that dreary old place, and probably has to keep awfully quiet. I 'd go crazy if I were shut in like that. I 'd feel like—like jumping hurdles when I got out of doors. And she 's a country girl, too, remember. Get your violin, Marcia, and play something. I know it will comfort her to know we 're near by and thinking of her."

So Marcia brought her violin, and out into the darkness of the night floated the dreamy, tender melody of the "Träumerei." The romance of the situation appealed to her, and she played it as she never had before.

At the first notes the running footsteps ceased, and there was silence in the garden. When the music ended, they thought they could distinguish a soft little sound, half sigh, half sob, from the velvet blackness below; but they could not be sure. And a little later came the click of a closing door.

Marcia put down her violin. "The lonely, lonely little thing!" she exclaimed, half under her breath.

FOR two days thereafter they maintained a constant, but fruitless, vigil over "Benedict's Folly." Cecily did not appear, either at her window or on a marketing expedition. Neither was there any sound of her footsteps in the garden at night.

The girls began to worry. Could it be that Miss Benedict had discovered the truth about the remedy for her sprained ankle and had, perhaps, shut Cecily up in close confinement, or even sent her away altogether? They were by this time at a loss as to just what to think of that mysterious lady.

On the third afternoon, however, to their intense relief, they saw Cecily emerge from the house and walk toward the gate, with the market-

basket on her arm. It took them just about a minute and a half to reach the street.

Cecily came abreast of their own door-step in due time, her eyes cast down as usual; but they were waiting in the vestibule, and she did not see them.

She was well in advance, but still in sight, when they came down the steps and strolled in the same direction. It was not till they had turned the corner that they raced after her, and at last, breathless, caught up with her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a little start; "I—I did not expect to see you to-day. I—you must n't come with me!" In spite of her words, however, it was evident that she was really delighted by their unexpected appearance.

"Look here, Cecily," began Marcia, "why can't we join you when you go to market or are doing your errands?"

"Oh, that would be lovely!" answered Cecily—"only Miss Benedict usually asks me when I come in whether I have met or spoken to any one, and—I can't tell what is n't true!"

Here was a poser! The girls looked crestfallen.

"No—you can't, of course," hesitated Janet.

"And besides that," went on Cecily, "this is the last time I shall go, anyhow, because she 's very much better now,—the salve helped her ankle very much,—and she says she 's going out herself after this. I don't expect to get out again."

There was a moment of horrified silence after this blow. Then Janet, no longer able to endure the bewilderment, burst out:

"Cecily dear, please forgive us if we seem to be prying into your affairs. It 's only because we think so much of you. But who *is* Miss Benedict, and what is she to you?"

"I don't know!" said Cecily, slowly.

"You *don't know!*" they gasped in chorus.

"No, I really don't. It must seem very strange to you, and it does to me. Miss Benedict is a perfect stranger to me, and no relation, so far as I know. I never saw or heard of her before I came here."

"But why *are* you here then?" demanded Marcia.

"I—don't know. It 's all a mystery to me. But I 'm so lonely I 've cried myself to sleep many a night."

"Won't you tell us all about it?" begged Marcia. "We 're your friends, Cecily,—you say the only ones you have,—and we don't ask just out of curiosity, but because we 're interested in you, and—and love you."



"OUT INTO THE DARKNESS FLOATED THE DREAMY MELODY."

"Well, I will then," agreed the girl, as they walked along. "I 'll just tell you how it all happened. Ever since I can remember anything, I 've lived in Cranby, a little village in England. Mother and I lived there together. We never went anywhere, not even up to London, because she was never very strong. Father was dead; he died when I was a tiny baby, she told me. We just had a happy, quiet life together, we two.

"Well, about the beginning of this year, Mother was suddenly taken very, very ill. I don't know what was the matter, but I hardly had time to call in a neighbor and then bring the doctor." Cecily paused and choked down a rising sob.

"She—she just slipped away before we knew it," she went on, very low. Marcia pressed her hand in wordless sympathy. Presently Cecily continued:

"Afterward, the neighbor, Mrs. Waddington, told me that while I was fetching the doctor Mother had begged her to see that, if she did n't recover, I should be taken or sent over to New York, and left with a family named Benedict, and she had Mrs. Waddington write down the address. But just then Mother grew so much worse that she could n't explain why I was to be taken there, or what they were to me or I to them. After it was all over we searched everywhere, hoping to find some papers or letters or something that would tell, but we found nothing. So Mrs. Waddington kept me with her for two or three months. Then a friend of hers, a Mrs. Bidwell, was going to the States, and it was arranged that I should go in her care. About two weeks before we sailed Mrs. Bidwell wrote to the Benedict family, saying she was bringing me to New York.

"So we sailed from Liverpool, and the very day we landed, Mrs. Bidwell brought me here. We rang the old bell at the gate, and then waited and waited. I thought no one would ever come. But at last the gate opened, and Miss Benedict stood there in her hat and veil.

"She acted very strangely from the first. Mrs. Bidwell told her all about me, and she never said a single word, but only shook her head several times. I thought she was certainly going to refuse to take me in, her manner was so odd. After she had stood thinking a long time she suddenly said to me, 'Come, then!' and to Mrs. Bidwell, 'I thank you!' And she led me inside, followed by the driver with my box, and shut the gate." Cecily stopped short, as if that were the end of the story.

"Oh, but—go on!" stammered Marcia, quivering with impatience.

"But I must do my marketing now," said Cecily. "Here we are at the shop. I 'll tell you the rest when we come out."

Chapter VII

surprises all around

"How long have you been in New York?" began Janet, when at last they emerged from the little shop.

"About two months," said Cecily. "And I 've lived in that place all this time, and have not known why. Miss Benedict has never explained. She acts toward me as if I were a lodger, or—or some one she allowed to stay there for reasons of her own, but did n't particularly want to have about. She 's kind to me, but never—friendly. Sometimes she looks at me in the strangest way—I can't imagine what she 's thinking about. But why does she live like this?" and she turned inquiring eyes on the girls.

"I 'm sure *we* don't know!" exclaimed Marcia. "We only wonder about it. The house seems to be all shut up."

"Why, it *is!*" Cecily enlightened them. "And it makes it so dark and gloomy! There is lovely furniture in the drawing-room, but it is all covered over with some brown stuff—even the pictures. And most of the other rooms are not used at all—nothing on the ground floor. I eat down in the basement, and my bedroom is on the top floor—where I looked out that time. I have never been in any of the other bedrooms except Miss Benedict's, when her ankle was bad."

"But what do you do with yourself all day?" asked Janet.

"I keep my room in order, and help Miss Benedict whenever she lets me. Of course, she prepares all the food herself, but in such a pretty, dainty way. But there are a good many hours when the time hangs so heavy on my hands. Sometimes she lets me dust the rooms on the ground floor. She keeps everything very, very neat, even if it is all covered up and never used. The rest of the time I sit in my room and read the few books I brought with me, and tell myself long stories, or listen to your music. I dare not now even peep through the shutters. Once I opened them, when you were playing, but Miss Benedict came in just then and forbade me to do it again."

"Does n't she ever let you go out and take a walk or get a little exercise?" questioned Marcia.

"No, the only times I have gone out have been just lately, when her ankle has been so bad. At night, after it is dark, she lets me run about the garden a bit, but never in the daytime."

"But how did she find out about your knowing *us?*" broke in Janet.

"Why, of course I told her—that first time after you were so good to me—all about meeting you, and how lovely you were to me. I thought she 'd be so glad I 'd found such nice friends. But she looked so queer—almost frightened, and she said: 'You must not speak to them again. It was kind of them to help you, but you must not encourage them in any way. Remember, child!' And I was only trying to obey her when I passed you without looking up the second time I went out."

"Cecily," said Marcia, suddenly, "what does Miss Benedict look like, anyhow? Do you ever see her without that veil? Is n't she very old and plain?"

"Why, no," answered Cecily, simply. "She 's very beautiful."

"*What!*" they gasped in chorus.

"Yes, I was surprised too, that day I came. After the driver had brought my box into the hall (she would n't let him take it any farther), and she had shut the door behind him and we were left alone, she seemed to—to hesitate, but at last she raised her hands and took off her bonnet and veil. I don't know what I expected, but I was surprised to see such a lovely face. Her hair is gray, almost white, and so soft and wavy. And yet she has rosy cheeks, and white teeth, and the most beautiful big gray eyes. And her voice is very sweet, too. Do you know, I believe if she 'd only *let* me, I could just love her, but she holds me off as if she were somehow *afraid* of me. It 's all very strange."

The girls were completely nonplussed by this latest bit of information, and found it hard to couple Cecily's attractive picture with the little black-robed and veiled figure that they knew as Miss Benedict. The voice alone tallied, and Marcia recounted how she had once met Miss Benedict in the little grocery-shop. Suddenly, however, she was struck by a new thought, and demanded:

"But how about the other one?"

Cecily opened her eyes wide. "Other one?" she queried. "Oh, you mean the other person in the house?"

"Why, yes," said Marcia. "The other old lady who sits in the room on the second floor."

"Oh, *is* it an old lady?" inquired Cecily, in surprise.

"Why, of course! Did n't you know it?" exclaimed Marcia.

"I knew there was *some* one in there—some invalid. For Miss Benedict has always warned me to be very quiet in going by that door, because some one was ill in there. But she never told me who it was, nor anything more about her. She always waits on her herself. Even when her ankle was hurting her so, she would drag herself out of bed many times a day to go into that room. But tell me, how did *you* know there was an old lady in there?"

Then Marcia recounted what she had seen on the night the wind tore open the shutter. "How strange this all is," she ended, "that Miss Benedict should never tell you who this person is! Why do you suppose she is keeping it a secret?"

As this was a problem none of them could solve, they could only conjecture vainly about it as they walked along. But by this time they had approached within a block of the house itself, and before they turned the corner once more they all unconsciously halted.

"Cecily," said Marcia, suddenly inspired with a bright idea, "I have the grandest scheme! If Miss Benedict is going to do the marketing after this, perhaps we won't see you again for some time. But I 've a plan by which we can *hear* from each other as often as we like. You take a walk in the garden every night, don't you?"

"No, not always," answered Cecily. "Miss Benedict allows me to, but often I don't care to. It 's so dark and—and lonesome."

"Well, after this, be sure to go out every night. Our window, you know, is directly over the garden wall, only three stories up. I 'm going to have a long string with a weight attached to it, and fasten it in the window. Every night, after dark, we 'll write a note to you, fasten it to the string, and drop it down into the garden among the bushes. You can find it in the dark by feeling for the string, and if you have one written to us, you can fasten it on, and we 'll pull it up. Is n't that a dandy idea?"

Cecily's eyes sparkled for a moment, but suddenly her face clouded. "Oh, it—it would be glorious!" she murmured. "Only—I must not. Even if Miss Benedict does n't know about it, I know she would forbid it if she did. So—it would be wrong for me to do it!"

"Oh, Cecily! why should you care?" cried Marcia, impatiently. "And why should she object to three girls sending little notes to one another? It would be cruel to forbid that. It is n't really wrong, you know."

"But she is n't cruel to me," Cecily interrupted. "You must n't think that. She—well, somehow, I feel she *would* be nice to me, only something is holding her back. She is n't a bit cruel. I sometimes feel as if I could—care for her in spite of everything. So I don't want to go against her wishes."

"Well, then," began Janet, "here 's a way out of it. We will write to *you* anyway. Miss Benedict can't forbid us to do that, and you need n't answer at all—need n't even read them, if you don't want to. But we 'll write, nevertheless, and you can't prevent it!"

When Cecily smiled, her face lit up as if touched by a shaft of sunlight. And she smiled now.

"I don't believe I *ought* to read them," she said; "but, oh! it would keep me from being so very lonely. But I must be going back now. I 've been longer than usual. Good-by!"

Cecily was still smiling as she turned away, while Janet and Marcia stood looking after her, waving farewell to her as she rounded the corner.

Chapter VIII

At the End of the String

It was past midnight, that night, before the two girls could settle themselves for a wink of sleep. So bewildering had been Cecily's revelations about herself and Miss Benedict and the conditions in the mysterious house, that they found inexhaustible food for discussion and conjecture.

The most interesting question, of course, was the absorbing mystery of how Cecily came to be there at all.

"Why should her mother have sent her there?" demanded Marcia, for the twentieth time.

"Perhaps she was a relative," ventured Janet.

"That 's perfect nonsense," argued Marcia, "for then Miss Benedict would have acted quite differently. If she had been the most distant connection, Miss Benedict would surely have told her. No, I should say she might be the child of a friend that Miss Benedict never cared particularly about, and yet she does n't quite like to send her away. Is n't it a puzzle? But what *do* you think of Miss Benedict being *beautiful!* I can't imagine it!"

"And then, too, think of Cecily's not knowing there was another old lady in the house!" added Janet.

"What a darling Cecily is!" exclaimed Marcia, irrelevantly. "If Miss Benedict knew how sweet and loyal and obedient Cecily is, she 'd be a little less strict with her, I 'm sure. I suppose she does n't want her to gossip about what goes on in that queer house. And, by the way, we must get our string in working order to-morrow. Let 's send her other things beside notes, too—things she 'd enjoy."

And until they fell asleep they planned the campaign for lightening the lonely hours of the girl next door.

Next day they jointly wrote a long letter,—telling all about themselves, their homes, their schools, their studies, and any other items they thought might interest her,—fastened it to the end of the string, and dropped it into the dark garden after nightfall. Later they heard Cecily's light footsteps in the gloom below, and when they pulled up the string just before they went to bed, the note was gone.

"Well, she 's evidently decided that it would be all right for her to take it," said Janet; "and I 'm relieved, even if she does n't answer. I can see why she might n't think it right to do *that.* And now we must plan to send her something besides, every once in a while. I should think she 'd just die of lonesomeness in that old place, and with hardly a thing to do, either!"

That night they sent her down a little box of fudge that they had made in the afternoon, and the next night a book that had captivated them both. And when they pulled up the string the evening after, there was the book again, and in it a tiny note, which ran:

> Dear Girls: You are too, too good to me. I ought not to be writing this. It is wrong, I fear, but I just cannot sleep until I have thanked you for the sweets, and this beautiful book. I read it all, to-day. You are making me very happy. I love you both.
>
> Cecily.

Meantime, they had seen Miss Benedict go in and out once or twice, limping slightly, and had watched her veiled figure with absorbed interest.

"Who could possibly imagine her as beautiful!" they marveled. And truly, it was an effort of imagination to connect beauty with the queer, oddly arrayed little figure.

Also, at various times during each day, Marcia made a point of giving a little violin concert at her window, and, at Janet's suggestion, had chosen the liveliest and most cheerful music in her repertoire for sad little Cecily's entertainment.

The two girls likewise exhausted every possibility in the line of small gifts and tiny trifles to amuse and entertain their young neighbor. But there was no further communication from her till one night after they had sent down an embroidery ring and silks, the latest pattern of a dainty boudoir-cap, and elaborate instructions how to embroider it. Next night there was a note on the end of the string when they drew it up. It read:

> How dear of you to send me this! I *love* to embroider, and had brought no materials with me. And now I want to ask you a question. Do you mind what I do with it after it is finished? Is it my very own? What can I ever do to repay you for all your kindness!

In their answer they assured her that she could make any use of the boudoir-cap that pleased her. And then they spent much time wondering what use she *was* going to make of it.



"THEY HEARD CECILY'S LIGHT FOOTSTEPS."

Two nights later, when they pulled up the string, they found, to their surprise, a small parcel attached to the end. It contained a little box in which lay, wrapped in jeweler's cotton, a tiny coral pendant in an old-fashioned gold setting, and a silver bracelet of thin filigree-work. The pendant was labeled, "For Marcia, with Cecily's love," and the bracelet, "For Janet, with love from Cecily."

The two girls gazed at the pathetic little gifts and sudden tears came into their eyes.

"Oh, Jan!" half sobbed Marcia; "we ought n't to keep them! They 're probably the only trinkets she has."

But Janet was wiser. "We must keep them," she decided. "Cecily does n't want all the giving to be on one side, and she has probably been longing to do something for us. I suppose these are the only things she had that would be suitable. Much as I hate to have her deprive herself of them, I know she 'd be terribly hurt if we sent them back. To-morrow we must write her the best letter of thanks we can."

So the days went by for two or three weeks. The girls caught, in all this time, not so much as one glimpse of Cecily, but they managed, thanks to their "line of communication," to keep constantly in touch with her. Meantime, the summer weather waxed hotter and hotter, and the city fairly steamed under the July sun. Their own time was taken up by many diversions: trips to the parks, beaches, and zoo; excursions out of town with Aunt Minerva; shopping, and quiet sewing or reading in their pleasant living-room. Every time they went out of their home on a pleasure-jaunt, they felt guilty, to think of the lonely little prisoner cooped up in the dreary house next door, and both declared they would gladly give up their places to her, had such a thing been possible.

Then, one night, something unusual occurred. They had sent down the usual note, and also a little work-basket of Indian-woven sweet-grass, the souvenir of a recent trip to the seaside. To their astonishment, when they drew up the string, both note and basket were still attached. This was the first time such a thing had happened.

"What *can* be the matter?" queried Marcia. "Can it be possible that Cecily feels she must n't do this any more?"

"*I* did n't hear any footsteps down there to-night, did you?" said Janet.

"No, come to think of it, I did n't. She must have stayed indoors for the first time since we began this. But what do you suppose is the reason?"

Janet suddenly clutched her friend. "Marcia, can it be possible that Miss Benedict has discovered what we 've been doing, and won't let her come out any more?"

"I believe that 's it!" Marcia's voice was sharp with consternation. "Would n't it be dreadful, if it 's so?" They sat gloomily thinking it over.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" demanded Marcia.

"Wait till to-morrow night and try again," counseled Janet. "It 's just possible Cecily had a headache or felt sick from this abominable

heat and could n't come down. Let 's see what happens to-morrow."

The next night they tied the basket and another note to the string and dropped it down hopefully. But they drew it up untouched, precisely the same as before.

"It 's just one of two things," decided Marcia. "Either Cecily is ill or Miss Benedict has found out about our little plan and forbidden Cecily to go on with it. What are we to do? Keep on sending notes, or stop it? Suppose Miss Benedict herself should find one sometime."

"I don't care!" cried Janet, decisively. "If Cecily is ill, she 'll get better pretty soon and come out some night, and there 'll be nothing for her. She 'd be dreadfully disappointed. I don't care if there *is* the possibility that Miss Benedict knows all about it. I 'm going to keep right on writing and take the chance!"

For a whole week they followed their usual program, nightly sending down a fresh note that they always later drew up, unclaimed. And as the days passed they became more and more alarmed. Something had certainly happened to Cecily. Of that they were sure, and their misgivings grew more keen with the passing time.

"Can it be that she is n't there any more?" conjectured Marcia, suddenly, one day. "Perhaps Miss Benedict has sent her away!"

This was a new and startling possibility. The more they contemplated it, the more depressed they grew. If that were the case, then, they might never see Cecily again, and the delightful and curious friendship would be ended forever.

Their usual good spirits were quite subdued, and even their hearty appetites suffered somewhat, which worried Aunt Minerva not a little, though she attributed it to the heat. Finally, one night, precisely one week after the first unclaimed communication, they sent down the usual letter, begging Cecily, if possible, to let them know what was the matter. It seemed to both, during the interval they left it there, that they heard light, almost stealthy footsteps in the garden below. But neither felt certain about it. An hour later they drew up the string. Their own note was still attached to it at the bottom, but just above it they saw fastened a little scrap of paper, no bigger than a quarter of an ordinary note-sheet. Both girls started with delight.

"Quick!" cried Marcia. "Cecily has answered at last! Oh, I 'm so glad!"

Janet unfastened it, her fingers trembling with excitement, and spread it out on the table.

It was not in Cecily's handwriting, and contained but a few words. Both girls read it at a glance, and then stared into each other's eyes, half terror-stricken, half amazed. For this is what it said:

> Will you please come to the gate to-morrow morning at half-past nine?
>
> A. Benedict.

(To be continued.)

MISTRESS SPRING-IN-A-HURRY

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Deary oh me! I am quite in a flutter!
I 've forgotten to churn the new buttercup's butter,
I 've forgotten to set all the lily bells ringing,
I 've forgotten to tune up the robins for singing.
Deary oh me and deary oh my!
Was ever a Springtime so flustered as I?

Come, Mr. Sun, shine a little bit hotter;
Don't hide your face, please, and stop drinking water.
Mr. Wind, get out your big broom for sweeping.
Shame, Madam Rain! this is no time for weeping!
Come now, look pleasant, the swift hours fly;
Shake out your cloudlets and hang them to dry!

Young Johnnie Frost, you run home; and remember
You 're not wanted here till sometime next November.
Ha, now we have it! a little more green!
Brighten that yellow! Slip pink in between!

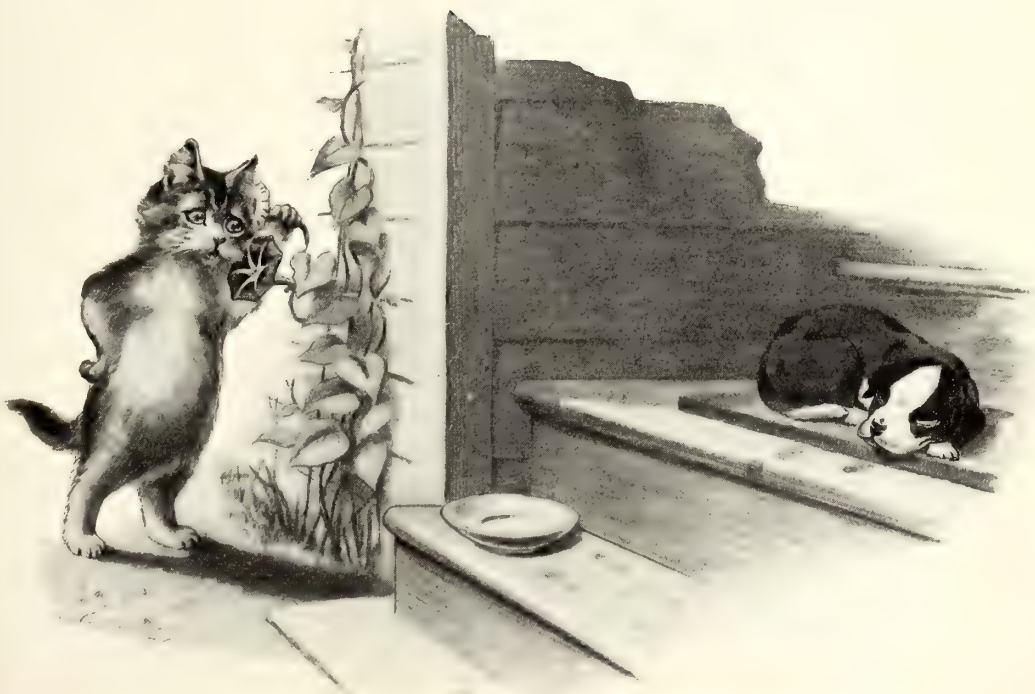
Don't talk to *me* about colors that blend!
Slap them all on—'t is the same in the end!

Send up the May-flowers, sweet-smelling piles of them;
Catkins and marshmallows, I can use miles of them.
Shake all those lazy trees; tickle their toes!
Don't plant hepaticas stiffly in rows—
Jumble them up a bit, crimson and blue,
Wind-flowers, violets, trilliums too!

That 's the idea! And now for the gardens—
Poke up the hyacinths ere the soil hardens;
Mass purple lilacs down there by the walk;
Line up the daffodils here,—and *don't talk!*—
Rainbow-hued crocuses, narcissus white,
Soak all in perfume and leave overnight.

Here come the birds—what a stirring and questing!
Fat robins chirping and bobolinks nesting,
Gay sparrows chattering, meadow-larks racing,
Swift as the shade of the clouds they are chasing,
Green on the hillside and gold in the sky!
Was ever a Springtime so sprightly as I?

ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE



TABBYKINS: "HELLO! HELLO! IS THIS THE SUNNYSIDE DAIRY? I DID N'T GET ANY MILK THIS MORNING. WHAT 'S THAT? YOU SENT IT? THAT 'S VERY STRANGE. OH, THANK YOU! PLEASE GET IT HERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. GOOD-BY."

UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS

BY JOSEPH B. AMES

Author of "The Treasure of the Canyon," etc.

CHAPTER XII

A CRY IN THE NIGHT



VERY seldom does reality come up to expectation, but this was one of the rare exceptions. It was the very cabin of their dreams that rose, a concrete fact, before their admiring gaze. As they stood off surveying the walls of neatly fitting logs, the sloping roof where a covering of split saplings concealed the useful, waterproof tar-paper, the square, workmanlike chimney rising beyond, there was a moment of almost awed silence, broken presently by Court Parker.

"Some cabin!" he exclaimed, voicing the feeling of them all. "It does n't seem as if we could have built that ourselves, fellows."

"We did, though—we and Mr. Curtis and Mr. Grimstone!" jubilated Ted MacIlvaine. "Gee! Think of its being finished, and think of its being ours! Come on inside."

They went with a rush and broke into eager, loud-voiced admiration of their handiwork. They tried the bunks, stout frameworks of pine with lengths of heavy canvas stretched tightly over them, and pronounced them better than any mattress, clamorously upheld the merit of one piece of work over another, and discussed the need of a table, chairs, and various other conveniences. Of course a fire was started, and when the red blaze roared up the chimney they rejoiced at the perfection of the draught. Then began a strenuous altercation as to what the cabin should be called which bade fair to end in a deadlock, owing to the wide variety of suggestions.

Neither the scoutmaster nor Mr. Grimstone took part in this. The former believed in letting the boys settle such questions unaided, while the old man so unaffectedly enjoyed the boys' delight that he simply sat in the background, silent, but with twinkling eyes. When a lull came in the dispute, however, he bethought himself of something.

"There 's a pair of elk horns down to the barn you boys may as well have," he remarked. "You can hang 'em up over the fireplace for an ornament."

"Elk horns!" exclaimed Dale Tompkins. "They 'd be dandy! Say!" he went on eagerly, stirred by sudden inspiration, "what 's the matter with that for a name, fellows—Elkhorn Cabin?"

"Swell!" agreed two or three scouts at once. "That 's better than any we 've had. Sounds like the real thing, does n't it?"

A vote was promptly taken, and though Ranny Phelps and a few others were against it, the majority approved. The horns, a fine pair of antlers, were fetched and hung in place, and the cabin formally christened.

"And next week," said Frank Sanson, as they were packing up for their tramp home through the crisp twilight, "we can come out to camp, can't we, Mr. Curtis?"

The scoutmaster nodded. "Provided the weather is decent and you all get your parents' consent, I don't see any reason why we should n't spend Friday night here. It may be a bit crowded, but we 'll manage some way."

As a matter of fact they did not have to. Indeed, there came very near being no overnight hike at all. During the building of the cabin the weather had been singularly favorable. It was snapping cold much of the time, but save for a flurry or two of snow, the days had been uniformly clear. Now, however, as if to make up for her smiles, Nature proceeded to frown. Wednesday was overcast, and all day Thursday a cold rain came down to damp the spirits of the would-be campers. It turned to snow during the night, and next morning found the country-side covered with a mantle of white. The temperature was well below freezing and dropping steadily, and Mr. Curtis, who had practically given up the idea of occupying the cabin that night, was surprised toward the middle of the afternoon by the appearance at his door of a group of white-flecked figures, very rosy of cheek and bright of eye, carrying blanket-rolls and hung about with cooking utensils and sundry parcels.

"We can go, can't we, sir?" inquired Ted MacIlvaine, eagerly, as he dusted the snow off his coat. "You 're not going to give it up, are you?"

The scoutmaster's eyebrows lifted. "Have you all got permission?" he asked doubtfully.

"Yes, sir. We can go if you go," came in a prompt chorus.

For a moment Mr. Curtis hesitated. After all, there could n't be any risk about the trip even if the storm continued all night. The cabin was weather-proof, and enough fire-wood had been cut to last them a week. With plenty of food and good blankets they would be as snug as possible, and he knew from experience the charm of the woods in a snow-storm. Looking the bunch over appraisingly, he saw that there were only seven—MacIlvaine, Parker, Dale Tompkins, Frank Sanson, Bob Gibson, Turk Gardner and Pete Oliver, all self-reliant boys of the type who were willing to stand a little roughing it without complaint.

"Are you the only ones who want to go?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," returned MacIlvaine. "Sherman 's away, and Wes has a cold. The others all thought—"

"Cold feet!" stated Oliver, derisively, running his fingers through a thatch of bright red hair. "They 're afraid they might get a chill."

"Not much danger of that when you 're around, Pete," laughed the scoutmaster. "Well, you boys had better come in and wait. It 'll take me ten or fifteen minutes to get ready."

He appeared in rather less than that time, sweatered, mackinawed, with high, laced boots, woolen cap, and heavy gloves. Over one shoulder swung his blanket-roll, and strapped to his back was a good-sized haversack of provisions. He knew from experience that some one was sure to have forgotten something, so he always went prepared to supply deficiencies.

It was a joyous, hilarious bunch that made their way through the town and out along the Beldon Turnpike. Most of them had their staves, and two had brought snow-shoes along. Their attempts to use these unfamiliar articles occasioned much amusement among the others.

It took the better part of two hours to reach the cabin. The snow had drifted considerably, and the road was scarcely broken through. After they reached the woods the going was especially hard, and a general shout of rejoicing went up as the first sight of the sloping, snow-covered roof loomed up through the twilight. When the door was unlocked they entered with a rush, packs and blanket-rolls were dropped, and a fire started at once. When this was blazing merrily, Mr. Curtis divided the boys into two squads, one of which undertook preparations for supper and straightened up the cabin generally, while the others scraped a path through the snow down to the shore of the lake.

There were minor mishaps, of course, in the culinary department. A few chops were burned, and the baked potatoes resembled lumps of charcoal rather than things edible. But there was plenty for all, and nothing had ever tasted so good as the supper eaten there on the floor before the dancing flames. Afterward, when things were cleared away and the boys sprawled out on their blankets before the fireplace, the two lanterns were extinguished and only the red glow of the fire illumined the half-circle of eager young faces. The wailing of the wind in the pines and the soft, whispering beat of snow against the windows served only to intensify the cozy warmth and cheer of the cabin. Instinctively the boys drew closer together and, snuggling in their blankets, discussed for a space the unbelievable stupidity of any sane person preferring a humdrum evening at home to this. Then some one besought Mr. Curtis to tell a story.

"What kind of a story?" asked the scoutmaster, smiling.

"Oh, a ghost story, of course!" urged several voices at once.

Mr. Curtis laughed, stretched out his legs comfortably, thought for a minute or two, and then in a slow, sepulchral voice began a narrative which he called "The Headless Horseman of the Harlem." It was a tale full of creeps and thrills, abounding in dank vaults, weird apparitions, wild storms, midnight encounters, and various other appropriate settings and incidents. The boys drew closer still, luxuriating in the "spookiness" of it all, and then, just as some of the more impressionable were beginning to cast nervous glances behind them, he ended with a ridiculous climax that brought forth a shout of laughter and turned the whole thing into a farce.

A "round-robin" followed, the scoutmaster starting a yarn and leaving it at an exciting and dramatic moment for the boy on his right to continue. The absurdity of these continuations kept the crowd in a constant gale of merriment, and when the round was made they clamored for another. But it was growing late, so Mr. Curtis substituted a brief anecdote of scout bravery which had a humorous twist. It was the story, so often repeated in scout annals, of a little fellow plunging unhesitatingly to the rescue of a bigger boy who had stumbled beyond his depth in a swimming-hole. The stronger lad seized his rescuer about the neck and forced his head below the water. The youngster was unable to free himself, but with head down and breath almost gone, he hit bottom, and then, calmly walking along it, he tugged along his struggling friend until the bank was reached.

"He simply kept his head, you see, and used his brain, which is one of the best things scouting

teaches us," concluded Mr. Curtis. He stood up, stretching. "Blankets out, fellows," he went on, "and everybody in bed."

Each bunk had been planned to accommodate two occupants, so there was no crowding or necessity for makeshifts. The fire was piled up with fresh logs, and though there was a good deal of preliminary laughter and chattering, the boys were too tired to stay awake long, even under the novel conditions. Bob Gibson was one of the last to close his eyes. He had the outside of one of the lower bunks with a full view of the fire, and though few would have suspected his gruff, matter-of-fact manner to overlay even a touch of poetry or imagination, he lay there watching it for a long time, fascinated by the leaping, dancing, crimson-yellow flames, until sleep at length overtook him.

How long he lay oblivious to sights and sounds he had no idea. But it must have been hours later when he found himself sitting bolt upright, every nerve tingling and in his ears the echo of that strange, horrible cry that had shocked him into complete wakefulness.

"What 's that?" came in a tense, frightened gasp from one of the boys across the room.

Bob did not answer. He sat there shaking nervously and straining his ears for a repetition of the ghastly sound. The fire had died down to a bed of dull red embers, and there was a noticeable chill over everything. He caught his breath as a dark shadow swiftly passed him, and then realized, with a feeling of keen relief, that it was Mr. Curtis. A moment later the scoutmaster had thrown an armful of light wood on the embers and the fire blazed up, illumining the pale faces of the boys, strained, startled, but all tense with expectation.

Suddenly the cry came again, a piercing, strangled, high-pitched scream that turned the blood cold and brought out beads of perspiration on more than one forehead. It seemed to come from just outside the cabin door.

Chapter XIII

What They Found

By this time MacIlvaine and Frank Sanson had tumbled out of their bunks, and Bob followed their example.

"Wha—what is it, sir?" he asked, striving to keep his voice steady.

"I don't know," returned Mr. Curtis, briefly. He had slid into his riding-breeches and was hurriedly dragging on the heavy boots. "That 's what we 'll have to find out."

Bob hastily caught up his trousers. "It—it sounded like somebody being—choked," he said shakily.

Every one was out on the floor now, grabbing hastily for his clothes. Oliver caused a momentary spasm of mirth by trying to crowd both feet into one trouser-leg, but for the most part the boys huddled on their things in silence, shivering a bit from cold and nervousness. In about two minutes they were ready, and, catching up their staves, they hurried out into the open, the scoutmaster leading the way.

It had stopped snowing, and overhead a few stars gleamed coldly out of the blue-black sky. The wind had died down and the snow-clad woods stretched away before them, dim, white, oppressively silent, the tree-trunks black, the laden hemlocks distorted into queer shapes and shadows.

The bright gleam from the scoutmaster's flashlight, sweeping the snow about the cabin door, showed it unbroken by a single footprint of man or animal. They pushed on through the group of hemlocks, showering themselves with icy particles, but still they neither saw nor heard anything unusual. Then, just as some of the sounder sleepers were beginning to wonder whether they might not have dreamed it all, there rang out suddenly from among the tall laurel-bushes to their left a piercing, gurgling scream.

The horrible sound, so much clearer and more blood-curdling in the open, seemed to paralyze them all. For a fraction of a second they stood motionless; then Mr. Curtis plunged forward through the snow, and the rest followed in a straggling group, eyes starting and hands spasmodically clenching their staves.

"It 's somebody being—murdered!" gasped Bob Gibson, huskily. "I knew the minute I heard it that something awful—"

He broke off with a queer, inarticulate murmur. Mr. Curtis had stopped so suddenly that the boy just behind narrowly escaped running into him. Throwing back his head, he sent peal after peal of laughter ringing through the silent woods. The scouts stared, dazed, as if they thought he had taken leave of his senses.

"What is it, sir?" begged two or three voices at once. "What—"

The scoutmaster choked and gurgled speechlessly, waving one arm helplessly toward the woods ahead. Several of the keenest-eyed thought they saw a vague, dark shadow moving silently across the snow; but it meant nothing to them, and they turned back to their leader, as bewildered as before.

"What a sell!" gasped the latter, striving to regain his self-control; "what an awful sell!" He succeeded in choking down his laughter, but

there were tears of mirth in his eyes as they swept the staring circle. "It 's nothing but an owl, fellows," he chuckled.

"An owl!" exclaimed Ted MacIlvaine, incredulously. "An owl—making a noise like that!"



"HE FOUND HIMSELF SITTING BOLT UPRIGHT, EVERY NERVE TINGLING."

The scoutmaster nodded and wiped his eyes. "An owl," he repeated. "There! Listen!"

To-whoo-hoo-hoo, to-whoo-whoo. A full, deep-toned note, like the distant baying of a hound, was wafted back through the woods. The strained expression on several faces relaxed, but they still looked puzzled.

"That 's more familiar," smiled Mr. Curtis. "It 's a great horned owl. You look as if you did n't believe it yet, Bob," he added, "but that 's what it is, all the same. I 've never heard it give that other sound, but I ought to have known—" He broke off, chuckling. "He certainly gave us a shock! I suppose we 'll never hear the end of it. Let 's get back to the fire; it 's sort of chilly here."

They lost no time in following the suggestion. Back in the cabin they fed the blaze with fresh wood, and, sleep being out of the question for a while, gathered close around it, giggling and chattering and laughingly comparing their emotions on awakening to that blood-curdling scream coming out of the night.

"I was scart stiff," frankly confessed Court Parker.

"Same here," echoed several voices.

But Bob Gibson declined to treat the incident with the careless levity of the others. "I 'd like to shoot the beast!" he growled vindictively, thinking of the way his nerves and feelings had been played upon.

"It would be the best thing that could happen," put in Mr. Curtis, decidedly. "We 'll have to see if we can't manage it. Most owls are not only harmless, but a real benefit, living as they do mainly on rats and mice. But this creature can do more damage than any other bird except one or two species of hawks. A single one of them will destroy whole covies of quail, kill partridges, ducks, and song-birds, to say nothing of all sorts of domestic fowls. I 'll have to bring out a shotgun and see if I can't pot him, or there won't be any birds left for us to feed."

He made several trips to the neighborhood of the cabin during the following ten days, but it was not until the week after Christmas that he got sight of the big marauder and with a fine shot brought him down from the top of a tall hemlock. Several of the scouts who were with him rushed forward to secure the bird, and were surprised at the size of the buff-and-white body,

with its great spread of wing, fierce, hooked beak, and prominent ear-tufts.

"We ought to have him stuffed," said Frank Sanson, holding it up at full length. "He 'd certainly make a dandy trophy for the cabin."

Mr. Curtis agreed to undertake it, and that night sent the bird to a taxidermist in the city. It came back several weeks later, mounted in the most lifelike manner, and became one of the principal decorations of the cabin. Court at once christened it "Bob's alarm-clock," much to the mystification of the fellows who had not been present on that memorable night. They knew that something unusual had happened, but were never able to find out just what, for the "advance-guard," as the seven called themselves, kept the incident carefully to themselves, and Mr. Curtis never told.

Long before this an ample supply of grain had been taken out to their headquarters and several feeding-stations established in different parts of the woods. These consisted mainly of rough shelters made of saplings, hemlock boughs, or stacks of old corn-stalks, furnished by Mr. Grimstone, in which the grain was scattered. There could be no question of their value, for from the first the snow about them was covered with bird-tracks of every variety. Before long, too, scouts visiting these stations to replenish the supply reported that the birds were growing noticeably tamer. Instead of flying off at the first sight of the boys, they sat in the trees and bushes around the shelters with an air almost of expectancy. Later they took to swooping down on the grain the moment it was poured out, without waiting for the scouts to move away. The climax came when one day Dale Tompkins excitedly reported that: "A chickadee came and lit right on the bag to-day, sir. He did n't seem a bit afraid, and only hopped off when I began to scatter the grain."

"They 'll do more than that if you treat them right," returned the scoutmaster. "I 've known of several cases where not only chickadees, but wrens and juncos and snow-sparrows and even wilder birds have grown so fearless that they 've fed readily from the hand. Why don't you fellows try it? The main thing is to get them used to your bringing food to a certain place, and, when they 're about, not to make any sudden movement that might frighten them. It would be rather fun to see how many varieties you could tame."

The idea met with general favor and when put into practice was remarkably successful. There also developed not a little good-natured rivalry among the boys as to which would first report the presence of a new bird at the feeding-stations; all of which helped to keep up the interest in the work and prevent it becoming monotonous and tiresome.

Chapter XIV

The Boy Who Could n't Swim

The usual January thaw carried away most of the snow and made things generally sloppy and unpleasant. But it was followed by another cold snap, which put a glassy surface on the lake and drew the boys thither in greater numbers than ever. Almost every afternoon as soon as school was out a crowd of scouts, with skates slung about their necks and hockey-sticks in hand, might have been seen hurrying along the turnpike. Those who owned wheels made use of them; the others rode "shanks' mare," skylarking as they went and hilariously seizing every chance of a lift that came along.

Nor were they all members of Troop Five by any means. Mr. Grimstone had needed very little persuasion to grant the privileges of the lake to Hillsgrove scouts generally, and many were the exciting games of hockey that enlivened the winter afternoons. More often than not the clear, cold ring of steel on ice, the grate of swiftly turning runners, the sharp crack of wood against wood, the excited shouts and yells of shrill young voices, resounded on the lake until the gathering twilight made it difficult to distinguish one swiftly moving figure from another.

From its rocky elevation the log-cabin overlooked the active scene, smoke rising from its hospitable chimney and the red glow of a blazing fire gleaming in the windows and winking through the often opened door. Here congregated those who were too indifferent or unskilful to indulge in hockey, while every now and then a player would dash in to thaw out. On Fridays there was pretty sure to be a crowd spending the night there, and then the odor of crisping bacon or broiling chops mingled with the fragrance of the pines; the laughter and joshing kept up throughout the evening, and from the gray farmhouse across the lake an old man, glimpsing the cheery yellow gleam, would chuckle to himself and rub his knotted hands softly together.

"Them boys are havin' a good time ag'in tonight," he would murmur. "Reckon I 'll hev' to step over an' see 'em in the mornin'."

Whenever he appeared he was sure of a hearty welcome, for underneath that crustiness, caused by years of loneliness and narrow living, the scouts had found a spirit as young and simple and likable, almost, as a boy's. And the old man,

reveling in this novel, pleasant intercourse, felt sometimes as if he were beginning life all over again.

In this wise the winter passed with its usual mingling of work and play. Coasting, hockey, snow hikes, and the like mixed healthfully with regular lessons, the bird-feeding, studying up for merit badges or first- or second-class tests, and other scout duties and activities. The skating, particularly, was unusually prolonged, and the first signs of March thaws met with general regret.

"Well, we can have one more good game, anyhow," remarked Frank Sanson, as they came out of school at noon. "Maybe it will be a little soft, but it will bear all right. Who 's going out?"

There were a number of affirmative replies, though the general opinion seemed to be that the ice would be too sloppy to have much fun.

"I 'm going to try it, anyhow," Frank declared, as he got on his wheel. "See you fellows out there."

"Don't take any chances before we come," Sherman Ward called after him. "Remember you can't swim."

Sanson sniffed and shouted back a hasty denial of the charge. Nevertheless, as he rode home for dinner, he was glad the time was coming when no one would be able even to hint at his deficiencies in that line. When it came to taking care of themselves in the water the boys of Hillsgrove had been more or less handicapped in the past, and like a number of others, Frank could swim only a few strokes. This spring, however, with the lake at his disposal, he meant to devote every spare minute to gaining proficiency in the art, so that when the time came for their summer camp he need ask no odds from anybody.

He finished dinner early and, with skates and hockey-stick, rode briskly out to the lake. He expected to be the first one there, but on the wood-road he noticed the fresh tracks of another bicycle, and, reaching the cabin, he found Paul Trexler standing before the fireplace, in which a lively blaze was going.

"Gee! You could n't have had much dinner," he remarked.

"I brought it with me," exclaimed the boy, who was a rather silent lad with an unusual capacity for enjoying his own company. "Anybody else coming out?"

"Sure; quite a bunch. Tried the ice yet?"

"No; I was just going to."

"Come ahead, then," urged Sanson, briskly. "It 'll be about our last chance, and I don't want to lose any time."

They put on their skates at the edge of the lake and then tested the ice. It was noticeably soft, especially near shore, but seemed firm enough. Farther out it was better, and as they skated up and down together Frank decided that they would have their game even if they did get pretty wet before it was over.

"Guess I 'll go up a ways and sort of explore a little," said Trexler, presently. It was almost his first remark since leaving the cabin, and his tone did not indicate any special desire for company.

"All right," nodded Sanson. "Go ahead, only be careful about the ice. Mr. Grimstone says there are springs up there, and you know this is just the weather to make them dangerous." For a moment or two he stood watching the thin, stooping figure sweeping up the lake; then he smiled. "He 's a queer duck," he murmured. "I should think he 'd get awful tired of just playing around with himself that way. Wish the others would hurry up."

There were no signs of them, however, so he set himself to master an intricate figure he had been trying for several days past. Though there were no swimming facilities about the village, the annual flooding and freezing over of a flat meadow on the outskirts gave the fellows a very decent chance for skating, of which most of them had availed themselves. Sanson was one of the most proficient in the sport and enjoyed it thoroughly, especially now that the spacious lake gave them so much greater scope. His runners cut the ice in sweeping, graceful curves, and each time the momentum carried him nearer to the completion of the figure. Once or twice he noticed Trexler up toward the outlet, but it was in a vague sort of way, with a mind concentrated on his own evolutions.

"It 's coming all right," he said aloud, pausing for a second to get his breath. "I 've got the hang of it now. One more try and I can make it."

But Fate willed otherwise. As a matter of fact, Frank did not make that final effort which was to bring him success. He skated over to a clear spot on the ice and was swinging along to get up speed when a sudden panicky cry from up the lake made him stop and whirl around with a grind of steel runners that threw up a shower of icy particles.

Trexler was nowhere to be seen! For a fraction of a second Frank stared open-mouthed at the bare expanse of ice narrowing to the outlet, spanned by the old stone bridge. Then his sweeping glance paused at a dark, irregular patch in the glistening surface where something seemed

to move feebly, and with a smothered cry he dug his skates into the ice and sped up the lake.

The distance was not really great, but to the frightened boy it seemed interminable. Almost at once he recognized the spot as open water in the midst of which Trexler's white face and clawing hands striving frantically for a hold on the treacherous, splintering edges stood out with horrible distinctness—Trexler, who could not swim a stroke!



"THE STICK SLID OVER THE JAGGED EDGES OF THE HOLE."

Frank shuddered and dug his teeth into his under lip. For the matter of that, he himself was almost as helpless. With a sick, sinking pang it was borne in on him that the few halting strokes he had learned to take in smooth water last summer would be next to useless in an emergency like this. But he did not pause nor lessen his speed. He only knew that he could not hesitate, with that anguished face and those clutching hands to spur him on.

"Hold on a minute longer, Paul!" he cried, when he was within twenty feet of the hole. "Don't let go. I—I 'll—get you out!"

Jerking at the lever of his skates, he kicked them off. The hockey-stick was still in his grasp, and, with this outstretched, he flung himself flat on the ice and wriggled forward. He paid no heed to the ominous cracking beneath him; there was no time for caution. Trexler had lost the slight grip he had had on the crumbling edges of the hole and was beating the water madly with his hands. His eyes, wild with despairing horror, were fixed on Frank with a desperate pleading that made the boy oblivious to everything save the vital need of haste.

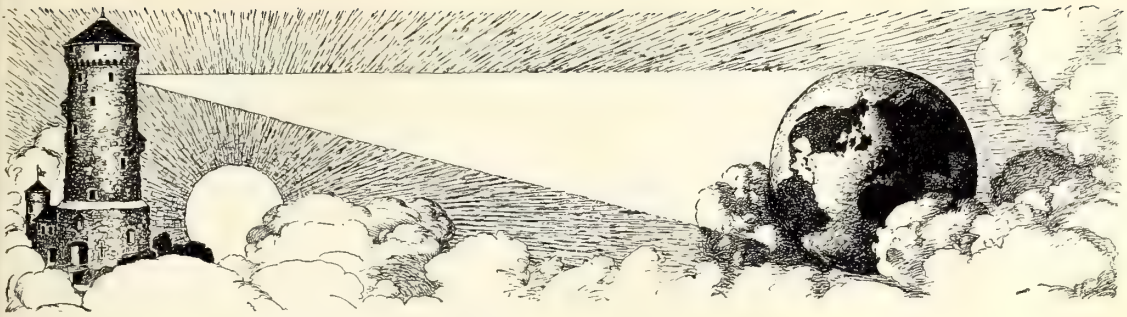
With a sharp thrust of both feet, he pushed himself forward. The stick slid over the jagged edges of the hole and straight into the groping hands that closed over and hung upon it with the tenacious grip that knows no reason.

"Don't jerk it!" cried Sanson, sharply, as the ice creaked and cracked beneath him. "Just hold tight and let me draw you in."

But Trexler was too far gone to heed. There came another crack more ominous than the others. Even now, by letting go the stick, Frank could have escaped by rolling swiftly to one side or the other. He wanted to—desperately; but something within him stronger even than his fear clenched his fingers around the tape-wound hickory.

In another second the ice on which he lay gave with a crash and plunged him into the icy water.

(To be continued.)



THE WATCH TOWER

BY S. E. FORMAN

Author of "Advanced Civics," "A History of the United States," etc.

DRIFTING TOWARD WAR?

When President Wilson appeared before Congress to give his reason for breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany, he told the lawmakers that it was his purpose to defend our rights upon the seas even to the extent of fighting for them. The President soon came to the conclusion that if he was to protect American rights it would be necessary for him to have an armed force at his command. For promptly on February 1 Germany began to make good the threat that within the waters surrounding the British Isles vessels of neutrals would be sunk by submarines without warning. Merchantman after merchantman went down and the commerce of the world suffered greater disaster than at any time since the war began. The ships of neutrals as well as those of belligerents were destroyed. Two American vessels were sunk. But while almost every neutral nation suffered, and while the sufferers protested strongly against the ruthless conduct of Germany, only one nation broke off diplomatic relations, and only one determined to defend its rights by force. That one was the United States. For on February 26 President Wilson appeared before a joint session of Congress and asked for authority to use armed vessels to protect American rights. The reason for this request, already plain enough to the mind of the President, was made still plainer by the fact that while he was on his way to the Capitol news came to him that the giant liner *Laconia,* with several American passengers on board, had just been torpedoed without warning.

The President in addressing Congress expressed his wishes in these words: "I request that you will authorize me to supply our merchant ships with defensive arms, should that become necessary, and with the means of using them, and to employ any other instrumentalities or methods that may be necessary and adequate to protect our ships and our people in their legitimate and peaceful pursuits on the seas."

Congress at once set about complying with the President's request. In the House of Representatives a bill was introduced authorizing the President to supply guns, ammunition, and gunners to American vessels owned by American citizens and registered as American, and to authorize him



Courtesy of "The Literary Digest."

THE SUBMARINE ZONE AROUND THE BRITISH ISLES PROCLAIMED BY GERMANY ON FEBRUARY 1, 1917.

The decree also applies to the Mediterranean, with the exception of waters bounding the Spanish coast and a safety zone extending along the African coast and thence to Greece.

to use other means if necessary to protect such ships and the Americans who might be traveling

upon them. While the House was deliberating upon the bill a piece of startling information came to light. It was announced from a reliable source that our State Department at Washington was in possession of a document which revealed the course Germany intended to take in case war should break out between that nation and the United States. The German plan, according to this remarkable document, was to join with Japan and Mexico in an attack upon our country. In the event of success, Mexico as a reward for her assistance was to receive the States of Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. The reward that Japan was to receive was not stated, but it was generally supposed that her share was to be the Philippine Islands, Hawaii, and possibly California. When the news of this bold plan was made public, the country was dumfounded. A great many people at first refused to believe that the document in question was authentic. But the President formally announced that it was. Then there was an outburst of resentment equal to that which was shown nearly two years ago when the *Lusitania* was sunk. Germany was accused of plotting for the destruction of our country,—she was certainly planning for its dismemberment,—and many a cry for war was heard. A loud demand was made upon Congress to hasten the passage of the bill giving the President the power for which he asked. To this demand the House of Representatives responded in double-quick fashion. Within a few hours after the plans of Germany were made known, the House passed a bill authorizing the President to arm American merchant vessels, the vote on the measure being 403 to 13.



THE GIANT LINER *LACONIA*, SUNK BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE ON FEBRUARY 25, 1917.

But the Armed Ship Bill did not fare so well in the Senate. For here there was a small group of senators who believed that to give the President the power to send out vessels armed with guns to be used by skilful gunners against submarines was the same thing as to give him the power to wage war. The President, it is true, had said to Congress: "I am not now proposing or contemplating war, or any steps that lead to it." But the senators in opposition were not assured by those words. They believed that the bill would place the war power in the hands of the President, and they were unwilling to do this, for the Constitution expressly gives Congress the power to declare war, and they contended that this right of Congress ought not to be surrendered. So they began a filibuster against the bill: that is, they set out to delay its passage. Since the bill came to the Senate from the House only a few days before the end of the session, it was not difficult to conduct a filibuster. For one of the rules of the Senate is that any member can speak upon any measure as long as he desires. Taking advantage of this rule, the senators opposing the bill—about a dozen in number—set out to talk it to death. And they succeeded. They talked and talked, making long speeches—in one case a senator talked for five hours—until twelve o'clock on March 4, when the life of the Congress came to an end without a vote having been taken upon the Armed Ship Bill. If, however, a vote had been taken, the bill would have been passed by an overwhelming majority. For 76 of the 96 senators signed a statement that they were favorable to giving the President the power to arm merchant vessels and that they would have passed the Armed Ship Bill if a vote upon it could have been obtained. So, after all, Congress was really in favor of giving the President the power to send armed ships into the waters where the German submarines are, and to order the destruction of any submarine that might attack an American vessel. It was the opinion of many thoughtful men, both in Congress and outside, that if the President used this power war with Germany would almost surely follow.

A NEW GOVERNMENT FOR PORTO RICO

THE war with Spain in 1898 gave us the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico. These islands are under the control of Congress, and they depend upon it for their government. It has been the policy of Congress to promote the welfare of our island dependencies and give them as much freedom as possible. In THE WATCH TOWER for last October we learned that a law had been passed giving the Filipinos greater freedom in matters of government. In February Congress did the same thing for Porto Rico: it gave the island a new and better form of government. Under their new government the people of Porto Rico will be allowed to manage their own affairs largely in their own way. They will not choose their own governor, for that officer will still be appointed by our President, as at present, but they will have their own legislature, and under the new plan all the members of both branches are to be chosen by the voters of the islands. Heretofore only the members of the lower branch of the legislature have been elected by the people; the members of the upper branch, the Senate, have been appointed by the President. Any bill passed by the Porto Rico legislature may be vetoed by the governor, but the veto may be overruled by a two-thirds vote of both houses. If, after his veto has been overruled, the governor still disapproves of a bill, he must send it to the President, who may cause it to become a law by signing it, or may prevent it from becoming a law by refusing to do so. So the government which Congress has just given to the people of Porto Rico closely resembles the one recently given to the Filipinos. But Congress has done one thing for Porto Rico that it has not done for the Philippine Islands: in the law just passed it has made the inhabitants of Porto Rico citizens of the United States. The Filipinos are citizens of the Philippine Islands, but they have never been made citizens of the United States. As far as the form of its government is concerned, Porto Rico hereafter will be virtually a Territory. If it should be allowed to advance a little farther on the road to self-government, it would become a State, and quite a respectable-sized State it would make, for it has an area three times as large as that of Rhode Island, while its population is about the same, numerically, as that of Connecticut or Nebraska.

THE WORK OF THE LEGISLATURES

THE average American citizen fixes his attention so intently upon the doings of Congress that he often overlooks entirely the work of the state



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IN SAN JUAN, THE CAPITAL OF PORTO RICO. PLAZA AND MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

legislatures. Yet the doings of the state legislature are almost as important as those of Congress. Indeed, in respect to the affairs of every day they are more important. Most of the laws of Congress relate to matters that are far removed from the daily life of the citizen—to war and peace, to foreign affairs, to armies and navies. But the laws of the state legislatures touch us as individuals and regulate our conduct and pursuits. The legislature enters the home and determines the relations that must exist between husband and wife, between parent and child, between master and servant; it enters the world of business and regulates buying and selling, partnerships and contracts, wills and inheritances; it makes laws for the government of counties and townships, of cities and towns and villages. These are only a few of the things done by the state legislature. To enumerate all its services would require too much of our space. Of the forty-eight legislatures, more than forty-one meet every two years, six meet every year, and one, that of Alabama, meets every four years. They all begin their sessions in January, and continue at their labors for terms varying in length from sixty to ninety days. In a few States there is no limit upon the length of the legislative term, and the legislature can remain in session as long as it pleases. It happens that in nearly all the States the legislature meets in the odd-numbered years. At the beginning of the present year, legislatures in forty-two States convened at the state capitals, and through January, February, and March they made new laws and repealed or amended old ones. Of course, the number of laws enacted was very large. Sometimes the output of all the legislatures during the sessions of a single year is more than ten thousand laws.

This year the most important subject with which many of the legislatures had to deal was woman suffrage, for among the many duties of the legislature is that of prescribing qualifications for voters. In most cases the action of the lawmakers was favorable to the women. In Maine it was decided to submit to the voters a constitutional amendment giving women the right to vote. In Minnesota a similar measure was passed. If these amendments meet with the favor of the people, Maine and Minnesota will soon be added to the list of equal-suffrage States. In Ohio, women were given the privilege of voting for Presidential electors. In Indiana they were given the right to vote not only for Presidential electors, but for nearly all state officers as well. So in 1920 the women of Ohio and Indiana will have the privilege of assisting in the election of our next President.

WANT IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY

Several times in our history the poor in our great cities have been in dire need and have cried out for bread. But hitherto this has happened only during a period of panic, when the whole country was suffering from hard times. In periods of prosperity such as our nation is now enjoying such a thing as many people being in need of food has been unknown. Yet recently distress among the poor has shown itself in a very threatening manner. In February in the city of New York thousands of people took part in what was called a "bread riot." They marched through the streets crying "Give us bread!" and protested bitterly against these conditions. In some cases they entered shops and destroyed the food which they were unable to buy. In Philadelphia and Boston and other large cities similar demonstrations and protests were made by angry crowds. This distress was caused by the high prices which the people were compelled to pay for food. Bread was selling for a price higher than that charged in London, and potatoes for a price several times higher than that charged in Berlin. But these prices in most cases were not due to scarcity. There was in the country an abundance of flour and potatoes and onions, but the dealers who controlled the supply of these articles refused to sell unless they were paid a price which it was impossible for the poor to give. When the voice of the people clamoring for food was heard by those in authority, steps were promptly taken to relieve the suffering. In Baltimore the city government undertook to bring the dealers to terms by sending great wagons out into the neighboring counties and buying direct from the farmers loads of potatoes, onions, cabbages, eggs, and butter. The products thus bought at the lowest price were sold in the streets direct from the wagons at the price which the city officials paid for them. Congress also took up the problem of relief. One senator introduced a bill appropriating $6,000,000 to be expended by the President in aiding the local authorities to furnish food to persons actually suffering. Another bill was offered giving the President power to seize upon food-stuffs when in his judgment they were being unlawfully and wrongfully held and monopolized for the purpose of securing higher prices, the goods thus seized to be paid for on the basis of a fair market value and sold to those in need at rates fixed by the National Government. Whether any real and lasting relief will come from these proposed laws or not is a matter of great doubt. But there surely ought to be some way to protect the poor from the extortionate charges of un-

scrupulous dealers. And there ought to be some way to break the power of speculators who gain control of large quantities of the necessities of life and withhold them from the market in order to secure higher prices. When warehouses are filled with food-stuffs, people ought not to be starving. When wide-spread want can show itself in the midst of plenty, there is something wrong somewhere.

PUTTING UP THE BARS AGAINST IGNORANT IMMIGRANTS

In the early years of our history, foreigners were more than welcome to our shores, for we needed their brain and brawn in the building up of our country. Had it not been for the millions of immigrants who came to us from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Norway, Sweden, France, and Italy, a large part of the United States west of the Mississippi River would still be a wilderness. For a long time, therefore, our statesmen placed no barriers against the immigrant, but rather encouraged him to come. But about thirty years ago we began to feel that immigration on a large scale was no longer desirable, and laws were passed placing restrictions upon it. First we excluded Chinese laborers. Then we began to look into the character of immigrants, shutting out convicts, weak-minded people, and other persons not able to take care of themselves. In 1897, Congress, the body which has the power to regulate immigration, passed a bill providing that foreigners should not be admitted unless they were able to read, but the bill was vetoed by President Cleveland. Later, Congress passed a similar bill, but it was vetoed by President Taft. Last year, Congress again passed a measure which prohibited the admission of illiterate aliens, and again the bill was vetoed by the President. But Congress did not give up the fight. It recently passed a bill which provides that aliens over sixteen years of age desiring to reside in the United States must be able to read either the English language or some other language. If they are not able to read, they are refused admission and are sent back to the country from which they came. President Wilson was still opposed to this literacy test, and again he vetoed the bill. This was the fourth time the literacy bill had been disapproved by the President. But Congress was determined to have its will in the matter, for when, in accordance with the Constitution, the bill was reconsidered, it received a two-thirds vote in both the Senate and House of Representatives and became a law, the veto of the President to the contrary notwithstanding. The members of Congress who voted for the measure did so because they felt that something ought to be done to check immigration. In recent years, foreigners have been landing upon our shores in numbers that have caused alarm. For a considerable period before the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 immigrants poured into the United States at the rate of about a million a year. Since the war began, immigration, to be sure, has been greatly reduced, but it was the belief of many members of Congress that, upon the return of peace, emigrants from the debt-ridden, devastated countries of Europe will rush to America in such numbers that our industrial and political life will be seriously disturbed by their coming. It was to check such an onrush that Congress put up the bars against illiteracy.



THE IMMIGRANT DETENTION-ROOM AT ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

"KIDNAPPED"

(*Competition No. 2. See page 552*)

THE next book I want you to read and to write about, following the same rules as those laid down for "Lorna Doone" in the January number, is Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped."

Maybe here and there, among children who do any reading at all, there is one who has never read a word by Stevenson, not even his "Child's Garden of Verses," written especially for children—perhaps even more especially for himself, for he was a sort of master-child, having never grown away from childhood, however much he grew into manhood. If there is a boy or girl who has n't read the verses, let him or her hurry to get acquainted at once. Not to do so would be like deliberately staying away from a nice party where every one else was having a glorious time, with ice-cream and cake for the asking. Andrew Lang, who was one of Stevenson's many friends,—and the world of his day was full of them, among them many who never saw him, to be sure, yet loved him none the less,—Lang, speaking of Stevenson's feeling for children, says this:

> There was a very pleasant trait in Stevenson's character which, perhaps, does not display itself in most of his writings,—his great affection for children. . . . In an early letter he writes: "Kids is what is the matter with me. . . . Children are too good to be true." He had a natural infatuation, so to say, for children as children . . . little boys and girls were his delight, and he was theirs.

Robert Louis has written too much concerning his childhood for any one else to attempt to tell of it. If you have not read the pages in which he draws so many pictures of his young days, you will do so. You will learn to know his old nurse, to play games with him in "Counterpane Land," and to make believe with the very prince of Make-Believe Land. For the child Stevenson was forever being a pirate or an Indian or a "Hielander" in the old days of Border risings; he turned the world about him into a thrilling fairyland, and knew the paths and secret ways to all its adventures.

His life, indeed, was as great an adventure as any told of in his books. In the first place, it was an adventure against death from babyhood. From the time he was eighteen months old he was ill far oftener than well. Pain and fever and long hours of weakness were his. Yet where in all literature will you find a braver or a gayer voice, with never a quaver of fear or self-pity in it? This spirit came to him from his mother, who was a Balfour, daughter of an ancient and gentle Border family whose wild ancestors had led raids, and died fighting, and laughed at wounds and fatigue through many a generation.

His father, Thomas Stevenson, also came of a family noted for courage and endurance. The family profession was civil engineering, and especially the building of lighthouses along the rough and dangerous coasts of Scotland. It took hardy men to stand the hardships, and fearless men to brave the peril, of such work. Young Stevenson was to follow the same road; the courage was there, a-plenty. But sadly enough, though perhaps happily in the end, since conceivably the writer might have been lost in the lighthouse-builder, the strength was not. The frail young man, over whom hung the menace of consumption, could never endure the exposure he would have had to face in his father's profession.

Robert Louis was born November 13, 1850, in Edinburgh. He began to write at the age of six, but he was twenty-three before he seriously considered writing as a possible profession. Then he began to submit and sell articles and sketches to the various magazines, mostly to little-known publications and for ridiculously small prices. He had taken his degree at law, and even hung out his shingle: "R. L. Stevenson, Advocate." But his law-practice was more of a joke than a fact. It was about this time that Mr. Lang describes him in these words:

> He really was "as bonnie as a girlie"; with his oval face, his flushed cheeks, his brown eyes, large and radiant, and his hair of a length more romantic than conventional. He wore a wide blue cloak with a grace which hovered between that of an Italian poet and an early pirate.

The demon of ill health continued to drive Stevenson from one spot to another in search of relief. And none of these havens did him much good. It was not until he finally sailed the South Seas and reached Samoa that he gained something like health. His friends, his wife, who was an American woman, perhaps he too, be-

lieved that he was cured. But it was only a respite, and he died suddenly at forty-four, in the very flush of his genius, working on what promised to be his finest book, "Weir of Hermiston."

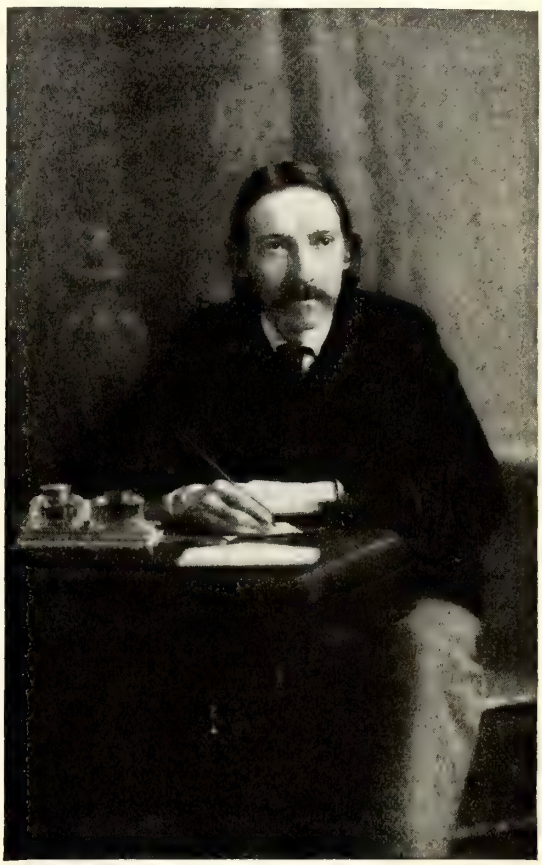
Except for this splendid unfinished novel, "Kidnapped" is probably the best thing he did, though it is difficult to say definitely that this or the other was actually the best. Unlike Blackmore, whose "Lorna Doone" stands far ahead of the rest of his work, Stevenson had a way of doing whatever he did superlatively well, whether essay, or short story, or poem, or tale of adventure, or piece of description. Whether his subject was near at home, something personally known, or some far-flung romance, or wild flight of the imagination, he put his best into it.

We must, after all, speak for ourselves, however, and to me "Kidnapped" is the most interesting and remarkable of his books. He wrote it at the age of thirty-six, when he had long mastered the art of writing, and when his understanding of what men are was fully ripe. Then the story is laid in his own Scotland, in a time of romance and adventure that particularly suited his way of liking life to be; for though Stevenson was the sort of man who could find adventure in unlikely places where most of us would see only commonplace things, perhaps a street and a hurrying passer-by and a lamp-post,—every-day things,—yet he adored a romantic and exciting setting. There is an old saying, "Adventures to the adventurous." But when the adventurous gets into such a situation as that in "Kidnapped" where *David Balfour* finds himself, and finds, also, such a companion as *Alan Breck*, then indeed brave deeds are sure to happen and men's spirits to be tried. And this was precisely what did occur, as you will find when you read the book.

Stevenson always said that his characters in "Kidnapped" "took the bit in their teeth" at a certain point in the story. "It was they who spoke, it was they who wrote the remainder of the story." And this was true of none of his other stories.

It does not seem possible to make characters more real and living, nor the country through which they move more actual, than has been done in this book. There are scenes in it—as where *Alan Breck* pipes against his rival; and the quarrel between him and *David*—which you can never forget; they are as vivid as though they had happened to you. Then how thrilling that long flight through the wild Scotch country, beset with enemies!

The story is centered on the mysterious Appin murder of 1751, in the old Jacobite days; just how *Alan Breck* and *David Balfour* are connected with the tragedy you will discover for yourselves. You will also discover, I think, that the plot is only a small part of your joy in the book. There is, for instance, the wonderful friendship between *Alan* and *David*. A friendship that does not keep the two from getting angry and hurt, that does not hide the faults of either, that flows



Courtesy of Chas. Scribner's Sons.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

cold as well as hot, and yet a friendship so warm and human, so lovely and full of faith, able to laugh and to endure, that we may each of us hope for one as fine and big in our own lives.

When Stevenson was twenty-seven, he left England forever, coming first to New York City, where he was made much of, fêted, and interviewed. His writing was now bringing a fair return, editors were only too glad to compete for his stories, and readers grew as numerous as leaves in summer. Stevenson's money troubles were over for good; but ill health still pursued him, and finally he decided to sail the South Seas in a last search for health, and very likely in

another search for adventure, his first and last love. New and undreamed of things might lie over the western edge of the world—health or not, these would be worth finding.

After much drifting hither and away, after stopping at Honolulu, where he visited the leper colony and played croquet with the little boys and girls, making them laugh with his gay fun, privately refusing to wear gloves, as was the rule, rather than risk hurting their feelings, for his was a courage deep and true as his soul, he at last reached Samoa, where he bought land, naming his place Vailima, and where he settled, with his wife and stepson and stepdaughter. Presently his old mother joined the little family, his father having died shortly before Robert Louis left Scotland.

This was the last, as it was the best, of his resting-places. Here he attained something like health, here he became a leader and a friend of the natives, whom he dearly loved, and to whom he gave wise counsel. He wrote much of his best work in Vailima, collaborating on several of his books with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne.

A strange life, was it not? Beginning in gray old Edinburgh, where the delicate child half dreamed, half lived through his early years, eagerly reading, eagerly playing, caged up in bed for many weeks, yet always smiling and alert. Going on from one little health-resort to another, companioning with artists and writers, traveling mountain paths with a donkey, and speeding down rivers at flood in a canoe, writing all the time, well or ill.

No one ever worked harder to learn a trade or a profession than Robert Louis Stevenson worked to become a writer. He never tired of practising. He would study author after author, and set himself to write in their different styles. He destroyed an immense quantity of material, no labor seeming too great if it could help him to express just a little more perfectly the idea in his mind.

No fuller life could be imagined than was that of Stevenson. He reached a whole world with his books. He had friends uncounted. He traveled practically the world over, and his influence was felt by savage princes as deeply as it was by the most sophisticated Londoner or the most famous artist or author. When he died there was mourning in England, in his own Scotland, in America, in far-away Australia, in small palm-fringed Pacific Isles, in gay art colonies where men gathered at little inns' to paint and talk, and where his memory was fresh and sweet.

As for his Samoans, who loved him with all their hearts, who had named him Tusitala, which is to say, "The Teller of Tales," by these simple friends of his he was mourned like a king.

On their shoulders they carried his bier, turn and turn about, upward along the steep mountain trail to the grave on the summit, where he had wished to lie. As they marched they sang, the weird and mournful chant rising high and lonely among the tropic foliage, ringing back from the rocks, reaching to the intense blue skies, rising, falling, keeping a splendid and mournful measure.

Was it not like a story?

Take your time in reading "Kidnapped," which is, after all, not a very long book, covering hardly more than 200 pages. But time and length are deceiving matters. The writer's life, so short in years, was yet three or four times as much of a life as that of many twice its length. And "Kidnapped," though it is short as books go, will stay with you all your life, it has in it so much variety, interest, and truth.

When you write your criticisms of the book, tell what it is you like best; how you feel toward the men and women in it; how clearly you got the pictures it gives of the country. Try to tell how you have felt in reading the story.

As for liking it, I do not see how you can help but do that. For which of us could help liking to have some companion, gay and strong and brave and true, snatch us out from every-day and sober existence into a country and a time and an adventure brimful of danger and mystery and fun and wonder, to bring us safe home, at length, with a whole headful of new ideas and a whole heartful of new friends?

ST. NICHOLAS offers a first prize of three dollars and a second prize of two dollars for the best two critical appreciations of "Kidnapped," written by a boy or girl under eighteen years of age. The review must not exceed five hundred words in length, and it must be written on one side of the paper only, with a blank margin of an inch at the left. Every contribution must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt, and must state in writing, that the contribution is not copied*, but is wholly the work of the sender. The competition will close May 24 (for foreign readers May 30). Prize announcements will be made and the chosen reviews published in ST. NICHOLAS for August. Manuscripts should be addressed: "Books and Reading, ST. NICHOLAS, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York."

HOW THE FISH JUMPS

To understand how the fish makes his wonderful leap in the air one must understand his manner of ordinary locomotion, and at the base of this lies structure. In general the fish body is irregularly spindle-shaped; the greatest bulk is toward one end—the head—and the back, or dorsal, side of the creature is broader and heavier than the under, or ventral, side. Thus the center of gravity in the body is toward the head and back. Two sets of fins are part of the swimming equipment: the caudal, dorsal, and anal fins being vertical, while the pectoral and ventral pairs of fins are more or less horizontal. (See diagram below.) When it is added that the body is supplied with an air-sack to render it about the same weight, bulk for bulk, as water, and that the entire body is compact, muscular, and springy, the machinery of locomotion is fairly complete.



SALMON SPRINGING FROM THE WHITE SMOTHER AT THE FOOT OF THE FALL.

The principle used in swimming is that of the oar used to scull a boat, or the paddle used similarly with a canoe, or that of the muskrat's flat tail, or the snake in motion either on land or in water. For the most part, the fish's propeller is his broad tail. The fins, and more especially the horizontal pairs (pectoral and ventral), have merely a balancing and steering function, and

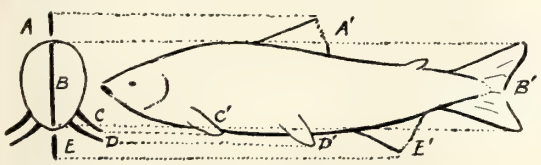
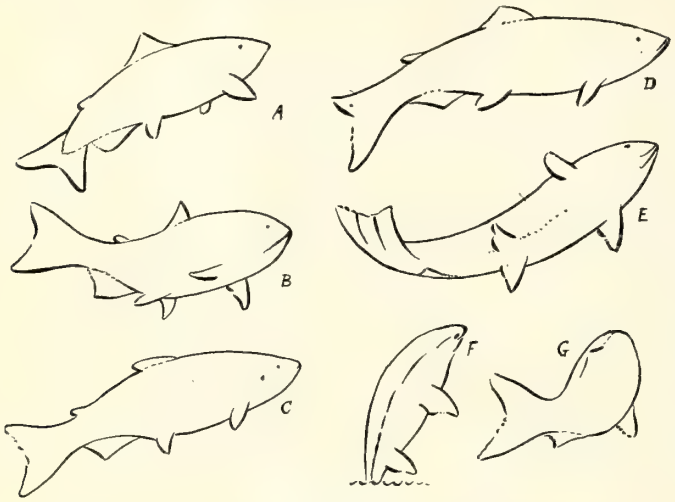


DIAGRAM OF THE CHINOOK SALMON.
A, A', dorsal fin; B, B', caudal fin; C, C', pectoral fin; D, D', ventral fin; E, E', anal fin.

chiefly the former. They serve to keep the end-heavy spindle from up-ending and also from turning wrong side up. That is, a fish deprived of his pectoral and ventral fins would tend to stand on his head and also to turn over on his back. In short, the motive power comes from the strong lithe tail and back part of the body, which is wagged from side to side, smiting with its flat plane, straightening out, and shooting the body forward. But the fish has the oar entirely outclassed, for the supple body takes the position of a reverse curve that, traveling in a wavering course, curving and recurving, allows the tail and also the dorsal and anal fins to strike the water flat and hard without the drag of the oar. Thus in his wriggling he slaps and pries himself onward; and because the water offers slight resistance to his pointed body, he progresses with marvelous ease and agility.

To watch the sturdy salmon spring from the white smother at the foot of the fall and soar five or six feet skyward is to feel almost that he has been shot from some mysterious torpedo-tube below the water. Or it would be easy to believe that he took a run at it, gathered speed below the surface, and, changing his angle, projected himself into the air. But he does not do this. He gains little by jumping from a flying start; in fact, he is more prone to leap from the white water, where even to hold his own against the current taxes his strength to the utmost. And

the motive power that shoots him skyward is the same that drives him while swimming. Though in the air the fish may appear to rise on even keel, as though the force operating the drive had come from the vertical, or up-and-down, thrashing of the tail, the quicker eye of the camera shows that this is not so. Also, structurally the tail is incapable of any such action. Therefore the fish must turn his smiting tail, or in fact his whole body, more or less sidewise before making the last stroke that projects him from the water.



CHINOOK SALMON IN THE AIR (DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS).
A, E, about five feet above the water; B, quartering, head to observer, and four or five feet above the water; C, D, as we might expect them; F, G, rear views.

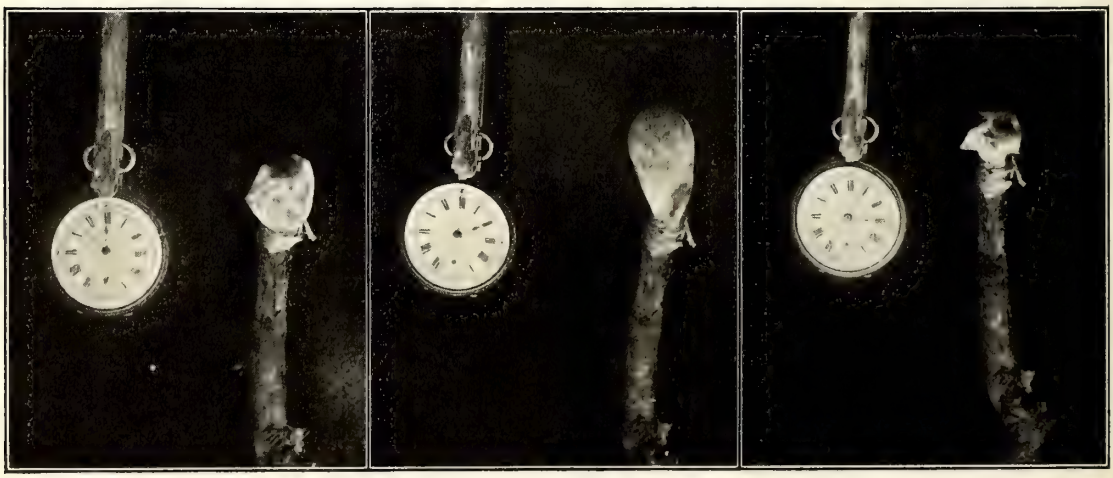
The motive power of the fish may be demonstrated roughly as follows: Take a flat spring of either metal or wood (an old corset-steel serves excellently), bend it till the ends near one another, and tie them in position with a string. Place the spring on the ground so that one end and side is flat on the earth and the other end in the air. Apply a match to the string—a drop of kerosene on it quickens the action. When the string breaks, the spring flies straight and projects itself into the air. The height of the leap depends on the strength and tension of the spring. The fish springs from his bent tail exactly in the same way.

Recently the writer visited a fish-ladder where Chinook salmon were jumping on their spring run up-stream. The attitudes shown in the drawings herewith are made from photographs of the fish in the air. The camera shows what usually the eye does not see. It is only when one is fortunate enough to be in position where the fish comes head on that the lashing attitudes of the creature in the air may be observed. It is slightly suggestive of flight. The extended pectoral and ventral fins and thrashing tail denote that the fish not only is endeavoring to scale the air, but endeavoring to do it by means of the same motions with which he navigated the water. Probably it is rudimentary flight. In the evolutionary story we are told that fish preceded lizards and lizards preceded birds. The lizards and birds learned to fly, and so probably Chinook in his mighty leaping is but following in their pathway.

HAMILTON M. LAING.

THE POWER OF RISING SAP

IT is still somewhat of a mystery as to just what is the cause of the rising of the sap. We say



TESTING THE POWER OF RISING SAP.

that the trees start into life again because the spring has come, but we do not quite know the manner in which this renewal of activity is brought about. But some very curious experiments have been carried out to show that, with the return of the glad season, the uprush of sap is tremendous. One test with a vine stem is shown in the accompanying photographs. In this case the stem was severed about a foot from the ground. Over the cut end was firmly tied a piece of bladder, so that none of the fluid could escape. Even while this was being done the sap was steadily oozing up through the stem. About two hours later the stem was examined, and it was found that the bladder was fully distended with sap, and from then onward it became increasingly tense. With the passage of every five minutes it was evident that the pressure became greater, and about three hours after being placed in position the bladder burst, quite unable any longer to stand the strain. Such an experiment as has been indicated would be quite a simple one for anybody to carry out, and it gives a very remarkable demonstration of the power of the rising sap.

S. Leonard Bastin.

COMBING OUR NAVIGABLE WATERS FOR HIDDEN PERILS

The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has been doing some notable work of late in the speedy exploring of some of our waters where uncharted rocks lurked to the peril of shipping. Maps are made of the ocean bed just as they are of the land, and by their aid the seafarer may know the depths of water at low tide and the character of the bottom. Until within the past few years the principal aid in this work has been the lead-line—a light, woven line weighted with a tapering piece of lead. This the hydrographer, or marine map maker, dropped overboard at frequent intervals from a launch or other surveying craft. Unhappily, by the use of this method many rocks have escaped detection, as may well be imagined, and, as a result, vessels come to grief every now and then when their captains think the path is clear.

Some one has cleverly likened this sort of surveying to the dropping of a weighted rope from a balloon when passing over a city in daylight, and then trying to hit with it a church steeple, a chimney, a telegraph-pole, or even a specified small building. Now the hydrographer has a harder task than this, because he cannot see for any distance into the water. He is really feeling blindly, and by measuring depths at intervals and finding nothing menacing he hopes that there are no obstacles between these points. But the trouble is that there are such obstructions, and no one suspects their presence because they are not indicated on the maps. Then some confiding

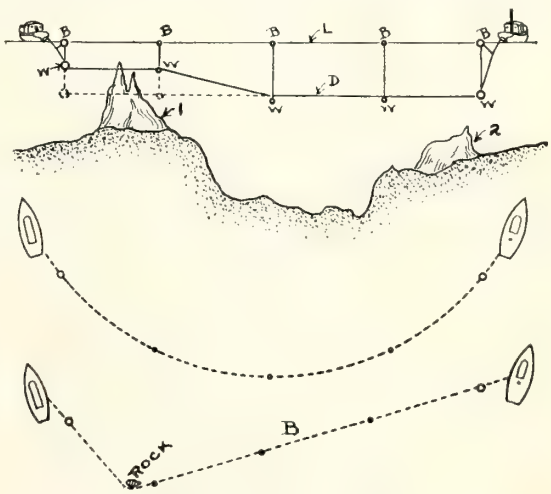


DIAGRAM OF THE WIRE-DRAG.

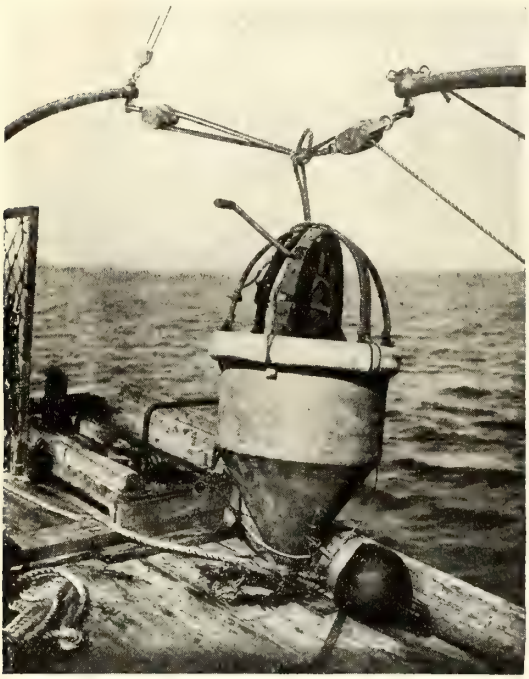
L, towing-line at the surface of the water; D, wire-drag; B, B, B, B, B, buoys; W, W, W, W, W, weights; 1, 2, pinnacle rocks under water.

A, curve of surface line before striking a submerged obstacle; B, the way the surface line and buoys appear after the wire-drag has caught against a hidden rock or other obstruction. The surface line then forms an angle and not a curve.



THE WIRE-DRAG AT WORK.

mariner runs his ship upon one of them, and disaster is the price paid for that knowledge which comes to him too late. This is particularly the story of the dangerous "pinnacle rock," which



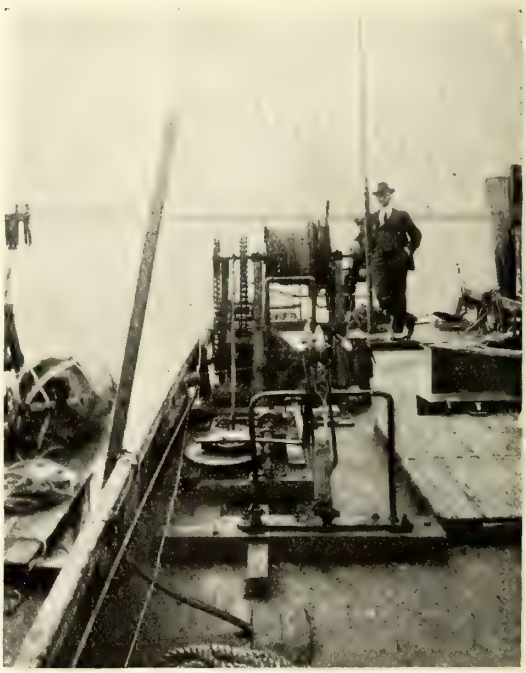
ONE OF THE BIG BUOYS WHICH SUPPORT THE DRAG.

often rises from a great depth, like an upturned giant icicle, and conceals its peak just below the water's surface. Hundreds of these rocks have been found on the coast of Alaska, and some of a blunter sort on the New England coast, while in our southern waters coral-reefs of a somewhat similar character have risen, where least suspected, to imperil ships.

To-day the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey calls to its aid what is known as a wire-drag. This might be called a hydrographer's submarine comb, and with this device it is possible to rake every inch of a body of water from the surface downward and to detect with certainty anything that might threaten the navigator. The drag is primarily a heavy wire hung horizontally in the water at any desired depth below the surface. This wire is called the bottom wire, and is held up by chains attached to a number of buoys; the buoys, in their turn, are steadied by means of weights secured at the lower ends of these chains. These weights also tend to keep the bottom wire from being swept upward by the current or the motion of the two launches to which the ends of the drag are secured.

Suppose, for instance, that the chart shows a depth of fifty feet of water and no rocks rising within a given area, but a captain has reported that he bumped against something in that locality in spite of the fact that his ship had a draft of not more than twenty feet. The surveyors go out with their drag, and lower it, or set it, for a depth of thirty feet. The distance between the launches may be a matter of many hundreds of yards; indeed, drags four miles long have been successfully worked. The two motor-craft draw the drag after them at the rate of a mile or two an hour. The moment the wire catches the submerged obstacle, the curving form of the drag is changed to that of an angle, the sides of this angle being marked by two lines of buoys reaching backward from the boats. Where these two lines meet, and under the surface of the water, lies the obstruction.

So far, so good; but this is not precise enough. In the approaches to busy harbors, for example, navigators must know the exact width of the available channel so that they can allow room for safely passing other vessels. Therefore, when the drag has detected the obstruction and has pointed



ABOARD THE TOWING-LAUNCH.

out its approximate position, the surveyor, by means of the lead-line, exactly locates and marks it on the map. The advantage of the wire-drag is that it does not miss anything lying in its sweep, it makes it possible to explore waters rapidly and

yet thoroughly, and to do the work better and at less expense than by the older methods. Instead of working from the bottom upward, using the uneven ocean bed as a guide in measuring heights, the wire-drag works from the level surface of the water downward and discovers any obstacle standing within a given depth—that depth being ample to float the biggest ships traveling those lanes of commerce.

ROBERT G. SKERRETT.

THE BURNING MINE OF PENNSYLVANIA

WHEN a small fire started in one of the workings of an anthracite coal-mine in Pennsylvania, the superintendent put a force of men at work pumping water into the tunnels to extinguish the blaze. This was sixty-eight years ago, and the fire still burns, not fiercely, but steadily and persistently, in spite of continued effort to drown it out.

Just how it started no one knows. The company



A SMALL OPENING IN THE MOUNTAIN FROM WHICH HEAT AND SMOKE ISSUE.

was working only one shift of men. When the miners went off duty in the evening, everything seemed in order, but, before morning, smoke was issuing from the shaft. It was considered only a small fire, as mine fires go, and the miners stayed about town for a couple of months, expecting to be able to continue work in a short time.

But that day has never come. The original workings have long since been burned out. A great gully has been formed by the caving in of the mountain after the vein of coal had been eaten away. To-day, in the side of the hills, there are



RAVINE CAUSED BY CAVE-IN WHEN THE FIRE HAD EATEN AWAY THE UNDERLYING COAL-VEIN.

openings and cracks from which smoke and heat issue, and at night a phosphorescent-like glow seems to spread over portions of the hillside.

It is one of the sights that tourists flock to see. They follow the same route that the miners in the early days mapped out for the delivery of their coal; in fact, the railroad—a gravity system—built to take the coal to the Lehigh River at Mauch Chunk is still used, but only for pleasure and sight-seeing tours. And the burning mine at Summit Hill is an interesting curiosity.

But the mine-owners in the surrounding country look at it differently. The fire has advanced many miles during the last sixty-eight years, and it still goes gradually forward, despite every effort. One of the largest mines in Pennsylvania is at Lansford, a few miles from Summit Hill, and is a continuation of the same vein. It appears to be only a matter of time until the fire encroaches on this property.

One plan was carried out which would definitely settle this problem, so it was believed. The vein of coal was cut through and a thick cement wall separated it. But when the fire reached this wall, it simply burned around it and went on.

This problem still confronts the mine-owners at Lansford and other surrounding mines (for there is no estimating the extent of the fire), even after half a hundred years of effort.

L. M. EDHOLM.

APPLIED SCIENCE & MECHANICS FOR BOYS

INCLUDING BRIEF ARTICLES OF THE "HOW TO MAKE IT" SERIES

BY J. S. NEWMAN

EASY ELECTRICAL LESSONS

Number Four

LAST month we learned how to make an *electrophorus,* and we also considered how and why the electrophorus operates. This instrument, as you will remember, is a device for generating comparatively large quantities of static electricity. This month we are ready to make a *Leyden jar,* so called because it was used at the University of Leyden in 1746. Another name for the Leyden jar is "condenser."

The Leyden jar, or condenser, is an important piece of electrical apparatus, and, in various forms, is widely used in the electrical industry.

HOW TO MAKE A LEYDEN JAR

GET an ordinary glass tumbler with thin walls. Coat the inside and outside with tin-foil, which

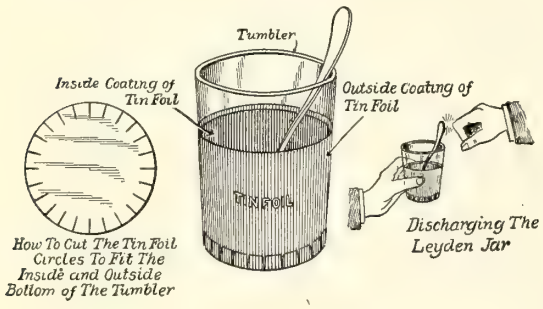


FIG. 1. A SIMPLE LEYDEN JAR.

may be obtained from any florist or tobacconist. The tumbler should be coated within one inch from the top, both inside and outside. Circles of foil are also cut to glue on the bottom of the tumbler, both inside and outside, turning up around the edges. The tin-foil should be glued on and should fit smoothly and evenly, with no rough spots or sharp edges, as shown in Fig. 1. Now place a teaspoon inside the coated glass. We then have a Leyden jar, or "electric pail." It may be filled with electricity, just as a pail may be filled with water.

EXPERIMENT NO. 9

HOLD your Leyden jar in one hand, touching only the tin-foil coating. Charge your electrophorus as explained in experiment No. 8, in our March number, and when the cover has received its charge, bring its edge close to the top of the teaspoon in the Leyden jar. A tiny spark will jump across to the spoon. Re-charge the cover of the electrophorus and repeat the spark to the spoon six or eight times. (The cover of the electrophorus may be charged many times from the electrophorus plate without again stroking the plate with fur.) When several sparks have passed between the electrophorus cover and the spoon, the Leyden jar will be charged with a large amount of electricity. Quite a strong shock may be felt by holding the outside coating of the jar in one hand and touching the teaspoon with the other. Charge the Leyden jar again, and, holding the outside coating, bring the handle of the teaspoon close to a water- or gas-pipe. A crackling spark will leap from the spoon to the pipe.

HOW THE LEYDEN JAR OPERATES

WHEN we allow a spark to jump to the spoon which touches the inside coating of our jar, this coating becomes charged with positive electricity from the cover of the electrophorus. This positive charge, acting through the glass by induction, attracts and holds the negative electricity in the neutral outer coating and repels the positive electricity to the ground through the hand and body.

Thus the outer coating is left negatively charged, while the inner coating remains positively charged, each charge binding or attracting the other, but neither being able to neutralize the other because of the non-conducting glass between. When, however, we bring our other hand near the spoon, which is in contact with the inner coating, we form a direct path through our body from the outer to the inner coatings. The opposite electric charges, being strongly attracted, do not wait for actual contact, but leap across the intervening space between the spoon and hand with a loud noise and a bright flash, or spark.

Let us now review what we have learned about static electricity. We have discovered the following facts:

1. When glass and rubber are stroked with silk or fur they become charged with electricity and will attract light objects.

2. There are two kinds of static electricity, positive and negative.

3. Like charges repel one another.

4. Unlike charges attract one another.

5. There are two kinds of substances, conductors and insulators.

6. Conductors carry, or conduct, electricity.

7. Insulators resist the passage of electricity, and any charges of electricity accumulating upon them stay on their surfaces and do not flow away.

8. The electrophorus is an instrument for generating larger charges than may be made by friction or rubbing only.

9. The electrophorus is charged by:
   a. Rubbing the plate with fur.
   b. Applying the metal cover.
   c. Touching the cover for an instant.
   d. Removing the charged cover by its handle.

10. A Leyden jar is a glass receptacle, a tumbler, for example, coated on both sides to within an inch from the top with tin-foil.

11. A Leyden jar accumulates large quantities of electricity when charged.

12. A Leyden jar may be discharged through the human body or by allowing a metal object touching its inside coating to be held close to a water-pipe or any other grounded object.

Next month we shall consider magnetism and its relationship to electricity.

A WIRELESS RECEIVING STATION AT SMALL COST

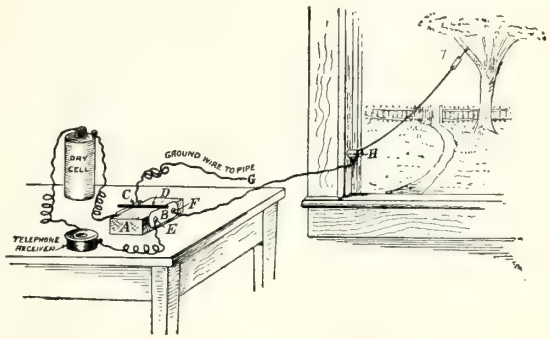
TWENTY years ago wireless telegraphy was the marvel of the times. Your father doubtless shook his head in amazement when he heard about the new discovery, and probably wondered by what complicated apparatus the results were obtained.

Yet to-day I am going to tell you how to receive wireless messages with almost no apparatus. An old dry-battery, two safety-razor blades having two holes already cut in them, a telephone-receiver, some wire, and several odds and ends are all we shall require for our experiments.

Our illustration shows plainly the entire apparatus, its arrangement, and electrical connections. A is a wooden block 1½ by 3 inches and about an inch thick. B and C are two old safety-razor blades, screwed one to each side of A, as shown, parallel to each other, one of the screws in blade C connecting with the dry cell, the other with the ground wire. Very short screws should be used, so that by no possible chance will the screws from one side come in contact with those from the other.

A piece of graphite 1¾ inches long, D, is removed from an old pencil and laid across the blades, as illustrated. This constitutes our "detector," which converts the wireless waves into sounds so that we may hear them.

We must now erect our aërial wire so as to



ARRANGEMENT OF WIRELESS RECEIVING APPARATUS.

catch the wireless waves as they travel through space.

For our purpose a very simple affair will do, as illustrated in the drawing. This consists of only a single wire, supported between a near-by tree or post and a second-story window near which, on a table, our instruments should be placed. This wire may be of iron, copper, or aluminum, but preferably of copper. Any size from twelve to sixteen is suitable.

The far end of the aërial wire must not be fastened directly to the tree, but about one foot before the tree is reached the wire must be cut and a porcelain cleat, T, interposed. This cleat is obtainable at any electrical shop or mail-order house. It consists simply of a short length of porcelain with holes at each end. It prevents the electrical currents from leaking through the damp tree into the ground. The other end of this aërial wire is also insulated where it touches the house or window-sill by wrapping it about a porcelain knob nailed to the woodwork, as shown at H. This wire is led through the window into the house and to our instruments. The aërial wire should not run through the leaves of the tree nor should it touch metal work of any kind, such as rain-spouts or pipes. The longer and higher our aërial wire is, the more efficient it will be. In the case of the single-wire type described, it should not be less than fifty feet long; one hundred feet would be better.

Our illustration also shows how our instruments are connected. No. 24 insulated copper wire will do very well for connections. Note that the connection of wires to the razor-blades of the detector is accomplished by loosening the screws which fasten the blade to the block, wrapping the ends of the wire about the screws and again turning the screws tight.

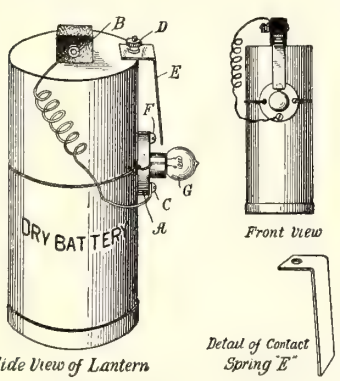
The wire, G, is called the ground-wire, and is simply a piece of copper wire, as heavy as you can get, which is connected to one of the razor-blades as explained. The other end of it is carefully wrapped around a water-, gas-, or steam-pipe. If no such pipe is handy, you must arrange to make your own "ground" by driving a piece of iron pipe at least three feet into the earth and leading to it the wire G, carefully wrapping it about the pipe. It is best to solder the ground-wire to the pipe. In any case be sure to file the pipe bright before wrapping the ground-wire. The connection must be made very strong, tight, and electrically perfect.

We may now place the telephone-receiver to the ear and listen. A scratching sound should be heard occasionally. This is called "static," or the natural electricity of the air. If any wireless station happens to be sending messages within the range of our simple receiving set, we should hear a series of long and short buzzes representing the Continental alphabet. If we know this code, or learn it, we can interpret these messages. The code may be secured at your library.

In a later article the principles of wireless telegraphy will be explained in simple terms.

A SIMPLE ELECTRIC LANTERN

A BATTERY-OPERATED electric lantern is a most useful device to have about the home, camp, or shop. We will describe an extremely simple one that can readily be put together in an emergency and will serve the purpose quite as well as any which can be purchased. A door-bell battery, a miniature porcelain base-receptacle, or socket, and a 1½-volt miniature bulb will be required. We need, also, about a foot of any kind of insulated copper wire, size 18 to 24 B. & S. gage, and a piece of sheet-tin or -brass. The total cost will be about sixty cents.



THE HOME-MADE FLASH-LIGHT.

The illustration shows how to assemble these parts. The porcelain base-receptacle, A, is conveniently supplied with holes in the base, so that it may be bound with cord or wire in the position shown. A short length of wire, scraped clear of its insulating covering for a half-inch at each end, is now connected between binding-post C on the socket and B on the battery. A strip of sheet-brass or -tin, E, a half-inch wide is now cut. One end of it is punched out with a nail or drill so as to slip over the screw of the battery binding-post, D. This strip is then bent, and cut off as shown, so that when its lower end is pressed it will make contact with the screw binding-post, F, on the socket. The tiny bulb, G, will then light.

This lantern may be carried in one hand and the strip E readily pressed by the forefinger.

No specific sizes or measurements are given, as these may be readily determined while making.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF SCIENCE
III. X-RAYS

NATURE'S wonders are often hidden from man by the frailest of walls. Many of the greatest discoveries were made by accident or coincidence. Had James Watt not been in a reflective mood one day, when he watched the white cloud escaping from a kettle of boiling water, the world might have waited years before the invention of the steam-engine. A falling apple set a great philosopher to thinking, and the result was that the working of the law of gravitation was formulated. A sheet of paper, coated with a certain chemical and lying by chance on a laboratory table, disclosed to a German physicist the marvels of the X-ray.

In 1895 Wilhelm Konrad Röntgen, a professor of physics at the University of Würzburg, was experimenting with a glass globe from which most of the air had been pumped. The professor was repeating, and enlarging upon, the experiments of Sir William Crookes by passing an electric spark through metal rods imbedded in the globe. While engaged in this, to him, interesting pursuit, a sheet of paper coated with barium-platinocyanide happened to be lying on the table near by. The professor noticed that when he passed the electric current through his apparatus, the coated sheet of paper emitted a peculiar, phosphorescent glow, very much like the light of a firefly. Further experimenting showed that when a metal coin was placed between the glass globe and the coated-paper screen, the coin cast a shadow on the screen. But when a piece of hard rubber, leather, or wood was interposed in place of the coin, only a very light shadow, or no shadow at all, could be seen. Professor Röntgen was certainly surprised at this. Wood, rubber, and leather are ordinarily quite opaque, and allow no light rays to go through them. The rays emanating from the glass globe must be quite different, then, from light rays. The professor took

his apparatus into a darkened room and found that, although the rays given out by his glass tube were quite invisible to the eye, they were able to affect a photographic plate as readily as light rays. Furthermore, he discovered that even though the photographic plate was fully protected from light by wrapping it in black paper or even putting it in a wooden box, the invisible rays from the glass globe were able to penetrate the covering over the plate and affect the plate in the same manner as light rays. Professor Röntgen made a long series of experiments and then came to the following conclusions:

1. When an electric current, such as a spark-coil or induction-coil current, is passed through a glass globe from which the air has been exhausted, a peculiar, new, invisible ray is produced.

2. This ray has the property of traversing many substances which are opaque to ordinary light rays. In other words, rubber, wood, thin aluminum, paper, leather, etc., are transparent to these new rays.

3. The degree of transparency depends upon the *density* of the substance, as a general rule. The greater the density, the more opaque are most substances to the new ray.

Professor Röntgen, not having heard or read about rays of this description before, did not know what to call them, so he used the symbol "X" in describing them, since in algebra X denotes an unknown quantity. The temporary name stuck, and to-day we still refer to Röntgen's wonderful discovery as the X-ray.

After the professor found out as much as we have outlined above, it was only a step to his really famous discovery, namely, the possibility of photographing the organs and bones of living human beings and animals. We can readily understand how this is accomplished.

A photographic plate (in a protective covering, so that light cannot reach it) is placed *underneath* the part of the body to be photographed. A Röntgen tube, or X-ray tube, as it is called, is now suspended *above* the portion to be photographed and the electric current is passed through it. X-rays are generated in the tube, and, passing through the body, affect the photographic plate in proportion to the density of the various parts through which the rays pass. Thus, a bone casts a heavy shadow on the plate, while the flesh casts much lighter shadows. Should a needle or bullet be imbedded anywhere in the bone or flesh, it will cast a very heavy shadow on the plate. In this manner it is easily possible to locate such foreign substances before an operation for their removal. The exact position of broken bones can also be observed, and even certain organic and other conditions. Thus many lives are saved and much suffering is alleviated by the aid which X-rays give to surgeons and physicians.

The use of these penetrating rays is by no means confined to medicine and surgery, however. A most interesting application was recently made public showing how diverse are the uses of the X-ray.

Shipments of cotton-bales are constantly being made to England, and, while the war continues, it becomes necessary to be sure that bombs, guns, ammunition, or other similar objects have not been secretly packed in the cotton. It would be no small task to locate them in five-hundred-pound bales. However, the X-ray solved the problem. By its means the authorities were able to "see right through" the bales without opening them, and a great deal of work was thus saved. Professor Röntgen received the Rumford Medal from the Royal Society of London in honor of his discovery.

WHAT IS YEAST MADE OF?

Did your mother ever send you to the store for some *Saccharomyces?* No? Well I 'll venture to say that she has—many, many times. Only Mother probably did n't call it by that name. And your grocer would n't know what you meant if you asked for it.

So, for convenience' sake, we 'll call it plain "yeast"—for that is what *Saccharomyces cerevisiæ* really is.

But there is something about yeast that is even more strange than its long and difficult scientific name. Do you know what yeast is made of?

If we place a tiny speck of yeast under a microscope, we shall see countless tiny living organisms—germs!

These germs are not harmful to human beings, of course. In fact, they are quite the reverse of harmful, for it is these germs that make bread light, spongy, and wholesome.

Great scholars have studied the action of yeast germs very carefully, and have explained how they accomplish their useful work for mankind.

By acting on the starch, which forms a large part of the bulk of wheat or rye flour, the yeast germs convert part of this starch into carbon-dioxid gas and alcohol. When the bread dough is warmed, this action takes place. The carbon-dioxid gas is set free and bubbles up through the dough, making it light and porous, or *raising* it.

All of us have watched this process many times, but not many of us have known that we must thank the tiny *Saccharomyces cerevisiæ* for making our bread edible.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK





GOOSIE

BY
Katharine
Maynadier Daland



Big sister Anne is very brave;
She wasn't scared that day
We met three great, big, hissing geese,
On th' path right in our way.

"They're only birds," said sister Anne,
"Don't let them frighten you,
'Cause if you're scared of them you'll be
A great big goosie too!"



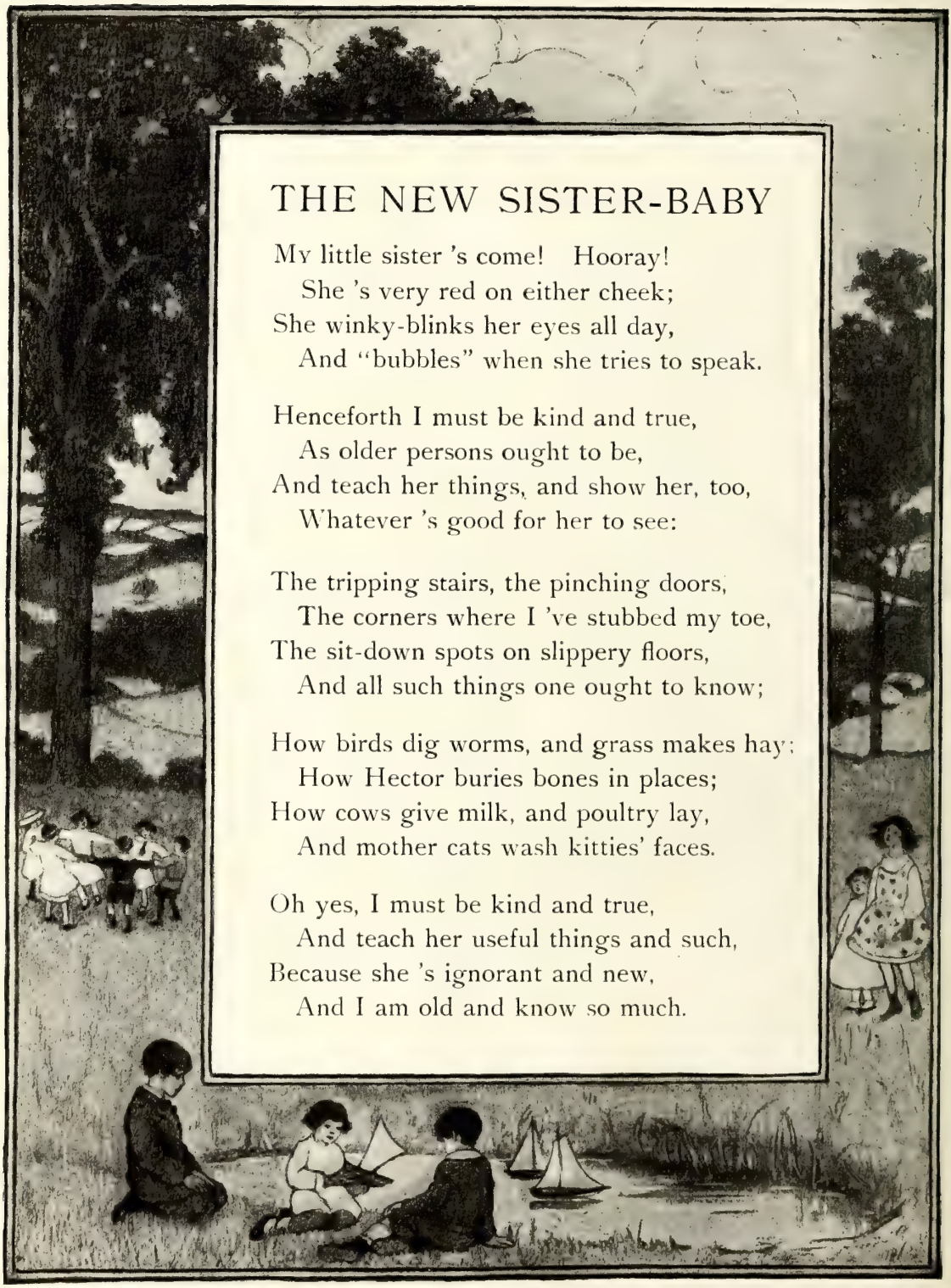
FUN AT THE ZOO

BY GRACE MAY NORTH

(A "make-believe" jingle)

ANNIBELLE, Maribelle, Jack, and Ben went to the Zoo one day.
It may not be true, what I 'm telling you, but then again, part of it may!
Annibelle, Maribelle, Jack, and Ben had such a jolly-fine lark,
For peanuts they ate which they bought at the gate, then hippity-skipped through the park.
Annibelle, Maribelle, Jack, and Ben went to the cage of the bear,
The elephant, too, and the kangaroo, and the lion they saw in his lair.
Annibelle, Maribelle, Jack, and Ben then ran to the keeper's side
(It may not be true, what I 'm telling you), and they asked on the wild beasts to ride.
Annibelle, Maribelle, Jack, and Ben then hopped about in glee,
When the kind keeper said, with a nod of his head, that he 'd set the wild animals free.
Annibelle, Maribelle, Jack, and Ben rode on the beasts, unafraid!
They found they could steer, by pulling an ear, and merry-go-round they played.
Annibelle, Maribelle, Jack, and Ben (remember, it may not be true!),
They had such a lark the day at the park that they rode the wild beasts of the Zoo.





THE NEW SISTER-BABY

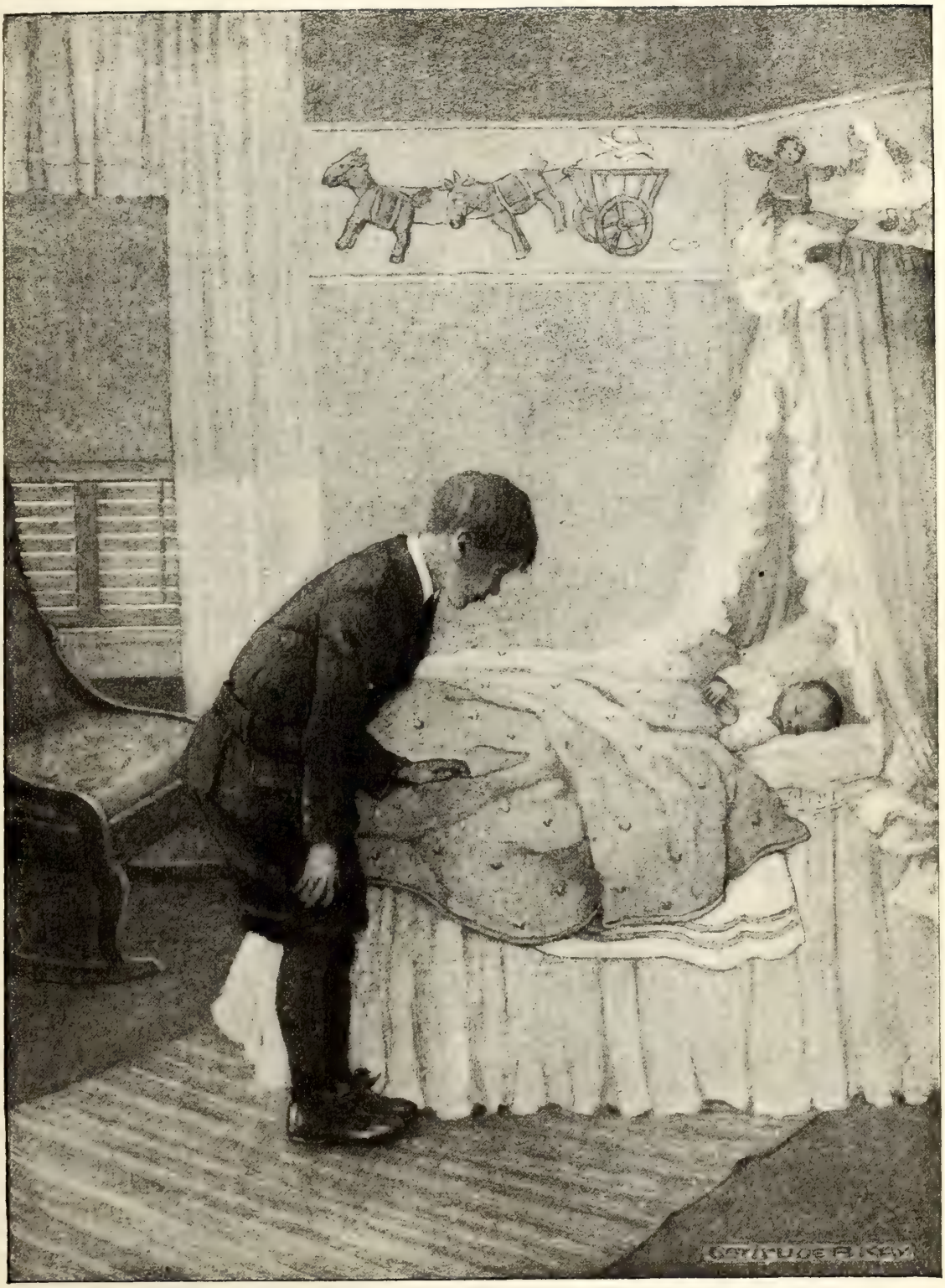
My little sister 's come! Hooray!
  She 's very red on either cheek;
She winky-blinks her eyes all day,
  And "bubbles" when she tries to speak.

Henceforth I must be kind and true,
  As older persons ought to be,
And teach her things, and show her, too,
  Whatever 's good for her to see:

The tripping stairs, the pinching doors,
  The corners where I 've stubbed my toe,
The sit-down spots on slippery floors,
  And all such things one ought to know;

How birds dig worms, and grass makes hay;
  How Hector buries bones in places;
How cows give milk, and poultry lay,
  And mother cats wash kitties' faces.

Oh yes, I must be kind and true,
  And teach her useful things and such,
Because she 's ignorant and new,
  And I am old and know so much.



"SHE 'S IGNORANT AND NEW, AND I AM OLD, AND KNOW SO MUCH."

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

As a postscript to the instances recorded in the February and March numbers of the notable success attained in the art world by one LEAGUE graduate and in the issue of a book of poems by another, we are glad to print this cordial letter recently received from a Western reader:

Denver, Col.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I am writing to express my pleasure over that wonderful poem (for a girl of thirteen) by Beatrice Caldwell, entitled "A Marching Song," printed in the LEAGUE pages for February.

Of course, I must tell you also how I enjoy your magazine, but I think that my subscription, renewed year after year, is more eloquent than words in expressing my feelings. The LEAGUE, I am sure, is a very material aid in training our future authors, poets, and artists. And I think that many whose names we now notice as having won silver or gold badges will in later years be known to the world.

Sincerely,

B. G. EDWARDS.

We thank our correspondent for this appreciative and encouraging message, which will be welcomed by every member of the LEAGUE. But now, lest any of our girls or boys should boast, or, in the pride of seeing honors bestowed upon their fellow-members, should be tempted to relax their own efforts, let us forego for a while any further mention of compliments, pleasing as they are, and turn our thoughts back to the work in hand each month, and to that alone. For only so can the members of to-day lay the solid foundation for such achievement in the future as is prophesied in our friend's letter.

Again, be it remembered, our joy in the work itself, or the consciousness of having done our very best in every attempt, is, after all, the highest satisfaction that can come to us. One of our former LEAGUE members, now well known as the author of several books, stated not long ago that no reward of authorship thus far received had brought her quite so much delight as the winning of our LEAGUE'S gold badge. Perhaps it is true of us all that no honors are quite equal to those achieved in the first flush of youthful enthusiasm; and that zest is doubled, in our beloved LEAGUE, by the sense of comradeship with so many other eager-minded young folk who are pursuing the same ideals and seeking the highest possible measure of attainment. So let us, each and all, borrow a watchword from the poem mentioned by our correspondent, and, with one voice, say "Onward, still onward!—Onward to victory!"

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 206

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

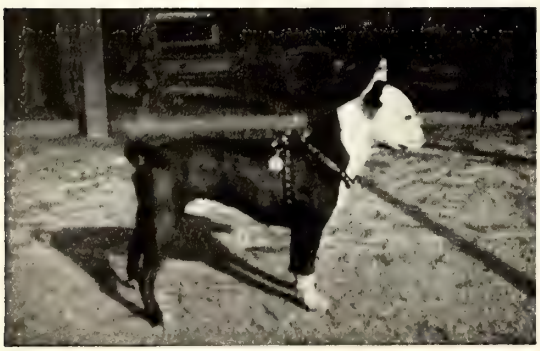
PROSE. Gold badge, **George Gordon Mahy, Jr.** (age 13), Pennsylvania.
Silver badges, **James G. Woodworth** (age 16), Massachusetts; **Margaret H. Manning** (age 13), New Hampshire; **Frances Webster** (age 12), Massachusetts.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Ann Hamilton** (age 14), Ohio.
Silver badges, **Mabelle H. Emory** (age 16), New York; **Juana Allraum** (age 13), California.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Louise Rogers Lake** (age 14), Missouri.
Silver badges, **Charles G. Meritello** (age 16), New Jersey; **Neil W. Trousdale** (age 14), Iowa; **George F. Leister** (age 15), Pennsylvania.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Dessa K. Palmerlee** (age 17), Michigan.
Silver badges, **Virgil J. McNeil** (age 11), Connecticut; **Alice B. Lee** (age 14), New York; **Elizabeth Knabe** (age 16), Pennsylvania; **Catherine Briggs** (age 14), California; **John F. Mitchell** (age 13), Pennsylvania.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Helena Allix Irvine** (age 17), Canada.
Silver badges, **Philip Tapperman** (age 11), Michigan; **Harriet Dow** (age 10), Maine.



BY ANNE P. GOODHUE, AGE 15.



BY KATHERINE J. RUSSELL, AGE 12.

"A PRIZE OF THE CAMERA."

UNDER THE SNOW

BY JESSIE MARILLA THOMPSON (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

THE drooping branches of the firs, beneath their weight of snow,
Bend downward to the white-clad earth, the dazzling earth below.
The big drifts sparkle in the sun, for ev'ry flake 's a star;
The great boughs of the maple-trees white coral-branches are.
The river, 'twixt its snowy banks, deep gray and silver swirls
About its isles—a moving band of platinum set with pearls.
See how the Old Year, ere he dies, in jewels rare and bright,
Decks out the world in festal garb to please his parting sight!

SOMEBODY'S MISTAKE

BY GEORGE GORDON MAHY, JR. (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1916)

THE great bridge was nearing completion. Never before in the annals of architecture had such a colossal structure been attempted. Millions of dollars had been spent on each of the great steel arms which had been built toward the center of the river. Perhaps never before had so many workers gathered together to erect a single structure. Gradually, as girder after girder was added, the two parts of the bridge grew closer together.

The dedication had been heralded in every magazine and newspaper. The governors of the two States which the bridge united were to officiate, and a grand occasion it was to be.

At last the great day dawned, a clear, cloudless day, too. The chief engineer had said that by the afternoon the bridge would be one great curving span, reaching across the broad river. Early in the morning, workmen busied themselves in bringing the last girders into place.



"A PRIZE OF THE CAMERA." BY LIONEL ANDERSON, AGE 16.

Hammers clanged. Red-hot bolts were shot with expert accuracy from the tongs of the fire-tenders to the pails of the riveters. The derricks swung the last girders into place, and hammers drove the rivets deep. Everything was now in readiness for the final test—the linking of the two great steel arms that were to span the river.

Then down the line of workmen was shouted the stunning fact that the two parts did not meet. Ten inches separated them, and one was three inches below the other. What was ten inches to ten hundred feet? What was three inches to thirty feet? And now the great bridge shuddered and fell—a pile of uncontrollable steel, a great useless mass of metal.

It was somebody's mistake. Out of the many draughtsmen, the many engineers, the many workmen, some one had made a small, but fatal, blunder, and thrown away countless dollars. Some one had made only a tiny mistake, but it had changed a wonderful span into a great wreck.



"A PRIZE OF THE CAMERA." BY DESSA K. PALMERLEE, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JANUARY, 1917.)

SOMEBODY'S MISTAKE

BY JAMES G. WOODWORTH (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

IT was snowing hard, and the wind, which had been howling all day across the plains of northeastern Nebraska, was now increasing in violence as night was beginning to fall. Engineer Howard, his hand on the throttle, was anxiously peering ahead into the darkness, ever watchful, ever alert. His huge locomotive was doing its best with the long string of eleven steel Pullmans, but he was already late, and several hundred miles of wind-swept plain stretched before him. He shoved open the throttle another notch, and the huge monster seemed to leap ahead into the night.

"Think we can make Summit siding in time for Number Two?" asked Fireman Porter, as he pulled the whistle for a grade crossing. Number Two was the fast mail, eastbound.

"We 've got to," replied Howard. And he opened the throttle almost to the limit, as his giant engine shot ahead into the blinding storm.

Soon the lights of the small settlement could be distinguished through the falling snow. As the train slowed down, something ahead attracted Howard's attention. What was that red light? As Number Two always took the siding, Howard was accustomed to see a green light. Surely, somebody had made a mistake! "Well, orders are orders," he muttered, as his train took the siding.

It had just come to a stop, when, on peering ahead, Howard made out a light approaching. Was it Number Two, and could it be on the siding also?

As the siding was almost a mile long, Howard could only make a conjecture. However, he quickly pulled the reverse lever, and his train slowly moved back on to the main track. A flagman, by this time, was fifty yards away, swiftly running toward the approaching headlight.

Evidently, Engineer Fuller, of Number Two, had taken in the situation, thought Howard, for the brakes went screaming on, and the fast mail was brought to a stop not ten feet from Howard's locomotive.

UNDER THE SNOW

BY MABELLE H. EMORY (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

I saw the summer come and go,
The trees and flowers went to sleep;
And round about a hush lay on the world.
The snowflakes fluttered one by one,—
To shield the earth, they had begun.
Silent and swift the flakes were hurled,
Piling up a coverlet deep,
And hiding the earth in a veil of snow.

The trees were clothed in garments white.
Upon the bare brown earth was placed
A clinging gown of fairy make,
To charm the eyes of many men
Who look out, all enraptured, when
The morning dawns, and they awake.
Dear Mother Nature in all haste
Had donned her best before 't was light.

SOMEBODY'S MISTAKE

(A true story)

BY MARGARET H. MANNING (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

THE church was exquisite with pink Killarney roses and fragrant lilies-of-the-valley. The organ was softly playing; and the last late guests were silently rustling into their seats. With all, there was an air of great anticipation. Out in the vestibule the anxious mother was giving the final instructions to a pretty colored girl on how to smooth the bride's train when she was ready to come into the church. Finally the mother kissed the beautiful bride and disappeared.

The notes of the organ swelled into the familiar strains of the wedding music, and the ushers walked



"IN UNIFORM." BY CHARLES G. MERITELLO, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

slowly in, followed by six graceful bridesmaids arrayed in pale pink. The maid of honor came next, all alone, and then the lovely dark-eyed bride, leaning on her father's arm. But to the gaze of the horrified mother, and to the amusement of the assembled guests, came also the colored girl carrying the bride's train, her head held as high as if the importance of the whole wedding was resting on her. When they reached the chancel she dropped the train, and, arranging the soft satin as she had been instructed to do, she turned and walked out with the air of having accomplished her duty.

SOMEBODY'S MISTAKE

(A true story)

BY JANET SCOTT (AGE 14)

ONE morning in early April, three years ago, Betty and I started to walk from "Ye Alpine Tavern" to the summit of Mt. Lowe, California. We had ridden by inclined railway and street-car as far as we could, which is one thousand feet from the mountain-top. As the trail is wide and not very steep, the walking was not uncomfortable. We noticed that we could not see the surrounding mountains, but thought nothing about it until, about half-way up, we sat down to eat our lunch. Then Betty surprised me by suddenly exclaiming: "Just look at all the smoke around us! What can it mean?"

"A forest fire!" I cried. "The smoke is thicker up ahead. Let 's go back."

And back we did go, rushing pell-mell down the trail, still holding sandwiches and pickles from our lunch. We probably should have fled clear to "Ye Alpine Tavern" if we luckily had not met a man.

We both shouted, "Don't go up! There 's a forest fire!"

He was provokingly calm, and only said, "Forest fire? Where 's the smoke?"

"All around us, of course," I said impatiently.

He was kind enough not to laugh as he answered: "That 's not smoke, but just the low-hanging clouds. We are really and truly above the clouds."



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY LOUISE R. LAKE, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON AUGUST, 1916.)

It was indeed our mistake, and, though we can laugh about it now, we felt, and no doubt looked, pretty sheepish as we started back up the mountain trail with him.

UNDER THE SNOW

BY CONSTANCE TURNER (AGE 9)

THERE 's many a wonder under the snow:
The little brown mole in the earth below,
The little black seeds all cuddled together
Because, you see, it 's such very cold weather,
Are all hidden safely under the snow.

The little dry leaves that sailed down with the breeze,
The little red squirrels in the stumps of the trees,—
All these small wonders and more we don't know
Are just waiting for the warm winds to blow,
While safely hidden under the snow.



BY LUCIA K. SHERMAN, AGE 15.



BY VIRGIL J. MC NEIL, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARGARET OLMSTED, AGE 14.



BY ALICE B. LEE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



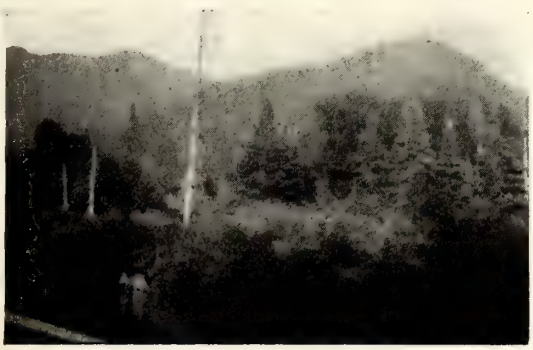
BY MARY CULLINAN, AGE 15.



BY MARY L. MOORE, AGE 15.



BY ALICE RUMPP, AGE 15.



BY AGNES JANEWAY, AGE 12.



BY ELIZABETH KNABE, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A PRIZE OF THE CAMERA."

UNDER THE SNOW—A LULLABY

BY RUTH M. COLE (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

HUSH and sleep, hush and sleep,
Mother Earth's voice is deep and low;
Hush and sleep, hush and sleep,
Wee things growing under the snow.
White are your covers and soft as down,
Hush and sleep, hush and sleep,
Little plant babies warm and brown,
Hush and sleep, hush and sleep.

Hush and sleep, hush and sleep,
Soon through the snow the warmth will creep,
April comes with her sun and rain,
Waking you up to grow again.
So, till the wild birds northward sweep,
Hush and sleep, hush and sleep.



"A PRIZE OF THE CAMERA." BY GEORGE W. HILL, AGE 15.

SOMEBODY'S MISTAKE

BY CAROL CROWE (AGE 10)

(Honor Member)

CHRISTMAS eve found Mr. Daniel Hardcastle sitting gloomily by the open fireplace of his handsome country home. Everything bespoke elegance and riches, and all was in perfect harmony but the disagreeable old bachelor who occupied the big leather-covered chair. Christmas meant nothing to him. He neither gave nor received presents; he neither gave nor received love.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY CHRISTINE BACHELER, AGE 14.

Christmas morning dawned bright and beautiful. Mr. Hardcastle left his breakfast almost untouched and went into his library. To his surprise and horror he saw a large, yellow-haired doll sitting by his fireside. He rang the bell angrily and demanded of his valet an explanation of this intrusion.

"Why," stammered the frightened valet, "this is somebody's mistake."

"Take the thing and throw it in the rubbish-heap," stormed Mr. Hardcastle.

The valet took the offending doll—but not to the rubbish-heap. He thought to himself: "I 'll take it to the pretty little lady who has come to live with her grouchy old stepgrandmother over at the manor-house. She won't have no Christmas,—poor little thing!"

So kind-hearted Jerry took his precious bundle to the little girl, who was bravely trying to be happy with no gift from Santa.

"Who sent it? Who sent it?" cried the joyful little girl.

Jerry beamed, "Why, Mr. Hardcastle sent it to you."

Hardly had Jerry left the house before Evelyn started for the Hardcastle mansion. She passed unnoticed into the great hall and then into the library, and before Mr. Hardcastle could gasp she was seated on the arm of his chair and was telling him of her happiness.



"IN UNIFORM." BY HARLEN HUBBARD, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

As a result of somebody's mistake Mr. Hardcastle and Evelyn became fast friends, and through her love he grew to be one of the kindest of men.

UNDER THE SNOW

BY ELIZABETH CLARKE (AGE 13)

WHAT is down beneath the beech-trees?
I wonder if you know?
Who are snuggled down so "comfy"
Underneath the snow?

Why, the little fairy people,
Little elves and gnomes and sprites;
They live underneath the beech-tree,
All the snowy winter nights!

They have little mossy couches
In their little homes below;
They have coverlets of mouse-fur—
They don't mind the ice and snow!

And there they live all winter,—
In the beech-tree's roots, you know,—
Till the thaws of March and April
Take away their roofs of snow.

Who live underneath the beech-tree?
I wonder if you know?
Why, the little fairy people,
Underneath the snow!

UNDER THE SNOW

BY ANN HAMILTON (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1914)

Lay him low, lay him low,
Under the bleak and drifting snow.
Death has settled upon his brow;
Stony his gaze as he slumbers now;
And the wind it hums, and the wind it sighs,
For the New Year comes and the Old Year dies!

Let him rest, let him rest;
Cross his pale fingers on his breast.
Cover him well with his ghastly shroud,
For chill is the air from the sullen cloud.
And the pine it quivers, the pine it cries,
For the New Year comes and the Old Year dies!

Toll the bell, toll the bell;
Bury him safe and hide him well;
For the hooting owl in the ancient tree
Is screaming funereal harmony.
And the moon it knows in its leery eyes
That under the snow the Old Year dies!

SOMEBODY'S MISTAKE

BY FRANCES WEBSTER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

Billy Wells was an orphan. It was decided that he must go to the Bellville orphan-asylum. Not wishing to tell him the truth, they said that an aunt would meet him at the train. Meanwhile, they made arrangements with the matron to have him met at the station and taken to the home.



"A PRIZE OF THE CAMERA." BY CATHERINE BRIGGS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

On the train, Billy, feeling drowsy, went to sleep. When he awoke the conductor had just called, "Medway!" Not having heard, Billy asked a man if this were Bellville? Mistaking the question, he answered, "Yes."

So Billy climbed off, but, stumbling, was caught by Miss Abby Harrison. She was looking for her nephew John, six years old, whom she had never seen.

"Are you my aunt?" asked Billy, and Miss Abby, not dreaming of any mistake, said she was. Picking him up, she put him in the sleigh. Just then a mail-man came up and gave her a letter. As it was cold she put it away.

When they reached home Billy was asleep, so she put him on the couch. Then she opened the letter, which said, "As we are in strict quarantine, John cannot come until later." Wondering what it meant, she felt in Billy's pocket, hoping to find a clue. There she found the letter to the matron. When she finished it she thought a moment, then said, "Well, I may be foolish, but I will keep him until after Christmas."

In fact, her "foolishness" grew so much that the next year, as the asylum did not object, William Wells Harrison entered the first grade of the Medway school. He always declared that his good fortune was due to somebody's mistake in telling him to get off at the wrong station.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY ELEANOR GIBBONS, AGE 14.

SOMEBODY'S MISTAKE

BY ELIZABETH BADGER (AGE 15)

If General Lee had known that he sent his best general to his death, he would probably never have ordered Stonewall Jackson to attack Hooker's rear. However, as it was not possible for him to foresee the future, the movement was carried out, and with considerable success. Though Jackson's men were espied by the Federals on their way to the attack, in the confusion of the battle of Chancellorsville they were thought to be in retreat.

The blow was therefore unexpected, and the surprised Unionists easily routed. But in the fury of the attack,



"A PRIZE OF THE CAMERA." BY JOHN F. MITCHELL, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Jackson's men had become so disorganized that it was necessary to pause until they could be reformed. Jackson rode ahead with his staff to reconnoiter while the ranks were reforming, as he wished to lay his plans for another attack.

Some near-by Confederates, mistaking the little band for Federal cavalry, fired into it. Several of the staff-officers were killed by these shots from their com-

patriots, and General Jackson was so badly injured that he died in eight days.

In this way the South lost one of its best leaders, and America one of her bravest men by somebody's mistake.



"IN UNIFORM." BY AMY H. MEDARY, AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER.)

UNDER THE SNOW

BY JUANA ALLRAUM (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

The frosty light of a thousand stars
Pierces the velvet night;
The cold snow gleams like a spectral shroud
In its dim unearthly white;
And a silence born of a million years
Pervades the endless night.

From under the glistening crystals of snow
That cover the frozen earth,
Murmurs as low as the pigeons' coo,
Yet filled with a subtle worth
Symbolical of the snow and ice,
Steal from the stream that gave them birth.

Whisperings of wonders yet unseen,
Of the crystal, silver glow
That lights the cell of the frozen stream,
Buried deep and low,
And the icy caverns still concealed
Beneath the gleaming snow.

SOMEBODY'S MISTAKE

BY JOSEPHINE W. FOCHT (AGE 12)

"My dear," said Mr. Happy Robin one bright May morning to his wife, "I think I will fly around a bit and try to find some nice, juicy worms for you, as you are unable to leave the eggs."

"Very well, my love," responded little Mrs. Happy Robin.

"Now, my pet, be sure to be careful not to let the eggs get chilled," called the cautious prospective papa as he departed.

"I wonder where I can find some tender ones," he thought, as he flew faithfully around, scanning every strip of ground, yet not finding one to suit his taste. After flying over several meadows he perched on a willow overlooking a brook; then, attracted by a tin can on the ground, he flew down and lit on the edge of it.

He looked into it. Oh my stars! Was he dreaming? For there, inside of it, lay several long, fat worms. How good they looked!

"I shall eat one, and if they are good, I shall take one home to Mrs. Robin," he said, knowing very well that they would be delicious.

They tasted even better than they looked, and he took a second before selecting one for his wife.

Mrs. Robin declared that they were the best that she had ever tasted.

"I should like to know how it was that a can of them happened to be there," she remarked to her husband.

"Somebody's mistake," that individual carelessly murmured, with a full mouth.

My opinion is that the "somebody" was a boy who liked fishing and who easily forgot.

UNDER THE SNOW

BY CHARLES EVAN HAHN (AGE 16)

AGAIN we hear the winter's stubborn blast,
In freezing days when Mother Earth sleeps fast
Under the piling snows that keep her warm
And shield her tender nurslings from all harm.
Ah, how we love this land beneath the snow,
Where merry sleigh-bell tinklings come and go,
Where happy children laugh, with beaming eyes,
As down the hill the speeding coaster flies;
And round the lake, where pines and hemlocks stand,
The skaters circle in a merry band!
Ah, how we love this land beneath the snow,
When sweet harmonious sounds begin to flow
From every church across the fields of white!
And oh! the magic moonlit walks at night,
O'er fairylands of shining, wind-swept hills,
O'er sparkling roads and little frozen rills.
But yet there comes a longing in each heart
For milder days ahead, when snows depart,
When sap runs free, and bluebirds gaily sing,
The harbingers of ever-smiling spring!



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY ISABEL BACHELER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Elizabeth K. Howland
Katherine Gauss
Edward Podolsky
Cleta Johnson
Blanche E. Shivers
Edith Humphrey
Abraham Bumberg
Irene Curtin
Ruth Lockwood
Virginia McDaniels
Elizabeth Bowen
Dorothy Anderson
Samuel Hacker
Andree Falligant
Cordelia Foster
Edith Hollander
Paula Gysler
Mollie Kaufman
Fannie M. Bouton
Erskine Rogers
Alice Lightner
Margaret Foldes
Thelma Linkroum
Dorothy C. Jay
Henry Wineberg
Margaret Johnson
Clarke Allen
Helen Geer
Helen R. Spencer
Marguerite Dunkuk

Iona George
Dora Sussman
Kathryn Klumph
Barbara Atwood
MacNeil Mitchell
Gertrude Haight
Freda Melnik
Dorothy B. Crabtree
Esther H. Stocks
Eleanor L. Roberts
Marian A. Saunders
Kenneth Nunes
Babs O'Brien
Edward J. McNally
Arthur McNally
Horace V. McNally
Eleanor Kahn
Virginia Nicholas
Gwendolyn Cotter
Dorothy Zerman
Carl Miller
Willard B. Pope
Grace H. Parker
Elizabeth T. Gill
Robert M. Ferris, 3rd
Henry A. Willard
Edward R. Stevens
Humphrey Walsh

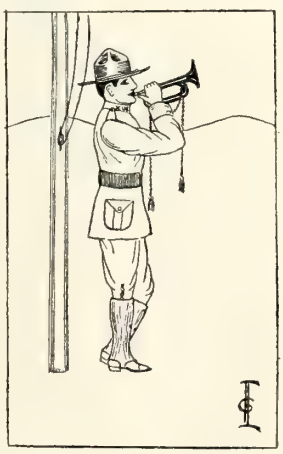


"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY NEIL W. TROUSDALE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Thomas A. Pollock
Marian B. Mishler
Barbara Burks
Gertrude Nelson
Beatrice V. MacNab
Helen A. Koch
Edward Parker
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Rachel M. Bodine
Mary McNally
Helen Whiting
Frances M. Hyde
Ruth Gardner
Jane S. McGraw
F. B. Fox
Elizabeth Walters
Dorothy Ripley
Richard Q. Yardley
Grace E. Turney
Leslye Knapp
Suzette Courtney
J. Carpenter Brock
Louise M. Ross
Eleanor D. Noble
Hawley S. Young
Elizabeth Mouat
Martha W. Bigelow
Judith E. Dixon
H. Martyn Kneedler, Jr.
Nancy Riggs
Jean P. Robertson
Samuel Fagen
Edgar Marder
Katherine Wallace
Henry Loeb
Eleanor Jones
Robert S. Logan
Katharine B. Buel
Dorothy Carlton
Esther L. Williams
Gladys M. Taggart
Katharine Pike
Grace Bradley
Eleanor W. Haasis
Jane Campbell
Elizabeth Endebrock
John Loeb
Julian Humphrey
Sara W. Lewis
Kathleen Slingluff
Margaret G. Harper
Hazel W. Russell
Florence Daly

VERSE, 1

Mary S. Benson
Jean Harper
Josephine Bigger
Helen Ranney
Emily A. Smith
Elizabeth Abell
Elizabeth Land
Oscar Kaplan
Josephine Hogan
Beatrice H. Lowenthal
Margaret Mackprang
Alicia du Pont
Gertrude Hardy
Lillian C. Jones
Martha E. Hodgson
Anne Fitz Gerald
Elizabeth Carmalt
Hattie Davis
Julia N. Chapin
Julia H. Wiley
Sterling North
Elinor White
Mary Aber
Frances C. Hamp
Ann E. Sheble
Muriel Gallagher
Sarah F. Borock
Beatrice Pitney
Marie Mirvis
Idella Purnell
Mary L. Canty
Dorothea E. Fosdick
Preston Baldwin
June Davidson
Katherine Snyder
L. M. Hunter
Helen D. Smith
Leslie Nims
Marjory E. Root



"IN UNIFORM." BY GEORGE F. LEISTER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

DRAWINGS, 1

Ansley Newman
Jean Moore
Evelyn Ringemann
Lucinda M. Griffith
Julia George
Margaret J. Sanders
Louis Marder
Caroline M. Smith
Marjorie Bartlett
Vincent Jenkins
Chaucey P. Williams, Jr.
Louise S. May
Thomas S. Washburn

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Alice Potter
Robert Miller
Jane McKelvey
Carolyn Olmsted
Jane Palmer
Elizabeth M. Bugbee
Dorothy Childs
Mary Campbell
Charles Barnum
Adelaide Rush
Ruth Banghart
Stella Bickford
Henry Adams
Marie Griffin
Gladys Foster
Catherine Ade
George S. Day

PUZZLES, 1

Virginia D. Stillman
Alice Lamb
Helen E. Sanderson
Elisabeth Newton
Holly F. Wilcox
Margaret H. Pierce
Emily Pendleton
Richard S. Angell
Sterling Dow
Sarah V. Gould
Gladys Fisher
Katherine B. Githens
Helen Knothe
Hilda H. Pfeiffer
Ruby Merrill
Jane Anderson
Virginia Sargent
George Saseen

PUZZLES, 2

Frances I. Belknap
Elisabeth V. Freeland
Helen Lehman
Maria Chamberlain
Kermit Girdner

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 210

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 210 will close **April 24** (for foreign members **April 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **August.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Midsummer," or "A Midsummer Dream."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "What Happened in Camp."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blueprints or negatives. Subject, "Good Sport!"

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Rainy Weather!" or a Heading for **August.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of THE RIDDLE-BOX.

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in *a few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles." Address: **The St. Nicholas League,** 353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

Kai-feng, Honan, China.

Dear St. Nicholas: I live in an old Chinese walled city. It is a large city of a quarter of a million people. It was once the capital of China. There is a pretty pagoda near our house. It is said to be made of iron, but it is really of glazed porcelain. It is thirteen stories high. I have never been to the top, because some of the steps have been taken away, so it is very hard to climb.

Often, as we go along the street, the little Chinese children call, "Foreign devil! Foreign devil!" of course in Chinese. How would you like to be called that? But they do not know any better.

In the winter-time the children look funny with their wadded garments on. When they fall over, it does not hurt them very much because their clothes are so thick. The women wear trousers. Their coats extend to their knees. The men wear coats extending to their feet, so that they look just like skirts. So it is rather hard to tell, when you first come to China, which are men and which are women. When we were getting on the train in Berlin to come to China, I saw a Chinese man dressed in his native clothes, but I thought he was a woman.

I have a little Pekingese dog. His name is Darkie. When the Chinese see Darkie with me they call out, "Foreign dog! Foreign dog!" but he is really a Chinese dog.

Your interested reader,
Aurora Lee Hargrove (age 14).

Earlville, Ia.

Dear St. Nicholas: My sister has taken you for six months, but—well, *I* get the mail! My favorite stories are "Saved by a Camera," "The Sapphire Signet," and "The Boys' Life of Mark Twain."

About two weeks ago two friends and myself went to Spring Branch Fish-hatchery, about nine miles from here. At Manchester we went into the Carnegie Library. I found some back numbers of St. Nicholas which I had n't read. I enjoyed them very much.

With best wishes to St. Nicholas, I remain,
Your interested reader,
Mason R. Lowe.

El Paso, Tex.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have taken you for three or four years, but have never written to you. I get you every Christmas as a present, and I always think you the best present I get.

I have used one of the topics from The Watch Tower every Friday for current events, and my teacher says they are fine.

Two of the girls in my room take you, and on the day you get here we all take them to school.

Lovingly, Marjorie Pew.

Altamont, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: You have all heard the verses about Mary's little lamb that followed her to school. Well, I want to tell you about my little pet pigeon Pete, that follows *me* to school.

My sister Edna, eight years old, and I live on a farm with our uncle and aunt. We love animals and have rabbits and bantams, and one day last winter Pete, the pigeon, came flying to us. I guess he liked his new home, because he stayed. He actually follows us over a mile and a half to school, flying from post to post on the fences along the roadside and occasionally lighting on our heads. After we go into the school-house he flies back home and waits for our return.

Then, the strangest thing of all, every morning at about five-thirty he goes to the window of my uncle and aunt's room and pecks and pecks until they get up; then he waits an hour longer and comes around to the other side of the house to our window to tell us, in his own little way, that it is time to get up. If the window is open, he flies over to our bed and coos; he likes nothing better than to have us sing to him and scratch his little head, and when we are home, he flies in the door every time he sees a chance to get in.

Eleanor Donovan (age 12).

Englewood, N. J.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have taken you a long time. I can hardly wait for you to come each month.

I have a darling little dog; his name is Boosie. He is about a foot long. His hair is brown and short and shaggy, and he has a short nose and long ears. Last summer I had a dear little kitten. It was pure white. The dog and cat used to play together; they would knock each other over and have a beautiful time. When I would go in bathing I would take the cat in. It liked the water very much. I also had a great many tame fish and some turtles that used to come up to the bank to be fed on bread and scraps of food from the table, which they liked very much. My summer home is in a small town on Cape Cod, and I love it there.

All my friends take you and like you very much.

I am your interested reader,
Louise Brown (age 13).

Camp Case, Vernon, B. C.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am delighted with the pretty League badge which I received yesterday. It was sent me from Victoria to camp. I have been in the army for six weeks, so I guess I won't have the opportunity of finishing my pictures any more, although I take many. I am the youngest in the corps, and my boy friends were very much interested in the badge and the magazine.

Yours sincerely,
Frederick A. Small (age 16).

Norwich Town, Conn.

Dear St. Nicholas: My gold badge has come! The day it came there was a sale and reception at the art school, and as I am aunty's niece, I had to pass tea. I wore my very dearest dress and pinned my badge where it would be most conspicuous. Then how I strutted! I accidently bumped into each member of the faculty in turn so they just *had* to see it. And how the *girls* raved! And at the academy yesterday I showed it to my history teacher and my French teacher and lots of other folks beside. Every one thinks it is "charming" or "stunning," and Father thinks it 's a very handsome pin. The boys think it 's "bully," and Mrs. Lane, who is blind, agreed with me when I told her about it, that it is *"beautiful! beautiful!"*

When it stops raining, I shall have to go out to show it to Brownie and Laddie, our two collie dogs. They 're proud of the brass tags on their collars *now;* but when they see my badge, I know they 'll be just as jealous as can be!

Thank you very much!

Isabel Bacheler (age 17).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

RHYMING FRUITS. 1. Apple. 2. Peach. 3. Grapes. 4. Banana. 5. Pear. 6. Plums. 7. Fig. 8. Dates. 9. Tomato. 10. Berries.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. South Dakota. 1. Les-son. 2. Thr-oat. 3. Ret-urn. 4. Rat-tan. 5. Hyp-hen. 6. Sud-den. 7. Cre-ate. 8. Tur-key. 9. Bef-ore. 10. Lis-ten. 11. Men-ace.

A CLASSICAL PUZZLE. Cross-words: 1. Educe. 2. Ounce. 3. Arras. 4. Their. 5. Clasp. 6. Satin. 7. Bedim. 8. Seine. 9. Sooth. Zigzag of stars, Euripides; zigzag of circles, "Orestes"; from 1 to 8, "Alcestis"; 9 to 14, "Hecuba"; 15 to 17, "Ion"; 18 to 27, "Andromache."

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Raphael. 1. Rabbit. 2. Agouti. 3. Pigeon. 4. Hornet. 5. Argali. 6. Ermine. 7. Locust.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, feast; 1 to 3, freak; 2 to 4, tongs; 3 to 4, kites; 5 to 6, preen; 5 to 7, petty; 6 to 8, notes; 7 to 8, yawns; 1 to 5, fop; 2 to 6, ton; 4 to 8, sis; 3 to 7, key.

MARCH DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, St. Patrick's Day; finals, N. Cross-words: 1. Stern. 2. Train. 3. Pagan. 4. Amain. 5. Thorn. 6. Raven. 7. Ixion. 8. Colon. 9. Known. 10. Solon. 11. Demon. 12. Align. 13. Yearn.

CONNECTED SQUARES AND INCLUDED DIAMONDS. I. 1. Staff. 2. Taper. 3. Apple. 4. Fells. 5. Fresh. II. 1. Sprat. 2. Prime. 3. Ripen. 4. Amend. 5. Tends. III. 1. Stale. 2. Tirer. 3. Arena. 4. Lends. 5. Erase. IV. 1. Scoff. 2. Caper. 3. Opine. 4. Fends. 5. Fresh. V. 1. Heart. 2. Eater. 3. Atone. 4. Rends. 5. Tress. VI. 1. State. 2. Towel. 3. Award. 4. Terre. 5. Elder. VII. 1. Estop. 2. Slope. 3. Toned. 4. Opera. 5. Pedal.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Light Horse Harry" Lee's eulogy on Washington: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE. Tom is ten, his father forty.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Pharaoh. 1. Reap, pear. 2. Hare, hear. 3. Bale, able. 4. Acre, race. 5. Moat, atom. 6. Moan, Oman. 7. Hoes, hose.

SOLUTIONS, to be credited as correct, must be given *in full*, with cross-words, following the general plan of the answers printed above.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 24 from Elizabeth Lee Young.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 24 from Claire A. Hepner, 9—Katharine Howard White, 8—Sally Burrage, 8—Florence S. Carter, 8—Daniel S. Wood, Jr., 7—Margaret Trautwein, 7—Helen H. McIvor, 7—Sara M. MacCloskey, 6—Alice Poulin, 6—Frances Babcock, 6—"St. Gabriel's Chapter," 4—"St. Anna's Girls," 3—Whitney Ashbridge, 3—Nathalie F. Reynol, 2—Edith B. Kinear, 2—J. Goldenberg, 1—L. Durana, 1—G. E. Allen, 1—C. Richardson, 1—A. Dixon, 1—R. Castle, 1—K. LeB. Drury, 1—A. Merkle, 1—M. Castleman, 1—E. Gussen, 1—Jack and Jean, 1—V. Weyerhaeuser, 1—K. Askew, Jr., 1—F. Dick, 1—B. L. Gilbert, 1—L. Keener, 1—I. Michaels, 1—F. J. Rowley, 1—T. Krasho, 1—M. de Arostegen, 1—M. E. Turner, 1—S. R. Bradley, Jr., 1—E. P. Snyder, 1—M. Jasper, 1—R. Shaffer, 1—H. G. Hochstadter, Jr., 1—H. S. Young, 1—H. L. Snyder, 1—J. E. Underwood, 1—M. H. Hubbard, 1—E. V. Freeland, 1—D. Simons, 1—H. Lamport, 1.

ZIGZAG

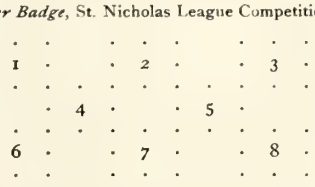
ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper, left-hand letter, will spell a day devoted to fun.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Similar. 2. A small twig. 3. Ventured. 4. Risk. 5. A song of joy. 6. Meaning. 7. An English coin. 8. An animal. 9. Cloth made of flax. 10. To try. 11. Portends. 12. A model of excellence. 13. Sportive.

EDWARD RUSSELL STABLER (age 10), *League Member.*

CONNECTED SQUARES

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)



IN solving this puzzle, follow the above diagram, though each word-square in the puzzle is a five-letter square.

I. 1. Commerce. 2. A large stream. 3. A genus of grasses. 4. Small hollows. 5. Obliterate.

II. 1. Watchful. 2. A mechanical power. 3. To get away from by artifice. 4. A kind of rampart. 5. To have a particular direction.

III. 1. A bird. 2. To worship. 3. Ballots. 4. Upright. 5. Small abodes.

IV. 1. Decree. 2. One who dines. 3. Foolish. 4. Certain coins. 5. A lock of hair.

V. 1. A small sofa. 2. Likeness. 3. Worth. 4. Chilled. 5. Poor.

VI. 1. To fit. 2. A certain water bird. 3. A genus of grasses. 4. A coin. 5. Salvers.

VII. 1. To color. 2. Polished. 3. Seed coverings. 4. A small island. 5. Small abodes.

VIII. 1. To surrender. 2. To insert in a groundwork of other material. 3. Flushed with confidence. 4. Subsequently. 5. Those who color cloth or garments.

PHILIP TAPPERMAN (age 11).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of seventy-five letters and form a famous admonition delivered in April, many years ago.

My 44–24–64 is an exclamation demanding quiet. My 67–11–3–51 is the coarse part of ground grain. My 50–59–60–6 is absent. My 19–72–31–14 is slender. My 20–70–30–46 is a musical instrument. My 41–54–75–48–33 is a topic. My 47–37–35–18–69 is immature. My 28–45–7–56–63 is to push. My 55–10–22–27–73–15 is concurred. My 52–17–9–74–42–5 is burning. My 2–13–38–25–23–62 is an artificial underground passage. My 39–53–8–26–34–49–61 is a big, smooth rock. My 16–65–1–36–57–32–29–68 is to scatter. My 43–12–40–4–66–58–21–71 is an artificial jet of water.

MARION F. HUNT (age 12), *League Member.*

NOVEL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the surname of a great author, and another row of letters will spell two famous characters created by him.

Cross-words: 1. Amazement. 2. The principal female characters in books or plays. 3. Deserving great devotion. 4. Small European hawks. 5. Omission. 6. Those who scrape. 7. Men who control the earnings of Italian street musicians. 8. Encourage. 9. Nourishing substances. 10. Keeps back. 11. Incorporates.

FLORENCE KING PALMER (age 14), *League Member.*

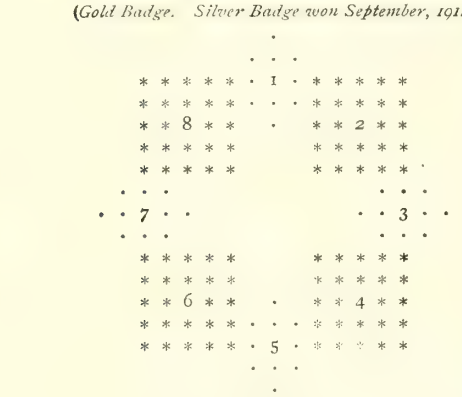
PICTURED NAMES



The surnames of nine American authors are shown in the above picture. Who are the nine authors?

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1912*)



I. Upper Diamond: 1. In harlequin. 2. Distant. 3. A prince of India. 4. Beam. 5. In harlequin.

II. Upper, Right-hand Square: 1. Warms. 2. To jostle. 3. To lessen. 4. Complete. 5. To augment.

III. Right-hand Diamond: 1. In harlequin. 2. Color. 3. A sudden thrust. 4. To incite. 5. In harlequin.

IV. Lower, Right-hand Square: 1. Disgrace. 2. Harbor. 3. To turn aside. 4. A blackbird. 5. To begin.

V. Lower Diamond: 1. In harlequin. 2. By way of. 3. A relation. 4. A unit. 5. In harlequin.

VI. Lower, Left-hand Square: 1. Extensive. 2. A coral island. 3. Kingly. 4. A dazzling light. 5. A feminine name.

VII. Left-hand Diamond: 1. In harlequin. 2. To scour. 3. Rustic. 4. To forbid. 5. In harlequin.

VIII. Upper, Left-hand Square: 1. Oil made from rose petals. 2. Concise. 3. A lock of hair. 4. An advantage. 5. Reposes.

By taking the middle letter of each diamond and square, in the order here given, the name of a famous book may be spelled. HELENA ALLIX IRVINE (age 17).

CHARADE

My *first* is a seat we often use;
My *last* your ills may cure;
You 're all my *whole*, and then beside
You own a pair, I 'm sure.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

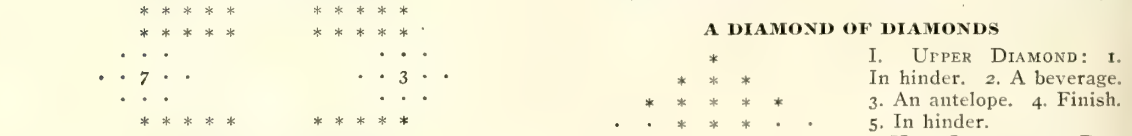
All the places described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name of a large city.

Cross-words: 1. An island of the Lesser Antilles. 2. A South American seaport. 3. The country of which Cettinge is the capital. 4. A mountain near San Juan, Argentina. 5. A city in New York State. 6. A province of the Argentine Republic. 7. A great island. 8. A beautiful city. 9. A city of Uruguay. 10. A city of Vermont. HARRIET DOW (age 10).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

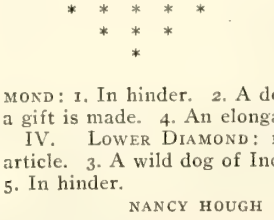
My *first* is in Catiline, but not in Cicero;
My *second* in Cicero, but not in Romulus;
My *third* is in Romulus, but not in Pompey;
My *fourth* is in Pompey, but not in Cæsar.
My *whole* was a famous emperor.

KATHARINE TOMKINS (age 11), *League Member.*



The names of four of the United States appear, as a rebus, in the above letters. Which four States are they?

A DIAMOND OF DIAMONDS



I. Upper Diamond: 1. In hinder. 2. A beverage. 3. An antelope. 4. Finish. 5. In hinder.

II. Left-hand Diamond: 1. In hinder. 2. A unit. 3. The opposite of entad. 4. Consume. 5. In hinder.

III. Right-hand Diamond: 1. In hinder. 2. A deer. 3. The person to whom a gift is made. 4. An elongated fish. 5. In hinder.

IV. Lower Diamond: 1. In hinder. 2. A common article. 3. A wild dog of India. 4. A measure of length. 5. In hinder.

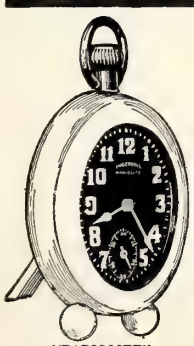
NANCY HOUGH (age 11), *Honor Member.*

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

MY FAIRY LIGHT



WHEN I am tucked in bed at night,
I love to see my RADIOLITE,
The *watch* that makes a fairy light
With hands and figures shining bright.
I see its soft and cozy ray
That twinkles, as it seems to say,
"I'm always working night and day,
But *you* must sleep as well as play."
Then, with the light of early morn,
Its twinkling face is always gone.
I think, as sure as I am born,
Some fairy turns it off and on.



"RADIOLITE"
Two-in-one $2.25

"RADIOLITE" *means* "RADIUM-LIGHTED"

On the hands and figures of *"RADIOLITE"* watches is just a tiny bit of sure-enough radium—the wonderful substance that makes a glow for years and years. There are no watches but *"INGERSOLL"* watches that have so bright a face, and that you can see so easily in the dark.

There's the regular *"RADIOLITE,"* $2.00, and there's the *"RADIOLITE"* Two-in-One, $2.25, that stands upright on the bureau or can be taken out and carried in the pocket. And there's the *"RADIOLITE"* Strap Watch, $4.00, that soldiers wear on their wrists, and lots of other people, too, especially in winter, because you can see the time without unbuttoning your overcoat. The Waterbury *"RADIOLITE"*, $4.00, is a fine, handsome watch for Daddy, and the Midget *"RADIOLITE,"* $3.50, for Mother; perhaps you, too, will have one of them when you are older.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 315 Fourth Ave., New York City

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Raynster

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Look for this label on your coat

Raynster

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WHAT'S a fellow, or a girl either, want with an umbrella just for a few clouds or a little rain? Slip on your Raynster and be off—snug as a bug in a rug. Raynsters for boys and girls are made like those for big folks—stylish and strong. No chance of being scolded 'cause your clothes are wet or damp. These storm-coats are made for active fellows. They give you room to throw or run; to skip or skate.

Even rainy days are play days—with a Raynster.

Tell Mother and Father about these storm-coats. Tell them they're made for everybody, big and little—many kinds at many prices.

Get a Raynster now or ask for one for your next birthday.

These coats are made by the largest rubber manufacturer in the world—so be sure you see the label marked "Raynster" on your coat.

United States Rubber Company

(Clothing Division), New York

All about the PRIZE COMPOSITION COMPETITION

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

Read the Rules and Regulations very carefully before you sit down to write your composition.

Remember, all who compete will receive medals even though they do not win a prize; and there are 104 prizes, four being very special prizes.

We hope that *every* St. Nicholas reader will compete, because then we will have the thoughts of the brightest boys and girls on this important subject, "A Clean Tooth Never Decays."

If you have not sent for our little booklet on this subject, you can secure one by writing for it.

Think of all the St. Nicholas boys and girls writing about the same thing all at one time! Doesn't it make you want to have a part in it? You are cordially invited to take part.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1—Any St. Nicholas reader, whether a subscriber or not, is invited to compete. All have an equal chance for the prizes which will be awarded according to these regulations.

2—Compositions are to be written on "A Clean Tooth Never Decays."

3—Compositions should not be more than 1,000 words long.

4—You may read any book on this subject or ask your druggist, dentist, physician, parents, teachers or friends for information, but you should state in your compositions the *source* of your information if you quote anyone exactly.

5—You may obtain help from anyone in securing information, but you must arrange the facts and write them in your own words (not "dictionary" words "looked up" for the occasion).

6—Compositions must be endorsed by parents, guardians or teachers, who certify that all work of preparation is "original," that is, actually done by the competitor.

7—Preference will be given compositions which give statements from the most *authorities* (books or people) and which treat of the subject from the most view-points.

8—Preference will be given to compositions that give personal experiences of the writers and their friends instead of "book knowledge."

9—Contributions are to be addressed to "St. Nicholas Competition," c/o Florence Mfg. Co., Florence, Mass.

10—All compositions must be *received* by June 10, 1917, in order to compete for prizes.

11—The first prize will be awarded to the sender of the best composition in accordance with the above rules, the second prize to the second best and so on through the list of awards.

PRIZES:

First Prize: A $20. Gold Piece
Second Prize: A $10. Gold Piece
Third Prize: A $5. Gold Piece
Fourth Prize: A $2.50 Gold Piece
Next One Hundred Prizes:
A real Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
Each contestant will be awarded a medal

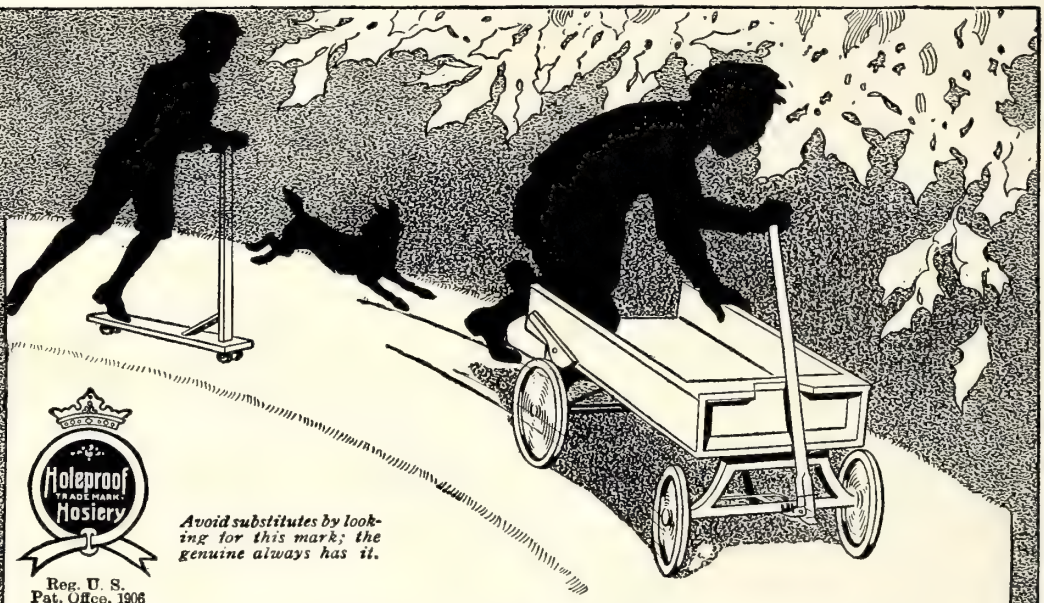
The Prize Winners will be announced in the August St. Nicholas

FLORENCE MFG. CO., Florence, Massachusetts

If you want to enroll but do not wish to cut your St. Nicholas, just write a letter saying so, and mail that instead of this coupon. Address: The Florence Mfg. Co., Florence, Mass.

Street.....

Town..... State..... Name.....



Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery

Avoid substitutes by looking for this mark; the genuine always has it.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

How *Can* Holeproofs Stand The Children's Strain?

Happy Mothers Often Ask Us This

Thousands of mothers will buy no other kind of hosiery. That's because Holeproofs do not accumulate for mending.

Though worn and washed repeatedly they wear for months and seem like new—smooth, shapely, snug and comfortable.

The children's styles are ribbed and extra elastic. When put to severe strain these stockings stretch instead of tear and then return to shape.

Isn't that far better for mothers than having hose that tear easily and wear out after a few days' use?

Holeproofs are knit from the longest, strongest fibred yarns that we can procure.

Buy Holeproofs, madam, and you will need to buy but seldom.

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Children's, 35c and up; Men's, 30c and up; Women's, 40c and up

Today you will find in Holeproof any weight you want for men or women. You can select the thinnest closely woven styles with the assurance that they will wear for months.

Resolve to try them. Stop the work that holes are making for someone.

Any obliging store will supply you. If you fail to find Holeproof close by, we'll ship direct, charges paid. Send your address for descriptive catalog.

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HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, CANADA
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, 10 CHURCH ALLEY, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

(885)



"The Best Thing We Could Have Bought Them"

"They've just been having the time of their young lives ever since we bought them bicycles.

"Have you noticed the color in their cheeks? They sleep like tops. And eat—why, they're eating us out of house and home!

"I'm glad I bought them

'MIAMI-MADE' Bicycles

—everyone tells me that they are unquestionably the best bicycles on the market today.

"John says that his bicycle rides easier and has more special features than any of the other boys' bicycles; and that, much as he bangs it around, it rides as good as the day he got it. When I get a bicycle for myself this Spring, it's going to be a 'MIAMI-MADE.'"

And that's the only kind *you* want. There are four lines of "MIAMI-MADE" Bicycles: the Miami, the Hudson, the Flying Merkel, and the Racycle. Each one has special features that you will like.

If there is no dealer in your city, fill out the attached coupon and we will send you one of our beautiful catalogs free.

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Kindly send me FREE one of your beautiful catalogs for line I have checked.

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Kindly check the line you are interested in.

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Tougher than Elephant Hide



Ten thousand miles without a puncture

The great triumph of Vitalics is due to the great quality built into every tire that bears this name.

Vitalics, from tread to tube, bring to bicyclists a mastery of mileage, safety, stamina, and satisfying service.

Vitalic tires bring you immeasurably better value by virtue of better workmanship and material than any tire can possibly boast that is built down to a price.

For 25 years, California's veteran amateur bicyclist, Dr. F. S. Cate, has held a bicycle tire "clinic," keeping accurate mileage records of 60 different tires, including the most widely known on the market.

VITALIC Bicycle Tires

ran more than three times the average mileage of the seven next best makes. Vitalics scored more than 11,000 miles, over 2,000 miles better than their nearest rival. Vitalics, front and rear, ran 10,000 miles without a puncture.

Vitalics are powerfully built of pure rubber and extra long, double-thick motorcycle tire fabric for endurance and elasticity.

No bicycle tire exists that equals Vitalics in extra-heavy thickness of both tube and thread—in quality of friction—in resilient resistance.

Three great tires bear the great name Vitalic. **Vitalic De Luxe,** all white, with heavy V-shaped suction non-skid tread. Price, $4 each. **Vitalic Brigadier** is a stalwart four-ply tire; two layers of rugged Egyptian fabric, two additional plies on tread; extra-heavy inner tubes, gray sides, heavy white studded tread. Price, $2.50 each. **Vitalic Cord Racer,** all white, is made of the most resilient blend of pure rubber and powerful cotton cord fabric ever produced. Greater resilience means greater speed. Price, $4 each.



VITALIC DE LUXE $4.00 Each

Send today for Free Vitalic Testing Section and booklet "Tougher Than Elephant Hide" giving the name and address of your bicycle tire dealer.



VITALIC BRIGADIER $2.50 Each

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No Meal Is Commonplace

With Puffed Grains in It

Thousands of dishes of Puffed Wheat in milk are served every day at lunch counters.

The dish is cheap—the counter bare. But the luncheon is fit for a king.

Elsewhere—on fine linen—thousands of business men lunch daily on Puffed Wheat and Rice.

And the dish outshines the table.

These bubbles of grain, with every food cell exploded, are becoming more and more the man's lunch.

So in homes. No breakfast is humble with Puffed Grains on the table. No supper seems scanty when Puffed Grains float in milk.

And flower-decked tables lack half their attraction if the Puffed Grain dish is missing.

These Are Wonder Foods

These bubbles of grain—eight times normal size—are fascinating dainties. They are thin and airy, flimsy, flaky, crisp.

Almost as fragile as snowflakes. And they melt away into almond-flavored granules. Every taste calls for more. See that children get all they want of them.

Remember that these are scientific foods. They are made by Prof. Anderson's process—shot from guns. In the process, a hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

Every element is thus made available. Every atom feeds. Nothing compares with Puffed Grains as dainty food confections.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

SOLE MAKERS

(1531)



Growing Feet

See that your child wears the proper shoes NOW, so that he will have sound, shapely feet when he grows up.

The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."

for Children is the ounce of prevention in foot troubles. It trains the tiny feet to tread the proper path to foot freedom and comfort.

Buy your children's shoes from the many styles shown in the Coward Catalog, which will be sent free on request.

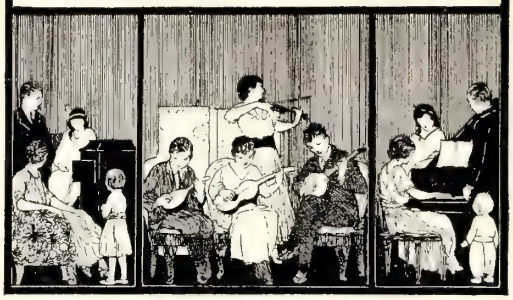
Sold Nowhere Else

JAMES S. COWARD
262-274 Greenwich St. New York
(Near Warren Street)

Shoes for Men, Women and Children

Mail Orders Filled

MUSIC NOTES



One night last fall a man who lives in a suburb of New York came home with several new rolls of music for his player-piano, of which he was very fond. Soon his boy Tom, aged fourteen, had played them all. Although he had never taken any lessons, the boy liked music. He had a particular fondness for military marches and dance-music. But unlike his sister Mary, who was studying music, Tom soon tired of a selection. Mary would play a thing over and over, and get more pleasure from it the tenth time than she did the first time she heard it.

On the night mentioned, the children's father said, "Tom, what was that first selection you played?" "Oh, that was a march," the boy answered. "Yes, I know," the father insisted; "but what is the title, and who wrote it?" "I don't know," was all Tom could say.

"Mother," the father called to his wife, in former years an accomplished musician, "what was the last composition Tom played?"

"I know!" exclaimed Mary, but her father said, "Sh!"

"Why, I know what it is, but I can't recall the name," the mother declared, as she came into the room. "I feel mortified not to know the names of compositions and composers. When Mrs. Wagner and I were at the symphony concert we were really astonished at the depth of our ignorance."

"Well, Mother," the father declared, "there are thousands upon thousands of well-bred people in this country who can sympathize with you, because they, too, have a listening, but not a speaking, acquaintance with great music and great musicians. It is quite different abroad. Europeans have an appreciation of music so much superior to ours that every American should blush for his country."

"We 're just as good as they are," Tom protested patriotically.

"That is so," his father agreed; "but we, as a people, are not musically cultivated, and we cannot prove our equality with older nations in

(*Continued on page 34.*)

BETTY'S LETTERS

THIS is the letter Dr. Lyon's Company wrote to Betty ST. NICHOLAS



J. W. Lyon & Sons, Incorporated
ESTABLISHED IN 1866
DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER | DR. LYON'S PERFECT DENTAL CREAM
520 WEST 27TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Dear Betty:-

You know how important it is for boys and girls to form good habits instead of bad ones. We have received a letter from a St. Nicholas reader in Oregon who has "gotten into" a habit. Fortunately this habit is a healthful and pleasant one. You know so much about this good habit that we thought you might like to write us a letter about it which we can publish in St. Nicholas in April.

Perhaps you would like to make a list of Healthful Habits for boys and girls.

Faithfully yours,

J. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.

Miss Betty St. Nicholas,
Everywhere,
U.S.A.

I have gotten into such a habit of using Dr. Lyon's that I can't - and don't want to - get out of it.

THIS is the letter Jessie wrote to Dr. Lyon's Company

THIS is the letter Betty wrote to Dr. Lyon's Company

THIS is Betty's list of healthful habits

Dear Dr. Lyon's Co.
I think your plan is fine!!! I have talked with Father, Mother, our doctor and our dentist. They helped me make my list. Would n't it be great if every St. Nicholas family would cut my list out and paste it on their mirror? I hope they do !!
Your friend,
Betty

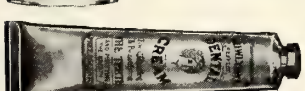
HEALTHFUL HABITS

for boys and girls and grown-ups too

1. Stand up straight.
2. Exercise every day.
3. Chew your food well; eat slowly.
4. Be kind to every one.
5. Go to bed early.
6. Use Dr. Lyon's For the Teeth:
   a—Before breakfast.
   b—After luncheon.
   c—At bedtime.

THESE help to keep Betty well.





Dr. Lyon's
For The Teeth
Powder ~ Cream

THIS is the coupon to send if you want samples of Dr. Lyon's

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc., 533 W. 27th St., New York

Please send me samples of DR. LYON'S POWDER CREAM (cross off the one you do not want). Enclosed find a 2 cent stamp for postage.

Name .....

Address .....

6 Juvenile Models $20. to $25.



Book "B" Sent Free

Boys! Here's Sport Fit for a King

Any cheap bicycle will "go." But where is the sense in sweating and struggling to pedal a hurriedly made wheel when a first-class bicycle like the Iver Johnson fairly glides over the roads and eats up the miles with almost no effort?

Since you deserve the best bicycle built, why not get the king of bicycles—an Iver Johnson? They can't be beat for speed, strength, easy riding and long wearing qualities. Seamless steel tubing. *Send to-day for*

FREE
Bicycle Book "B"



Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
358 RIVER STREET
Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers St.
San Francisco: 717 Market St.

MUSIC NOTES

(*Continued from page 32.*)

this respect until we know as much about music as they do."

"I would rather play baseball than study music," said Tom, abandoning his patriotic sentiments.

Every one laughed, and nothing more was said about music until the next night. Then the father remarked, "Ever since Tom said he liked baseball better than music, I have been thinking about a new game by which he can play baseball and learn music at the same time."

"I 'm for that, Dad," Tom exclaimed, "I like music, you know, but there does n't seem to be any fun in learning the names of things."

"This will be good sport, Tom; but unless you watch out, Mary will beat you at your own game."

"I can beat Tom at music," Mary boasted.

"Don't be too certain of that, little daughter. Remember that pride goeth before a fall. The game begins to-night. I am going to play nine different selections, five on the player-piano and four on the phonograph. Before and after playing each, I will announce and spell out the title and the name of the composer. To-morrow night I will play all of them again, without telling you the names; and after each is played, Tom and Mary will write down what they believe to be the correct answers. Each title counts as a 'two-base hit'; each composer counts the same. If you get both the title and the composer correct, you get a 'home run.' Any two correct answers make a run, and the one who gets the most runs wins the game. Mother will be umpire."

Then the father played this list, first a player-piano, and then a phonograph, selection:

PLAYED ON THE PLAYER-PIANO:

"Hallelujah Chorus," by Handel
"Surprise Symphony," by Haydn
"Moonlight Sonata," by Beethoven
"Soldiers' March (Faust)," by Gounod
"Prelude No. 13," by Chopin

PLAYED ON THE PHONOGRAPH

"Anitra's Dance," by Grieg
"Spring Song," by Mendelssohn
Sextette from "Lucia," by Donizetti
"From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water," by Cadman

As you can readily imagine, Tom and Mary awaited the commencement of the ball-game with evident impatience. Finally, dinner over, a few invited guests arrived and took seats in what Tom called the grand stand. Tom and

(*Continued on page 36.*)

"I want this one, Dad"

Dad and the salesman know why. The wise boy has picked out the easiest riding, the easiest controlled wheel,—he knows that the bicycle he wants must be equipped with the



NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"

He knows that this wonderful little device on any bicycle will halve the work and double the fun of riding.

And he can stop instantly—anywhere—in a crowded street, out on the open road, or on the steep hillside. The New Departure makes a bicycle the most obedient and easiest controlled steed in the world.

So, when you pick out *your* wheel, see that it is equipped with a New Departure Coaster Brake—the choice of over five million wise riders.

Made entirely of steel, heavily nickel plated, handsome in design, cannot rust.

Free to Live Boys. We have a gold plated "Joy Boy" stick pin for you if you will send us the name of your nearest dealer.

The New Departure Mfg. Company

105 Main Street

Bristol, Conn.





Speedy, Sturdy, "Bikes"

Unquestionably worth one-third to one-half more. A swift, sturdy bicycle—sold on a basis of Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back. Carefully constructed of heavy gauge, seamless steel tubing—triple truss forks, arch crown design. Beautifully enameled and striped.

The New Service



Equipped with genuine Majestic, heavily studded, anti-skid, puncture-proof tires—motorcycle type.

$19.95 Up

Shipped From Chicago

Get This Beautiful Bicycle Book—FREE

Filled from cover to cover with wonderful illustrations in colors, of low priced, high-grade bicycles. Address house nearest you.

Montgomery Ward & Co. Dept. G 311

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Works Like Magic

3-IN-ONE REGISTERED TRADE MARK

When chair, table, piano or buffet show smut, smoke stains, finger marks or grime—get busy with 3-in-One! You'll be amazed at the thorough and quick way in which 3-in-One brings back the new look to time-worn furniture. Here's the way to do: Wring out a cloth in cold water; add a few drops of

3-IN-ONE

wipe a comparatively small surface at a time and dry and polish with a soft woolen cloth or a cheese cloth, being careful to rub only with the grain of the wood. After this treatment you will hardly distinguish old furniture from new.

3-in-One cleans and polishes without leaving anything to stick to or rub off on clothes. No disagreeable odor—contains no acid. Will not turn rancid or get gummy. 3-in-One is sold by hardware, drug, housefurnishing and general stores—1 oz. size, 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz. (½ pint), 50c, and in Handy Oil Cans 3 oz., 25c.

If your dealer hasn't these cans we will send one by parcel post, full of good 3-in-One for 30c.

FREE. Write for a generous free sample and 3-in-One Dictionary.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42QH. Broadway, New York



MUSIC NOTES

(*Continued from page 34.*)

Mary sat at separate card-tables with pad and pencil, while their father played. The audience applauded and puzzled over the names, while the young people wrote them down with more or less facility.

The game ended, the umpire compared the written records with her own correct report and announced that the game was a tie. Tom had seven compositions and three composers correct; Mary had five compositions and five composers correct. So each was credited with five runs. Tom would have won had he not affirmed that the "Hallelujah Chorus" was written by Chopin and the "Spring Song" by Beethoven.

After a little practice each afternoon and evening, both were able to write down the correct answer to every one and score nine runs apiece. Then nine new selections were chosen, and a new game began.

But about this time the father proposed to the supervisor of music and the newspaper of the town that a music-guessing contest be held in the public schools. They were delighted with the plan, so last October it was announced that a public competition would be held and prizes given to those who could do as Tom and Mary had done. The newspaper printed a list of sixty musical compositions, with their composers, and a list of money and other prizes. They announced that twenty selections would be chosen from the list of sixty, but until the night of the contest no one was to know which ones would be chosen.

When the night of the great contest came, on February 2, the school hall was packed to the doors with fathers and mothers and friends of the one hundred and fifty boy and girl contestants.

Eight boys and girls guessed every one of the twenty selections correctly, writing down the correct title and the correct composer as they were played or sung. Six others had all but one name right, and seventy others had more than half of the answers correct.

* * *

PROBABLY every reader of ST. NICHOLAS would like to engage in a contest of this kind. The competition mentioned was held in a town in New Jersey, and the man who originated it was Mr. Tremaine. If you will write to him, in care of ST. NICHOLAS, he will tell you all about it. Perhaps you would like to tell your music teacher and the supervisor of music in your school about it so that they can write to Mr. Tremaine and find out just how to conduct a similar contest.



For Your Child's *Future Foot-Health*

do not let him wear narrow, pointed, pinching shoes now. Such "fancy" shoes *inevitably* create the ingrown nails, bunions, corns, callouses, bent bones, flat feet, etc., that sadden the lives of grown-ups.

For the sake of your child's future foot-health, give him roomy, healthful Educator Shoes, built scientifically to "let the feet grow as they should."

Made for MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Everybody in your family ought to wear Educators, because everybody *needs* them. But remember that not every broad-toed shoe is an Educator. Insist on seeing the EDUCATOR mark on the sole. It is your guarantee of the correct orthopaedic Educator shape.

Send today for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," a free book of foot facts by specialists.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

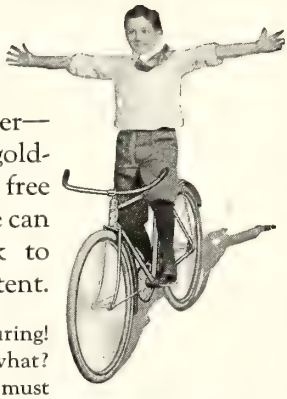
RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE ℞

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Come On, Boys and Girls!



LET'S begin today to plan for the coming summer—for those long, golden days when, free from school, we can play and frisk to our hearts' content.

Let's go adventuring! But how? On what? Of course we must have something. Not a boat or a fiery charger, but a *bicycle*—a brand-new, swift-wheeled

Columbia

Here is a mount that will carry you over hill and dale with the ease of a flying carpet. Seated on a Columbia, we are prepared for any expedition. Think of the things we can do, the places we can go, the things we can see. We could never do this without a bicycle—without a Columbia bicycle.



Let's plan now to own one of these handsome, completely equipped, sturdy, dependable bicycles. No other bicycle will do. It's the bicycle our fathers and mothers rode: ask them about the Columbia. Let's go down to the bicycle store today and look at the Juvenile Models or the Motobike—the entire Columbia line.

Write at once for our catalog

WESTFIELD MFG. CO.
(Department 43)
Westfield, - - - Mass.



Are You Sure?

ON the steep down grade or the elbow turn is your brake one that you can place absolute confidence in? An unreliable brake is worse than no brake at all. It gets you into trouble. There is one way of being sure, sure for once and all time. Equip your bicycle with the recognized standard brake equipment—the

CORBIN

DUPLEX COASTER BRAKE

With this famous brake on your hub you can go where you please with absolute knowledge that it will control your speed no matter what demands you may make on it. Cyclists have tried it for years under all conditions and have found it never-failing.

Its action is powerful, smooth and flexible, enabling you to stop instantly or gradually. Its large ball bearings and sturdy construction make it everlastingly durable. This is the brake that has grown up with the bicycle—16 years of satisfactory service. It is 100% efficient. See that the Corbin Duplex is on your wheel. Equipped by all bicycle dealers everywhere.

"Corbin Control Means Safety Assured"

It doubles the comfort and pleasure of riding.

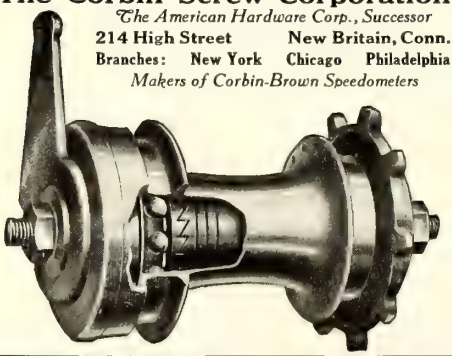
The Corbin Screw Corporation

The American Hardware Corp., Successor

214 High Street New Britain, Conn.

Branches: New York Chicago Philadelphia

Makers of Corbin-Brown Speedometers



THINGS TO EAT



MANY people think that potatoes were born in Ireland, but in reality the first "Irish potatoes" were grown in South America.

Before Columbus discovered America potatoes were cultivated in Peru, but little is known of their history before the fifteenth century. In 1542 some Spaniards, returning for a visit to their mother-country, took some potatoes and vines with them, just to show what curious things grew in this strange new world.

From Spain the vegetable found its way to Holland and Italy, but for years it was grown in only a few gardens, and then more as an unusual plant than as a food. Not until 1565 did Ireland grow the vegetable which bears its name. It was taken there by a slave-trader from Virginia. Twenty years later, Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the potato into England.

In those early days potatoes were used only as a food for animals. At that time even common people scorned to eat the vegetable which to-day is served more frequently, in more different ways, at more seasons of the year, on the tables of more varied kinds of people than any other vegetable.

Even "The Complete Gardener," a book published in 1719, made no mention of the potato, but fifty years later another book recorded the development of two varieties of what had begun to be accepted as a food for human consumption. To-day, in the experiment stations, tests are made of one hundred and fifty to two hundred varieties, and some authorities state that there are more than one thousand different kinds of potatoes.

So many people want this vegetable nowadays that five billion bushels are grown every year, about 345,000,000 bushels, worth $200,000,000, being produced in our own country. France and Germany are the greatest potato-growing countries.

Potatoes are served in every course of a dinner, in soups, with fish, entrées, roasts, in

(*Continued on page 40.*)



How We Tell When Roasted Peanuts Are "Done"

WE roast the peanuts for Beech-Nut Peanut Butter after they have been shelled. And when the roasting man sees that they have reached a certain light brown color, he says "Take them out." For the peanuts are done. He tells it entirely by the *color.*

This man has been roasting peanuts for years He has his peanut ovens right under great big windows in the roof—just like a photographer's studio. This makes the light very steady

TELL US THE WAYS *YOU* LIKE TO EAT PEANUT BUTTER

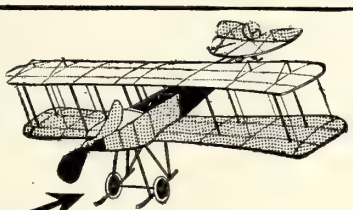
Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is delicious on bread, crackers or toast, but maybe you know some better ways besides those. Send us a letter about the way you like to eat it best.

And if you have never tasted *Beech-Nut* Peanut Butter ask mother to get you a jar—today

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, NEW YORK

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

This is the Curtiss Military Tractor used in the United States Army. You can build a perfect 3-foot model of it; or of any of the six other types listed below.



BUILD A MODEL AEROPLANE THAT FLIES LIKE A REAL ONE

Learn about Aeroplanes and how to fly them. Build your own accurate models of the real Aeroplanes now used in the war. Any bright boy can do it; it's easy! We furnish *all* the parts and you put them together and build 3-foot models that are guaranteed to rise from the ground by their own power and fly from 50 to 100 feet —*just like the real Aeroplanes.* Build and fly one at camp this summer. It's the greatest sport you ever had. Find out all about it. Send for the plans, or for the catalogue offered below. Plans consist of scale drawings and building instructions from which you can build an Ideal Model Aeroplane with your own material. Plans *only* are furnished at these prices.

Curtiss Military Tractor,	25c	Taube Monoplane	25c
Curtiss Flying Boat,	25c	Bleriah Monoplane	25c
Curtiss Hydroaeroplane	35c	Wright Biplane	25c
Nieuport Monoplane	25c	Cecil Peoli Racing Aeroplane,	25c

Catalogue Offered Below Included with Each Plan

Build a Fleet—Complete Set of 8 Plans for $1.75

Send 5 Cents for this Aeroplane Catalogue

Every boy should have this book. 48 pages of useful information; tells about complete Construction Outfits, Ready-built Aeroplanes, Racing Aeroplanes, Flying Toys and all kinds of supplies and parts to build your Models. Send five cents right away and get a copy.



IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.
84-86 West Broadway New York City



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Mother—
Save Little Folks' Stockings



Velvet Grip
HOSE SUPPORTER

Stands great strain and rough wear. The *only* supporter having the Oblong Rubber Button which prevents tearing and drop stitches. Be sure to get the genuine—look for "Velvet Grip" stamped on the clasp.

Child's sample pair (give age) **16c.** postpaid

Sold Everywhere

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Makers - - BOSTON



60 years ago, Gail Borden worked out a method whereby milk could be carried anywhere, used any time, and always be found clean, fresh, wholesome and pure. The result of his discovery is

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
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MILK
THE ORIGINAL

the most widely known food product in the world. Wherever civilized man has gone, "Eagle Brand" has followed—to the frozen North, the trackless West, the Tropics. And what is more important, thousands of mothers here and abroad, who could not nurse their babies, have found in "Eagle Brand" a safe, wholesome substitute for Mothers' Milk.

Write today for our booklets

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
NEW YORK

"Leaders of Quality" *Founded 1857*

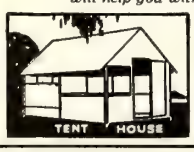
KOLB PLAY HOUSES



Have a real one-room house—not a flimsy toy

A frame house that will "stand up" under the unrestrained games of youth. Made in several sizes, with 7-foot walls and large porch. Built watertight and durable. ¶ Keeps the younger folk safe and happy—free from street influences and unsanitary conditions. And when the playhouse is outgrown it may be utilized for many other purposes. Prices range from $85 up.

Send for our new "Playhouse Booklet." It will help you with "better play" this summer



KOLB PORTABLE BUILDING COMPANY
46 Church St., New York

Makers of Kolb Portable Bungalows and Garages.
Kolb Canvas Tent-Houses $28 up.

THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page 38.*)

salads and desserts. In the form of starch, you eat potatoes in cakes, puddings, custards, and other dessert dishes. In some countries, potato meal is used in making bread; in Austria, the law requires bakers to use at least thirty per cent. of it in bread.

Some one has said that a given amount of money spent for cheese will buy twice as much food-value, or nourishment, as the same amount spent for meat. This receipt will make a nourishing and palatable dish:

Potato and Cheese Balls

2 cups of mashed potato.
½ teaspoon of salt.
2 tablespoons of water.
2 egg yolks.
2 egg whites.
Cayenne pepper.
Flour.
Cheese (grated).
Bread-crumbs.

To the hot mashed potato add salt, cayenne, and beaten egg yolks. Shape into cups and fill with cheese. Cover with potato. Roll in flour, then in the whites of eggs beaten with the cold water, and lastly in the fine bread-crumbs. Fry in deep fat.

* * *

If you should go into a restaurant and find *iron* listed on the menu with other foods, you would probably be surprised. Would you be more surprised if you knew that you really do eat iron every day? It is especially good for you at this time of year because it gives you strength. Egg yolks are very rich in iron. Every time you eat celery, lettuce, or string-beans, and such fruits as figs, dates, and raisins, you consume a generous amount of iron with them.

While most of the fruits may be eaten out of hand and uncooked, they may also be made into delicious dishes in combination with other nourishing foods. Here is a tempting receipt for

Fig Whip

2 cups of chopped figs.
1 cup of chopped raisins.
1 cup of granulated sugar.
1 tablespoon of vanilla.
1 tablespoon of lemon.
1 cup of boiling water.

Put the figs, raisins, sugar, and water in a saucepan and cook until soft. When cool, add the flavoring. Fill sherbet-glasses about three quarters full, and add enough whipped cream nearly to fill them. Chopped nuts may be sprinkled over the cream, if desired, just before the whip is served.

* * *

Beside having iron properties, the raisin has enormous food-value as a flesh and muscle builder. Authorities say that one pound of raisins is equal in food value to a pound and a quarter of beef, four pounds of potatoes, two pounds of eggs, four pounds of milk, four and three quarter pounds of fish, or one pound of bread.

Dioxogen

H_2O_2

Why, in dusty places, do we instinctively breathe through the nose?

Breathing through the nose protects the mouth. Dust is always irritating, very frequently infectious, and ***the mouth is the place where disease germs get their start.*** To keep the mouth clean and to guard against infection, use

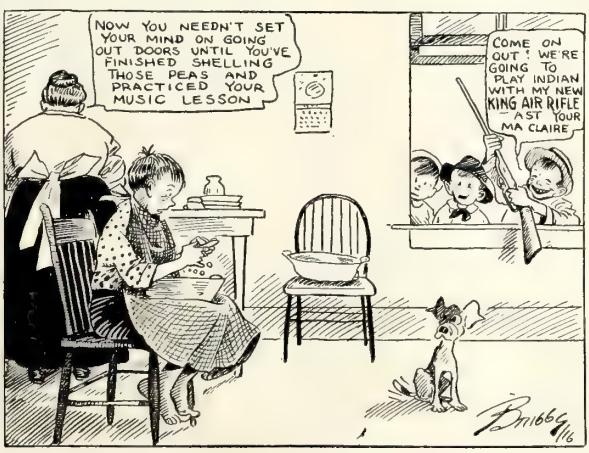
Dioxogen

(*one teaspoonful in a little water*) as a mouth wash night and morning. No better health insurance is obtainable. The premiums are not large, but the benefits are beyond calculation.

OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO., 10 Astor Place, New York



"When a Feller Needs a Friend" — ***By Briggs***



Send for the Briggs Book

—full of cartoons of boys having fun with Kings; containing story of the air rifle and how it is made, and listing the full King line with prices.

Send 2c stamp to Dept. D

The MARKHAM AIR RIFLE CO.
Plymouth - - Michigan

MOTHER must think that shelling peas comes under the head of "indoor sports!" Claire isn't saying a word, but you can see he has his eye on that new King Air Rifle. Shell away, Claire! Save your nickels and pretty soon you'll have a King of your own.

Everybody wants to chum with the boy who owns a King. But every boy ought to have one of his own, for Drilling, Scouting, Camping Out, Target Shooting and all 'round fun.

Dad knows. Ask him to go down to the hardware store and look at the new Kings with you—priced from 25c to $2.50—a size for every boy.



1000 Shot Repeater No. 5 King—the famous "thousand shootin'" air rifle —is the most popular model. Lever action. Automatic loading. Frame and barrel one piece of nickeled steel. Walnut stock. Light, strong, accurate. At your dealer's or direct from factory, prepaid for **$2.50**

KING AIR RIFLES

The Price of Pets

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These friendly little brown birds will soon be here looking for a home. Hang up my 4-room Wren Bungalow and a family will move right in and raise 2 or 3 broods.

I have studied bird habits and worked for bird protection for 22 years. My houses *bring the birds* because the *birds like them.* Entire collection described in catalog with prices. Includes bird baths, feeding devices, etc. All are patented.

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Director of the National Audubon Assoc.
707 Harrison Ave., Kankakee, Ill.

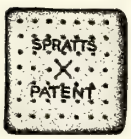


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But my heart is big and true.
My mistress says now I'm quite big enough
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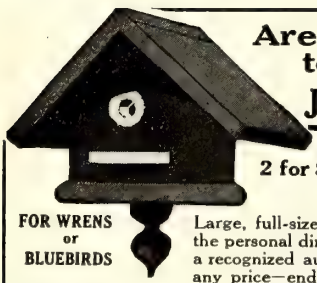
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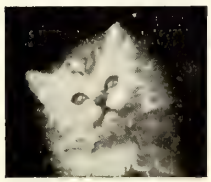
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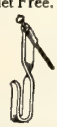
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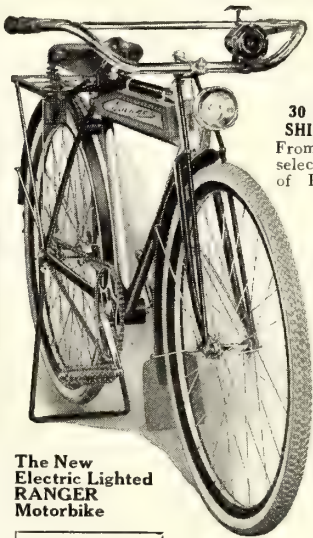
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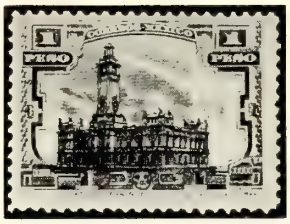
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS



NEW ISSUES

WE illustrate two new stamps from Austria—new specimens, rather, for the first is a surcharge in red upon the current one-heller stamp. The surcharge consists of the single word "Porto." We know nothing about it, but the word suggests that it is a provisional postage-due stamp. The second Austrian is a newspaper stamp, and it is triangular in



shape. Who among collectors does not love a triangular stamp? Who, as he studies his album and catalogue, has not longed to own an early Cape of Good Hope? We venture to say, not one. Now comes a triangular stamp whose price is so low that any one may purchase a specimen. And, curiously enough, this new one differs from most, if not all, the others in that it must be placed in the album with the point down—the point that has the numeral of value. Notice in the illustration how the numeral "2" divides the word of value—"hel-ler." Notice, also, the head of Mercury, fabled messenger of the gods, looking down from a thunder cloud, while lightning-bolts are seen above and below him. It is the same Mercury whose head appears on other newspaper stamps of Austria. Speaking of newspapers calls to mind a jolly little new stamp from Bolivia. It seems that hitherto newspapers have been carried free of charge in this happy country. But it is waking up, and now they must pay postage of ¼ centavo. Hence this stamp in brown. Everybody will want one. The queer figure in the center pictures the monolith of Tiahuanagu. In a recent article on stamps of Mexico we spoke of the new peso-stamp, the "lighthouse stamp." The building represented is situated in Vera Cruz, we understand.



A new series of war-stamps has appeared for use in German East Africa. The surcharge is upon the stamps of Belgian Congo and is in four lines, in French: "Est Africain Allemand" "Occupation Belge," and in Flemish: "Duitsch Oost Afrika" "Belgische Bezetting." These last two stamps we illustrate in our heading.

WAR-STAMPS

ONE of our readers writes us that he frequently sees in philatelic papers the expression "war-stamps." He wishes us to tell him what is meant by this; wherein and how do war-stamps differ from ordinary stamps; by which of the warring nations are they issued; and how he may obtain some of them. Possibly others of our readers are interested in the phrase. To such we would say that the present war has been the active cause for the issuance of many stamps, which, for one reason or another, were obviously needed. It has also been the cause for the appearance of some whose need does not seem to have been so real. Presumably, however, none of these would have been issued in the ordinary course of events. All of these stamps, for whatever purpose issued, are grouped under the general title "war-stamps." As we have already hinted, the reasons for their existence vary very widely. Nearly all of them are surcharges. The first group to appear was the Red Cross. These attracted much attention and comment. They came first from France and her colonial possessions, and later from most of the combatants upon both sides. Stamps for similar purposes have been issued before this. The object is to induce many people to contribute small sums—sums which in the aggregate reach large amounts. In France, for example, the ten-centime stamps (like our two-cent stamp) are surcharged with a red cross and "5c." These are sold at the post-office for fifteen centimes, ten of which represent postage, while the other five go to swell the Red Cross funds. There is quite a range of these stamps, the majority surcharged in red, but a few in black. These usually are scarcer than the red ones. Some countries, however, instead of surcharging a current series, have issued a stamp of special design. But all come under the classification of war-stamps. The second group in point of time, but not of variety nor interest, is that wide group of surcharges rendered necessary by the occupation of conquered territory and the operation of postal facilities therein. The first stamps of this group to appear were the German stamps surcharged for use in Belgium. Later on came surcharges for use in Poland and Lithuania. In this group of occupation stamps are also the different surcharges of "G. R. I." and new values on the stamps of various German colonies now controlled by the British: the stamps of New Zealand for use in German Samoa; the stamps of Australia surcharged "North West Pacific Islands"; stamps of Belgian Congo, Gold Coast, and others, all for use in conquered territory. Then there is that interesting series showing the joint occupation by France and England of certain German colonies. In this group we might include the set of Indian stamps surcharged not for occupation, but for the use of the Indian native troops operating in France—the In-

(*Continued on page 46.*)

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

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(*See also page 46.*)

STAMP DIRECTORY—Continued

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Continued from page 44.)

dian Expeditionary Force. Many of these surcharged stamps are exceedingly rare. Moreover, almost all of the surcharging was done hurriedly, and in consequence many errors and interesting minor varieties are to be found. Then there is a third group of war-tax stamps, like the Canadian stamps and many British colonies, notably the West Indies. These war-tax stamps are in great variety, surcharged in the colony or in London, in one or two lines, on white-backed paper or otherwise, and offer a wide field for search for the interested collector. There are other stamps which do not come under any one of these three classes, yet which must rightly be considered "war-stamps." Among these are the stamps of British Honduras, surcharged with moire, directly due to the exploits of a German commerce-raider. These surely are war-stamps. One should also include the stamp currency of Russia. These are on thick cardboard and are not good for postage. They are really not postage-stamps, yet are found in many collections because they look so much like them. Then, too, several countries, due to war causes, have increased or altered their postal rates, necessitating new values in stamps, and these might come within the limits of war-stamps. So the field widens, and day by day new groups appear.

An article on this subject would hardly be complete without alluding to several series of posters, stamps which are not at all postage-stamps, but which are interesting to collectors for various reasons. We take pleasure in illustrating one value of a series issued in honor of General Joffre by the French Society of Philately. In the upper right corner are the words "Les Allies 1914–1916." On either side of the central design (head of General Joffre) are four coats of arms, eight in all, and in the lower left corner are the words "Société Française de Timbrologie."



How and where these war-stamps may be obtained is a problem which each individual must solve for himself. Therein lies the joy of collecting—that is the game. Probably most collectors will be compelled to acquire their specimens by purchase. In that event each will consult his favorite dealer, and the bargain-hunter will search as eagerly as ever in the advertising columns of those papers and magazines to which he has access.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶ We do not know of any book which would give you the information desired about the men and places pictured upon stamps in South American countries. Indeed, we have great difficulty in learning about many of them. ¶ The five stars upon the Brazil 300-reis of 1887, and also upon the 1890–91 issue, represent the constellation of the Southern Cross. In this constellation the stars are of different magnitude, which explains why one star is smaller than the others. It is interesting in this connection to compare these stamps of Brazil with those Victoria stamps which show the same constellation (2½ d. 1901 to date).

ST. NICHOLAS GIFTS DEPARTMENT

This department is to help gift-givers decide what to give boys and girls.

It lists only worth-while things.

There are birthdays and promotion days and commencement days. There are other times when boys and girls do some difficult thing exceptionally well. Those are the times when one wants to give something. But it is tedious to hunt through the stores, so ST. NICHOLAS has undertaken to help.

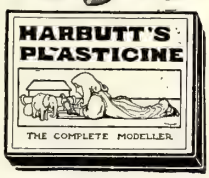
All one need do is to send to the advertisers for a catalog, select at leisure and order the product through the dealer (by telephone, by letter or in person) or direct from the advertiser if the dealer hasn't the particular thing desired.

Everything mentioned here is made by thoroughly dependable firms.

A NEW TOY EACH TIME

Boys and Girls never get tired of Harbutt's Plasticine, the modelling material, because they make something different each time. One day you model an elephant, next time a boat, next your house, anything and everything new and better. Fun for every one. Harbutt's Plasticine is clean, needs no water, makes no muss.





You surely want our famous book about this and other "Toys that Teach." Send for it. It is free.

MAKERS OF Toys that Teach

The Embossing Co.
P. O. Box 598 B. Albany, N. Y.

NOW is the time for every American boy to learn how to shoot straight. Target shooting is fine mental training and a great sport, too.

REMINGTON UMC



Remington UMC
SINGLE SHOT RIFLE



You can't shoot straight unless you have a well-made rifle. This one is easy to handle because it's light, and easy to carry because it's a take-down model. Shoots .22 cartridge. Write for booklet and mention *St. Nicholas*.

The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company, New York City

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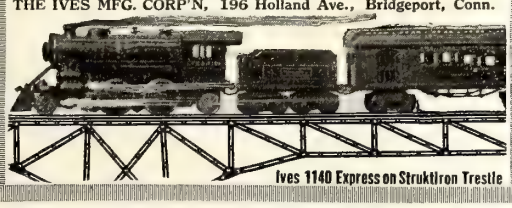
IVES TOYS



Ives Toys
Make Happy Boys

The finest line of electrical and mechanical trains you ever saw. Just like real trains. Switches and signals and stations too. Also IVES STRUKTIRON, to build bridges, derricks, and buildings. Big, FREE BOOK on toy railroading. Write for it.

THE IVES MFG. CORP'N, 196 Holland Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.



Ives 1140 Express on Struktiron Trestle

Elevators that really run and derricks that pull up and down are only two of the many things any boy or girl can build with

PEG LOCK BLOCKS

Made of selected wood. They won't rust, break or get out of shape. No sharp edges to cut. Every block fits with every other block. Hundreds of models. Write for illustrated catalogue and tell us where you buy your toys.



Build and *Stay Built*

Peg Lock Block Co., Inc.
221 Fourth Ave. New York

---

25 **ASSORTED POSTER STAMPS, 10c. Album holding 480, 30c.** Poster Stamps are the latest fad. Get busy and begin your collection now. 25 FREE with every $1.00 purchase. Write now for the assorted posters and price list.
CHICAGO POSTER STAMP CO., 6728 EAST END AVE., CHICAGO.

ELECTRICAL HANDY BOOK AND CATALOGUE FREE



WORTH 25 CENTS TO ANYBODY
The BIG BOOK you need and want. Describing positively the finest and most complete line of wireless, novelty, and experimental goods ever listed in any catalog and containing besides, innumerable tables, hook-ups and treatises of inestimable value to the experimenter. Absolutely **Free.** Send **No** Postage.
THE ELECTRO-SET COMPANY
Leader Building, Dept. S N-11, Cleveland, Ohio

MADE TO ORDER CLASS PINS

HELPERS NO. 3261

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS
Catalog showing all latest designs mailed free upon request. Special offer: Either style pin illustrated with any equal number of letters and numerals and one or two colors of best hard enamel. Silver Plate 15c each, $1.50 per dozen; Sterling Silver 30c ea, $3.00 per doz.

F.G.S. '17 NO. 1650

BASTIAN BROS. CO. 89 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

LE PAGE'S GLUE HANDY BOTTLES
MEND IT TODAY 10¢



Lord Chesterfield

on July 30th, 1747,
wrote to his son:

"DO you take care to keep your teeth very clean by washing them constantly every morning, and after every meal? This is very necessary to preserve your teeth a great while, and to save you a great deal of pain."

▼ ▼ ▼

Lord Chesterfield, one of the most famous men of English history, wrote this letter to his fifteen-year-old son at the time when our own GEORGE WASHINGTON was also fifteen years old.

170 years have passed since then; but Lord Chesterfield's advice holds good today—and with this great advantage—that you have Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream to help you in the care of your teeth.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is as good to the taste as it is good for the teeth. Its use is a health-building habit.

Try it today.

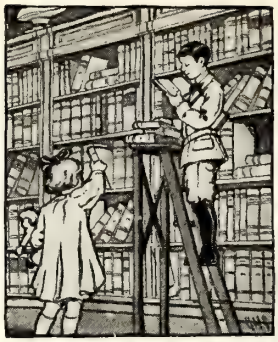
Sold everywhere—or a trial tube sent for 4c in stamps.

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806

Dept. 60, 199 Fulton Street, New York





THE BOOK MAN

ALL good readers of ST. NICHOLAS know that Carolyn Wells is a writer of the funniest verses; they will probably recall her poem in the August number, which began

"'I call it rather pushin','
The angry farmer said,
'When a Cabbage wants a cushion
On which to rest its head.'"

But how many of the ST. NICHOLAS girls know that she is also a writer of books for girls—stories about girls as bright and funny as the poems that she writes?

If any of you are not members of a Blue Ribbon Cooking Club, you had best gather all your friends and start one as soon as possible; or else, when summer comes, you will not be able to have any times like those which were enjoyed by "Eight Girls and a Dog." (The Century Co., $1.50.) For if Marjorie and Betty and Hester had not known all about making soup and Yorkshire puddings and such things, there would n't have been half so much fun in "Hilarity Hall," as the girls named the seaside cottage in which they spent two happy weeks. How they bicycled and gave an original play which they wrote all in poetry, and how, for nearly twenty-four hours, they posed as perfectly trained servants to impress two English miladis and so to help out a "war-like Amazon" who proved a grateful and very likable old lady indeed, and how—but there, I shall tell you no more, you must read the book yourselves to learn all about their pranks.

In "The Story of Betty" and "Betty's Happy Year" (The Century Co., $1.50 each), Miss Wells tells the pretty story of a little Irish-American servant girl who proves to be heir to a million dollars, with the privilege of spending it exactly as she pleased. She pleased to rent a "grandma-housekeeper," and to buy a lame newsboy for a brother and an orphan asylum baby-sister. The good times they all had together, and their happiness when Betty discovers her own mother and adds her to the family, are well worth reading.

How would you feel if you were two old ladies who always wore black silk dresses and were very prim, if suddenly late one night

THE BOOK MAN—Continued

there arrived at your door a little girl of fourteen and a floppy dog? And just what *would* you do or say when this little girl announced that she was Ladybird and had come to stay?



Ladybird, punishing Aunt Priscilla for refusing to let her wear "red spots"
(*Illustrating "The Staying Guest"*)

This is what the heroine of Miss Wells's book, "The Staying Guest," tells her two old maiden aunts. She explains to them, "I 'm going to stay here because it 's my home, and I have no other. I belong to you and Aunt Dorinda, because I have no other relatives. I hope you 'll learn to like me, but if not I have to stay here, all the same. People have to live where their homes are." So Ladybird stays and tyrannizes over the two gentle old ladies, who quickly learn to love her in spite of her unexpected ways. You see, Ladybird never means to be naughty; she is just extremely impulsive, and if you would know one of the funniest consequences of this little girl's hot-headed actions, you should read how, when she gave a party, she carried out the Bible teaching of gathering in the lame and poor and blind. "The Staying Guest" (The Century Co., $1.50) is one of the prettiest and most charming of stories.

The Book Man



That Spin to School in the Morning Air

just naturally tickles a boy pink, makes him feel good all over, brightens his wits, puts him in fettle for those studies of today which will mean so much a few years from now.

Growing boys find their ideal fun, exercise, development, and companionship when they ride the 1917 *Electrically Equipped*

Indian Bicycle

They find the Indian is known as the foremost in construction, strength, lasting qualities, and trouble-proofness.

They find its motorcycle style lines make it the snappiest looker in the bicycle world. Indian streamline effect; battery holder; strongest crank hanger; big headlight, a necessity where the law requires that bicycles be lighted; strong reflector; quadruple crown and braced members; motorcycle type handlebars; Troxel saddle; coaster brake—more big, useful features than any other bicycle ever offered.

Write for Bicycle Catalog telling all about and picturing the Electrically Equipped and ten other 1917 model Indian Bicycles.

Made and backed by the makers of the famous Indian Big Twin Powerplus and Light Twin Motocycles.

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO.
846 State St. Springfield, Mass.
Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World

Advertising Competition No. 184

MARY BROWN wanted to send messages to her friend Dorothy Meredith without letting either girl's brother (Tom Brown and Don Meredith) know what the messages were about. The girls puzzled over this for some time. Finally they agreed upon this plan.

¶ Mary was to send Dorothy a list of letters and numbers such as this: "E.P.,1." Dorothy was to turn to the camp advertisements in the March ST. NICHOLAS, find a camp whose names begin with the letters "E" and "P" and select word number 1, the first word *in the body of the advertisement below the headlines.* In this case the camp is Eagle Point, on page 12. The first word is "saddle."

Here is Mary's Mysterious Message

E.P., 1; W-a, 6; T.W., 46; S. L., 14; C-o, 26; K-e, 1; N-t, 1; H-m, 1; P. K., 2; S. W., 24; K. O., 14; W-e, 23; W-c, 14; T-t, 20; W-t, 3.

¶ Messages were to be written in this way with letters and numbers. If the camp name consists of only one name, the first and last letters are written with a hyphen, as W-h for Camp Wuttaunoh. Tom and Don got hold of the first message Mary sent to Dorothy but could not make head or tail of it. We think perhaps the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls can tell what it means.

¶ When you send your message to the Judges of this Advertising Competition, write the words in order, and before each word (in parentheses) write the name of the camp in whose advertisement you found the words. If it were E. P., 1, the answer would be written "(Eagle Point) Saddle."

Rules and Regulations

1. Make out your list of answers in the correct order.
2. In the upper right-hand corner of your paper write your name, age, address, and the number of this competition (No. 184).
3. In the least number of words possible tell us how many pets your family owns and state what kind they are.
4. Do not use a lead pencil.
5. Submit your answers by April 20.
6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 184, ST. NICHOLAS Magazine, 353 Fourth Ave., New York.
7. Under the heading "High Honors" we will print in the June ST. NICHOLAS the names of the ten contributors whose answers are correct and whose papers are decorated and prepared most painstakingly. The names of all others who solve the puzzle correctly will be printed in a "Roll of Honor."

This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete.

Report on Advertising Competition No. 182

"I counted, and recounted and counted again, and each time I was more puzzled, and every time I got a different answer for the number of heads, so I let the last figure stand as correct," writes one boy. But, also, his last count was incorrect. Although Alexander the Little has very sharp eyes, he, too, went over the 19 pages in question a number of times until he got the same result more than once, and then was certain it was the right number. The Judges wonder how many of you counted six heads in the A. S. Hinds advertisement. In the case of "How many times does the word 'hand' (or 'hands') appear in these 19 advertisements?" several people wrote after the correct count 3, "plus 2, hand in 'handsome' and hand in 'handball,'" which indicates that some ST. NICHOLAS young people sometimes do not heed directions. These are the correct figures:

103 HEADS 3 HANDS

High Honors

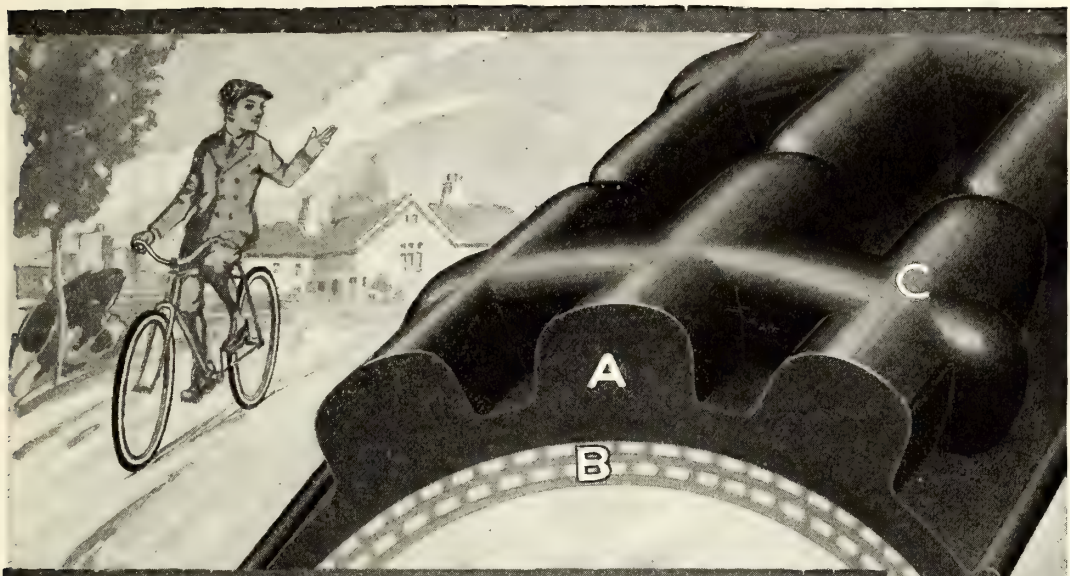
BETTY EBERMAN
MARY CATHERINE HAMILTON
KARL S. MORAS

High Honors

DOROTHY VIRGINIA NESBIT
LOUISE KEEVER
ELIZABETH STONE
VIRGINIA CARLISLE SHIVELY

High Honors

RUTH E. BROWN
ALBERT E. M. LOUER
F. LEE WHITTLESEY



Ride the Goodrich GIANT

Here, boys, is the strongest, finest-built Bicycle Tire ever made—the Goodrich GIANT Safety Tread, made in the World's Largest Rubber Factory. It has no rival!

The GIANT—and only the GIANT—has two plies of specially-woven *motorcycle fabric*, with pure rubber forced through the loose meshes until it becomes one solid and inseparable unit, as you can see ("B").

The GIANT—and only the GIANT—has such a thick tread ("A") of black, sinewy rubber—the same kind used in the big Goodrich Automobile Tires.

See the massive three-bar tread design ("C") No other bicycle tire can support you so safely on slippery streets, muddy roads, or on quick turns. This Safety Tread design has been made famous on millions of Goodrich Automobile Tires.

Ask your dealer about the GIANT and the other Bicycle Tires in the complete Goodrich line, "each a leader in its class." A price, a tread, and a style to suit everyone.

The B. F. Goodrich Company

Branches and Dealers Everywhere **AKRON, OHIO**

GOODRICH

BICYCLE TIRES

TRADE MARK



GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

Glacier Has Something More

GLACIER National Park has the Alpine grandeur of Switzerland—on a far *bigger* scale. Its mountains, glaciers, skyland lakes, cascades and streams of vivid green—its pine-clad slopes and flower-filled valleys—are matched in beauty *nowhere!* Drink the tonic breezes as you horseback to the heights, motor or travel trails afoot.

Modern hotels, Alpine chalets, tepee camps. Vacations, $1 to $5 per day.

Stop off at Glacier Park en route to Spokane, the beautiful Lake Chelan region —campers' paradise—Seattle, Tacoma, and Puget Sound resorts—Portland, Astoria, with the new Columbia River Highway and Clatsop Beach resorts—Vancouver, Victoria and Alaska. Special low round trip fares to Glacier Park; to Pacific Northwest and Alaska. Write for Glacier National Park and Lake Chelan literature.

The twin Palaces of the Pacific—S. S. "Great Northern" and S. S. "Northern Pacific"—three times weekly between Portland, Astoria and San Francisco. Folder on request.

C. E. STONE
Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dept. 13
St. Paul, Minn.

C. W. PITTS, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.
210 S. Clark St., Chicago

S. LOUNSBERY, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept., 1184 Broadway, N. Y.

"See America First"
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
Glacier National Park

C. E. Stone, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Gt. Northern Ry., Dept. 13, St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me Aeroplane map folder and descriptive Glacier National Park and Lake Chelan literature free.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....



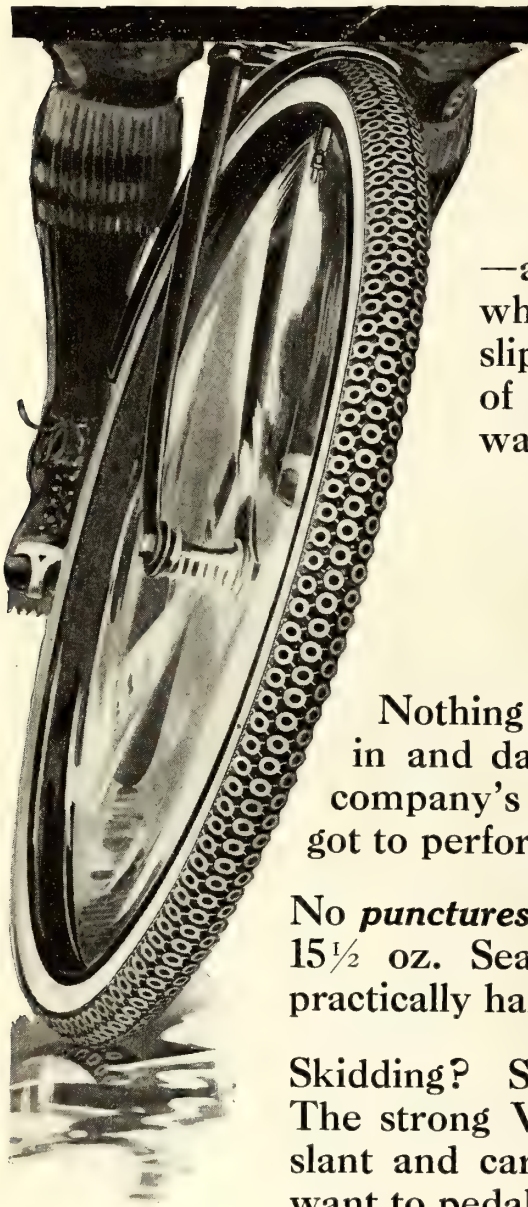
The BROWNIE BOY

There's great fun out-doors in taking Brownie pictures and there's great fun in-doors in developing and printing.

There's not only the fun of having the pictures but the little camera and the literature we furnish with it, (including the magazine *Kodakery* free for a whole year) gives a good foundation in photography.

Brownie Cameras $1.25 and up.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



You Boys Who Want More Miles

—and who want to ride your wheel lickety split over wet, slippery pavements without fear of skidding—get everything you want when you buy

Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP TIRES

Nothing but trouble-proof service day in and day out, for you have this big company's word for it that they've just got to perform that way.

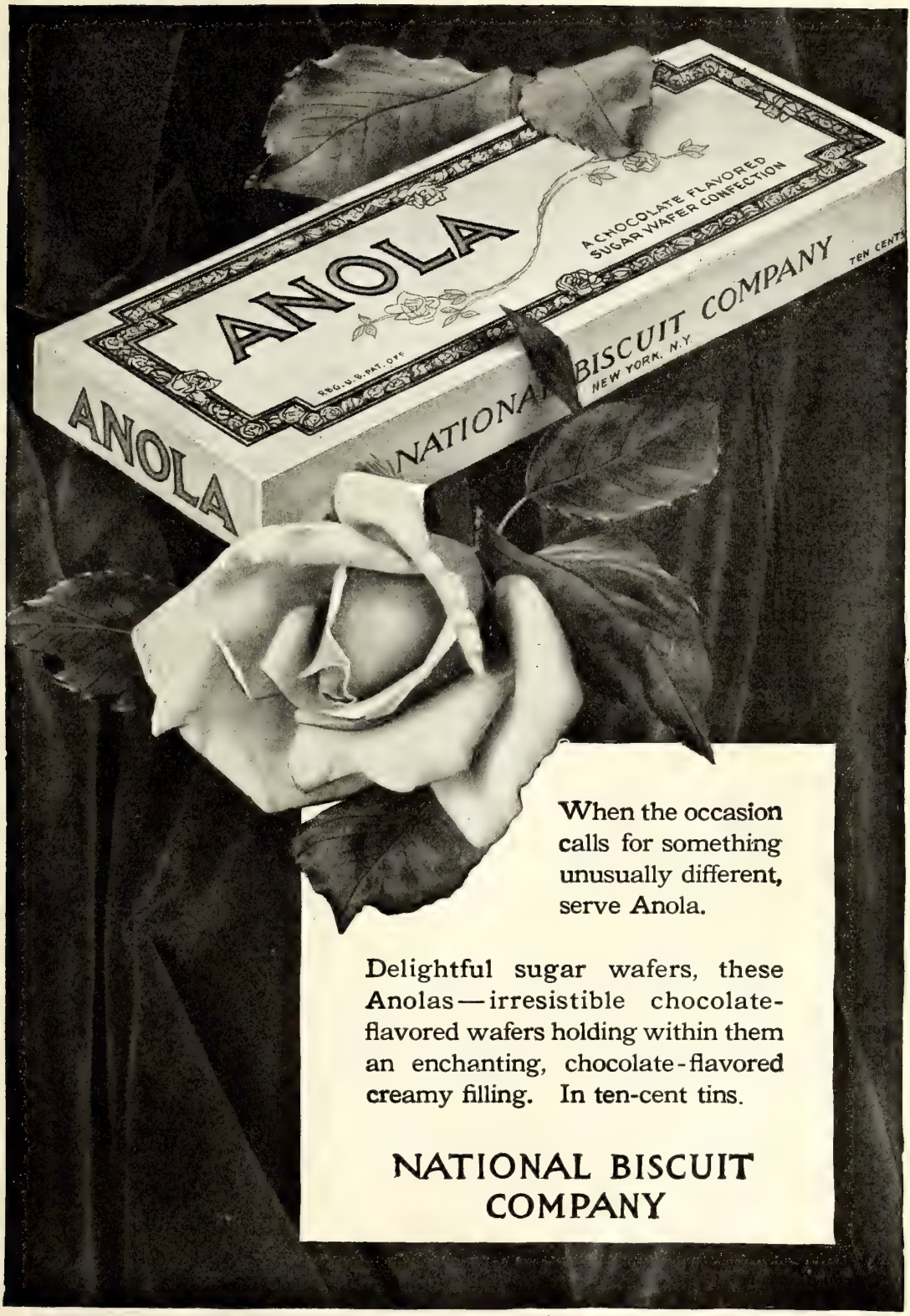
No ***punctures*** or ***stonebruises,*** either, for the 15½ oz. Sea Island fabric makes them practically harm-proof.

Skidding? Side-swiping?—not a bit of it. The strong Vacuum Cups ***grip*** a slippery slant and carry you safely wherever you want to pedal.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO.,
Jeannette, Pa.

Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada

Also makers and guarantors of Three Star Bicycle Tires—Triple Tread, Sturdy Stud, Success—and Vacuum Cup and Sturdy Stud Motorcycle Tires



When the occasion calls for something unusually different, serve Anola.

Delightful sugar wafers, these Anolas—irresistible chocolate-flavored wafers holding within them an enchanting, chocolate-flavored creamy filling. In ten-cent tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE CRUISE of the IVORY WHITE





The wily Submarine.

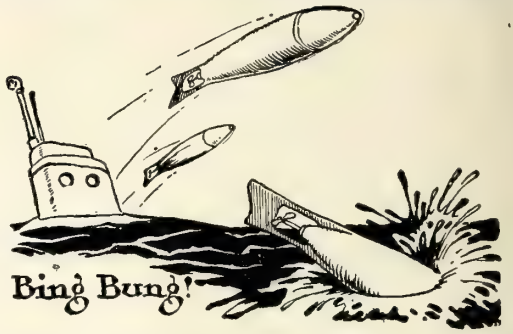
THE sea was calm save for a swell that kept the ship a-rocking. Our Betty sat upon the deck and knitted at a stocking. Snip snoozed near Betty's steamer chair; Yow curled himself in her nice cozy lap and forthwith sang his choicest kind of purr. Gnif, though alert, was dreaming dreams of elfin nook and dell. Bob whistled tuneless boyish tunes, and all seemed safe and well.

The IVORY White slipped o'er a sea so calm and crystal clear that none could possibly suspect that *danger* lingered near. But, such is life; we do our best to cherish and protect it when trouble takes a *whack* at us at times we least expect it. And so it was with our brave crew; when least suspecting it, Snip gave a bark and Yow Cat turned a fearbemuddled fit.



a fearbemuddled fit

"Miss Betty, man the gun," screamed Gnif. "Bob, engines *hard astern!*" Gnif's face was white as to the port he whirled the wheel a turn. But ah, alas it was too late. A wily submarine had crept upon the IVORY White entirely unseen. There was the streaky, oily track uncleansed by IVORY SOAP. There was its conning tower and its staring periscope. All round the monster's hull there spread a stain, not red nor bloody, but rather gobulated with dark streaks extremely muddy. The submarine rose from the sea, its hull with mire smeared. Then in an instant *bing*, and its torpedo swift appeared. Our heroes saw the foaming wake of mud as on it came. *BING! BUNG!* two more torpedoes dashed with deadly-certain aim.



Bing Bung!

Gnif saw their danger, and he strove to steer a course between the mad projectiles as they sped from yonder submarine. But useless his devoted strength! With *three* hope-rending thuds the missiles *struck* and rent the sea with forty goosome muds. The IVORY White writhed like a bird caught in the fowler's net. A foaming spout of soap-suds rose and got the sky all wet. But naught could daunt our voyagers nor break their fearless will. Their IVORY SOAP in *purity* and sweetness *floated still.*



with 40 goosome muds

Reprinted by special permission of JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK (The Child's Magazine)

Ah, little Readers, do not fear, nor yet abandon hope.
You'll see that even submarines can't conquer IVORY SOAP.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100% PURE





Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

—two minds with but a single thought

This year we apply the economies of vast production for the first time to a *complete* line of automobiles—an end toward which we have been working for eight years.

There is now an Overland or a Willys-Knight for every class of buyer.

One of them is the car of your dream under the evening lamp.

See these cars now. Get a car yourself this spring:

Light Fours

Touring	$665
Roadster	$650
Country Club	$750

Big Fours

Touring	$850
Roadster	$835
Coupe	$1250
Sedan	$1450

Light Sixes

Touring	$985
Roadster	$970
Coupe	$1385
Sedan	$1585

Willys-Knights

Four Touring	$1285
Four Coupe	$1050
Four Sedan	$1050
Four Limousine	$1050
Eight Touring	$1950

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 928

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Prices f.o.b. Toledo, subject to change without notice



Food That's Fit For a King!